

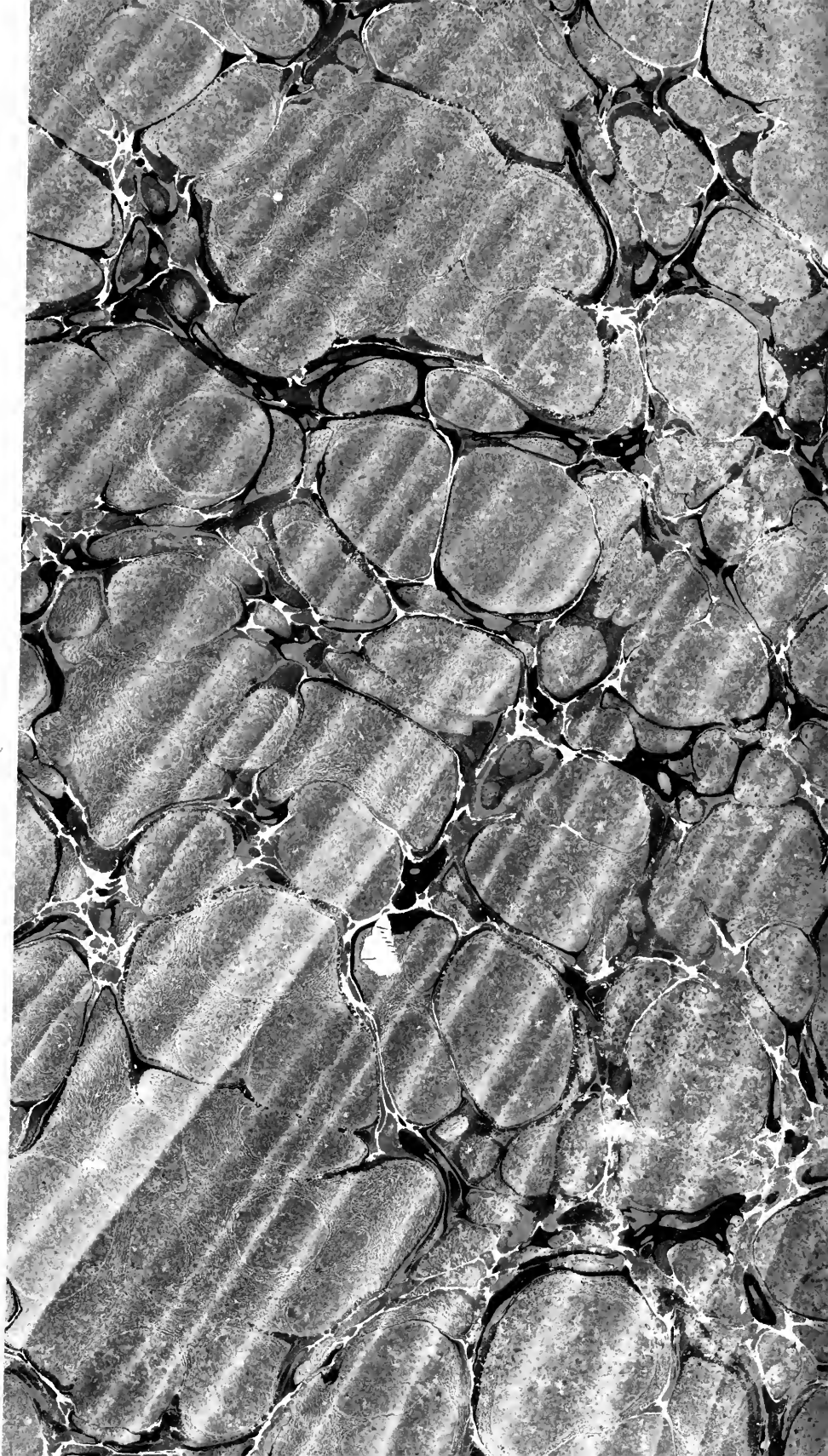


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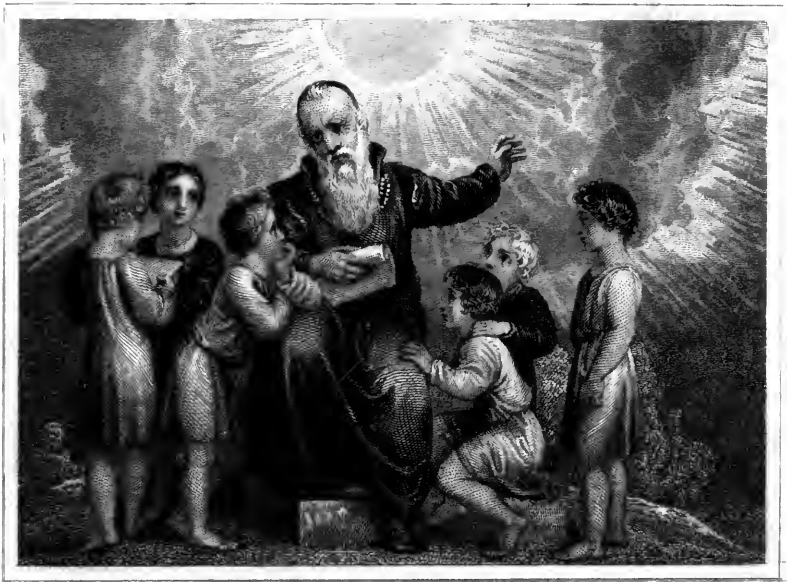
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TO THE

ELEVENTH EDITION.



THIS Book owes its origin to a wish, expressed by persons of experience in the conduct of schools, that such a compilation might be published for their use, as by means of a full page, and a small, but very legible type, might contain in one Volume a little introductory Library. A common Pocket Volume is soon perused, and laid aside for want of novelty; but to supply a large school with a constant succession, or with voluminous SETS of English Books, is too expensive and inconvenient to be generally practicable. A quantity of matter is therefore collected in this one Volume, great enough to fill up a considerable time and furnish an abundance of knowledge, before it can be read to satiety or entirely exhausted; and it may properly be said to constitute, what it was intended to be, a portable library for learners from the age of nine or ten, to the age at which they leave their school. At the same time, it is evident upon inspection, that it abounds with such Extracts, as may be read with pleasure and improvement, in the more advanced periods of life. Though it professes to be a school-book, and is chiefly and primarily adapted to young scholars; yet it is certain, that all readers may find it an agreeable companion, and particularly qualified to enliven short intervals of leisure.

The compilation is calculated not only for classical schools, but for those also which are limited to the language of our own country. It is certain young persons cannot read a book containing so much matter, without great improvement in the English language, together with correct ideas on many pleasing subjects of taste and general literature; and, which is of much higher importance, they cannot fail to imbibe from it, together with an increase of elegant knowledge, the purest principles of virtue and religion. It may be employed in various methods for the improvement of learners according to the judgment of various instructors. The pupils may not only read it in private, or in the classes in the presence of their teachers, at stated times; but write out select paragraphs in their copy-books, commit favourite passages to memory, and endeavour to recite them with the proper gesture and pronunciation for the improvement of their powers of utterance. With respect indeed to the Art of Speaking, so much talked of, and pretended to, in the present age; it depends more on practice under the superintendance of a master, than on written precepts; and this Book professes to offer matter for practice, rather than systematic instruction, which may be more advantageously given *vivâ voce*, by him who is able to enforce and illustrate his rules by his example. To learn the practice of speaking in public, or the art of managing the voice, and adorning the delivery, by written rules alone, is like learning to play on a musical instrument by the bare assistance of a Book of Directions, without a master; a mode usually found no less inefficacious than tedious and operose.

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Upon the whole there cannot be a doubt but that a Book, like this, purposely compiled for the use of young persons of both sexes, singularly various in its subjects, containing selections from writers whose characters are established without controversy, abounding with entertainment and useful information, inculcating the purest principles of morality and religion, and displaying excellent models of style and language, must effectually contribute to the improvement of the rising generation in knowledge, taste, and virtue. The Public have, indeed, already felt, and acknowledged its utility, by the least fallible proof, their general reception of it. It has been adopted in all the most respectable places of education, and has scattered, far and wide, the seeds of excellence, which may one day arrive at maturity, and add to the happiness both of the community and of human nature.

What English book similar to this volume, calculated entirely for the use of young students at schools, and under private tuition, was to be found in the days of our fathers? None, certainly. The consequence was, that the English part of education (to many the most important part) was defective even in places most celebrated for classic discipline; and boys were often enabled to read Latin perfectly, and write it tolerably, who, from the disuse or the want of models for practice, were wretchedly qualified to do either in their native language.—From this unhappy circumstance, classical education was brought into some degree of disgrace; and preposterous it certainly was, to study, during many of the best years of life, foreign and dead languages, with the most scrupulous accuracy, and at the same time entirely to neglect that mother tongue, which is in daily and hourly requisition; to be well read in Tully, and a total stranger to Addison; to have Homer and Horace by heart, and to know little more than the names of Milton and Pope.

Classical learning, thus defective in a point so obvious to detection, incurred the imputation of pedantry. It was observed to assume an important air of superiority, without displaying, to the common observer, any just pretensions to it. It even appeared with marks of inferiority, when brought into occasional collision with well-informed understandings, cultivated by English literature alone, but greatly proficient in the school of experience. Persons who had never extended their views to ancient and classic lore, but had been confined in their education to English, triumphed, in the common intercourse of society, over the academical scholar; and learning often hid her head in confusion, when pointed at, as pedantry, by the finger of a loquacious dunce.

It became highly expedient therefore to introduce MORE OF ENGLISH READING into our classical schools; that those who went out into the world with their coffers richly stored with the golden medals of antiquity, might at the same time be furnished with a sufficiency of current coin from the modern mint, for the commerce of ordinary life; but there was no *school-book*, copious and various enough, entirely calculated for this purpose. The Grecian and Roman History, the Spectators, and Plutarch's Lives, were indeed sometimes introduced, and certainly with great advantage. But still, an uniformity of English books, in schools, was a desideratum. It was desirable that all the students of the same class, provided with copies of the same book, containing the proper variety, might be enabled to read it together; and thus benefit each other by an emulous study of the same subject or composition, at the same time, and under the eye of their common master.

For this important purpose, the large collections, entitled "ELEGANT EXTRACTS," both in Prose and Verse, and the Volume of LETTERS, from the best English Writers, under the title of "ELEGANT EPISTLES," were projected. Their reception is the fullest testimony in favour both of the design and its execution.

This whole SET OF EXTRACTS, though now reduced for the purpose of rendering it more convenient in its size, is yet more copious and valuable in its materials, than any other publication of the same kind, and certainly must conduce, in a very high degree, to that great national object, the public instruction of the middle and higher orders of society, to promote which was the primary, and indeed the sole object of the original Compiler.

CONTENTS.

BOOK I. *Moral and Religious.*

Sect.	Authors.	Pag.	Sect.	Authors.	Pag.
1	THE Vision of Mirza	<i>Spectator.</i> 1	46	Advantages of a Place of Education	<i>Seed.</i> 49
2	Voyage of Life; an Allegory	<i>Ramb.</i> 3	47	Lost Opportunities cannot be recalled	<i>Tottie.</i> 50
3	Journey of a Day; Story of Obidah	5	48	Beginnings of Evil to be resisted	<i>Blair.</i> 51
4	Present Life conducive to the Happiness of a future one	<i>Spect.</i> 7	49	Order to be observed in Amusements	51
5	Advantages of a good Education	8	50	— to be preserved in your Society	51
6	Disadvantages of a bad Education	<i>Ramb.</i> 9	51	— necessary in Business, Time, &c.	52
7	Omniscience, &c. of the Deity	<i>Spect.</i> 11	52	— Idleness avoided by observing	52
8	Motives to Piety and Virtue	13	53	— essential to Self-enjoyment, &c.	52
9	On the Immortality of the Soul	15	54	Suppression of criminal Thoughts	53
10	Duty of Children to their Parents	16	55	Experience anticipated by Reflection	53
11	Strength of Parental Affection	17	56	Beginnings of Passion to be opposed	53
12	Remarks on the Swiftness of Time	<i>Adler.</i> 19	57	Government of the Temper	54
13	Folly of mispending Time	<i>Ramb.</i> 20	58	A peaceable Temper recommended	54
14	Importance of Time	<i>Spect.</i> 22	59	Exertions of a benevolent Temper	55
15	Punishment of mispent Time	<i>Guard.</i> 24	60	Blessings of a contented Temper	55
16	Importance of Time to Youth	<i>Chesterf.</i> 26	61	Usefulness of a Desire of Praise	56
17	On a lazy and trifling Disposition	26	62	Effects of excessive Desire of Praise	56
18	Bad Effects of Indulgence	<i>Connois.</i> 27	63	Usefulness of virtuous Discipline	57
19	Innocent Pleasures of Childhood	<i>Guard.</i> 29	64	Consolation of religious Knowledge	57
20	Cheerfulness recommended	<i>Spect.</i> 31	65	Sense of Right and Wrong, &c.	<i>Gregory.</i> 58
21	Advantages of a cheerful Temper	33	66	Religion, Scepticism, &c.	58
22	On Truth and Sincerity	33	67	Comforts of Religion	59
23	Rules for the Knowledge of One's Self	35	68	Advantages of Devotion	60
24	No Life pleasing to God but that which is useful to Mankind	<i>Adven.</i> 36	69	True and false Politeness	<i>Hurd.</i> 60
25	Providence proved by Animal Instinct	<i>Spect.</i> 39	70	Beauties of the Psalms	<i>Horne.</i> 61
26	Necessity of forming religious Principles at an early Age	<i>Blair.</i> 41	71	Temple of Virtuous Love	<i>Tatler.</i> 62
27	— of early acquiring virtuous Dispositions and Habits	41	72	— of Lust	63
28	Happiness and Dignity of Manhood depend on youthful Conduct	42	73	— of Virtue	63
29	Piety to God the Foundation of good Morals	42	74	— of Vanity	63
30	Religion never to be treated with Levity	42	75	— of Avarice	64
31	Modesty and Docility joined to Piety	43	76	Balance of Happiness equal	<i>Blair.</i> 65
32	Sincerity and Truth recommended	43	77	Caution on seducing Appearances	65
33	Benevolence and Humanity	44	78	Virtue Man's true Interest	<i>Harris.</i> 66
34	Courtesy and engaging Manners	44	79	On Gratitude	<i>Spect.</i> 66
35	Temperance in Pleasure recommended	44	80	Religion the foundation of Content	<i>Adven.</i> 67
36	Whatever violates Nature cannot afford true Pleasure	45	81	Bad Company	<i>Gilpin.</i> 70
37	Irregular Pleasures, bad Effects of	45	82	Religion the best and only Support in Cases of real Distress	<i>Sterne.</i> 71
38	Industry and Application in Youth	45	83	On Prodigality	<i>Ramb.</i> 72
39	Employment of Time	46	84	On Honour	<i>Guard.</i> 73
40	Success depends on Heaven's Blessing	46	85	On Modesty	<i>Spect.</i> 74
41	Necessity of an early and close Application to Wisdom	<i>Seed.</i> 46	86	On disinterested Friendship	<i>Melmoth.</i> 75
42	Unhappiness of not early improving the Mind	47	87	The Art of Happiness	<i>Harris.</i> 77
43	Great Talents not requisite for the common Duties of Life	48	88	The Choice of Hercules	<i>Tatler.</i> 78
44	Affluence not to exempt from Study	48	89	On Entrance into Life	<i>Knox.</i> 79
45	Pleasures resulting from a prudent Use of our Faculties	49	90	Wisdom of aiming at Perfection	81
			91	On forming a Taste for simple Pleasures	83
			92	Hints to those, designed for the Life of a Gentleman	85
			93	Ill Effects of Ridicule	87
			94	Value of an honest Man	90
			95	A short System of Virtue and Happiness	92
			96	An Address to a young Scholar	94
			97	On Goodness of Heart	95
			98	A Letter to a young Nobleman	<i>Bolton.</i> 97

CATECHETICAL LECTURES.		
Sect.	Authors.	Pag.
99	Introduction to the Catechism	<i>Gilpin.</i> 101
100	On the Creed—the Belief of God	103
101	On the Belief of Jesus Christ	105
102	On the Conception and Birth of Christ	107
103	On Christ's Ascension—Belief in the Holy Ghost	111
104	On the Holy Catholic Church	113
105	On the Resurrection of the Body	114
106	On the Ten Commandments	116
107	Worship and Honour of God	118
108	Honour due to God's Word	121
109	Duties owing to particular Persons	122
110	Duty to our Teachers and Instructors, &c.	123
111	Behaviour to Superiors	125
112	Against wronging our Neighbour by injurious Words	126
113	Against wronging our Neighbour by injurious Actions	128
114	Duties to ourselves	130
115	On coveting other Men's Goods	132
116	On the Sacrament of Baptism	134
117	On the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper	135
118	Expostulation with Unbelievers	<i>M. Pascal.</i> 137
119	On the Old and New Testament	<i>Wilkins.</i> 141
120	To the Sceptics and Infidels of the Age	<i>Bp. Watson.</i> 143
121	A Prayer or Psalm	<i>Lord Bacon.</i> 153
122	Doctrine of Christ, a Doctrine of Truth and Simplicity	<i>Dr. Clarke.</i> 153
123	Light of Reason imperfect	<i>Lord Lyttleton.</i> 154
124	Simplicity of the Sacred Writers	<i>West.</i> 154
125	Superiority of Christian Philosophy over Stoical	<i>Miss Carter.</i> 156
126	Fine Morality of the Gospel	<i>Beattie.</i> 158
127	Benevolence to the Poor enjoined by the Gospel	<i>Paley.</i> 158
128	Simplicity of the Gospel gives it an Air of Sublimity	<i>Mainwaring.</i> 159
129	Bible, as a curious ancient History, worthy Attention	<i>Croxall.</i> 159
130	Queen Anne's Prayer	159
131	Prince Eugene's Prayer	160

NATURAL THEOLOGY.		
Sect.	Authors.	Pag.
1	State of the Argument	<i>Paley.</i> 160
2	continued	162
3	Application of the Argument	165
4	The Succession of Plants and Animals	173
132	Scriptures the Rule of Life	<i>Chapone.</i> 174
133	Of Genesis	175
134	— Exodus	176
135	— Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy	176
136	— Joshua	177
137	— Judges, Samuel, and Kings	177
138	— Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther	178
139	— Job	178
140	— the Psalms	178
141	— Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Solomon's Song, Prophecies, Apocrypha	179
142	— The New Testament	180
143	— our Saviour's Example, &c.	180
144	Comparative View of the Blessed and Cursed	181
145	Character of St. Paul	182
146	Of the Epistles	183
147	— Epistles of St. James	183
148	— Epistles of St. Peter, &c.	184
149	— Revelation	184

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

150	Application	<i>Dodsley.</i> 184
151	Prudence	185
152	Temperance	185
153	Pity	186
154	Desire and Love	186
155	Woman	187
156	Son	188
157	Brothers	188
158	Charity	188
159	Religion	188
160	Death	189
161	A Morning Prayer for a Young Student	<i>Knox.</i> 190
162	An Evening Prayer	190

BOOK II. *Classical and Historical.*

1	B ENEFICIAL Effects of a Taste for the Belles Lettres	<i>Blair.</i> 192
2	Effects of the Cultivation of Taste	192
3	Improvement of Taste	193
4	On Style	193
5	— Perspicuity	194
6	— Purity and Propriety	194
7	— Precision	195
8	Use and Importance of Precision	195
9	Causes of a loose Style	196
10	Style, general Characters of	197
11	— Austere, Florid, and Middle	197
12	— Concise	197
13	— Diffuse	198
14	— Nervous and Feeble	198
15	— Harshness of	198
16	— the Dry	199
17	— the Plain	199
18	— the Neat	200
19	— the Elegant	200
20	— the Florid	200
21	Simplicity, different Kinds of	201

22	Simplicity appears easy	<i>Blair.</i> 202
23	Naïveté	202
24	Simplicity, Ancients eminent for	203
25	— characteristic of Tillotson's Style	203
26	— of Sir W. Temple's Style	203
27	— of Mr. Addison's Style	204
28	— of Style never wearies	204
29	— Lord Shaftsbury deficient in	204
30	On the Vehement Style	205
31	— Sweetness and Delicacy of Style	<i>Knox.</i> 206
32	Directions for forming a Style	<i>Blair.</i> 208
33	Practice necessary for forming a Style	208
34	Words, too anxious a Care about to be avoided	209
35	Acquaintance with the best Authors necessary to form a Style	209
36	A servile Imitation to be avoided	209
37	Style must be adapted to the Subject	210
38	Attention to Style must not detract from Attention to Thought	210

Sept.	Authors.	Pag.	Sept.	Authors.	Pag.
39	Of the Rise of Poetry among the Romans	210	107	On the Historical Style	252
40	— Livius, Nævius, and Ennius	211	108	Of Herodotus and Thucydidēs	252
41	— Plautus	212	109	— Sallust and Livy	253
42	— Terence	212	110	Their Use in Style	254
43	— Afranius	213	111	On Spenser and Shakspeare	254
44	— Pacuvius and Actius	213	112	— Milton and Philips	255
45	— the Rise of Satire; of Lucilius, &c.	214	113	Great Men usually cotemporary	255
46	— the Criticisms of Cicero, &c.	214	114	Four Ages marked out by the learned	255
47	— the flourishing State of Poetry among the Romans	215	115	Reputation of the Ancients	255
48	Observations on the Æneid	216	116	— not owing to Pedantry	255
49	Of Horace	217	117	Moderns excel the Ancients	256
50	— Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid	217	118	Excellencies of the Ancients and Moderns	257
51	— Phædrus	218	119	Assiduous Study of the Greek and Roman Classics recommended	258
52	— Manilius	218	120	Excellencies of the ancient Historians	258
53	— the Poets whose Works have not come down to us	219	121	— Livy	258
54	— the Fall of Poetry among the Romans	219	122	— Tacitus	258
55	— Lucan	220	123	On the Beauty of Epistolary Writing	259
56	His Description of a Sea-fight	220	124	Carelessness to be avoided	259
57	Of Persius	221	125	On Pliny's Letters	259
58	— Silius, Statius, and Val. Flaccus	221	126	— Cicero's	260
59	— Martial	222	127	— Pope's and Swift's	260
60	— Juvenal	223	128	On the Letters of Balzac, Voiture, &c.	260
61	On the Literary Character of Julius Cæsar	223	129	Pindar the Father of Lyric Poetry	261
62	On the Character and Style of Pliny the Younger	225	130	On Horace as a Lyric Poet	261
63	The Introduction, &c. of Arts at Rome	227	131	— Casimir, and other modern Lyric Poets	261
64	The Condition of the Romans in the second Punic War	227	132	— Politian and Muretus	262
65	Marcellus's Attack on Syracuse	228	133	— Philéppus and Theodore Gaza	263
66	Conquests of the Roman Generals	228	134	— the different Kinds of Poetical Composition in the Sacred Books; 1st. of the Didactic	265
67	Introduction into Italy of the Works of the ancient Artists	230	135	Of the Elegiac and Pastoral	265
68	Decline of the Arts, Eloquence, and Poetry, on Augustus's Death	231	136	On the Lyric	265
69	On Demosthenes	231	137	A Diversity of Style and Manner in the different Composers of the sacred Books.	265
70	Demosthenes imitated Pericles	231	138	On Job, David, and Isaiah	265
71	— contrasted with Æschines	232	139	— Jeremiah	266
72	On the Style of Demosthenes	232	140	— the Book of Job	266
73	Cicero, his Eloquence	233	141	— the Iliad of Homer	267
74	— his Defects	233	142	— the Odyssey of Homer	268
75	— and Demosthenes compared	234	142	— the Beauties of Virgil	268
76	Means of improving in Eloquence	236	143	Homer and Virgil compared	268
77	Industry recommended to a Speaker	236	144	On the ancient Writers	269
78	Attention to the best Models	237	145	— Homer	270
79	Caution in choosing Models	237	146	— Theocritus	270
80	Style of Bolingbroke and Swift	237	147	— Herodotus	271
81	Eloquence requires frequent Exercise	237	148	— the Style of Xenophon and Plato	271
82	Use of Critical and Rhetorical Writers	238	149	— Xenophon's Memoirs of Socrates	273
83	Use of the original ancient Writers	238	150	— the Characters of Theophrastus, &c.	275
84	Necessity of a Classical Education	239	151	— Cicero	277
85	On the Entrance to Knowledge	239	152	Advantages enjoyed by the Classics	277
86	The Classics recommended	239	153	Thoughts on the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles	279
87	Greek and Roman Writers compared	240	154	Remarks on Minor Greek Poets	280
88	Commendation of the Latin Tongue	242	159	Morals of the Classics	285
89	Directions in reading the Classics	242	160	On the Morality of Juvenal	285
90	Commendation of Schools	243	161	Directions for Reading the Classics	286
91	On forming a Style	244	162	The subordinate Classics not to be neglected	287
92	Expression suited to the Thought	244	163	On the Study of the New Testament	287
93	On Embellishments of Style	244	164	The old Critics to be studied	288
94	— Mastery of Language	245	165	Rise of Philosophical Criticism	289
95	— the Purity and Idiom of Language	245	166	Greek Authors of Ditto	289
96	— Plainness and Perspicuity	246	167	On some Passages in Aristotle's Rhetoric	290
97	— the Decoration, &c. of Style	246	168	Roman Authors of Philosophical Criticism	291
98	— Metaphors and Similitudes	247	169	Greek and Roman Historical Critics	291
99	— Metaphors	247	170	Modern Philosophical and Historical Critics	292
100	— Epithets	248	171	Lexicon and Dictionary Compilers, and Grammarians	292
101	— Allegories	248	172	Modern Critics, Writers, &c.	293
102	— the Sublime	248	173	On Translators	293
103	Rules of Order and Proportion	249	174	Rise of Corrective Criticism	293
104	A Recapitulation	250	175	Criticism of Use to Literature	294
105	How to form a right Taste	251	176	The Epic Writers come first	295
106	Taste to be improved by Imitation	252			

Sect.	Authors.	Pag.	Sect.	Authors.	Pag.
177	Chance produces no Excellence	—	205	Character of the English, Oriental, Latin, and Greek Languages	Harris. 309
178	Causes or Reasons of such Excellence	— 296	206	History, &c. of the Middle Age	— 311
179	Why Contraries have this Effect	— 296	207	Account of the Destruction of the Alexandrian Library	— 311
180	Advice to a Beginner in Criticism	— 297	208	Athens, an historical Account of	— 312
181	On Numerous Composition	— 297	209	— Synesius's subsequent Account of	— 315
182	On other Decorations of Prose; as Alliteration	— 298	210	Anecdote of the Modern Greeks	— 316
183	The Period	— 299	211	On the different Modes of History	— 316
184	Monosyllables	— 299	212	Universal Ideas of Natural Beauty	— 316
185	Authorities alleged	— 300	213	Character of the Man of Business often united with that of the Scholar and Philosopher	— 318
186	Objections answered	— 300	214	Progressions of Art disgusting, the Completion beautiful	— 319
187	Habit makes Practice easy	— 300	215	On Conversation	— Usher. 320
188	The Constituent Parts of every Whole merit our Regard	— 300	216	On Music	— 321
189	Verbal Decorations not Minutiæ	— 301	217	On Sculpture and Painting	— 322
190	Advice to Readers	— 301	218	On Architecture	— 324
191	Constituent Parts of a Whole, exemplified in Virgil's Georgics	— 301	219	Thoughts on Colours and Light	— 324
192	And in the Menæxenus of Plato	— 303	220	On Uniformity	— 324
193	On the Theory of Whole and Parts	— 303	221	On Novelty	— 325
194	— Accuracy	— 304	222	Origin of our general Ideas of Beauty	— 325
195	— Diction	— 304	223	Sense, Taste, and Genius distinguished	— 326
196	— the Metaphor	— 304	224	Thoughts on the Human Capacity	— 328
197	What Metaphors the best	— 305	225	Taste, how depraved and lost	— 328
198	On Enigmas and Puns	— 306	226	Some Reflections on the Human Mind	— 328
199	Rules defended	— 306	227	General Reflections on Good Taste	— Rollin. 329
200	Fallacy of the Sufficiency of Genius	— 306	228	Dr. JOHNSON'S Preface to his Edition of Shakspeare	— Johnson. 334
201	No Genius without Rules	— 307	229	POPE'S Preface to his Homer	— Pope. 347
202	Rules did always exist	— 307			
203	Connexion between Rules and Genius	— 308			
204	Difficulty in knowing how to like	— 308			

BOOK III. *Oration, Characters, and Letters.*

1	FIRST Oration against Philip	Leland. 359	32	Speeches on the Functions of Juries in Cases of Libel.	
2	Oration against Cataline	Whitworth. 366		Mr. FOX'S Speech	— 411
3	Oration for Archias	— 373	33	MR. ERSKINE'S Speech on the same subject	— 420
4	Oration of Pericles	Thucyd. 379	34	MR. SHERIDAN'S Speech upon the Begum Charge	— 422
5	Romulus to the Romans	Hooke. 383	35	MR. GRATTAN'S Speech on the Declaration of Right	— 424
6	Hannibal to Scipio Africanus	— 383	36	— upon the Declaration of Right being carried	— 427
7	Scipio's Answer	— 384	37	— on the Sale of Peerages	— 430
8	Speech of Seneca to Nero	Corn. Tacit. 384	38	MR. CURRAN'S Speech in Defence of Mr. Hamilton Rowan	— 432
9	— Charidemus	Q. Curt. 385	39	— in Defence of Mr. Finnerty	— 433
10	Callisthenes's Reproof of Cleon	— 385	40	Character of Marius	Middleton. 434
11	Brutus vindicates Cæsar's Murder	Shak. 386	41	— Sylla	— 435
12	Caius Marius to the Romans	Sallust. 386	42	— Pompey	— 436
13	Titus Quinctius to the Romans	Hooke. 388	43	— Julius Cæsar	— 437
14	Micipsa to Jugurtha	Sallust. 389	44	— Cato	— 438
15	Publius Scipio to the Rom. Army	Hooke. 389	45	Cæsar and Cato compared	Sallust. 438
16	Hannibal to the Carthaginian Army	— 391	46	Character of Cataline	— 438
17	Seythian Ambas. to Alexander	Q. Curt. 392	47	— Hannibal	Livy. 439
18	Junius Brutus over Lucretia	Livy. 393	48	From Middleton's Character of Cicero	— 439
19	Adherbal to the Roman Senate	Sallust. 393	49	Character of Martin Luther	Robertson. 446
20	Canuleius to the Roman Consuls	Hooke. 395	50	— Alfred K. of England	Hume. 447
21	Speech on reducing the Army	Pulteney. 396	51	Another	Smollett. 447
22	— for repealing the Septennial Act	Sir John St. Aubin. 398	52	Character of William the Conqueror	Hume. 448
23	The Minister's Reply to Ditto	Walpole. 400	53	Another	Lingard. 449
24	Speech on Repeal of the Jew Bill	Lytt. 402	54	Character of William Rufus	Smollett. 450
25	LORD CHATHAM on Taxing America	— 404	55	Another	Lingard. 451
26	— on a charge brought against certain Members of the House, as giving birth to Sedition in America	— 404	56	Character of Henry I.	Hume. 451
27	— on the Bill for quartering Soldiers in America	— 405	57	Another	Lingard. 451
28	— His Speech for the immediate removal of the Troops from Boston, in America	— 406	58	Character of Stephen	Hume. 453
29	— on moving an Amendment to the Address	— 408	59	Another	Smollett. 453
30	— on Lord Suffolk's Proposal to employ Indians in the War	— 410	60	Character of Henry II.	Hume. 453
31	MR. BURKE'S Conclusion of his Speech to the Electors of Bristol	— 411	61	Another	Smollett. 454
			62	Character of Richard I.	Hume. 454
			63	Another	Lingard. 455

Sect.	Authors.	Pag.	Sect.	Authors.	Pag.
64	Character of John	Hume. 455	104	Character of Oliver Cromwell	Noble. 477
65	Another	Lingard. 456	105	Character of Charles II.	Hume. 477
66	Character of Henry III.	Hume. 456	106	Another	Smollett. 478
67	Another	Smollett. 457	107	Another	Burnet. 478
68	Character of Edward I.	Hume. 457	108	Another	Macpherson. 479
69	Another	Smollett. 457	109	Character of James II.	480
70	Character of Edward II.	Hume. 458	110	Another	Macaulay. 480
71	Another	Smollett. 458	111	Character of William III.	Smollett. 483
72	Character of Edward III.	Hume. 458	112	Another	Macpherson. 483
73	Another	Smollett. 459	113	Character of Mary, Queen Consort of William III.	Smollett. 484
74	Character of Richard II.	Hume. 459	114	Character of Anne	484
75	Another	Smollett. 460	115	Another	Chamberlaine. 484
76	Another	Henry. 460	116	Another	Macpherson. 485
77	Character of Henry IV.	Hume. 460	117	Character of Mary Queen of Scots	Robertson. 485
78	Another	Smollett. 461	118	Character of Francis I.	486
79	Character of Henry V.	Smollett. 461	119	Charles V.	487
80	Another	Lingard. 461	120	Epaminondas	Leland. 489
81	Account of Henry VI.	Hume. 462	121	Comparison of Political Principles and Conduct of Cato, Atticus, and Cicero	Middleton. 489
82	Death of Henry VI.	Smollett. 462	122	Character of Lord Townshend	Chesterf. 490
83	Character of Edward IV.	Lingard. 463	123	Mr. Pope	491
84	Edward V.	Rapin. 463	124	Lord Bolingbroke	491
85	Character of Richard III.	Hume. 464	125	Mr. Pulteney	492
86	Another	Smollett. 464	126	Sir Robert Walpole	493
87	Character of Henry VII.	Hume. 464	127	Lord Granville	494
88	Another	Lingard. 465	128	Mr. Pelham	495
89	Character of Henry VIII.	Hume. 465	129	Earl of Scarborough	495
90	Another	Lingard. 466	130	Lord Hardwicke	496
91	Character of Edward VI.	Burnet. 467	131	Duke of Newcastle	497
92	Another	Smollett. 467	132	Mr. Pitt (Lord Chatham)	498
93	Another	Lingard. 468	133	Another	Anon. 499
94	Character of Mary	Hume. 468	134	Another	Burke. 499
95	Another	Lingard. 468	135	Character of Mr. Fox	Anon. 500
96	Character of Elizabeth	469	136	Characters of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox	Edgeworth. 502
97	Character of James I.	Macaulay. 473	137	Character of Mr. Grattan	Anon. 503
98	Another	Smollett. 473	138	Mr. Curran	505
99	Another	Hume. 474			
100	Another	Rapin. 474			
101	Character of Charles I.	Smollett. 475			
102	Another	Hume. 475			
103	Another	Macaulay. 476			

BOOK IV. *Narratives, Dialogues, with humorous, facetious, and other miscellaneous Pieces.*

1	THE Story of Le Fevre	Sterne. 507	26	The Birth of Martinus Scriblerus	Pope. 545
2	Yorick's Death	511		The Doctor and his Shield	545
3	Alcander and Septimius	Byzant. Hist. 512		The Nutrition of Scriblerus	547
4	The Monk	Sterne. 514		Play Things	547
5	Sir Bertrand: a Fragment	Aikin. 515		Music	548
6	On Human Grandeur	Goldsmith. 516		Logic	549
7	Dialogue between Mr. Addison and Dr. Swift	Dialogues of the Dead. 518		The Seat of the Soul	550
8	— between Cicero and Lord Chesterfield	Knox. 519		The Soul a Quality	531
9	The Hill of Science; a Vision	Aikin. 521	27	Diversity of Geniuses	551
10	On the Love of Life	Golds. 523		The Advancement of the Baths	552
11	The Canal and the Brook	Aikin. 524		Dedications and Panegyrics	553
12	The Story of a disabled Sailor	Goldsm. 526		A Recipe to make an Epic Poem	553
13	Ulysses and Circe	Dial. Dead. 528		To make an Epic Poem	554
14	Love and Joy; a Tale	Aikin. 530	28	The Duty of a Clerk	534
15	Scene between Col. Rivers and Sir Harry	531	29	Cruelty to Animals	555
16	Dialogue betwixt Mercury, an English Duellist, and a North-American Savage	Dialogues of the Dead. 531	30	Pastoral Comedy	556
17	Bayes's Rules for Composition	Bucking. 533	31	Dogs	557
18	Dialogue between the Plinys	Dial. Dead. 534	32	To Lady Mary Wortley Montagu	537
19	Scene between Boniface and Aimwell	Farquhar. 536	33	The Manners of a Bookseller	538
20	A Dialogue between M. Apicius and Darteneuf	Dial. Dead. 537	34	Description of a Country Seat	560
21	Scene between Iago and Cassio	Shaks. 540	35	Apology for his Religious Tenets	562
22	Dialogue between Mercury and a Modern fine Lady	Dial. Dead. 541	36	Defence against a Noble Lord's Re- flections	563
23	Scene between Shylock and Tubal	Shaks. 542	37	The Death of Mr. Gay	565
24	Scene between P. Henry and Falstaff	542	38	Envy	Rambler. 565
25	Scene between Moody and Manly	Gibber. 544	39	Epicurus's Character	Orrery. 566
			40	Example, its Prevalence — dangerous when copied with- out Judgment	Boling. 567
			41	Exile only an imaginary Evil	568
			41	— cannot hurt a reflecting Man	568

Sect.	Authors.	Pag.	Sect.	Authors.	Pag.
42	Love of Fame	<i>Fitzosb.</i> 568	95	Conversation, how to please in	<i>Rambler.</i> 622
43	Enthusiasm	569	96	various Faults in	<i>Connoiss.</i> 623
44	Free-thinking, Abuse of	<i>Connoiss.</i> 570	97	Citizen's Country House described	624
	The Unbeliever's Creed	571	98	Humorous Scene between Dennis	
45	Fortune not to be trusted	<i>Boling.</i> 572		the Critic and the Doctor	<i>Swift.</i> 625
	her Evils disarmed by Patience	572	99	The Two Bees	<i>Anon.</i> 627
46	Delicacy constitutional	<i>Hume.</i> 572	100	Pleasant Scene of Anger	<i>Spect.</i> 627
	of Taste desirable	573	101	Falstaff's Encomiums on Sack	<i>Shaks.</i> 628
	teaches us to select our Com-		102	Hotspur reading a Letter	628
	pany	573	103	Falstaff's Soliloquy on Honour	628
47	Detraction a detestable Vice	<i>Rambler.</i> 573	104	The Perfect Speaker	629
48	Learning, its Application	574	105	Distempers of the Mind cured	<i>Thornton.</i> 629
	its Progress	<i>Hume.</i> 575	106	Character of a Choice Spirit	630
	useless without Taste	576	107	A Citizen's Family setting out for	
	its Obstructions	<i>Idler.</i> 576		Brightelmstone	631
49	Mankind, a Portrait of	<i>Sterne.</i> 576	108	Character of a mighty good Kind of	
50	Hard Words defended	<i>Idler.</i> 577		Man	633
51	Discontent, its common Lot	<i>Rambler.</i> 578	109	Character of a mighty good Sort of	
52	Fiscal System, History of	<i>Blackstone.</i> 579		Woman	634
53	Of British Juries	<i>Ortery.</i> 583	110	On the affected Strangeness of	
54	Justice, its Nature, &c. defined	<i>Golds.</i> 583		some Men of Quality	635
55	Habit, Difficulty of conquering	<i>Idler.</i> 584	111	On the Arrogance of younger Bro-	
56	Halfpenny, its Adventures	<i>Adventurer.</i> 584		thers of Quality	637
57	History, our natural Fondness for it,		112	Persons of Quality proved Traders	639
	and its true Use	<i>Boling.</i> 585	113	On Pedantry	641
58	Human Nature, its Dignity	<i>Hume.</i> 587	114	A Sunday in the Country	642
59	Operations of considered	<i>Ortery.</i> 587	115	On the Militia	643
60	Operas ridiculed	<i>Lytellon.</i> 588	116	On going to Bath, &c.	645
61	Patience recommended	<i>Bolingbroke.</i> 688	117	The faint-hearted Lover	647
62	exemplified in the Story of an		118	Coronation, Detail of	647
	Ass	<i>Sterne.</i> 588	119	Letter from a successful Adventurer	
63	Players in a Country Town described			in the Lottery	652
		<i>Connoiss.</i> 590	120	Characters of Camilla and Flora	<i>Greville.</i> 653
64	often mistake the Effect	591	121	A Fable, by Linnaeus	<i>Dr. Thornton.</i> 654
65	True Pleasure defined	<i>Seel.</i> 591	122	Mercy recommended	<i>Sterne.</i> 655
66	Politeness, how manifested	<i>Hume.</i> 591	123	The Starling	655
67	Poet, Business and Qualifications of		124	The Captive	656
	described	<i>Johnson.</i> 592	125	Trim's Explanation of the Fifth	
68	Remarks on some of the best,			Commandment	656
	both Ancient and Modern	<i>Dryden.</i> 593	126	Health	657
69	Remarks on some of the best				
	English Dramatic ones	594	127	A VOYAGE to LILLIPUT	<i>Swift.</i>
70	Riddles defended	<i>Fitzosb.</i> 596		Chap. I. Author's Account of himself	657
71	Senses perverted by Fashion	<i>Smollett.</i> 596		II. The Emperor of Lilliput vi-	
72	Suicide, Essay on	<i>Connoiss.</i> 598		sits the Author in his Confinement	661
73	Enumeration of Superstitions observed			III. The Emperor and his No-	
	in the Country	600		bility diverted by him	666
74	Swearing, indelicate and wicked	602		IV. Metropolis described	670
75	Sympathy, a Source of the Sublime	<i>Burke.</i> 603		V. Author prevents an Invasion	672
76	its Effects in the Distresses of			VI. Inhabitants of Lilliput	675
	others	604		VII. Author's Escape to Blefuscu	679
77	Tears not unworthy of an Hero	<i>Dryden.</i> 604		VIII. Return to his Native Country	683
78	Terror, a Source of the Sublime	<i>Burke.</i> 604			
79	Tragedy compared with Epic Poetry		128	A VOYAGE to BRODINGNAG.	
		<i>Dryden.</i> 605		Chap. I. A great Storm described	686
80	Translations, History of	<i>Idler.</i> 607		II. Description of the Farmer's	
81	Talents to form a good Translator	<i>Dryd.</i> 609		Daughter	692
82	Wit, the Nature of in Writing	611		III. Author sent for to Court	692
83	Examples that Words may affect			IV. The Country described	699
	without raising Images	<i>Burke.</i> 612		V. Adventures that happened to	
84	Characteristics of Whig and Tory			the Author	701
	Parties	<i>Hume.</i> 613		VI. Contrivances of the Author	
85	Painting disagreeable in Women	<i>Connoiss.</i> 614		to please the King and Queen	706
86	On the Progress of the Arts	<i>Idler.</i> 614		VII. Author's Love of his Country	710
87	Astronomy, Study of, delightful	<i>Tatler.</i> 615		VIII. His Return to England	713
88	The Planetary and Terrestrial Worlds				
	comparatively considered	<i>Spect.</i> 615	129	Detached Sentences	<i>Various.</i> 718
89	Character of Toby Bumper	<i>Connoiss.</i> 616	130	Proverbs	723
90	Causes of National Characters	<i>Hume.</i> 617	131	Old Italian Proverbs	728
91	Characters of Gamesters	<i>Connoiss.</i> 618	132	Old Spanish Proverbs	735
92	Tatler's Advice to his Sister	<i>Tatler.</i> 620	133	The Way to Wealth	<i>Franklin.</i> 741
93	On Curiosity	<i>Sterne.</i> 621	134	View of Rome	<i>Eustace.</i> 745
94	Controversy seldom decently con-		135	Celebration of Divine Service by the	
	ducted	<i>Broune.</i> 622		Pope	746

APPENDIX.

CHRONOLOGICAL Table of remarkable Events, Discoveries, and In-

ventions; and of the Eras of Men illustrious for Learning and Genius 747

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

IN PROSE.

BOOK THE FIRST.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

§ 1. *The Vision of Mirza, exhibiting a Picture of Human Life.*

ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with that music, who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before

made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet, and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirza, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery; and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity, which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea, that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what

thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: but tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them, to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them: but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars

in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh: Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew

in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.—I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, Shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me: I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the side of it. *Spectator.*

§ 2. *The Voyage of Life; an Allegory.*

'Life,' says Seneca, 'is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better or more pleasing part of old age.'—The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of

his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to inquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion; I was told that they were launching out into the ocean of Life; that we had already passed the straits of Infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose, among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and, first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands, all was darkness; nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on either side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eyes could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for

dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by an oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence, for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed; nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage, so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed

their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement of the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the Voyage of Life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of Life, was the gulf of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose; and with shades, where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks, all who sailed on the ocean of Life must necessarily pass. Reason indeed was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet, by which they might escape; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulf of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulf was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom Reason

was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the gulf of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked, that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the Voyage of Life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the straits of Infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overtaken by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labours that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power, 'Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?' I looked, and seeing the gulf of Intemperance before me, started and awaked. *Rambler.*

§ 3. *The Journey of a Day, a Picture of Human Life; the Story of Obidah.*

Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigor-

ous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from the heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence, without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected

that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo: he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect: he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger, to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost, when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. Whilst he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power; to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Work'd into sudden rage by wint'ry
show'rs,
Down the steep hill the roaring torrent
pours;
The mountain shepherd hears the distant
noise.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was

every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labour, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, 'Tell me,' said the hermit, 'by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before.' Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

'Son,' said the hermit, 'let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire, whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we for a while keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications.

By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.'

Rambler.

§ 4. *The present Life to be considered only as it may conduce to the Happiness of a future one.*

A lewd young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, "Father," says he, "you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world." "True, son," said the hermit: "but what is thy condition if there is?"—Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second, permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, In which of those two lives is it our chief interest to make ourselves happy? or, in other words, whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmost length, of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life that is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that, in practice, we adhere to the wrong side of

the question. We make provisions for this life, as though it were never to have an end; and for the other life, as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants, what would his notions of us be? Would not he think, that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine, that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learnt that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years; and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age! How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence; when, I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that which, after many myriads of years, will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may, after all, prove unsuccessful; whereas, if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the

other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

The following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years: Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or supposing you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated, at the rate of one sand in a thousand years; which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so overset by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will choose to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten years, nay, perhaps, of only twenty or ten years, I might say, of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity; what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice!

I here put the case, even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life; but if we suppose (as it

generally happens) that virtue will make us more happy, even in this life, than a contrary course of vice; how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice!

Every wise man, therefore, will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity. *Spectator.*

§ 5. *The Advantages of a good Education.*

I consider an human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, and the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have dis-interred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service,

hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species; that we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world, as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it!

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantage of a more liberal education, rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into an human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to great elegance; but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

Spectator.

§ 6. *The Disadvantages of a bad Education.*

Sir, I was condemned by some disastrous influence to be an only son, born to the apparent prospect of a large fortune, and allotted to my parents at that time of life when satiety of common diversions allows the mind to indulge parental affection with greater intenseness. My birth was celebrated by the tenants with feasts, and dances, and bagpipes; congratulations were sent from every family within ten miles round; and my parents discovered in my first cries, such

tokens of future virtue and understanding, that they declared themselves determined to devote the remaining part of life to my happiness, and the increase of their estate.

The abilities of my father and mother were not perceptibly unequal, and education had given neither much advantage over the other. They had both kept good company, rattled in chariots, glittered in playhouses, and danced at court, and were both expert in the games that were in their times called in as auxiliaries against the intrusion of thought.

When there is such a parity between two persons associated for life, the dejection which the husband, if he be not completely stupid, must always suffer for want of superiority, sinks him to submissiveness. My mamma therefore governed the family without control; and, except that my father still retained some authority in the stables, and now and then, after a supernumerary bottle, broke a looking-glass or china-dish to prove his sovereignty, the whole course of the year was regulated by her direction, the servants received from her all their orders, and the tenants were continued or dismissed at her discretion.

She therefore thought herself entitled to the superintendance of her son's education; and when my father, at the instigation of the parson, faintly proposed that I should be sent to school, very positively told him, that she would not suffer a fine child to be ruined; that she never knew any boys at a grammar-school, that could come into a room without blushing, or sit at the table without some awkward uneasiness; that they were always putting themselves into danger by boisterous plays, or vitiating their behaviour with mean company; and that, for her part, she would rather follow me to the grave, than see me tear my clothes, and hang down my head, and sneak about with dirty shoes and blotted fingers, my hair unpowdered, and my hat uncocked.

My father, who had no other end in his proposal than to appear wise and manly, soon acquiesced, since I was not to live by my learning; for indeed, he had known very few students that had not some stiffness in their manner. They therefore agreed, that a domestic tutor should be procured; and hired an honest gentleman of mean conversation and nar-

row sentiments, but who having passed the common forms of literary education, they implicitly concluded qualified to teach all that was to be learned from a scholar. He thought himself sufficiently exalted by being placed at the same table with his pupil, and had no other view than to perpetuate his felicity by the utmost flexibility of submission to all my mother's opinions and caprices. He frequently took away my book, lest I should mope with too much application, charged me never to write without turning up my ruffles, and generally brushed my coat before he dismissed me into the parlour.

He had no occasion to complain of too burthensome an employment; for my mother very judiciously considered, that I was not likely to grow politer in his company, and suffered me not to pass any more time in his apartment than my lesson required. When I was summoned to my task, she enjoined me not to get any of my tutor's ways, who was seldom mentioned before me but for practices to be avoided. I was every moment admonished not to lean on my chair, cross my legs, or swing my hands like my tutor; and once my mother very seriously deliberated upon his total dismissal, because I began, she said, to learn his manner of sticking on my hat, and had his bend in my shoulders, and his totter in my gait.

Such, however, was her care, that I escaped all these depravities; and when I was only twelve years old, had rid myself of every appearance of childish diffidence. I was celebrated round the country for the petulance of my remarks, and the quickness of my replies; and many a scholar five years older than myself, have I dashed into confusion by the steadiness of my countenance, silenced by my readiness of repartee, and tortured with envy by the address with which I picked up a fan, presented a snuff-box, or received an empty teacup.

At fourteen I was completely skilled in all the niceties of dress, and I could not only enumerate all the varieties of silks, and distinguish the product of a French loom, but dart my eye through a numerous company, and observe every deviation from the reigning mode. I was universally skilful in all the changes of expensive finery; but as every one,

they say, has something to which he is particularly born, was eminently knowing in Brussels lace.

The next year saw me advanced to the trust and power of adjusting the ceremonial of an assembly. All received their partners from my hand, and to me every stranger applied for introduction. My heart now disdained the instructions of a tutor; who was rewarded with a small annuity for life, and left me qualified, in my own opinion, to govern myself.

In a short time I came to London, and as my father was well known among the higher classes of life, soon obtained admission to the most splendid assemblies, and most crowded card-tables. Here I found myself universally caressed and applauded: the ladies praised the fancy of my clothes, the beauty of my form, and the softness of my voice: endeavoured in every place to force themselves to my notice; and invited, by a thousand oblique solicitations, my attendance to the play-house, and my salutations in the Park. I was now happy to the utmost extent of my conception; I passed every morning in dress, every afternoon in visits, and every night in some select assemblies, where neither care nor knowledge were suffered to molest us.

After a few years, however, these delights became familiar, and I had leisure to look round me with more attention. I then found that my flatterers had very little power to relieve the languor of satiety, or recreate weariness, by varied amusement; and therefore endeavoured to enlarge the sphere of my pleasures, and to try what satisfaction might be found in the society of men. I will not deny the mortification with which I perceived that every man whose name I had heard mentioned with respect, received me with a kind of tenderness nearly bordering on compassion; and that those whose reputation was not well established, thought it necessary to justify their understandings, by treating me with contempt. One of these wittings elevated his crest, by asking me in a full coffee-house, the price of patches; and another whispered, that he wondered Miss Frisk did not keep me that afternoon to watch her squirrel.

When I found myself thus hunted from all masculine conversation by those

who were themselves barely admitted, I returned to the ladies, and resolved to dedicate my life to their service and their pleasure. But I find that I have now lost my charms. Of those with whom I entered the gay world, some are married, some have retired, and some have so much changed their opinion, that they scarcely pay any regard to my civilities, if there is any other man in the place. The new flight of beauties to whom I have made my addresses, suffer me to pay the treat, and then titter with boys. So that I now find myself welcome only to a few grave ladies, who, unacquainted with all that gives either use or dignity to life, are content to pass their hours between their bed and their cards, without esteem from the old, or reverence from the young.

I cannot but think, Mr. Rambler, that I have reason to complain; for surely the females ought to pay some regard to the age of him whose youth was passed in endeavours to please them. They that encourage folly in the boy, have no right to punish it in the man. Yet I find, that though they lavish their first fondness upon pertness and gaiety, they soon transfer their regard to other qualities, and ungratefully abandon their adorers to dream out their last years in stupidity and contempt.

I am, &c. Florentulus.
Rambler.

§ 7. *Omniscience and Omnipresence of the Deity, together with the Immensity of his Works.*

I was yesterday, about sun-set, walking in the open fields, till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the æther was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than

that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought arose in me, which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection, 'When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him!' In the same manner when I consider that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us: in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed, more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other: as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses, which we do not discover with our naked eyes: and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light is not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the

work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought; I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us, that his attributes are infinite: but the pooriness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider,

in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and in the second, that he is omniscient:

If we consider him in his omnipresence: his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to move out of one place into another, or to draw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which he diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosophers, he is a being whose centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence. He cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or, rather, the habitation of the Almighty: but the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space, is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *sensoriola*, or little *sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects, that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance or thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation, should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with

the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in the body he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. 'Oh that I knew where I might find him !' (says Job). Behold I go forward, but he is not there ; and backward, but I cannot perceive him : on the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him : he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him.' In short, reason as well as revelation assure us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion ; for as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures ; so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them. *Spectator.*

§ 8. *Motives to Piety and Virtue, drawn from the Omniscience and Omnipresence of the Deity.*

In one of your late papers, you had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the same time to shew, that as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its existence : or, in other words, that his omniscience and omnipresence are co-existent, and run together through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality ; but as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I shall consider it in a light in which I have not seen it placed by others.

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary

benefit or advantage from this his presence !

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation !

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness !

First, How disconsolate is the condition of that intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence ! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The heavens and the earth, the stars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective qualities. The several instincts, in the brute creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his holy spirit, and is unattentive to his presence, receives none of these advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and necessary to his well-being. The divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impossible for an infinite Being to remove himself from any of his creatures ; but though he cannot withdraw his essence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and consolations of it. His presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our existence ; but he may leave this our existence to itself, with regard to its happiness or misery. For, in this sense, he may cast us away from his presence, and take his holy spirit from us. This single consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our hearts to all those infusions of joy and gladness which are so near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us ; especially when we consider, Secondly,

the deplorable condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from his Maker's presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation.

We may assure ourselves, that the great Author of nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Those who will not feel him in his love, will be sure at length to feel him in his displeasure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only sensible of the being of his Creator by what he suffers from him! He is as essentially present in hell as in heaven: but the inhabitants of those accursed places behold him only in his wrath, and shrink within the flames to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incensed.

But I shall only consider the wretchedness of an intellectual being, who, in this life, lies under the displeasure of him, that at all times, and in all places, is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the soul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest comforts of life from refreshing us, and give an edge to every one of its slightest calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an outcast from his presence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expostulation of Job, when for the real trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable condition! 'Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am become a burden to myself?' But, Thirdly, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

The blessed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as sensible of his presence as we are of the presence of any person whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtless a faculty in spirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our senses do material objects; and there is no question but our souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of space they reside, be always sensible of the

divine presence. We, who have this veil of flesh standing between us and the world of spirits, must be content to know the spirit of God is present with us by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may however taste and see how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by those virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret comforts and refreshments which he conveys into our souls, and by those ravishing joys and inward satisfactions which are perpetually springing up, and diffusing themselves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very essence, and is as a soul within the soul, to irradiate its understanding, rectify its will, purify its passions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own soul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and support within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midst of all those horrors which encompass him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing else can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whispers better things within his soul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepest solitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greatest of beings; and perceives within himself such real sensations of his presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the conversation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he considers the pains of his dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that partition, which stands betwixt his soul, and the sight of that being who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in fulness of joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus sensible of our Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and goodness, we must keep such a watch over all our thoughts, that in the language of

the scripture, his soul may have pleasure in us. We must take care not to grieve his holy spirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct Seneca to this doctrine, in a very remarkable passage among his epistles; *Sacer inest in nobis spiritus, bonorum malorumque custos et observator; et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.* 'There is a holy spirit residing in us, who watches and observes both good and evil men, and will treat us after the same manner that we treat him.' But I shall conclude this discourse with those more emphatical words in divine revelation. 'If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.'

Spectator.

§ 9. *On the Immortality of the Soul.*

I was yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs drawn,

First, from the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, from its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do

not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a very great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

—————*Hæres*
Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.

HOR. Ep. ii. l. 2. vi. 175.

—Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling
flood

Wave urges wave.

CREECH.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise being make make such glorious creatures for so mean

a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted; capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a god to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of

virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection! We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it: and can there be a thought so transporting as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness?

Spectator.

§ 10. *The Duty of Children to their Parents.*

I am the happy father of a very forwardly son, in whom I do not only see my life, but also my manner of life renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to society, if you would frequently resume subjects which serve to bind these sort of relations faster, and endear the ties of blood with those of goodwill, protection, observance, indulgence, and veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon method; and do not think any one who is not capable of writing a good play, fit to undertake a work wherein there will necessarily occur so many secret instincts and biasses of human nature, which would pass unobserved by common eyes. I thank Heaven I have no outrageous offence against my own excellent parents to answer for; but when I am now and then alone, and look back upon my past life, from my earliest infancy to this time, there are many faults which I committed that did not appear to me, even until I myself became a father. I had not until then a notion of the yearnings of heart, which a man has when he sees his child do a laudable thing, or the sudden damp which seizes him when he fears he will act something unworthy. It is not to be imagined what a remorse touched me for a long train of childish negligences of my mother, when I saw my wife the other day look out of the window, and turn as pale as ashes upon seeing my younger boy sliding upon the ice. These slight intimations will give you to understand, that there are numberless little crimes, which children take no notice of while they are doing, which,

upon reflection, when they shall themselves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmost sorrow and contrition, that they did not regard, before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand things do I remember, which would have highly pleased my father, and I omitted for no other reason but that I thought what he proposed the effect of humour and old age, which I am now convinced had reason and good sense in it! I cannot now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart glad with an account of a matter which was of no consequence, but that I told it and acted in it. The good man and woman are long since in their graves, who used to sit and plot the welfare of us their children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes laughing at the old folks at another end of the house. The truth of it is, were we merely to follow nature in these great duties of life, though we have a strong instinct towards the performing of them, we should be on both sides very deficient. Age is so unwelcome to the generality of mankind, and growth towards manhood so desirable to all, that resignation to decay is too difficult a task in the father; and deference, amidst the impulse of gay desires, appears unreasonable to the son. There are so few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his desires, and a son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them behave himself as he ought to the other. But when reason interposes against instinct, where it would carry either out of the interests of the other, there arises that happiest intercourse of good offices between those dearest relations of human life. The father, according to the opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down blessings on the son, and the son endeavouring to appear the worthy offspring of such a father. It is after this manner that Camillus and his first-born dwell together. Camillus enjoys a pleasing and indolent old age, in which passion is subdued and reason exalted. He waits the day of his dissolution with a resignation mixed with delight, and the son fears the accession of his father's fortune with diffidence, lest he should not enjoy it or become it as

well as his predecessor. Add to this, that the father knows he leaves a friend to the children of his friends, an easy landlord to his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He believes his son's behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This commerce is so well cemented, that without the pomp of saying, Son, be a friend to such a one when I am gone; Camillus knows, being in his favour is direction enough to the grateful youth who is to succeed him, without the admonition of his mentioning it. These gentlemen are honoured in all their neighbourhood, and the same effect which the court has on the manners of a kingdom, their characters have on all who live within the influence of them.

My son and I are not of fortune to communicate our good actions or intentions to so many as these gentlemen do; but I will be bold to say, my son has, by the applause and approbation which his behaviour towards me has gained him, occasioned that many an old man, besides myself, has rejoiced. Other men's children follow the example of mine; and I have the inexpressible happiness of overhearing our neighbours, as we ride by, point to their children and say, with a voice of joy, "There they go."

Spectator.

§ 11. *The Strength of Parental Affection.*

I went the other day to visit Eliza, who, in the perfect bloom of beauty, is the mother of several children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap, who was begging to be very fine, that she might go abroad; and the indulgent mother, at her little daughter's request, had just taken the knots off her own head to adorn the hair of the pretty trifier. A smiling boy was at the same time caressing a lap-dog, which is her mother's favourite, because it pleases the children; and she, with a delight in her looks, which heightened her beauty, so divided her conversation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally cheerful.

As I came in, she said, with a blush, 'Mr. Ironside, though you are an old bachelor, you must not laugh at my tenderness to my children.' I need not tell my reader what civil things I said in answer to the lady, whose matron-like behaviour gave me infinite satisfaction:

since I myself take great pleasure in playing with children, and am seldom unprovided of plums or marbles, to make my court to such entertaining companions.

Whence is it, said I to myself when I was alone, that the affection of parents is so intense to their offspring? Is it because they generally find such resemblances in what they have produced, as that they thereby think themselves renewed in their children, and willing to transmit themselves to future times? or is it because they think themselves obliged by the dictates of humanity to nourish and rear what is placed so immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the scene of misery, of necessity? These will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good providence of that Being, who in a supereminent degree protects and cherishes the whole race of mankind, his sons and creatures? How shall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, so signally displayed throughout every species of the animal creation, without which the course of nature would quickly fail, and every various kind be extinct? Instances of tenderness in the most savage brutes are so frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unnecessary.

If we, who have no particular concern in them, take a secret delight in observing the gentle dawn of reason in babes; if our ears are soothed with their half-forming and aiming at articulate sounds; if we are charmed with their pretty mimicry, and surprised at the unexpected starts of wit and cunning in these miniatures of man; what transport may we imagine in the breasts of those, into whom natural instinct hath poured tenderness and fondness for them! How amiable is such a weakness of human nature! or rather, how great a weakness is it to give humanity so reproachful a name! The bare consideration of paternal affection, should, methinks, create a more grateful tenderness in children towards their parents, than we generally see; and the silent whispers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

These silent whispers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cause has been unknown. There

are several examples in story, of tender friendships formed betwixt men, who knew not of their near relation. Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a sympathy betwixt souls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the sense of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now lie before me, furnish me with a very entertaining instance of this secret attraction, implanted by Providence in the human soul. It will be necessary to inform the reader, that the person whose story I am going to relate, was one whose roving and romantic temper, joined to a disposition singularly amorous, had led him through a vast variety of gallantries and amours. He had, in his youth, attended a princess of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the King her husband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country; where his intrigues and other misfortunes having consumed his paternal estate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceased wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warsaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure; which I shall relate in his own words.

“I had been in this condition for four days, when the countess of Venoski passed that way. She was informed that a stranger of good fashion lay sick, and her charity led her to see me. I remembered her, for I had often seen her with my wife, to whom she was nearly related; but when I found she knew me not, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German; that I had been robbed; and that if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, the queen would acknowledge it, I having the honour to be known to her Majesty. The countess had the goodness to take compassion of me, and ordering me to be put in a litter carried me to Warsaw, where I was lodged in her house until my health should allow me to wait on the queen.

“My fever increased after my journey was over, and I was confined to bed for fifteen days. When the countess first saw me, she had a young lady

with her, about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better shaped than the Polish women generally are. She was very fair, her skin exceedingly fine, and her hair and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young beauty: and I felt in my heart such emotions at the first view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not armed me sufficiently against the charms of the fair sex.

“The amiable creature seemed afflicted at my sickness; and she appeared to have so much concern and care for me, as raised in me a great inclination and tenderness for her. She came every day into my chamber to inquire after my health; I asked who she was, and I was answered, that she was niece to the countess of Venoski.

“I verily believe that the constant sight of this charming maid, and the pleasure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the physicians gave me. In short, my fever left me, and I had the satisfaction to see the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to see me oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a stronger and more tender affection for her, than I ever bore to any woman in my life: when I began to perceive that her constant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of seeing a young Pole whom I took to be her lover. He seemed to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely shaped. Every time she came to see me, the young gentleman came to find her out; and they usually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they seemed to converse with great earnestness. The aspect of the youth pleased me wonderfully; and if I had not suspected that he was my rival, I should have taken delight in his person and friendship.

“They both of them often asked me if I were in reality a German? which when I continued to affirm, they seemed very much troubled. One day I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and then they cast their eyes upon me, as if they had found some resemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to ask the

meaning of it; upon which the lady answered, that if I had been a Frenchman, she should have imagined that I was the person for whom the picture was drawn, because it exactly resembled me. I desired to see it. But how great was my surprise when I found it to be the very painting which I had sent to the queen five years before, and which she commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children! After I had viewed the piece I cast my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the gentleman I thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a secret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young persons some of my own features, and at that moment I said to myself, Are not these my children? The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but constraining myself with pain, I asked whose picture it was? The maid perceiving that I could not speak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears absolutely confirmed me in my opinion; and falling upon her neck, ‘Ah, my dear child,’ said I, ‘yes, I am your father!’ I could say no more. The youth seized my hands at the same time, and kissing, bathed them with his tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and it must be owned, that nature inspires more lively emotions and pleasing tenderness than the passions can possibly excite.”

Spectator.

§ 12. *Remarks on the Swiftness of Time.*

The natural advantages which arise from the position of the earth which we inhabit, with respect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical speculation, by which it has been discovered, that no other conformation of the system could have given such commodious distributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleasure to so great a part of a revolving sphere.

It may be perhaps observed by the moralist, with equal reason, that our globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a being, placed here only for a short time, whose task is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitting vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man are such

as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay who yet intend some time to fulfil them. It was therefore necessary that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness of hesitation wakened into resolve; that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conspire. Whatever we see on every side, reminds us of the lapse of time and the flux of life. The day and night succeed each other, the rotation of seasons diversifies the year, the sun rises, attains the meridian, declines and sets; and the moon every night changes its form.

The day has been considered as an image of the year, and a year as the representation of life. The morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth; the noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to the strength of manhood. The evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night with its silence and darkness shews the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed; and the winter points out the time when life shall cease, with its hopes and pleasures.

He that is carried forward, however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus silently along, passed on through undistinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of the course. If one hour were like another; if the passage of the sun did not shew that the day is wasting; if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year: quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobserved. If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession, but should live thoughtless of the past, and careless of the future, without will, and perhaps without power to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already lost with that which may probably remain.

But the course of time is so visibly marked, that it is even observed by the savage, and by nations who have raised

their minds very little above animal instinct: there are human beings, whose language does not supply them with words by which they can number five, but I have read of none that have not names for Day and Night, for Summer and Winter.

Yet it is certain that these admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with such accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprise us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, after an absence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to find her faded. We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The traveller visits in age those countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him who proposes his own happiness, reflect, that, while he forms his purpose, the day rolls on, and 'the night cometh, when no man can work.' *Idler.*

§ 13. *The Folly of mispending Time.*

An ancient poet, unreasonably discontented at the present state of things, which his system of opinions obliged him to represent in its worst form, has observed of the earth, "That its greater part is covered by the uninhabitable ocean; that of the rest, some is encumbered with naked mountains, and some lost under barren sands; some scorched with unintermitted heat, and some pe-

trified with perpetual frost ; so that only a few regions remain for the production of fruits, the pasture of cattle, and the accommodation of man."

The same observation may be transferred to the time allotted us in our present state. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom ; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others ; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor ; we shall find that part of our duration very small of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice. Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares, in a constant recurrence of the same employments ; many of our provisions for ease or happiness are always exhausted by the present day ; and a great part of our existence serves no other purpose than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

Of the few moments which are left in our disposal, it may reasonably be expected, that we should be so frugal, as to let none of them slip from us without some equivalent ; and perhaps it might be found, that as the earth, however straitened by rocks and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to consume, our lives, though much contracted by incidental distraction, would yet afford us a large space vacant to the exercise of reason and virtue ; that we want not time, but diligence, for great performances ; and that we squander much of our allowance, even while we think it sparing and insufficient.

This natural and necessary comminution of our lives, perhaps, often makes us insensible of the negligence with which we suffer them to slide away. We never consider ourselves as possessed at once of time sufficient for any great design, and therefore indulge ourselves in fortuitous amusements. We think it unnecessary to take an account of a few supernumerary moments, which, however employed, could have produced little advantage, and which were exposed to a thousand chances of disturbance and interruption.

It is observable, that, either by nature or by habit, our faculties are fitted to images of a certain extent, to which we adjust great things by division, and little things by accumulation. Of extensive surfaces we can only take a survey, as the parts succeed one another ; and atoms we cannot perceive, till they are united into masses. Thus we break the vast periods of time into centuries and years ; and thus, if we would know the amount of moments, we must agglomerate them into days and weeks.

The proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us, that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expences, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is the prodigality of life ; he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

It is usual for those who are advised to the attainment of any new qualifications, to look upon themselves as required to change the general course of their conduct, to dismiss their business, and exclude pleasure, and to devote their days or nights to a particular attention. But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at a lower price ; he that should steadily and resolutely assign to any science or language those interstitial vacancies which intervene in the most crowded variety of diversion or employment, would find every day new irradiations of knowledge, and discover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perseverance than from violent efforts and sudden desires ; efforts which are soon remitted when they encounter difficulty, and desires which, if they are indulged too often, will shake off the authority of reason, and range capriciously from one object to another.

The disposition to defer every important design to a time of leisure, and a state of settled uniformity, proceeds generally from a false estimate of the human powers. If we except those gigantic and stupendous intelligences who are said to grasp a system by intuition, and bound forward from one series of conclusions to another, without regular

steps through intermediate propositions, the most successful students make their advances in knowledge by short flights, between each of which the mind may lie at rest. For every single act of progression a short time is sufficient; and it is only necessary, that whenever that time is afforded it be well employed.

Few minds will be long confined to severe and laborious meditation; and when a successful attack on knowledge has been made, the student recreates himself with the contemplation of his conquest, and forbears another incursion till the new-acquired truth has become familiar, and his curiosity calls upon him for fresh gratifications. Whether the time of intermission is spent in company or in solitude, in necessary business or in voluntary levities, the understanding is equally abstracted from the object of inquiry; but, perhaps, if it be detained by occupations less pleasing, it returns again to study with greater alacrity than when it is glutted with ideal pleasures, and surfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not suffer himself to be discouraged by fancied impossibilities, may sometimes find his abilities invigorated by the necessity of exerting them in short intervals, as the force of a current is increased by the contraction of its channel.

From some cause like this, it has probably proceeded, that among those who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have risen to eminence, in opposition to all the obstacles which external circumstances could place in their way, amidst the tumult of business, the distresses of poverty, or the dissipations of a wandering and unsettled state. A great part of the life of Erasmus was one continual peregrination: ill supplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, by the hopes of patrons and preferment, hopes which always flattered and always deceived him; he yet found means, by unshaken constancy, and a vigilant improvement of those hours, which, in the midst of the most restless activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the same condition would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and solicitation, and so much versed in common life, that he has transmitted to us the most perfect delineation of the man-

ners of his age, he joined to his knowledge of the world such application to books, that he will stand for ever in the first rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained, he sufficiently discovers, by informing us, that the Praise of Folly, one of his most celebrated performances, was composed by him on the road to Italy; *ne totum illud tempus quo equo fuit insidendum, illiteratis fabulis tereretur*, lest the hours which he was obliged to spend on horseback should be tattled away without regard to literature.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, *that time was his estate*; an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be over-run with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use. *Rambler.*

§ 14. *The Importance of Time, and the proper Methods of spending it.*

We all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar in his writings.

I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself, in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life, in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and the next quar-

ter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad, in most parts of our lives, that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands: nay, we wish away whole years, and travel through time, as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not, however, include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to those persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow.

The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suitable to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those reired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and

conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most unactive. He no sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its existence.

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen parts of it to be dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage?—But because the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it, in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together

shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?

The stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are capable of edifying and entertaining those with whom they converse, which are qualities that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful amusements of life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might, on all occasions, have recourse to something rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A man that has a taste in music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense, when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

Spectator.

§ 15. *Mispent Time how punished.*

I was yesterday comparing the industry of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but observe, that notwithstanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourselves in constant employ, after the same manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by instinct, we fall very short of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater variety of busi-

ness to which we may apply ourselves. Reason opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beasts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural state of being, divide their time between action and rest. They are always at work or asleep. In short, their waking hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our nature, are filled with complaints, that "The day hangs heavy on them," that "They do not know what to do with themselves," that "They are at a loss how to pass away their time," with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of those who are styled reasonable beings. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments; who, besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse; in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before!

After having been taken up for some time in this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book, according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made use of on this occasion was Lucian, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated on his tribunal. On his left hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, "What they had been doing?" Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated

each of them separately. Madam, says he to the first of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years; what have you been doing there all this while? Doing! says she, really I do not know what I have been doing; I desire I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an hour's pause, she told him that she had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into custody. And you, madam, says the judge, that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine-and-twentieth year; what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of business on my hands, says she, being taken up the first twelve years of my life in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances. Very well, says he, you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her. The next was a plain country-woman: Well, mistress, says Rhadamanthus, and what have you been doing? An't please your worship, says she, I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him 9000 cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who, I may venture to say, is as pretty a housewife as any in the country. Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. And you, fair lady, says he, what have you been doing these five-and-thirty years? I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, sir, said she. That is well, said he, but what good have you been doing? The lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing? Truly, said she, I lived threescore-and-ten years in a very wicked

world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I passed most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages. Very well, says Rhadamanthus; but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions? Why truly, says she, I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own. Madam, says Rhadamanthus, be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands before you. Old gentlewoman, says he, I think you are fourscore: you have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world? Ah, sir! says she, I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your leader: and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her, but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; so that pressing through the crowd, she was the next that appeared at the bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five-and-twenty years that she had passed in the world? I have endeavoured, says she, ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely, and gain admirers. In order to it, I passed my time in bottling up May-dew, in-

venting white washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays.—Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus, her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I was then surprised with a distant sound of a whole troop of females, that came forward, laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive, that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth: but at their nearer approach, the noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some time, reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I answered myself that I was writing *Guardians*. If my readers make as good a use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude this paper with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or, what is worse, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of 'leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done.' *Guardian*.

§ 16. *A Knowledge of the Use and Value of Time very important to Youth.*

There is nothing which I more wish that you should know, and which fewer people do know, than the true use and value of time. It is in every body's mouth; but in few people's practice. Every fool who slatterns away his whole time in nothing, utters, however, some trite common-place sentence, of which there are millions, to prove, at once, the value and the fleetness of time. The sun-

dials, likewise, all over Europe, have some ingenious inscription to that effect; so that nobody squanders away their time, without hearing and seeing, daily, how necessary it is to employ it well, and how irrecoverable it is if lost. But all these admonitions are useless, where there is not a fund of good sense and reason to suggest them, rather than receive them. By the manner in which you now tell me that you employ your time, I flatter myself, that you have that fund: that is the fund that will make you rich indeed. I do not, therefore, mean to give you a critical essay upon the use and abuse of time; I will only give you some hints, with regard to the use of one particular period of that long time which, I hope, you have before you; I mean the next two years. Remember then, that whatever knowledge you do not solidly lay the foundation of before you are eighteen, you will never be master of while you breathe. Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in an advanced age; and if we do not plant it while young, it will give us no shade when we grow old. I neither require nor expect from you great application to books, after you are once thrown out into the great world. I know it is impossible; and it may even, in some cases, be improper; this, therefore, is your time, and your only time, for unwearied and uninterrupted application. If you should sometimes think it a little laborious, consider, that labour is the unavoidable fatigue of a necessary journey. The more hours a day you travel, the sooner you will be at your journey's end. The sooner you are qualified for your liberty, the sooner you shall have it: and your manumission will entirely depend upon the manner in which you employ the intermediate time. I think I offer you a very good bargain, when I promise you, upon my word, that, if you will do every thing that I would have you do, till you are eighteen, I will do every thing that you would have me do, ever afterwards. *Lord Chesterfield*.

§ 17. *On a lazy and trifling Disposition.*

There are two sorts of understandings; one of which hinders a man from ever being considerable, and the other commonly makes him ridiculous; I mean the lazy mind, and the trifling frivolous mind. Yours, I hope, is neither. The

lazy mind will not take the trouble of going to the bottom of any thing; but, discouraged by the first difficulties (and every thing worth knowing or having is attended with some) stops short, contents itself with easy, and, consequently, superficial knowledge, and prefers a great degree of ignorance, to a small degree of trouble. These people either think, or represent, most things as impossible; whereas few things are so to industry and activity. But difficulties seem to them impossibilities, or at least they pretend to think them so, by way of excuse for their laziness. An hour's attention to the same object is too laborious for them; they take every thing in the light in which it at first presents itself, never consider it in all its different views; and, in short, never think it thorough. The consequence of this is, that when they come to speak upon these subjects before people who have considered them with attention, they only discover their own ignorance and laziness, and lay themselves open to answers that put them in confusion.

Do not then be discouraged by the first difficulties, but *contra audentior ito*: and resolve to go to the bottom of all those things, which every gentleman ought to know well. Those arts or sciences, which are peculiar to certain professions, need not be deeply known by those who are not intended for those professions. As, for instance, fortification, and navigation; of both which, a superficial and general knowledge, such as the common course of conversation, with a very little inquiry on your part, will give you, is sufficient. Though, by the way, a little more knowledge of fortification may be of some use to you; as the events of war, in sieges, make many of the terms of that science occur frequently in common conversations; and one would be sorry to say, like the Marquis de Mascarille, in Moliere's *Précieuses Ridicules*, when he hears of *une demie lune*: *Ma foi c'étoit bien une Lune toute entiere*. But those things which every gentleman, independently of profession, should know, he ought to know well, and dive into all the depths of them. Such are languages, history, and geography, ancient and modern; philosophy, rational logic, rhetoric; and for you particularly, the constitutions, and the civil and military state of every country in Europe. This, I confess, is a pretty large

circle of knowledge, attended with some difficulties, and requiring some trouble, which, however, an active and industrious mind will overcome and be amply repaid.

The trifling and frivolous mind is always busied, but to little purpose; it takes little objects for great ones, and throws away upon trifles that time and attention which only important things deserve. Knick-knacks, butterflies, shells, insects, &c. are the objects of their most serious researches. They contemplate the dress, not the characters, of the company they keep. They attend more to the decorations of a play, than to the sense of it; and to the ceremonies of a court, more than to its politics. Such an employment of time is an absolute loss of it.

Lord Chesterfield's Letters.

§ 18. *The bad Effects of Indolence.*

No other disposition, or turn of mind, so totally unfits a man for all the social offices of life, as indolence. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation: he seems made for no end, and lives to no purpose. He cannot engage himself in any employment or profession, because he will never have diligence enough to follow it: he can succeed in no undertaking, for he will never pursue it; he must be a bad husband, father, and relation, for he will not take the least pains to preserve his wife, children, and family from starving; and he must be a worthless friend, for he would not draw his hand from his bosom, though to prevent the destruction of the universe. If he is born poor, he will remain so all his life, which he will probably end in a ditch, or at the gallows: if he embarks in trade, he will be a bankrupt; and if he is a person of fortune, his stewards will acquire immense estates, and he himself perhaps will die in the Fleet.

It should be considered, that nature did not bring us into the world in a state of perfection, but has left us in a capacity of improvement; which should seem to intimate, that we should labour to render ourselves excellent. Very few are such absolute idiots, as not to be able to become at least decent, if not eminent, in their several stations, by unwearied and keen application: nor are there any possessed of such transcendent genius and abilities, as to render all pains and diligence unnecessary. Perseverance will overcome difficulties, which at first ap-

pear insuperable; and it is amazing to consider, how great and numerous obstacles may be removed by a continual attention to any particular point. I will not mention here, the trite example of Demosthenes, who got over the greatest natural impediments to oratory, but content myself with a more modern and familiar instance. Being at Sadler's Wells a few nights ago, I could not but admire the surprising feats of activity there exhibited; and at the same time reflected, what incredible pains and labour it must have cost the performers to arrive at the art of writhing their bodies into such various and unnatural contortion. But I was most taken with the ingenious artist, who, after fixing two bells to each foot, the same number to each hand, and with great propriety placing a cap and bells on his head, played several tunes, and went through as regular triple peals and bob-majors, as the boys of Christ-church hospital; all which he effected by the due jerking of his arms and legs, and nodding his head backward and forward. If this artist had taken equal pains to employ his head in another way, he might perhaps have been as deep a proficient in numbers as Jedediah Buxton, or at least a tolerable modern rhymer, of which he is now no bad emblem: and if our fine ladies would use equal diligence, they might fashion their minds as successfully, as Madam Catharina distorts her body.

There is not in the world a more useless, idle animal, than he who contents himself with being merely a gentleman. He has an estate, therefore he will not endeavour to acquire knowledge: he is not to labour in any vocation, therefore he will do nothing. But the misfortune is, that there is no such thing in nature as a negative virtue, and that absolute idleness is impracticable. He who does no good will certainly do mischief; and the mind, if it is not stored with useful knowledge, will certainly become a magazine of nonsense and trifles. Wherefore a gentleman, though he is not obliged to rise to open his shop, or work at his trade, should always find some ways of employing his time to advantage. If he makes no advances in wisdom, he will become more and more a slave to folly; and he that does nothing, because he has nothing to do, will become vicious and abandoned, or, at best, ridiculous and contemptible.

I do not know a more melancholy object, than a man of an honest heart, and fine natural abilities, whose good qualities are thus destroyed by indolence. Such a person is a constant plague to all his friends and acquaintance, with all the means in his power of adding to their happiness; and suffers himself to take rank among the lowest characters, when he might render himself conspicuous among the highest. Nobody is more universally beloved and more universally avoided, than my friend Careless. He is an humane man, who never did a beneficent action; and a man of unshaken integrity, on whom it is impossible to depend. With the best head, and the best heart, he regulates his conduct in the most absurd manner, and frequently injures his friends; for whoever neglects to do justice to himself, must inevitably wrong those with whom he is connected; and it is by no means a true maxim, that an idle man hurts nobody but himself.

Virtue then is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good: as Titus, when he had let a day slip undistinguished by some act of virtue, cried out, 'I have lost a day.' If we regard our time in this light, how many days shall we look back upon as irretrievably lost; and to how narrow a compass would such a method of calculation frequently reduce the longest life! If we were to number our days, according as we have applied them to virtue, it would occasion strange revolutions in the manner of reckoning the ages of men. We should see some few arrived to a good old age in the prime of their youth, and meet with several young fellows of fourscore.

Agreeable to this way of thinking, I remember to have met with the epitaph of an aged man four years old; dating his existence from the time of his reformation from evil courses. The inscriptions on most tomb-stones commemorate no acts of virtue performed by the persons who lie under them, but only record, that they were born one day, and died another. But I would fain have those people, whose lives have been useless, rendered of some service after their deaths, by affording lessons of instruction and morality to those they leave behind them. Wherefore I could wish, that, in every parish, several acres

were marked out for a new and spacious burying-ground: in which every person, whose remains are there deposited, should have a small stone laid over them, reckoning their age, according to the manner in which they have improved or abused the time allotted them in their lives. In such circumstances, the plate on a coffin might be the highest panegyric which the deceased could receive; and a little square stone inscribed with *Ob. Ann. Æta. 80.* would be a nobler eulogium, than all the lapidary adulation of modern epitaphs.

Connoisseur.

§ 19. *The innocent Pleasures of Childhood.*

As it is usual with me to draw a secret unenvied pleasure from a thousand incidents overlooked by other men, I threw myself into a short transport, forgetting my age, and fancying myself a school-boy.

This imagination was strongly favoured, by the presence of so many young boys, in whose looks were legible the sprightly passions of that age, which raised in me a sort of sympathy. Warm blood thrilled through every vein; the faded memory of those enjoyments that once gave me pleasure, put on more lively colours, and a thousand gay amusements filled my mind.

It was not without regret, that I was forsaken by this waking dream. The cheapness of puerile delights, the guiltless joy they leave upon the mind, the blooming hopes that lift up the soul in the ascent of life, the pleasure that attends the gradual opening of the imagination, and the dawn of reason, made me think most men found that stage the most agreeable part of their journey.

When men come to riper years, the innocent diversions which exalted the spirits, and produced health of body, indolence of mind, and refreshing slumbers, are too often exchanged for criminal delights, which fill the soul with anguish and the body with disease. The grateful employment of admiring and raising themselves to an imitation of the polite style, beautiful images, and noble sentiments of ancient authors, is abandoned for lawlatin, the lucubrations of our paltry news-mongers, and that swarm of vile pamphlets which corrupt our taste, and infest the public. The ideas of virtue, which the characters of heroes had im-

printed on their minds, insensibly wear out, and they come to be influenced by the nearer examples of a degenerate age.

In the morning of life, when the soul first makes her entrance into the world, all things look fresh and gay; their novelty surprises, and every little glitter or gaudy colour transports the stranger. But by degrees the sense grows callous, and we lose that exquisite relish of trifles, by the time our minds should be supposed ripe for rational entertainments. I cannot make this reflection without being touched with a commiseration of that species called *beaus*, the happiness of those men necessarily terminating with their childhood, who from a want of knowing other pursuits, continue a fondness for the delights of that age, after the relish of them is decayed.

Providence hath with a bountiful hand prepared a variety of pleasures for the various stages of life. It behoves us not to be wanting to ourselves in forwarding the intention of nature, by the culture of our minds, and a due preparation of each faculty for the enjoyment of those objects it is capable of being affected with.

As our parts open and display by gentle degrees, we rise from the gratifications of sense, to relish those of the mind. In the scale of pleasure, the lowest are sensual delights, which are succeeded by the more enlarged views and gay portraitures of a lively imagination; and these give way to the sublimer pleasures of reason, which discover the causes and designs, the frame, connexion, and symmetry of things, and fill the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order and truth.

Hence I regard our public schools and universities not only as nurseries of men for the service of the church and state, but also as places designed to teach mankind the most refined luxury, to raise the mind to its due perfection, and give it a taste for those entertainments which afford the highest transport, without the grossness or remorse that attend vulgar enjoyments.

In those blessed retreats men enjoy the sweets of solitude, and yet converse with the greatest geni that have appeared in every age; wander through the delightful mazes of every art and science, and as they gradually enlarge their sphere of knowledge, at once rejoice in

their present possessions, and are animated by the boundless prospect of future discoveries. There, a generous emulation, a noble thirst of fame, a love of truth and honourable regards, reign in minds as yet untainted from the world. There, the stock of learning transmitted down from the ancients, is preserved, and receives a daily increase; and it is thence propagated by men, who, having finished their studies, go into the world, and spread that general knowledge and good taste throughout the land, which is so distant from the barbarism of its ancient inhabitants, or the fierce genius of its invaders. And as it is evident that our literature is owing to the schools and universities; so it cannot be denied, that these are owing to our religion.

It was chiefly, if not altogether, upon religious considerations that princes, as well as private persons, have erected colleges, and assigned liberal endowments to students and professors. Upon the same account they meet with encouragement and protection from all christian states, as being esteemed a necessary means to have the sacred oracles and primitive conditions of christianity preserved and understood. And it is well known, that, after a long night of ignorance and superstition, the reformation of the church and that of learning began together, and made proportionable advances, the latter having been the effect of the former, which of course engaged men in the study of the learned languages and of antiquity.

Guardian.

§ 20. On Cheerfulness.

I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy: on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depth of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment: cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a

state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the sacred Person who was the great pattern of perfection, was never seen to laugh.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions: it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of the soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils, which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good-humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sunshine, that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit

praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever title it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil: it is indeed no wonder, that men who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and Atheist have therefore no pretence to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good-humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any

other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with cheerfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself he cannot but rejoice in that existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise on the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improvable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness! The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind is, its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and on whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every

one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we are made to please. *Spectator*.

§ 21. *On the Advantages of a cheerful Temper.*

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret murmurs of heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions, which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such, who (to use our English phrase) wear well, that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and cheerfulness of heart. The truth of it is, health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain cheerfulness, but very often see cheerfulness where there is no great degree of health.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body; it banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice, that the world in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use; but if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessaries of life, has

a particular influence in cheering the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Those several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreshing to the imagination, as to the soil through which they pass.

There are writers of great distinction who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason, several painters have green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher accounts for it in the following manner: All colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas, the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in such a due proportion that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and, by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reason the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of *cheerful*.

To consider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are, at the same time, both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman, after the same manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landscape, and making every thing smile about him, whilst, in

reality, he thinks of nothing but of the harvest, and increase which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this cheerfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque parts of nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher, by observing, that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities, as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheered and delighted with agreeable sensations? In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a cheerful temper, as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently shew us that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this cheerfulness of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our island, and often conveys herself to us in an easterly wind. A celebrated French novelist, in opposition to those who begin their romances with a flowery

season of the year, enters on his story thus: 'In the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate lover walked out into the fields,' &c.

Every one ought to fence against the temper of his climate or constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up cheerfully against those little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of them, will produce a satiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that cheerfulness of temper which I have been recommending. This interspersion of evil with good, and pain with pleasure, in the works of nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. Locke, in his *Essay upon Human Understanding*, to a moral reason, in the following words:

'Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and bleuded them together, in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of him with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for ever more.'

Spectator.

§ 22. *On Truth and Sincerity.*

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the shew of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on

the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what we would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it are lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out: it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true

and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs; these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with

the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concerns of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

Spectator.

§ 23. *Rules for the Knowledge of One's Self.*

Hypocrisy, at the fashionable end of the town, is very different from that in the city. The modish hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is; the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the shew of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours, which he is not guilty of; the latter assumes a face of sanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a seeming religious deportment.

But there is another kind of hypocrisy, which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the subject of this paper; I mean that hypocrisy, by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often imposes on himself; that hypocrisy which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or mistake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal hypocrisy and self-deceit, which is taken notice of in these words: 'Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from my secret faults.'

If the open professors of impiety deserve the utmost application and endeavours of moral writers, to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may those lay a claim to their care and compassion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themselves en-

gaged in a course of virtue! I shall therefore endeavour to lay down some rules for the discovery of those vices that lurk in the secret corners of the soul; and to shew my reader those methods, by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himself. The usual means prescribed for this purpose, are to examine ourselves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in sacred writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that person who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the standing example, as well as the great guide and instructor, of those who receive his doctrines. Though these two heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I would therefore propose the following methods to the consideration of such as would find out their secret faults, and make a true estimate of themselves.

In the first place, let them consider well, what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us as much as our own hearts. They either do not see our faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their representations, after such a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter search into us, discovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers; and, though his malice may set them in too strong a light, it has generally some ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A wise man should give a just attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the improvement of the one, and the diminution of the other. Plutarch has written an essay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies; and among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, "that, by the reproaches which it casts upon us, we see the worst side of ourselves, and open our eyes to several blemishes and defects in our lives and conversations, which we should not have observed without the help of such ill-natured monitors."

In order likewise to come to a true knowledge of ourselves, we should consider, on the other hand, how far we may deserve the praises and approbations which the world bestow upon us; whe-

ther the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really possessed of the virtues, which gain us applause among those with whom we converse. Such a reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the opinion of others, and to sacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

In the next place, that we may not deceive ourselves in a point of so much importance, we should not lay too great a stress on any supposed virtues we possess, that are of a doubtful nature: and such we may esteem all those in which multitudes of men dissent from us, who are as good and wise as ourselves. We should always act with great cautiousness and circumspection, in points where it is not impossible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry, and persecution, for any party or opinion, how praiseworthy soever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their own nature; and yet how many persons, eminent for piety, suffer such monstrous and absurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues? For my own part, I must own, I never yet knew any party so just and reasonable, that a man could follow it in its height and violence, and at the same time be innocent.

We should likewise be very apprehensive of those actions, which proceed from natural constitution, favourite passions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly interest or advantage. In these or the like cases, a man's judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. These are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thousand errors and secret faults find admission, without being observed or taken notice of. A wise man will suspect those actions to which he is directed by something besides reason, and always apprehend some concealed evil in every resolution that is of a disputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleasure or his profit.

There is nothing of greater importance to us, than thus diligently to sift our thoughts, and examine all these dark recesses of the mind, if we would establish

our souls in such a solid and substantial virtue as will turn to account in that great day, when it must stand the test of infinite wisdom and justice.

I shall conclude this essay with observing, that the two kinds of hypocrisy I have here spoken of, namely, that of deceiving the world, and that of imposing on ourselves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred and thirty-ninth psalm. The folly of the first kind of hypocrisy is there set forth by reflections on God's omniscience and omnipresence, which are celebrated in as noble strains of poetry as any other I ever met with, either sacred or profane. The other kind of hypocrisy, whereby a man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last verses, where the Psalmist addresses himself to the great Searcher of hearts in that emphatical petition; "Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart; prove me and examine my thoughts: look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

Spectator.

§ 24. *No Life pleasing to God, but that which is useful to Mankind. An Eastern Story.*

It pleased our mighty sovereign Abbas Carascan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set Mirza his servant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich: Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused; he became pensive and melancholy; he spent his leisure in solitude; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He, therefore, obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply: "May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has

"honoured, if Mirza presume again to
 "lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet.
 "Thou hast given me the dominion of a
 "country, fruitful as the gardens of
 "Damascus; and a city glorious above
 "all others, except that only which re-
 "flects the splendour of thy presence.
 "But the longest life is a period scarce
 "sufficient to prepare for death: all
 "other business is vain and trivial, as the
 "toil of emmets in the path of the travel-
 "ler, under whose foot they perish for
 "ever; and all enjoyment is unsubstan-
 "tial and evanescent, as the colours of
 "the bow that appears in the interval of
 "a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to pre-
 "pare for the approach of eternity; let
 "me give up my soul to meditation; let
 "solitude and silence acquaint me with
 "the mysteries of devotion; let me for-
 "get the world, and by the world be for-
 "gotten, till the moment arrives in which
 "the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall
 "be found at the bar of the Almighty."

Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of Abbas, it is record-
 ed, that at these words he trembled upon
 the throne, at the footstool of which the
 world pays homage; he looked round
 upon his nobles; but every countenance
 was pale, and every eye was upon the
 earth. No man opened his mouth: and
 the king first broke silence, after it had
 continued near an hour.

"Mirza, terror and doubt are come
 "upon me. I am alarmed as a man who
 "suddenly perceives that he is near the
 "brink of a precipice, and is urged for-
 "ward by an irresistible force: but yet I
 "know not whether my danger is a rea-
 "lity or a dream. I am, as thou art, a
 "reptile of the earth: my life is a mo-
 "ment, and eternity, in which days, and
 "years, and ages, are nothing, eternity is
 "before me, for which I also should pre-
 "pare: but by whom then must the
 "Faithful be governed? by those only,
 "who have no fear of judgment? by
 "those only, whose life is brutal, because
 "like brutes they do not consider that
 "they shall die? Or who, indeed, are the
 "Faithful? Are the busy multitudes that
 "crowd the city, in a state of perdition;
 "and is the cell of the Dervise alone the
 "gate of Paradise? To all, the life of a
 "Dervise is not possible: to all, there-
 "fore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to
 "the house which has in this city been

"prepared for thy residence: I will me-
 "ditate the reason of thy request: and
 "may He who illuminates the mind of
 "the humble, enable me to determine
 "with wisdom."

Mirza departed; and on the third day,
 having received no command, he again re-
 quested an audience, and it was granted.
 When he entered the royal presence, his
 countenance appeared more cheerful; he
 drew a letter from his bosom, and having
 kissed it, he presented it with his right
 hand. "My Lord!" said he, "I have
 "learned by this letter, which I received
 "from Cosrou the Iman, who stands now
 "before thee, in what manner life may
 "be best improved. I am enabled to
 "look back with pleasure, and forward
 "with hope; and I shall now rejoice
 "still to be the shadow of thy power at
 "Tauris, and to keep those honours which
 "I so lately wished to resign." The King,
 who had listened to Mirza with a mixture
 of surprise and curiosity, immediately
 gave the letter to Cosrou, and commanded
 that it should be read. The eyes of the
 court were at once turned upon the hoary
 sage, whose countenance was suffused
 with an honest blush; and it was not
 without some hesitation that he read these
 words:

"To Mirza, whom the wisdom of Ab-
 "bas our mighty Lord has honoured
 "with dominion, be everlasting health!
 "When I heard thy purpose to withdraw
 "the blessings of thy government from
 "the thousands of Tauris, my heart was
 "wounded with the arrow of affliction,
 "and my eyes became dim with sorrow.
 "But who shall speak before the king
 "when he is troubled; and who shall
 "boast of knowledge when he is distress-
 "ed by doubt? To thee will I relate the
 "events of my youth, which thou hast
 "renewed before me; and those truths
 "which they taught me, may the Prophet
 "multiply to thee!

"Under the instruction of the phy-
 "sician Aiuzar, I obtained an early
 "knowledge of his art. To those who
 "were smitten with disease, I could ad-
 "minister plants, which the sun has im-
 "pregnated with the spirit of health.
 "But the scenes of pain, languor, and
 "mortality, which were perpetually ris-
 "ing before me, made me often tremble
 "for myself. I saw the grave open at
 "my feet; I determined, therefore, to
 "contemplate only the regions beyond

" it, and to despise every acquisition
 " which I could not keep. I conceived
 " an opinion, that as there was no merit
 " but in voluntary poverty, and silent
 " meditation, those who desired money
 " were not proper objects of bounty ;
 " and that by all who were proper ob-
 " jects of bounty money was despised.
 " I, therefore, buried mine in the earth ;
 " and renouncing society, I wandered
 " into a wild and sequestered part of
 " the country: my dwelling was a cave
 " by the side of a hill ; I drank the run-
 " ning water from the spring, and ate
 " such fruits and herbs as I could find.
 " To increase the austerity of my life, I
 " frequently watched all night, sitting
 " at the entrance of the cave with my
 " face to the east, resigning myself to
 " the secret influences of the Prophet,
 " and expecting illuminations from
 " above. One morning, after my noc-
 " turnal vigil, just as I perceived the ho-
 " rizon glow at the approach of the sun,
 " the power of sleep became irresistible,
 " and I sunk under it. I imagined my-
 " self still sitting at the entrance of my
 " cell ; that the dawn increased ; and
 " that as I looked earnestly for the first
 " beam of day, a dark spot appeared to
 " intercept it. I perceived that it was
 " in motion ; it increased in size as it
 " drew near, and at length, I discovered
 " it to be an eagle. I still kept my eye
 " fixed steadfastly upon it, and saw it
 " alight at a small distance, where I
 " now descried a fox whose two fore-
 " legs appeared to be broken. Before
 " this fox the eagle laid part of a kid,
 " which she had brought in her talons,
 " and then disappeared. When I awak-
 " ed, I laid my forehead upon the
 " ground, and blessed the Prophet for
 " the instruction of the morning. I re-
 " viewed my dream, and said thus to
 " myself: Cosrou, thou hast done well
 " to renounce the tumult, the business,
 " and vanities of life : but thou hast as
 " yet only done it in part : thou art still
 " every day busied in the search of food,
 " thy mind is not wholly at rest, neither
 " is thy trust in Providence complete.
 " What art thou taught by this vision ?
 " If thou hast seen an eagle commission-
 " ed by Heaven to feed a fox that is
 " lame, shall not the hand of Heaven
 " also supply thee with food ; when that
 " which prevents thee from procuring it
 " for thyself, is not necessity but devotion ?

" I was now so confident of a miraculous
 " supply, that I neglected to walk out
 " for my repast, which, after the first
 " day, I expected with an impatience that
 " left me little power of attending to any
 " other object : this impatience, however,
 " I laboured to suppress, and persisted
 " in my resolution ; but my eyes at
 " length began to fail me, and my knees
 " smote each other ; I threw myself back-
 " ward, and hoped my weakness would
 " soon increase to insensibility. But I
 " was suddenly roused by the voice of an
 " invisible being, who pronounced these
 " words: Cosrou, I am the angel, who by
 " the command of the Almighty have regis-
 " tered the thoughts of thy heart, which I
 " am now commissioned to reprove. While
 " thou wast attempting to become wise
 " above that which is revealed, thy folly
 " has perverted the instruction which was
 " vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as
 " the Fox ? hast thou not rather the powers
 " of the Eagle ? Arise, let the Eagle be
 " the object of thy emulation. To pain
 " and sickness, be thou again the messen-
 " ger of ease and health. Virtue is not
 " rest, but action. If thou dost good to
 " man as an evidence of thy love to God,
 " thy virtue will be exalted from moral to
 " divine ; and that happiness which is the
 " pledge of Paradise, will be thy reward
 " upon earth.

" At these words I was not less asto-
 " nished than if a mountain had been
 " overturned at my feet. I humbled
 " myself in the dust ; I returned to the
 " city ; I dug up my treasure ; I was libe-
 " ral, yet I became rich. My skill in
 " restoring health to the body gave me
 " frequent opportunities of curing the
 " diseases of the soul. I put on the sa-
 " cred vestments ; I grew eminent be-
 " yond my merit ; and it was the plea-
 " sure of the king that I should stand
 " before him. Now, therefore, be not
 " offended ; I boast of no knowledge
 " that I have not received : As the sands
 " of the desert drink up the drops of
 " rain, or the dew of the morning, so do
 " I also, who am but dust, imbibe the
 " instructions of the Prophet. Believe
 " then that it is he who tells thee, all
 " knowledge is profane, which termi-
 " nates in thyself ; and by a life wasted
 " in speculation, little even of this can
 " be gained. When the gates of Para-
 " dise are thrown open before thee, thy
 " dñimshall be irradiated in a moment ;

“ here thou canst little more than pile
 “ error upon error; there thou shalt build
 “ truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, for
 “ the glorious vision; and in the mean
 “ time emulate the Eagle. Much is in
 “ thy power; and, therefore, much is
 “ expected of thee. Though the AL-
 “ MIGHTY only can give virtue, yet, as a
 “ prince, thou mayest stimulate those to
 “ beneficence, who act from no higher
 “ motive than immediate interest; thou
 “ canst not produce the principle, but
 “ mayest enforce the practice. The re-
 “ lief of the poor is equal, whether they
 “ receive it from ostentation, or charity;
 “ and the effect of example is the same,
 “ whether it be intended to obtain the
 “ favour of God or man. Let thy vir-
 “ tue be thus diffused; and if thou be-
 “ lievest with reverence, thou shalt be
 “ accepted above. Farewell. May the
 “ smile of Him who resides in the Hea-
 “ ven of Heavens be upon thee! and
 “ against thy name, in the volume of His
 “ will, may Happiness be written!”

The king, whose doubts, like those of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know “ that no life is
 “ pleasing to God, but that which is useful
 “ to Mankind.” *Adventurer.*

§ 25. *Providence proved from Animal Instinct.*

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting, upon this occasion, the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation; the arguments for Providence, drawn from the natural history of animals, being, in my opinion, demonstrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the least turn in the muscles or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life, than any other cast or texture of them would have been.

The most violent appetites in all creatures are *lust* and *hunger*: the first is a

perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent of the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as insects, and several kind of fish; others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposit them in, and there leave them, as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich; others hatch their eggs, and tend the birth, until it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all of the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be *imitation*; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the nests of the same species. It cannot be *reason*; for were animals endued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniencies that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same temper of weather which raises this general warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

The violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment; which I shall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author, and hope my readers will pardon the mentioning such an instance of cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually shew the strength of that principle in animals of which I am here speaking. “ A person, who
 “ was well skilled in dissections, opened
 “ a bitch, and as she lay in the most ex-
 “ quisite torture, offered her one of her
 “ puppies, which she immediately fell a
 “ licking; and for the time seemed insen-

“sible of her pain: on the removal she kept her eye fixed on it, and began a wailing sort of cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the loss of her young one, than the sense of her own torments.”

But notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves; and, what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it; as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species: nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downwards; for in all family affection, we find protection granted, and favours bestowed, are greater motives to love and tenderness, than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty.

Reason shews itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but what immediately regards his own preservation, or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding.-- To use an instance that comes often under observation:

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance! When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what

care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal! In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison! Not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; not to mention her forsaking the nest, if, after the usual time of reckoning, the young one does not make its appearance. A chemical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is seen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that shew an infinitely greater sagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

But at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species), considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner: she is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays: she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances, which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, any thing more mysterious in nature, than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time, works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be

explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but, according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate impression from the first Mover, and the divine energy acting in the creatures. *Spectator.*

§ 26. *The Necessity of forming religious Principles at an early Age.*

As soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and wrong in human actions. You see that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour; others of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themselves in much misery, and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society. Early, then, you may learn that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness, your honour or infamy, depend. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors? If, instead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up, at so critical a time, to sloth and pleasure; if you refuse to listen to any counsellor but humour, or to attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loose and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you; what can you expect to follow from such beginnings? While so many around you are undergoing the sad consequences of a like indiscretion, for what reason shall not these consequences extend to you? Shall you only attain success without that preparation, and escape dangers without that precaution, which is required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you of its own accord, and solicit your acceptance, when, to the rest of mankind, it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquisition of labour and

care?—Deceive not yourselves with such arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not, for your sake, reverse its established order. By listening to wise admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of serious thought, you may ensure cheerfulness for the rest of your life; but by delivering yourselves up at present to giddiness and levity, you lay the foundation of lasting heaviness of heart. *Blair.*

§ 27. *The Acquisition of virtuous Dispositions and Habits a necessary Part of Education.*

When you look forward to those plans of life, which either your circumstances have suggested, or your friends have proposed, you will not hesitate to acknowledge, that in order to pursue them with advantage, some previous discipline is requisite. Be assured, that whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success, than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. This is the universal preparation for every character, and every station in life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs it will be found, that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity, than the brightest parts without probity or honour. Whether science, or business, or public life, be your aim, virtue still enters, for a principal share, into all those great departments of society. It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business; with distinction, in every public station. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character; the generous sentiments which it breathes; the undaunted spirit which it inspires, the ardour of religion which it quickens, the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations, are the foundations of all that is high in fame or great in success among men. Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now possess, virtue is a necessary requisite, in order to their shining with proper lustre. Feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, if it be suspected that nothing within corresponds to the pleasing ap-

pearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is supposed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever arts you may at first attract the attention, you can hold the esteem and secure the hearts of others only by amiable dispositions and the accomplishments of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away. *Blair.*

§ 28. *The Happiness and Dignity of Manhood depend upon the Conduct of the youthful Age.*

Let not the season of youth be barren of improvements, so essential to your felicity and honour. Your character is now of your own forming; your fate is in some measure put into your own hands. Your nature is as yet pliant and soft. Habits have not established their dominion. Prejudices have not preoccupied your understanding. The world has not had time to contract and debase your affections. All your powers are more vigorous, disembarrassed and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulse you now give to your desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay, it may determine an everlasting issue. Consider then the employment of this important period as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you; as, in a great measure, decisive of your happiness, in time and in eternity. As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course; so, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit: So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

Ibid.

§ 29. *Piety to God the Foundation of good Morals.*

What I shall first recommend is piety to God. With this I begin; both as the foundation of good morals, and as a disposition particularly graceful and becoming in youth. To be void of it, argues a cold heart, destitute of some of the best affections which belong to that age. Youth is the season of warm and generous emotions. The heart should then spontaneously rise into the admiration of what is great; glow with the love of what is fair and excellent; and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness. Where can any object be found so proper to kindle those affections, as the Father of the universe, and the Author of all felicity! Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majesty which his works every where display? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that profusion of good, which, in this pleasing season of life, his beneficent hand pours around you? Happy in the love and affection of those with whom you are connected, look up to the Supreme Being, as the inspirer of all that friendship which has ever been shewn you by others; himself your best and your first friend; formerly, the supporter of your infancy, and the guide of your childhood: now the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years. View religious homage as a natural expression of gratitude to him for all his goodness. Consider it as the service of the God of your fathers; of him to whom your parents devoted you; of him whom in former ages your ancestors honoured; and by whom they are now rewarded and blessed in heaven. Connected with so many tender sensibilities of soul, let religion be with you, not the cold and barren offspring of speculation, but the warm and vigorous dictate of the heart. *Ibid.*

§ 30. *Religion never to be treated with Levity.*

Impress your minds with reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane sallies. Besides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption to youth, than the affecta-

tion of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind; which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind revere. At the same time, you are not to imagine, that when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to become more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same years; or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around you. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability. It gives a native unaffected ease to the behaviour. It is social, kind, and cheerful; far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirit, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, on the contrary, connect preparation for Heaven with an honourable discharge of the duties of active life. Of such religion discover, on every proper occasion, that you are not ashamed; but avoid making any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world. *Blair.*

§ 31. *Modesty and Docility to be joined to Piety.*

To piety join modesty and docility, reverence of your parents, and submission to those who are your superiors in knowledge, in station, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth. Modesty is one of its chief ornaments; and has ever been esteemed a presage of rising merit. When entering on the career of life, it is your part, not to assume the reins as yet in your hands; but to commit yourself to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you. Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance, or blast the prospects of its future prosperity, more than self-conceit, presumption and obstinacy. By checking its natural progress in improvement, they fix it in long immaturity; and frequently produce mischiefs which can never be repaired. Yet these are vices too commonly found among the young. Big with enterprise, and elated by hope, they resolve to trust for success to none but themselves. Full of their own abilities, they deride the admonitions which are given them by their friends, as the timo-

rous suggestions of age. Too wise to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge, with precipitant indiscretion, into the midst of all the dangers with which life abounds. *Ibid.*

§ 32. *Sincerity and Truth recommended.*

It is necessary to recommend to you sincerity and truth. This is the basis of every virtue. That darkness of character, where we can see no heart; those foldings of art, through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate, present an object, unamiable in every season of life, but particularly odious in youth. If, at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are strong, and when nature is expected to shew herself free and open, you can already smile and deceive, what are we to look for, when you shall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men; when interest shall have completed the obduration of your heart, and experience shall have improved you in all the arts of guile? Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. Its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts and learning; obscures the lustre of every accomplishment; and sinks you into contempt with God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of Heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings, be direct and consistent. Ingenuity and candour possess the most powerful charm; they bespeak universal favour, and carry an apology for almost every failing. The path of truth is a plain and safe path: that of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, you are left entangled in your own snare. Deceit discovers a little mind, which stops at temporary expedients, without rising to comprehensive views of conduct. It betrays, at the same time, a dastardly spirit. It is the resource of one who wants courage to avow his designs, or to rest upon himself. Whereas, openness of character displays that generous boldness, which ought to distinguish youth. To set out in the world with no other principle than a crafty atten-

tion to interest, betokens one who is destined for creeping through the inferior walks of life: but to give an early preference to honour above gain, when they stand in competition; to despise every advantage, which cannot be attained without dishonest arts; to brook no meanness, and to stoop to no dissimulation; are the indications of a great mind, the presages of future eminence and distinction in life. At the same time this virtuous sincerity is perfectly consistent with the most prudent vigilance and caution. It is opposed to cunning, not to true wisdom. It is not the simplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candour of an enlarged and noble mind: of one who scorns deceit, because he accounts it both base and unprofitable; and who seeks no disguise, because he needs none to hide him. *Blair.*

§ 33. *Benevolence and Humanity.*

Youth is the proper season of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connexions which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render such connexions comfortable. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities. In your most early intercourse with the world, and even in your youthful amusements, let no unfairness be found. Engrave on your mind that sacred rule of 'doing in all things to others, according as you wish that they should do unto you.' For this end, impress yourselves with a deep sense of the original and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you possess, never display them with an ostentatious superiority. Leave the subordinations of rank to regulate the intercourse of more advanced years. At present it becomes you to act among your companions, as man with man. Remember how unknown to you are the vicissitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in future years. Compassion is an emotion of which you never ought to be ashamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoy-

ment. Accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never sport with pain and distress, in any of your amusements; nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty. *Ibid.*

§ 34. *Courtesy and engaging Manners.*

In order to render yourselves amiable in society, correct every appearance of harshness in behaviour. Let that courtesy distinguish your demeanour, which springs not so much from studied politeness, as from a mild and gentle heart. Follow the customs of the world in matters indifferent; but stop when they become sinful. Let your manners be simple and natural; and of course they will be engaging. Affectation is certain deformity. By forming yourselves on fantastic models, and vying with one another in every reigning folly, the young begin with being ridiculous, and end in being vicious and immoral. *Ibid.*

§ 35. *Temperance in Pleasure recommended.*

Let me particularly exhort youth to temperance in pleasure. Let me admonish them, to beware of that rock on which thousands, from race to race, continue to split. The love of pleasure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with excessive ardour. Novelty adds fresh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to spread a continual feast; and health, vigour, and high spirits, invite them to partake of it without restraint. In vain we warn them of latent dangers. Religion is accused of insufferable severity, in prohibiting enjoyment; and the old, when they offer their admonition, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young.—And yet, my friends, to what do the constraints of religion, and the counsels of age, with respect to pleasure, amount? They may all be comprised in a few words—not to hurt yourselves, and not to hurt others, by your pursuit of pleasure. Within these bounds, pleasure is lawful; beyond them it becomes criminal, because it is ruinous. Are these restraints any other than what a wise man would choose to impose on himself? We call you not to renounce pleasure, but to enjoy it in safety. Instead of abridging it, we exhort you to pursue it on an extensive plan.

We propose measures for securing its possession, and for prolonging its duration.

Blair.

§ 36. *Whatever violates Nature, cannot afford true Pleasure.*

Consult your whole nature. Consider yourselves not only as sensitive, but as rational beings; not only as rational, but social; not only as social, but immortal. Whatever violates your nature in any of these respects cannot afford true pleasure; any more than that which undermines an essential part of the vital system can promote health. For the truth of this conclusion, we appeal not merely to the authority of religion, nor to the testimony of the aged, but to yourselves, and your own experience. We ask, whether you have not found, that in a course of criminal excess, your pleasure was more than compensated by succeeding pain? Whether, if not from every particular instance, yet from every habit, at least, of unlawful gratification, there did not spring some thorn to wound you; there did not arise some consequence to make you repent of it in the issue? How long will you repeat the same round of pernicious folly, and tamely expose yourselves to be caught in the same snare? If you have any consideration, or any firmness left, avoid temptations, for which you have found yourselves unequal, with as much care as you would shun pestilential infection. Break off all connexions with the loose and profligate. *Ibid.*

§ 37. *Irregular Pleasures.*

By the unhappy excesses of irregular pleasures in youth, how many amiable dispositions are corrupted or destroyed! How many rising capacities and powers are suppressed! How many flattering hopes of parents and friends are totally extinguished! Who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning, which arose so bright, overcast with such untimely darkness; that good-humour, which once captivated all hearts, that vivacity which sparkled in every company, those abilities which were fitted for adorning the highest stations, all sacrificed at the shrine of low sensuality; and one, who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his course; or sunk for the whole of it into insignificance and contempt!—These, O

sinful Pleasure, are thy trophies! It is thus that, co-operating with the foe of God and man, thou degradest human honour, and blastest the opening prospects of human felicity! *Ibid.*

§ 38. *Industry and Application.*

Diligence, Industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. To no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing, in this case, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth, the habits of industry are most easily acquired; in youth, the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to these calls, you already languish in slothful inaction, what will be able to quicken the more sluggish current of advancing years? Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life, as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry, may possess, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labour only which gives the relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good man. It is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine, whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness. Inactive as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appear a slowly-flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It not only saps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water which first putrefies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmosphere with death. Fly, therefore, from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and of ruin. And under idleness I include, not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many saunter away their youth; perpetually engaged in frivolous society, or public amusements; in the labours of dress, or the ostentation of their persons.—Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments do you hope to recommend yourselves to

the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectations of your friends and your country?—Amusements youth requires: it were vain, it were cruel, to prohibit them. But, though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business of the young. For they then become the gulf of time, and the poison of the mind. They foment bad passions. They weaken the manly powers. They sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy. *Blair.*

§ 39. *The Employment of Time.*

Redeeming your time from such dangerous waste, seek to fill it with employments which you may review with satisfaction. The acquisition of knowledge is one of the most honourable occupations of youth. The desire of it discovers a liberal mind, and is connected with many accomplishments and many virtues. But though your train of life should not lead you to study, the course of education always furnishes proper employments to a well-disposed mind. Whatever you pursue, be emulous to excel. Generous ambition, and sensibility to praise, are, especially at your age, among the marks of virtue. Think not, that any affluence of fortune, or any elevation of rank, exempts you from the duties of application and industry. Industry is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God. Remember always, that the years which now pass over your heads leave permanent memorials behind them. From your thoughtless minds they may escape; but they remain in the remembrance of God. They form an important part of the register of your life. They will hereafter bear testimony, either for or against you, at that day when, for all your actions, but particularly for the employments of youth, you must give an account to God. Whether your future course is destined to be long or short, after this manner it should commence; and, if it continue to be thus conducted, its conclusion, at what time soever it arrives, will not be inglorious, or unhappy.

Ibid.

§ 40. *The Necessity of depending for Success on the Blessing of Heaven.*

Let me finish the subject, with recalling your attention to that dependence on the blessing of Heaven, which, amidst all your endeavours after improvement, you

ought continually to preserve. It is too common with the young, even when they resolve to tread the path of virtue and honour, to set out with presumptuous confidence in themselves. Trusting to their own abilities for carrying them successfully through life, they are careless of applying to God, or of deriving any assistance from what they are apt to reckon the gloomy discipline of religion. Alas! how little do they know the dangers which await them! Neither human wisdom, nor human virtue, unsupported by religion, are equal for the trying situations which often occur in life. By the shock of temptation, how frequently have the most virtuous intentions been overthrown! Under the pressure of disaster, how often has the greatest constancy sunk! Destitute of the favour of God, you are in no better situation, with all your boasted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackless desert, without any guide to conduct them, or any shelter to cover them from the gathering storm. Correct, then, this ill-founded arrogance. Expect not that your happiness can be independent of him who made you. By faith and repentance, apply to the Redeemer of the world. By piety and prayer seek the protection of the God of Heaven. *Ibid.*

§ 41. *The Necessity of an early and close Application to Wisdom.*

It is necessary to habituate our minds, in our younger years, to some employment which may engage our thoughts, and fill the capacity of the soul at a riper age. For, however we may roam in youth from folly to folly, too volatile for rest, too soft and effeminate for industry, ever ambitious to make a splendid figure; yet the time will come when we shall outgrow the relish of childish amusements; and if we are not provided with a taste for manly satisfactions to succeed in their room, we must of course become miserable, at an age more difficult to be pleased. While men, however unthinking and unemployed, enjoy an inexhaustible flow of vigorous spirits; a constant succession of gay ideas, which flutter and sport in the brain, makes them pleased with themselves, and with every frolic as trifling as themselves: but when the ferment of the blood abates, and the freshness of their youth, like the morning dew, passes away, their spirits flag for want of entertainments more satisfactory in themselves, and more suited

to a manly age; and the soul, from a sprightly impertinence, from quick sensations, and florid desires, subsides into a dead calm, and sinks into a flat stupidity. The fire of a glowing imagination (the property of youth) may make folly look pleasing, and lend a beauty to objects, which have none inherent in them; just as the sun-beams may paint a cloud, and diversify it with beautiful stains of light, however dark, unsubstantial, and empty in itself. But nothing can shine with undiminished lustre, but religion and knowledge, which are essentially and intrinsically bright. Take it therefore for granted, which you will find by experience, that nothing can be long entertaining, but what is in some measure beneficial; because nothing else will bear a calm and sedate review.

You may be fancied for a while, upon the account of good-nature, the inseparable attendant upon a flush of sanguine health, and a fulness of youthful spirits: but you will find, in process of time, that among the wise and good, useless good-nature is the object of pity, ill-nature of hatred; but nature, beautified and improved by an assemblage of moral and intellectual endowments, is the only object of a solid and lasting esteem. *Seed.*

§ 42. *The Unhappiness consequent on the Neglect of early improving the Mind.*

There is not a greater inlet to misery and vices of all kinds, than the not knowing how to pass our vacant hours. For what remains to be done, when the first part of their lives, who are not brought up to any manual employment, is slipt away without an acquired relish for reading, or taste for other rational satisfactions?—That they should pursue their pleasures?—But religion apart, common prudence will warn them to tie up the wheel as they begin to go down the hill of life. Shall they then apply themselves to their studies? Alas! the seed-time is already past! The enterprising and spirited ardour of youth being over, without having been applied to those valuable purposes for which it was given, all ambition of excelling upon generous and laudable schemes quite stagnates. If they have not some poor expedient to deceive the time, or, to speak more properly, to deceive themselves, the length of a day will seem tedious to them, who, perhaps, have the unreasonableness to complain of the shortness of life in gene-

ral. When the former part of our life has been nothing but vanity, the latter end of it can be nothing but vexation. In short, we must be miserable, without some employment to fix, or some amusement to dissipate our thoughts: the latter we cannot command in all places, nor relish at all times; and therefore there is an absolute necessity for the former. We may pursue this or that new pleasure; we may be fond for a while of a new acquisition; but when the graces of novelty are worn off, and the briskness of our first desire is over, the transition is very quick and sudden, from an eager fondness to a cool indifference. Hence there is a restless agitation in our minds, still craving something new, still unsatisfied with it, when possessed; till melancholy increases, as we advance in years, like shadows lengthening towards the close of day.

Hence it is, that men of this stamp are continually complaining that the times are altered for the worse: because the sprightliness of their youth represented every thing in the most engaging light; and when men are in high good-humour with themselves, they are apt to be so with all around; the face of nature brightens up, and the sun shines with a more agreeable lustre: but when old age has cut them off from the enjoyment of false pleasures, and habitual vice has given them a distaste for the only true and lasting delights; when a retrospect of their past lives presents nothing to view but one wide tract of uncultivated ground; a soul distempered with spleen, remorse, and insensibility of each rational satisfaction, darkens and discolours every object; and the change is not in the times, but in them, who have been forsaken by those gratifications which they would not forsake.

How much otherwise is it with those who have laid up an inexhaustible fund of knowledge! When a man has been laying out that time in the pursuit of some great and important truth, which others waste in a circle of gay follies, he is conscious of having acted up to the dignity of his nature; and from that consciousness there results that serene complacency, which, though not so violent, is much preferable to the pleasures of the animal life. He can travel on from strength to strength; for, in literature as in war, each new conquest which he gains empowers him to push his conquests still

farther, and to enlarge the empire of reason: thus he is ever in a progressive state, still making new acquirements, still animated with hopes of future discoveries.

Seed.

§ 43. *Great Talents not requisite for the common Duties of Life.*

Some may allege, in bar to what I have said, as an excuse for their indolence, the want of proper talents to make any progress in learning. To which I answer, that few stations require uncommon abilities to discharge them well; for the ordinary offices of life, that share of apprehension which falls to the bulk of mankind, provided we improve it, will serve well enough. Bright and sparkling parts are like diamonds, which may adorn the proprietor, but are not necessary for the good of the world: whereas common sense is like current coin; we have every day, in the ordinary occurrences of life, occasion for it: and if we would but call it into action, it would carry us much greater lengths than we seem to be aware of. Men may extol, as much as they please, fine, exalted, and superior sense; yet common sense, if attended with humility and industry, is the best guide to beneficial truth, and the best preservative against any fatal errors in knowledge, and notorious misconducts in life. For none are, in the nature of the thing, more liable to error, than those who have a distaste for plain sober sense and dry reasoning; which yet is the case of those whose warm and elevated imagination, whose uncommon fire and vivacity, make them in love with nothing but what is striking, marvellous, and dazzling: for great wits, like great beauties, look upon mere esteem as a flat insipid thing; nothing less than admiration will content them. To gain the good-will of mankind, by being useful to them, is, in their opinion, a poor, low, groveling aim; their ambition is, to draw the eyes of the world upon them, by dazzling and surprising them; a temper which draws them off from the love of truth, and consequently subjects them to gross mistakes: for they will not love truth as such; they will love it only when it happens to be surprising and uncommon, which few important truths are. The love of novelty will be the predominant passion; that of truth will only influence them, when it does not interfere with it. Perhaps nothing sooner

misleads men out of the road of truth, than to have the wild, dancing light of a bright imagination playing before them. Perhaps they have too much life and spirit to have patience enough to go to the bottom of a subject, and trace up every argument, through a long tedious process, to its original. Perhaps they have that delicacy of make which fits them for a swift and speedy race, but does not enable them to carry a great weight, or to go through any long journey, whereas men of fewer ideas, who lay them in order, compare and examine them, and go on, step by step, in a gradual chain of thinking, make up by industry and caution what they want in quickness of apprehension. Be not discouraged, if you do not meet with success at first. Observe, (for it lies within the compass of any man's observation) that he who has been long habituated to one kind of knowledge, is utterly at a loss in another, to which he is unaccustomed; till, by repeated efforts, he finds a progressive opening of his faculties; and then he wonders how he could be so long in finding out a connexion of ideas, which, to a practised understanding, is very obvious. But by neglecting to use your faculties, you will, in time, lose the very power of using them. *Ibid.*

§ 44. *Riches or Fortune no Excuse to exempt any from Study.*

Others there are, who plead an exemption from study, because their fortune makes them independent of the world, and they need not be beholden to it for a maintenance—that is, because their situation in life exempts them from the necessity of spending their time in servile offices and hardships, therefore they may dispose of it just as they please. It is to imagine, because God has empowered them to single out the best means of employing their hours, viz. in reading, meditation; in the highest instances of piety and charity; therefore they may throw them away in a round of impertinence, vanity, and folly. The apostle's rule, 'that if any man will not work, neither shall he eat,' extends to the rich as well as the poor; only supposing that there are different kinds of work assigned to each. The reason is the same in both cases, viz. that he who will do no good, ought not to receive or enjoy any. As we are all joint traders and partners in life, he forfeits his right to any share in the common stock of happiness,

who does not endeavour to contribute his quota or allotted part to it: the public happiness being nothing but the sum total of each individual's contribution to it. An easy fortune does not set men free from labour and industry in general; it only exempts them from some particular kinds of labour: it is not a blessing, as it gives them liberty to do nothing at all; but as it gives them liberty wisely to choose, and steadily to prosecute, the most ennobling exercises, and the most improving employments, the pursuit of truth, the practice of virtue, the service of God who giveth them all things richly to enjoy, in short, the doing and being every thing that is commendable; though nothing merely in order to be commended. That time which others must employ in tilling the ground (which often deceives their expectation) with the sweat of their brow, they may lay out in cultivating the mind, a soil always grateful to the care of the tiller.—The sum of what I would say, is this: That, though you are not confined to any particular calling, yet you have a general one; which is, to watch over your heart, and to improve your head; to make yourself master of all those accomplishments—an enlarged compass of thought, that flowing humanity and generosity, which are necessary to become a great fortune; and of all those perfections, viz. moderation, humility, and temperance, which are necessary to bear a small one patiently; but especially it is your duty to acquire a taste for those pleasures, which, after they are tasted, go off agreeably, and leave behind them a grateful and delightful flavour on the mind. *Seed.*

§ 45. *The Pleasures resulting from a prudent Use of our Faculties.*

Happy that man, who, unembarrassed by vulgar cares, master of himself, his time and fortune, spends his time in making himself wiser, and his fortune in making others (and therefore himself) happier: who, as the will and understanding are the two ennobling faculties of the soul, thinks himself not complete, till his understanding be beautified with the valuable furniture of knowledge, as well as his will enriched with every virtue; who has furnished himself with all the advantages to relish solitude, and enliven conversation; when serious, not sullen; and when cheerful, not indiscreetly gay; his ambition, not to be admired for a false glare of great-

ness, but to be beloved for the gentle and sober lustre of his wisdom and goodness. The greatest minister of state has not more business to do in a public capacity, than he, and indeed every man else, may find in the retired and still scenes of life. Even in his private walks, every thing that is visible convinceth him there is present a Being invisible. Aided by natural philosophy, he reads plain legible traces of the Divinity in every thing he meets: he sees the Deity in every tree, as well as Moses did in the burning bush, though not in so glaring a manner: and when he sees him, he adores him with the tribute of a grateful heart. *Ibid.*

§ 46. *The justly valuing and duly using the Advantages enjoyed in a Place of Education.*

One considerable advantage is, that regular method of study, too much neglected in other places, which obtains here. Nothing is more common elsewhere, than for persons to plunge, at once, into the very depth of science (far beyond their own) without having learned the first rudiments: nothing more common, than for some to pass themselves upon the world for great scholars, by the help of universal Dictionaries, Abridgments, and Indexes; by which means they gain an useless smattering in every branch of literature, just enough to enable them to talk fluently, or rather impertinently, upon most subjects; but not to think justly and deeply upon any: like those who have a general superficial acquaintance with almost every body. To cultivate an intimate and entire friendship with one or two worthy persons, would be of more service to them. The true genuine way to make a substantial scholar, is what takes place here,—to begin with those general principles of reasoning upon which all science depends, and which give a light to every part of literature; to make gradual advances, a slow but sure process; to travel gently, with proper guides to direct us, through the most beautiful and fruitful regions of knowledge in general, before we fix ourselves in, and confine ourselves to any particular province of it; it being the great secret of education, not to make a man a complete master of any branch of science, but to give his mind that freedom, openness, and extent, which shall empower him to master it, or indeed any other, whenever he shall turn the bent of his studies

that way ; which is best done, by setting before him, in his earlier years, a general view of the whole intellectual world ; whereas, an early and entire attachment to one particular calling, narrows the abilities of the mind to that degree, that he can scarce think out of that track to which he is accustomed.

The next advantage I shall mention is, a direction in the choice of authors upon the most material subjects. For it is perhaps a great truth, that learning might be reduced to a much narrower compass, if one were to read none but original authors, those who write chiefly from their own fund of sense, without treading servilely in the steps of others.

Here, too, a generous emulation quickens our endeavours, and the friend improves the scholar. The tediousness of the way to truth, is insensibly beguiled by having fellow-travellers who keep an even pace with us : each light dispenses a brighter flame, by mixing its social rays with those of others. Here we live sequestered from noise and hurry, far from the great scene of business, vanity, and idleness ; our hours are all our own. Here it is, as in the Athenian torch-race, where a series of men have successively transmitted from one to another the torch of knowledge ; and no sooner has one quitted it, but another equally able takes the lamp, to dispense light to all within its sphere*.

Seel.

§ 47. *Valuable Opportunities once lost cannot be recalled.*

Nor let any one vainly imagine, that the time and valuable opportunities which are now lost, can hereafter be recalled at will ; or that he who has run out his youthful days in dissipation and pleasure, will have it in his power to stop when he pleases, and make a wiser use of his riper years. Yet this is too generally the fallacious hope that flatters the youth in his sensual indulgences, and leads him insensibly on in the treacherous ways of vice, till it is now too late to return. There are few, who at one plunge so totally immerse in pleasures, as to drown at once all power of reason and conscience : they promise themselves, that they can indulge their appetites to such a point only, and can check and turn them back when they have run their allotted race. I do not in-

*—Quasi cursores, vita lampada tradunt.

Lucretius.

deed say, that there never have been persons in whom the strong ferment of youthful lusts may have happily subsided, and who may have brought forth fruits of amendment, and displayed many eminent virtues. God forbid ! that even the most licentious vices of youth should be absolutely incorrigible. But I may venture to affirm, that the instances in this case have been so rare, that it is very dangerous for any one to trust to the experiment, upon a presumption that he shall add to the number. The only sure way to make any proficiency in a virtuous life, is to set out in it betimes. It is then, when our inclinations are trained up in the way that they should lead us, that custom soon makes the best habits the most agreeable ; the ways of wisdom become the ways of pleasantness, and every step we advance, they grow more easy and more delightful. But, on the contrary, when vicious, headstrong appetites are to be reclaimed, and inveterate habits to be corrected, what security can we give ourselves, that we shall have either inclination, resolution, or power, to stop and turn back, and recover the right way from which we have so long and so widely wandered, and enter upon a new life, when perhaps our strength now faileth us, and we know not how near we may be to our journey's end † These reflections I have suggested principally for the sake of those, who, allowing themselves in greater indulgences than are consistent with a liberal and virtuous education, give evident proofs that they are not sufficiently aware of the dangerous encroachments, and the peculiar deceitfulness of pleasurable sin. Happy for them, would they once seriously consider their ways ! and no time can be more proper, than when these solemn seasons of recollection and religious discipline should particularly dispose them to seriousness and thought. They would then discover, that though they are a while carried gently and supinely down the smooth stream of pleasure, yet soon the torrent will grow too violent to be stemmed ; the waves will arise, and dash them upon rocks, or sink them in whirlpools. It is therefore the part of prudence to stop short while they may, and to divert their course into a different channel ; which, whatever obstructions and difficulties they may labour with at first, will every day become more practicable and pleasing, and will assuredly

carry them to a serene and secure haven.

Tottie.

§ 48. *The Beginnings of Evil to be resisted.*

Think not, as I am afraid too many do, that because your passions have not hurried you into atrocious deeds, they have therefore wrought no mischief, and have left no sting behind them. By a continued series of loose, though apparently trivial gratifications, the heart is often as thoroughly corrupted, as by the commission of any one of those enormous crimes which spring from great ambition, or great revenge. Habit gives the passions strength, while the absence of glaring guilt seemingly justifies them; and, unawakened by remorse, the sinner proceeds in his course, till he wax bold in guilt, and become ripe for ruin: for, by gradual and latent steps, the destruction of our virtues advances. Did the evil unveil itself at the beginning; did the storm which is to overthrow our peace, discover, as it rose, all its horrors, precautions would more frequently be taken against it. But we are imperceptibly betrayed; and from one licentious attachment, one criminal passion, are, by a train of consequences, drawn on to another, till the government of our minds is irrecoverably lost. The enticing and the odious passions are, in this respect, similar in their process; and, though by different roads, conduct at last to the same issue.

Blair.

§ 49. *Order to be observed in Amusements.*

Observe order in your amusements; that is, allow them no more than their proper place; study to keep them within due bounds; mingle them in a temperate succession with serious duties, and the higher business of life. Human life cannot proceed, to advantage, without some measure of relaxation and entertainment. We require relief from care. We are not formed for a perpetual stretch of serious thought. By too intense and continued application, our feeble powers would soon be worn out. At the same time, from our propensity to ease and pleasure, amusement proves, among all ranks of men, the most dangerous foe to order; for it tends incessantly to usurp and encroach, to widen its territories, to thrust itself into the place of more important

concerns, and thereby to disturb, and counteract the natural course of things. One frivolous amusement indulged out of season, will often carry perplexity and confusion thro' a long succession of affairs.

Amusements, therefore, though they be of an innocent kind, require steady government, to keep them within a due and limited province. But such as are of an irregular and vicious nature, require not to be governed, but to be banished from every orderly society. As soon as a man seeks his happiness from the gaming-table, the midnight revel, and the other haunts of licentiousness, confusion seizes upon him as its own. There will be no longer order in his family, nor order in his affairs, nor order in his time. The most important concerns of life are abandoned. Even the order of nature is by such persons inverted; night is changed into day, and day into night. Character, honour, and interest itself, are trampled under foot. You may with certainty prognosticate the ruin of these men to be just at hand. Disorder, arisen to its height, has nearly accomplished its work. The spots of death are upon them. Let every one who would escape the pestilential contagion, fly with haste from their company.

Ibid.

§ 50. *Order to be preserved in your Society.*

Preserve order in the arrangement of your society; that is, entangle not yourselves in a perpetual and promiscuous crowd; select, with prudence and propriety, those with whom you choose to associate; let company and retreat succeed each other at measured intervals. There can be no order in his life, who allots not a due share of his time to retirement and reflection. He can neither prudently arrange his temporal affairs, nor properly attend to his spiritual interests. He lives not to himself, but to the world. By continual dissipation, he is rendered giddy and thoughtless. He contracts unavoidably from the world that spirit of disorder and confusion which is so prevalent in it.

It is not a sufficient preservation against this evil, that the circles of society in which you are engaged are not of a libertine and vicious kind. If they withdraw you from that attention to yourselves, and your domestic concerns, which becomes a good man, they are subversive of order, and inconsistent with

your duty. What is innocent in itself, degenerates into a crime, from being carried to excess; and idle, trifling society, is nearly a-kin to such as is corrupting. One of the first principles of order is, to learn to be happy at home. It is in domestic retreat that every wise man finds his chief satisfaction. It is there he forms the plans which regulate his public conduct. He who knows not how to enjoy himself when alone, can never be long happy abroad. To his vacant mind, company may afford a temporary relief; but when forced to return to himself, he will be so much more oppressed and languid. Whereas, by a due mixture of public and private life, we keep free of the snares of both, and enjoy each to greater advantage.

Blair.

§ 51. *A due Regard to Order necessary in Business, Time, Expense, and Amusements.*

Throughout your affairs, your time, your expense, your amusements, your society, the principle of order must be equally carried, if you expect to reap any of its happy fruits. For if into any one of those great departments of life you suffer disorder to enter, it will spread through all the rest. In vain, for instance, you purpose to be orderly in the conduct of your affairs, if you be irregular in the distribution of your time. In vain you attempt to regulate your expense, if into your amusements, or your society, disorder has crept. You have admitted a principle of confusion which will defeat all your plans, and perplex and entangle what you sought to arrange. Uniformity is above all things necessary to order. If you desire that any thing should proceed according to method and rule, 'let all things be done in order.'

I must also admonish you, that in small, as well as in great affairs, a due regard to order is requisite. I mean not, that you ought to look on those minute attentions, which are apt to occupy frivolous minds, as connected either with virtue or wisdom: but I exhort you to remember, that disorder, like other immoralities, frequently takes rise from inconsiderable beginnings. They who, in the lesser transactions of life, are totally negligent of rule, will be in hazard of extending that negligence, by degrees, to such affairs and duties as will render them criminal. Remissness grows on all who study not to guard against it;

and it is only by frequent exercise, that the habits of order and punctuality can be thoroughly confirmed.

Ibid.

§ 52. *Idleness avoided by the Observation of Order.*

By attending to order, you avoid idleness, that most fruitful source of crimes and evils. Acting upon a plan, meeting every thing in its own place, you constantly find innocent and useful employment for time. You are never at a loss how to dispose of your hours, or to fill up life agreeably. In the course of human action, there are two extremes equally dangerous to virtue; the multiplicity of affairs, and the total want of them. The man of order stands in the middle between these two extremes, and suffers from neither: he is occupied, but not oppressed. Whereas the disorderly, overloading one part of time, and leaving another vacant, are at one period overwhelmed with business, and at another either idle through want of employment, or indolent through perplexity. Those seasons of indolence and idleness, which recur so often in their life, are their most dangerous moments. The mind, unhappy in its situation, and clinging to every object which can occupy or amuse it, is then aptest to throw itself into the arms of every vice and folly.

Farther; by the preservation of order, you check inconstancy and levity. Fickle by nature is the human heart. It is fond of change; and perpetually tends to start aside from the straight line of conduct. Hence arises the propriety of bringing ourselves under subjection to method and rule; which, though at first it may prove constraining, yet, by degrees, and from the experience of its happy effects, becomes natural and agreeable. It rectifies those irregularities of temper and manners to which we give the name of caprice; and which are distinguished characteristics of a disorderly mind. It is the parent of steadiness of conduct. It forms consistency of character. It is the ground of all the confidence we repose in one another. For, the disorderly we know not where to find. In him only can we place any trust, who is uniform and regular; who lives by principle, not by humour; who acts upon a plan, and not by desultory motions.

Ibid.

§ 53. *Order essential to Self-enjoyment and Felicity.*

Consider also how important it is to

your self-enjoyment and felicity. Order is the source of peace; and peace is the highest of all temporal blessings. Order is indeed the only region in which tranquillity dwells. The very mention of confusion imports disturbance and vexation. Is it possible for that man to be happy, who cannot look into the state of his affairs, or the tenor of his conduct, without discerning all to be embroiled? who is either in the midst of remorse for what he has neglected to do, or in the midst of hurry to overtake what he finds, too late, was necessary to have been done? Such as live according to order, may be compared to the celestial bodies, which move in regular courses, and by stated laws; whose influence is beneficent; whose operations are quiet and tranquil. The disorderly, resemble those tumultuous elements on earth, which, by sudden and violent irruptions, disturb the course of nature. By mismanagement of affairs, by excess in expense, by irregularity in the indulgence of company and amusement, they are perpetually creating molestation both to themselves and others. They depart from their road to seek pleasure; and instead of it, they every where raise up sorrows. Being always found out of their proper place, they of course interfere and jar with others. The disorders which they raise never fail to spread beyond their own line, and to involve many in confusion and distress; whence they necessarily become the authors of tumult and contention, of discord and enmity. Whereas order is the foundation of union. It allows every man to carry on his own affairs without disturbing his neighbour. It is the golden chain which holds together the societies of men in friendship and peace.

Blair.

§ 54. *Care to be taken in suppressing Criminal Thoughts.*

When criminal thoughts arise, attend to all the proper methods of speedily suppressing them. Take example from the unhappy industry which sinners discover in banishing good ones, when a natural sense of religion forces them on their conscience. How anxiously do they fly from themselves! How studiously do they drown the voice which upbraids them, in the noise of company or diversions! What numerous artifices do they employ, to evade the uneasiness which returns of reflection would produce! Were we to

use equal diligence in preventing the entrance of vicious suggestions, or in repelling them when entered, why should we not be equally successful in a much better cause?—As soon as you are sensible that any dangerous passion begins to ferment, instantly call in other passions, and other ideas, to your aid. Hasten to turn your thoughts into a different direction. Summon up whatever you have found to be of power, for composing and harmonizing your mind. Fly for assistance to serious studies, to prayer and devotion; or even fly to business or innocent society, if solitude be in hazard of favouring the seduction. By such means you may stop the progress of the growing evil; you may apply an antidote, before the poison has had time to work its full effect.

Ibid.

§ 55. *Experience to be anticipated by Reflection.*

It is observed, that the young and the ignorant are always the most violent in pursuit. The knowledge which is forced upon them by longer acquaintance with the world, moderates their impetuosity. Study then to anticipate, by reflection, that knowledge which experience often purchases at too dear a price. Inure yourselves to frequent consideration of the emptiness of those pleasures which excite so much strife and commotion among mankind. Think how much more of true enjoyment is lost by the violence of passion, than by the want of those things which give occasion to that passion. Persuade yourselves, that the favour of God, and the possession of virtue, form the chief happiness of the rational nature. Let a contented mind, and a peaceable life, hold the next place in your estimation. These are the conclusions which the wise and thinking part of mankind have always formed. To these conclusions, after having run the race of passion, you will probably come at the last. By forming them betimes, you would make a seasonable escape from that tempestuous region, through which none can pass without suffering misery; contracting guilt, and undergoing severe remorse.

Ibid.

§ 56. *The Beginnings of Passion to be opposed.*

Oppose early the beginnings of passion. Avoid particularly all such objects as are apt to excite passions which you know to

predominate within you. As soon as you find the tempest rising, have recourse to every proper method, either of allaying its violence, or escaping to a calmer shore. Hasten to call up emotions of an opposite nature. Study to conquer one passion by means of some other which is of less dangerous tendency. Never account any thing small or trivial which is in hazard of introducing disorder into your heart. Never make light of any desire which you feel gaining such progress as to threaten entire dominion. Blandishing it will appear at the first. As a gentle and innocent emotion, it may steal into the heart; but as it advances, is likely to pierce you through with many sorrows. What you indulged as a favourite amusement will shortly become a serious business, and in the end may prove the burden of your life. Most of our passions flatter us in their rise, but their beginnings are treacherous: their growth is imperceptible; and the evils which they carry in their train, lie concealed, until their dominion is established. What Solomon says of one of them, holds true of them all, 'that their beginning is as when 'one letteth out water.' It issues from a small chink, which once might have been easily stopped; but being neglected, it is soon widened by the stream, till the bank is at last totally thrown down, and the flood is at liberty to deluge the whole plain.

Blair.

§ 57. *The Government of Temper, as included in the Keeping of the Heart.*

Passions are quick and strong emotions, which by degrees subside. Temper is the disposition which remains after these emotions are past, and which forms the habitual propensity of the soul. The one are like the stream when it is swoln by the torrent, and ruffled by the winds; the other resembles it when running within its bed, with its natural force and velocity. The influence of temper is more silent and imperceptible than that of passion; it operates with less violence; but as its operation is constant, it produces effects no less considerable. It is evident, therefore, that it highly deserves to be considered in a religious view.

Many, indeed, are averse to behold it in this light. They place a good temper upon the same footing with a healthy constitution of body. They consider it as a natural felicity which some enjoy; but

for the want of which, others are not morally culpable, nor accountable to God: and hence the opinion has sometimes prevailed, that a bad temper might be consistent with a state of grace. If this were true, it would overturn that whole doctrine, of which the gospel is so full, 'that regeneration, or change of 'nature, is the essential characteristic of a 'Christian.' It would suppose, that grace might dwell amidst malevolence and rancour, and that heaven might be enjoyed by such as are strangers to charity and love.—It will readily be admitted that some, by the original frame of their mind, are more favourably inclined than others, towards certain good dispositions and habits. But this affords no justification to those who neglect to oppose the corruptions to which they are prone. Let no man imagine, that the human heart is a soil altogether unsusceptible of culture! or that the worst temper may not, through the assistance of grace, be reformed by attention and discipline. Settled depravity of temper is always owing to our own indulgence. If, in place of checking, we nourish that malignity of disposition to which we are inclined, all the consequences will be placed to our account, and every excuse, from natural constitution, be rejected at the tribunal of Heaven.

Ibid.

§ 58. *A peaceable Temper and condescending Manners recommended.*

What first presents itself to be recommended, is a peaceable temper; a disposition averse to give offence, and desirous of cultivating harmony, and amicable intercourse in society. This supposes yielding and condescending manners, unwillingness to contend with others about trifles, and, in contests that are unavoidable, proper moderation of spirit. Such a temper is the first principle of self-enjoyment: it is the basis of all order and happiness among mankind. The positive and contentious, the rude and quarrelsome, are the bane of society; they seem destined to blast the small share of comfort which nature has here allotted to man. But they cannot disturb the peace of others, more than they break their own. The hurricane rages first in their own bosom, before it is let forth upon the world. In the tempest which they raise, they are always lost; and frequently it is their lot to perish.

A peaceable temper must be supported by a candid one, or a disposition to view the conduct of others with fairness and impartiality. This stands opposed to a jealous and suspicious temper; which ascribes every action to the worst motive, and throws a black shade over every character. As you would be happy in yourselves, or in your connexions with others, guard against this malignant spirit. Study that charity which thinketh no evil; that temper which, without degenerating into credulity, will dispose you to be just; and which can allow you to observe an error, without imputing it as a crime. Thus you will be kept free from that continual irritation which imaginary injuries raise in a suspicious breast; and will walk among men as your brethren, not your enemies.

But to be peaceable, and to be candid, is not all that is required of a good man. He must cultivate a kind, generous, and sympathizing temper, which feels for distress wherever it is beheld; which enters into the concerns of his friends with ardour; and to all with whom he has intercourse, is gentle, obliging, and humane. How amiable appears such a disposition, when contrasted with a malicious, or envious temper, which wraps itself up in its own narrow interests, looks with an evil eye on the success of others, and with an unnatural satisfaction feeds on their disappointments or miseries! How little does he know of the true happiness of life, who is a stranger to that intercourse of good offices and kind affections, which, by a pleasing charm, attach men to one another, and circulate joy from heart to heart.

Blair.

§ 59. *Numerous Occasions offer for the Exertion of a benevolent Temper.*

You are not to imagine that a benevolent temper finds no exercise, unless when opportunities offer of performing actions of high generosity, or of extensive utility; these may seldom occur; the condition of the greater part of mankind in a good measure precludes them. But in the ordinary round of human affairs, a thousand occasions daily present themselves of mitigating the vexations which others suffer, of soothing their minds, of aiding their interest, of promoting their cheerfulness or ease. Such occasions may relate to the smaller incidents of life: but let us remember that of small incidents, the

system of human life is chiefly composed. The attentions which respect these, when suggested by real benignity of temper, are often more material to the happiness of those around us, than actions which carry the appearance of greater dignity and splendour. No wise or good man ought to account any rule of behaviour as below his regard, which tends to cement the great brotherhood of mankind in comfortable union.

Particularly in the course of that familiar intercourse which belongs to domestic life, all the virtues of temper find an ample range. It is very unfortunate, that within that circle, men too often think themselves at liberty to give unrestrained vent to the caprice of passion and humour. Whereas there, on the contrary, more than any where, it concerns them to attend to the government of their heart; to check what is violent in their tempers, and to soften what is harsh in their manners. For there the temper is formed. There the real character displays itself. The forms of the world disguise men when abroad; but within his own family, every man is known to be what he truly is.— In all our intercourse, then, with others, particularly in that which is closest and most intimate, let us cultivate a peaceable, a candid, a gentle and friendly temper. This is the temper to which, by repeated injunctions, our holy religion seeks to form us. This was the temper of Christ. This is the temper of Heaven.

Ibid.

§ 60. *A contented Temper the greatest Blessing, and most material Requisite to the proper Discharge of our Duties.*

A contented temper is one of the greatest blessings that can be enjoyed by man, and one of the most material requisites to the proper discharge of the duties of every station. For a fretful and discontented temper renders one incapable of performing aright any part in life. It is unthankful and impious towards God; and towards men provoking and unjust. It is a gangrene which preys on the vitals, and infects the whole constitution with disease and putrefaction. Subdue pride and vanity, and you will take the most effectual method of eradicating this distemper. You will no longer behold the objects around you with jaundiced eyes. You will take in good part the blessings which Providence is pleased to bestow, and the de-

gree of favour which your fellow-creatures are disposed to grant you. Viewing yourselves, with all your imperfections and failings, in a just light, you will rather be surprised at your enjoying so many good things, than discontented because there are any which you want. From an humble and contented temper, will spring a cheerful one. This, if not in itself a virtue, is at least the garb in which virtue should be always arrayed. Piety and goodness ought never to be marked with that dejection which sometimes takes rise from superstition, but which is the proper portion only of guilt. At the same time, the cheerfulness belonging to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from that light and giddy temper which characterizes folly, and is so often found among the dissipated and vicious part of mankind. Their gaiety is owing to a total want of reflection; and brings with it the usual consequences of an unthinking habit, shame, remorse, and heaviness of heart, in the end. The cheerfulness of a well-regulated mind, springs from a good conscience and the favour of Heaven, and is bounded by temperance and reason. It makes a man happy in himself, and promotes the happiness of all around him. It is the clear and calm sunshine of a mind illuminated by piety and virtue. It crowns all other good dispositions, and comprehends the general effect which they ought to produce on the heart. *Blair.*

§ 61. *The Desire of Praise subservient to many valuable Purposes.*

To a variety of good purposes it is subservient, and on many occasions co-operates with the principles of virtue. It awakens us from sloth, invigorates activity, and stimulates our efforts to excel. It has given rise to most of the splendid, and to many of the useful enterprises of men. It has animated the patriot, and fired the hero. Magnanimity, generosity, and fortitude, are what all mankind admire. Hence, such as were actuated by the desire of extensive fame, have been prompted to deeds which either participated of the spirit, or at least carried the appearance, of distinguished virtue. The desire of praise is generally connected with all the finer sensibilities of human nature. It affords a ground on which exhortation, counsel, and reproof, can work a proper effect. Whereas, to be entirely destitute

of this passion betokens an ignoble mind, on which no moral impression is easily made. Where there is no desire of praise, there will be also no sense of reproach; and if that be extinguished, one of the principal guards of virtue is removed, and the mind thrown open to many opprobrious pursuits. He whose countenance never glowed with shame, and whose heart never beat at the sound of praise, is not destined for any honourable distinction; is likely to grovel in the sordid quest of gain; or to slumber life away in the indolence of selfish pleasures.

Abstracted from the sentiments which are connected with it as a principle of action, the esteem of our fellow-creatures is an object which, on account of the advantages it brings, may be lawfully pursued. It is necessary to our success, in every fair and honest undertaking. Not only our private interest, but our public usefulness, depends, in a great measure, upon it. The sphere of our influence is contracted or enlarged, in proportion to the degree in which we enjoy the good opinion of the public. Men listen with an unwilling ear to one whom they do not honour; while a respected character adds weight to example, and authority to counsel. To desire the esteem of others for the sake of its effects, is not only allowable, but in many cases is our duty: and to be totally indifferent to praise or censure, is so far from being a virtue, that it is a real defect in character. *Ibid.*

§ 62. *Excessive Desire of Praise tends to corrupt the Heart, and to disregard the Admonitions of Conscience.*

An excessive love of praise never fails to undermine the regard due to conscience, and to corrupt the heart. It turns off the eye of the mind from the ends which it ought chiefly to keep in view; and sets up a false light for its guide. Its influence is the more dangerous, as the colour which it assumes is often fair; and its garb and appearance are nearly allied to that of virtue. The love of glory, I before admitted, may give birth to actions which are both splendid and useful. At a distance they strike the eye with uncommon brightness; but on a nearer and stricter survey, their lustre is often tarnished. They are found to want that sacred and venerable dignity which characterizes true virtue. Little passions and selfish interests entered into the motives of

those who performed them. They were jealous of a competitor. They sought to humble a rival. They looked round for spectators to admire them. All is magnanimity, generosity and courage, to public view. But the ignoble source whence these seeming virtues take their rise, is hidden. Without appears the hero; within is found the man of dust and clay. Consult such as have been intimately connected with the followers of renown; and seldom or never will you find, that they held them in the same esteem with those who viewed them from afar. There is nothing except simplicity of intention, and purity of principle, that can stand the test of near approach and strict examination. *Blair.*

§ 63. *That Discipline which teaches to moderate the Eagerness of worldly Passions, and to fortify the Mind with the Principles of Virtue, is more conducive to true Happiness than the Possession of all the Goods of Fortune.*

That discipline which corrects the eagerness of worldly passions, which fortifies the heart with virtuous principles, which enlightens the mind with useful knowledge, and furnishes to it matter of enjoyment from within itself, is of more consequence to real felicity, than all the provision which we can make of the goods of fortune. To this let us bend our chief attention. Let us keep the heart with all diligence, seeing out of it are the issues of life. Let us account our mind the most important province which is committed to our care; and if we cannot rule fortune, study at least to rule ourselves. Let us propose for our object, not worldly success, which it depends not on us to obtain, but that upright and honourable discharge of our duty in every conjuncture, which, through the divine assistance, is always within our power. Let our happiness be sought where our proper praise is found; and that be accounted our only real evil, which is the evil of our nature; not that which is either the appointment of Providence, or which arises from the evil of others. *Ibid.*

§ 64. *Religious Knowledge of great Consolation and Relief amidst the Distresses of Life.*

Consider it in the light of consolation; as bringing aid and relief to us, amidst the distresses of life. Here religion incontestably triumphs; and its happy ef-

fects in this respect furnish a strong argument to every benevolent mind, for wishing them to be farther diffused throughout the world. For, without the belief and hope afforded by divine revelation, the circumstances of man are extremely forlorn. He finds himself placed here as a stranger in a vast universe, where the powers and operations of nature are very imperfectly known; where both the beginnings and the issues of things are involved in mysterious darkness; where he is unable to discover, with any certainty, whence he sprung, or for what purpose he was brought into this state of existence; whether he be subjected to the government of a mild, or of a wrathful ruler; what construction he is to put on many of the dispensations of his providence; and what his fate is to be when he departs hence. What a disconsolate situation to a serious, inquiring mind! The greater degree of virtue it possesses, its sensibility is likely to be the more oppressed by this burden of labouring thought. Even though it were in one's power to banish all uneasy thought, and to fill up the hours of life with perpetual amusement; life so filled up would, upon reflection, appear poor and trivial. But these are far from being the terms upon which man is brought into this world. He is conscious that his being is frail and feeble; he sees himself beset with various dangers, and is exposed to many a melancholy apprehension, from the evils which he may have to encounter before he arrives at the close of life. In this distressed condition, to reveal to him such discoveries of the Supreme Being as the Christian religion affords, is to reveal to him a father and a friend; is to let in a ray of the most cheering light upon the darkness of the human estate. He who was before a destitute orphan, wandering in the inhospitable desert, has now gained a shelter from the bitter and inclement blast. He now knows to whom to pray, and in whom to trust; where to unbosom his sorrows; and from what hand to look for relief.

It is certain, that when the heart bleeds from some wound of recent misfortune, nothing is of equal efficacy with religious comfort. It is of power to enlighten the darkest hour, and to assuage the severest woe, by the belief of divine favour, and the prospect of a blessed immortality. In such hopes the mind expiates with joy;

and when bereaved of its earthly friends, solaces itself with the thoughts of one friend who will never forsake it. Refined reasonings, concerning the nature of the human condition, and the improvement which philosophy teaches us to make of every event, may entertain the mind when it is at ease; may, perhaps, contribute to sooth it, when slightly touched with sorrow; but when it is torn with any sore distress, they are cold and feeble, compared with a direct promise from the word of God. This is an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast. This has given consolation and refuge to many a virtuous heart, at a time when the most cogent reasonings would have proved utterly unavailing.

Upon the approach of death especially, when, if a man thinks at all, his anxiety about his future interests must naturally increase, the power of religious consolation is sensibly felt. Then appears, in the most striking light, the high value of the discoveries made by the Gospel; not only life and immortality revealed, but a Mediator with God discovered; mercy proclaimed, through him, to the frailties of the penitent and the humble; and his presence promised to be with them when they are passing through the valley of the shadow of death, in order to bring them safe into unseen habitations of rest and joy. Here is ground for their leaving the world with comfort and peace. But in this severe and trying period, this labouring hour of nature, how shall the unhappy man support himself, who knows not, or believes not, the hope of religion? Secretly conscious to himself, that he has not acted his part as he ought to have done, the sins of his past life arise before him in sad remembrance. He wishes to exist after death, and yet dreads that existence. The Governor of the world is unknown. He cannot tell whether every endeavour to obtain his mercy may not be in vain. All is awful obscurity around him; and in the midst of endless doubts and perplexities, the trembling reluctant soul is forced away from the body. As the misfortunes of life must, to such a man, have been most oppressive; so its end is bitter: his sun sets in a dark cloud; and the night of death closes over his head, full of misery.

Blair.

§ 65. *Sense of Right and Wrong, independent of Religion.*

Mankind certainly have a sense of right

and wrong, independent of religious belief; but experience shews, that the allurements of present pleasure, and the impetuosity of passion, are sufficient to prevent men from acting agreeable to this moral sense, unless it be supported by religion, the influence of which upon the imagination and passions, if properly directed, is extremely powerful. We shall readily acknowledge that many of the greatest enemies of religion have been distinguished for their honour, probity, and good nature. But it is to be considered, that many virtues, as well as vices, are constitutional. A cool and equal temper, a dull imagination, and unfeeling heart, ensure the possession of many virtues, or rather, are a security against many vices. They may produce temperance, chastity, honesty, prudence, and a harmless inoffensive behaviour. Whereas keen passions, a warm imagination, and great sensibility of heart, lay a natural foundation for prodigality, debauchery, and ambition; attended, however, with the seeds of all the social and most heroic virtues. Such a temperature of mind carries along with it a check to its constitutional vices, by rendering those possessed of it peculiarly susceptible of religious impressions. They often appear indeed to be the greatest enemies to religion, but this is entirely owing to their impatience of its restraints. Its most dangerous enemies have ever been among the temperate and chaste philosophers, void of passion and sensibility, who had no vicious appetites to be restrained by its influence, and who were unsusceptible of its terrors or its pleasures.

Gregory.

§ 66. *Effects of Religion, Scepticism, and Infidelity.*

Feebleness of mind is a reproach frequently thrown, not upon such as have a sense of religion, but upon all who possess warm, open, cheerful tempers, and hearts peculiarly disposed to love and friendship. But the reproach is ill founded. Strength of mind does not consist in a peevish temper, in a hard inflexible heart, and in bidding defiance to God Almighty: it consists in an active resolute spirit; in a spirit that enables a man to act his part in the world with propriety; and to bear the misfortunes of life with uniform fortitude and dignity. This is a strength of mind, which neither atheism nor universal scepticism will ever be able

to inspire. On the contrary, their tendency will be found to chill all the powers of imagination; to depress spirit as well as genius; to sour the temper and contract the heart. The highest religious spirit, and veneration for Providence, breathes in the writings of the ancient stoics; a sect distinguished for producing the most active, intrepid, virtuous men, that ever did honour to human nature.

Can it be pretended, that atheism or universal scepticism have any tendency to form such characters? Do they tend to inspire that magnanimity and elevation of mind, that superiority to selfish and sensual gratifications, that contempt of danger and of death, when the cause of virtue, of liberty, or their country, required it, which distinguish the characters of patriots and heroes? Or is their influence more favourable on the humbler and gentler virtues of private and domestic life? Do they soften the heart and render it more delicately sensible of the thousand nameless duties and endearments of a husband, a father, or a friend? Do they produce that habitual serenity and cheerfulness of temper, that gaiety of heart, which makes a man beloved, as a companion? or do they dilate the heart with the liberal and generous sentiments, and that love of human kind, which would render him revered and blessed as the patron of depressed merit, the friend of the widow and orphan, the refuge and support of the poor and the unhappy?

The general opinion of mankind, that there is a strong connexion between a religious disposition and a feeling heart, appears from the universal dislike which all men have to infidelity in the fair sex. We not only look on it as removing the principal security we have for their virtue, but as the strongest proof of their want of that softness and delicate sensibility of heart, which peculiarly endears them to us, and more effectually secures their empire over us, than any quality they can possess.

There are, indeed, some men who can persuade themselves, that there is no supreme intelligence who directs the course of nature: who can see those they have been connected with by the strongest bonds of nature and friendship gradually disappearing; who are persuaded, that this separation is final and eternal; and who expect, that they themselves shall soon sink down after them into nothing; and yet such men appear easy and con-

tented. But to a sensible heart, and particularly to a heart softened by past endearments of love or friendship, such opinions are attended with gloom inexpressible; they strike a damp into all the pleasures and enjoyments of life, and cut off those prospects which alone can comfort the soul under certain distresses, where all other aid is feeble and ineffectual.

Scepticism, or suspense of judgment, as to the truth of the great articles of religion, is attended with the same fatal effects. Wherever the affections are deeply interested, a state of suspense is more intolerable, and more distracting to the mind, than the sad assurance of the evil which is most dreaded. *Gregory.*

§ 67. *Comforts of Religion.*

There are many who have passed the age of youth and beauty, who have resigned the pleasures of that smiling season, who begin to decline into the vale of years, impaired in their health, depressed in their fortunes, stript of their friends, their children, and perhaps still more tender connexions. What resources can this world afford them? It presents a dark and dreary waste through which there does not issue a single ray of comfort. Every delusive prospect of ambition is now at an end; long experience of mankind, an experience very different from what the open and generous soul of youth had fondly dreamt of, has rendered the heart almost inaccessible to new friendships. The principal sources of activity are taken away, when those for whom we labour are cut off from us, those who animated, and those who sweetened all the toils of life. Where then can the soul find refuge, but in the bosom of religion? There she is admitted to those prospects of Providence and futurity, which alone can warm and fill the heart. I speak here of such as retain the feelings of humanity, whom misfortunes have softened, and perhaps rendered more delicately sensible; not of such as possess that stupid insensibility, which some are pleased to dignify with the name of philosophy.

It should therefore be expected that those philosophers, who stand in no need themselves of the assistance of religion to support their virtue, and who never feel the want of its consolations, would yet have the humanity to consider the very different situation of the rest of mankind. and not endeavour to deprive them of

what habit, at least, if they will not allow it to be nature, has made necessary to their morals, and to their happiness.—It might be expected, that humanity would prevent them from breaking into the last retreat of the unfortunate, who can no longer be objects of their envy or resentment, and tearing from them their only remaining comfort. The attempt to ridicule religion may be agreeable to some, by relieving them from restraint upon their pleasures, and may render others very miserable, by making them doubt those truths, in which they were most deeply interested; but it can convey real good and happiness to no one individual. *Gregory.*

§ 68. *Advantages of Devotion.*

The devotional spirit, united to good sense, and a cheerful temper, gives that steadiness to virtue, which it always wants when produced and supported by good natural dispositions only. It corrects and humanizes those constitutional vices, which it is not able entirely to subdue; and though it too often fails to render men perfectly virtuous, it preserves them from becoming utterly abandoned. It has, besides, the most favourable influence on all the passive virtues; it gives a softness and sensibility to the heart, and a mildness and gentleness to the manners; but above all, it produces an universal charity and love to mankind, however different in station, country, or religion. There is a sublime yet tender melancholy, almost the universal attendant on genius, which is too apt to degenerate into gloom and disgust with the world. Devotion is admirably calculated to sooth this disposition, by insensibly leading the mind, while it seems to indulge it, to those prospects which calm every murmur of discontent, and diffuse a cheerfulness over the darkest hours of human life.—Persons in the pride of high health and spirits, who are keen in the pursuits of pleasure, interest, or ambition, have either no ideas on this subject, or treat it as the enthusiasm of a weak mind. But this really shews great narrowness of understanding; a very little reflection and acquaintance with nature might teach them, on how precarious a foundation their boasted independence on religion is built; the thousand nameless accidents that may destroy it; and that though for some years they should escape these, yet that time must impair the greatest vigour of health and spirits, and de-

prive them of all those objects for which, at present, they think life only worth enjoying. It should seem, therefore, very necessary to secure some permanent object, some real support to the mind, to cheer the soul, when all others shall have lost their influence.—The greatest inconvenience, indeed, that attends devotion, is its taking such a vast hold of the affections, as sometimes threatens the extinguishing of every other active principle of the mind. For when the devotional spirit falls in with a melancholy temper, it is too apt to depress the mind entirely, to sink it to the weakest superstition, and to produce a total retirement and abstraction from the world, and all the duties of life. *Ibid.*

§ 69. *The Difference between true and false Politeness.*

It is evident enough, that the moral and Christian duty, of preferring one another in honour, respects only social peace and charity, and terminates in the good and edification of our Christian brother. Its use is, to soften the minds of men, and to draw them from that savage rusticity, which engenders many vices, and discredits the virtuous themselves. But when men had experienced the benefit of this complying temper, and further saw the ends, not of charity only, but of self-interest, that might be answered by it; they considered no longer its just purpose and application, but stretched it to that officious sedulity, and extreme servility of adulation, which we too often observe and lament in polished life.

Hence, that infinite attention and consideration, which is so rigidly exacted, and so duly paid, in the commerce of the world: hence, that prostitution of mind, which leaves a man no will, no sentiment, no principle, no character; all which disappear under the uniform exhibition of good manners: hence, those insidious arts, those studied disguises, those obsequious flatteries, nay, those multiplied and nicely-varied forms of insinuation and address, the direct aim of which may be to acquire the fame of politeness and good-breeding, but the certain effect, to corrupt every virtue, to sooth every vanity, and to inflame every vice of the human heart.

These fatal mischiefs introduce themselves under the pretence and semblance of that humanity, which the Scriptures encourage and enjoin; but the genuine virtue

is easily distinguished from the counterfeit, and by the following plain signs.

True politeness is modest, unpretending, and generous. It appears as little as may be; and when it does a courtesy, would willingly conceal it. It chooses silently to forego its own claims, not officiously to withdraw them. It engages a man to prefer his neighbour to himself, because he really esteems him; because he is tender of his reputation; because he thinks it more manly, more Christian, to descend a little himself than to degrade another. It respects, in a word, the credit and estimation of his neighbour.

The mimic of this amiable virtue, false politeness, is, on the other hand, ambitious, servile, timorous. It affects popularity: is solicitous to please, and to be taken notice of. The man of this character does not offer, but obtrudes his civilities; because he would merit by his assiduity; because, in despair of winning regard by any worthier qualities, he would be sure to make the most of this; and lastly, because, of all things, he would dread, by the omission of any punctilious observance, to give offence. In a word, this sort of politeness respects, for its immediate object, the favour and consideration of our neighbour.

2. Again: the man who governs himself by the spirit of the Apostle's precept, expresses his preference of another in such a way as is worthy of himself; in all innocent compliances, in all honest civilities, in all decent and manly concessions.

On the contrary, the man of the world, who rests in the *letter* of this command, is regardless of the means by which he conducts himself. He respects neither his own dignity, nor that of human nature. Truth, reason, virtue, are all equally betrayed by this supple impostor. He assents to the errors, though the most pernicious; he applauds the follies, though the most ridiculous; he soothes the vices, though the most flagrant, of other men. He never contradicts, though in the softest form of insinuation; he never disapproves, though by a respectful silence; he never condemns, though it be only by a good example. In short, he is solicitous for nothing, but by some studied devices to hide from others, and, if possible, to palliate to himself, the grossness of his illiberal adulation.

Lastly; we may be sure, that the *ultimate ends* for which these different objects

are pursued, and by so different *means*, must also lie wide of each other.

Accordingly, the true polite man would, by all proper testimonies of respect, promote the credit and estimation of his neighbour; *because* he sees that, by this generous consideration of each other, the peace of the world is, in a good degree, preserved; *because* he knows that these mutual attentions prevent animosities, soften the fierceness of men's manners, and dispose them to all the offices of benevolence and charity; *because*, in a word, the interests of society are best served by this conduct; and *because* he understands it to be his duty to love his *neighbour*.

The falsely polite, on the contrary, are anxious, by all means whatever, to procure the favour and consideration of those they converse with; *because* they regard, ultimately, nothing more than their private interest; *because* they perceive, that their own selfish designs are best carried on by such practices; in a word, *because* they *love themselves*.

Thus we see, that genuine virtue consults the honour of others by worthy means, and for the noblest purposes; the counterfeit solicits their favour by dishonest compliances, and for the basest end.

Hurd.

§ 70. *On the Beauties of the Psalms.*

Greatness confers no exemption from the cares and sorrows of life: its share of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation. This the Israelitish monarch experienced. He sought in piety, that peace which he could not find in empire, and alleviated the disquietudes of state, with the exercises of devotion. His invaluable Psalms convey those comforts to others, which they afforded to himself. Composed upon particular occasions, yet designed for general use; delivered out as services for Israelites under the Law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the Gospel; they present religion to us in the most engaging dress; communicating truths which philosophy could never equal; while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of Him, to

whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations, grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate. The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrantcy; but these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them yet again; and he who tastes them oftenest, will relish them best.—And now, could the author flatter himself that any one would take half the pleasure in reading his work which he hath taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his labour. The employment detached him from the bustle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noise of folly; vanity and vexation flew away for a season, care and disquietude came not near his dwelling. He rose, fresh as the morning, to his task; the silence of the night invited him to pursue it; and he can truly say, that food and rest were not preferred before it. Every Psalm improved infinitely upon his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneasiness but the last; for then he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours, than those which have been spent in these meditations on the songs of Sion, he never expects to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass, and moved smoothly and swiftly along; for when thus engaged, he counted no time. They are gone, but have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet.

Horne.

§ 71. *The Temple of Virtuous Love.*

The structure on the right hand was (as I afterwards found) consecrated to virtuous Love, and could not be entered, but by such as received a ring, or some other token, from a person who was placed as a guard at the gate of it. He wore a garland of roses and myrtles on his head, and on his shoulders a robe like an imperial mantle, white and unspotted all over, excepting only, that where it was clasped at his breast, there were two golden turtle doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies: he was called by the name of Hymen, and was seated near the entrance of the temple, in a delicious

bower, made up of several trees that were embraced by woodbines, jessamines, and amaranths, which were as so many emblems of marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that supported them. As I was single and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the temple, and for that reason am a stranger to all the mysteries that were performed in it. I had, however, the curiosity to observe, how the several couples that entered were disposed of; which was after the following manner: there were two great gates on the back side of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of these gates were two women, extremely beautiful, though in a different kind; the one having a very careful and composed air, the other a sort of smile and ineffable sweetness in her countenance: the name of the first was Discretion, and of the other Complacency. All who came out of this gate, and put themselves under the direction of these two sisters, were immediately conducted by them into gardens, groves, and meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furnished with every thing that could make them the proper seats of happiness. The second gate of this temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married: who came out linked together by chains, which each of them strove to break, but could not. Several of these were such as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great walk, or had been too well acquainted in the thicket. The entrance to this gate was possessed by three sisters, who joined themselves with these wretches, and occasioned most of their miseries. The youngest of the sisters was known by the name of Levity; who, with the innocence of a virgin, had the dress and behaviour of a harlot: the name of the second was Contentment, who bore on her right arm a muff made of the skin of a porcupine, and on her left carried a little lap-dog, that barked and snapped at every one that passed by her. The eldest of the sisters, who seemed to have an haughty and imperious air, was always accompanied with a tawny Cupid, who generally marched before her with a little mace on his shoulder, the end of which was fashioned into the horns of a stag: her garments were yellow, and her complexion pale; her eyes were piercing, but had odd casts in them, and that particular distemper which makes persons who are troubled with it see objects double. Upon

inquiry, I was informed that her name was Jealousy. *Tattler.*

§ 72. *The Temple of Lust.*

Having finished my observations upon this temple, and its votaries, I repaired to that which stood on the left hand, and was called the temple of Lust. The front of it was raised on Corinthian pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompany that order; whereas that of the other was composed of the chaste and matron-like Ionic. The sides of it were adorned with several grotesque figures of goats, sparrows, heathen gods, satyrs, and monsters, made up of half men, half beast. The gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that served to discover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole temple was divided. I was here stunned with a mixed noise of clamour and jollity: on one side of me I heard singing and dancing; on the other, brawls and clashing of swords: in short I was so little pleased with the place, that I was going out of it: but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred against all that were come in, with bolts of iron and locks of adamant: there was no going back from this temple through the paths of pleasure which led to it: all who passed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an iron wicket, which was kept by a dreadful giant called Remorse, that held a scourge of scorpions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet from that temple. This was a passage so rugged, so uneven, and choked with so many thorns and briars, that it was a melancholy spectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both sexes suffered who walked through it: the men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and enfeebled with old age; the women wrung their hands, and tore their hair, and several lost their limbs, before they could extricate themselves out of the perplexities of the path in which they were engaged.—The remaining part of this vision, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of Ambition and Avarice, must be the subject of another paper. *Ibid.*

§ 73. *The Temple of Virtue.*

With much labour and difficulty I pass-

ed through the first part of my vision, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the prospect of the three great roads. I here joined myself to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the standard of Ambition. The great road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the temple of Virtue. It was planted on each side with laurels, which were intermixed with marble trophies, carved pillars, and statues of lawgivers, heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and poets. The persons who travelled up this great path, were such whose thoughts were bent upon doing eminent services to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each side of this great road, were several paths that were also laid out in straight lines, and ran parallel with it; these were most of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who proposed to themselves the same end of their journey, though they chose to make it in shade and obscurity. The edifices, at the extremity of the walk, were so contrived, that we could not see the temple of Honour, by reason of the temple of Virtue, which stood before it: at the gates of this temple, we were met by the goddess of it, who conducted us into that of Honour, which was joined to the other edifice by a beautiful triumphal arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the deity of the inner structure had received us, she presented us, in a body, to a figure that was placed over the high altar, and was the emblem of Eternity. She sat on a globe in the midst of a golden zodiac, holding the figure of a sun in one hand, and a moon in the other: her head was veiled, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us, as we stood amidst the sphere of light which this image cast on every side of it. *Ibid.*

§ 74. *The Temple of Vanity.*

Having seen all that happened to the band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of buildings that stood within view of the temple of Honour, and was raised in imitation of it, upon the very same model; but, at my approach to it, I found that the stones were laid together without mortar, and that the whole fabric stood upon so weak a foundation, that it shook with every wind that blew. This was called the temple of Vanity. The goddess of it sat in the midst of a great many tapers, that burned day and

night, and made her appear much better than she would have done in open daylight. Her whole art was to shew herself more beautiful and majestic than she really was. For which reason she had painted her face, and wore a cluster of false jewels upon her breast; but what I more particularly observed, was the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether in the fashion of a modern fardingale. This place was filled with hypocrites, pedants, free-thinkers, and prating politicians, with a rabble of those who have only titles to make them great men. Female votaries crowded the temple, choked up the avenues of it, and were more in number than the sand upon the sea-shore. I made it my business, in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I first set out, to observe the walks which led to this temple; for I met in it several who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous persons, and travelled some time in their company; but upon examination, I found that there were several paths which led out of the great road into the sides of the wood, and ran into so many crooked turns and windings, that those who travelled through them, often turned their backs upon the temple of Virtue, then crossed the straight road, and sometimes marched in it for a little pace, till the crooked path which they were engaged in again led them into the wood. The several alleys of those wanderers, had their particular ornaments: one of them I could not but take notice of, in the walk of the mischievous pretenders to politics, which had at every turn the figure of a person, whom, by the inscription, I found to be Machiavel, pointing out the way, with an extended finger, like a Mercury: *Tuller.*

§ 75. *The Temple of Avarice.*

I was now returned in the same manner as before, with a design to observe carefully every thing that passed in the region of Avarice, and the occurrences in that assembly which was made up of persons of my own age. This body of travellers had not gone far in the third great road, before it led them insensibly into a deep valley, in which they journeyed several days with great toil and uneasiness, and without the necessary refreshments of food and sleep. The only relief they met with, was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed of

golden sand: they often drank of this stream, which had such a particular quality in it, that though it refreshed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirst. On each side of the river was a range of hills full of precious ore; for where the rains had washed off the earth, one might see in several parts of them long veins of gold, and rocks that looked like pure silver. We were told that the deity of the place had forbid any of his votaries to dig into the bowels of these hills, or convert the treasures they contained to any use, under pain of starving. At the end of the valley stood the temple of Avarice, made after the manner of a fortification, and surrounded with a thousand triple-headed dogs, that were placed there to keep off beggars. At our approach they all fell a barking, and would have much terrified us, had not an old woman, who had called herself by the forged name of Competency, offered herself for our guide. She carried under her garment a golden bow, which she no sooner held up in her hand, but the dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through an hundred iron doors before we entered the temple. At the upper end of it, sat the God of Avarice, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre starved countenance, inclosed with heaps of ingots and pyramids of money, but half naked and shivering with cold: on his right hand was a fiend called Rapine, and on his left a particular favourite, to whom he had given the title of Parsimony; the first was his collector, and the other his cashier. There were several long tables placed on each side of the temple, with respective officers attending behind them: some of these I inquired into: at the first table was kept the office of Corruption. Seeing a solicitor extremely busy, and whispering every body that passed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and saw him often going up to a person that had a pen in his hand, with a multiplication-table and an almanac before him, which, as I afterwards heard, was all the learning he was master of. The solicitor would often apply himself to his ear, and at the same time convey money into his hand, for which the other would give him out a piece of paper, or parchment, signed and sealed in form. The name of this dexterous and successful solicitor was Bribery.—At the next table was the of-

fice of Extortion: behind it sat a person in a bob-wig, counting over a great sum of money: he gave out little purses to several, who, after a short tour, brought him, in return, sacks full of the same kind of coin. I saw, at the same time, a person called Fraud, who sat behind the counter, with false scales, light weights, and scanty measures; by the skilful application of which instruments, she had got together an immense heap of wealth; it would be endless to name the several officers, or describe the votaries that attend in this temple; there were many old men, panting and breathless, reposing their heads on bags of money: nay, many of them actually dying, whose very pangs and convulsions (which rendered their purses useless to them) only made them grasp them the faster. There were some tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and flesh of many miserable persons who stood before them; and with the other hand throwing away what they had seized, to harlots, flatterers, and panders, that stood behind them. On a sudden the whole assembly fell a trembling; and, upon inquiry, I found that the great room we were in was haunted with a spectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to distraction. In the midst of their terror and amazement, the apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this phantom, which had rendered the sight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, she did not make so indigent or frightful a figure in my eye, as the god of this loathsome temple. The miserable votaries of this place were, I found, of another mind: every one fancied himself threatened by the apparition as she stalked about the room, and began to lock their coffers, and tie their bags, with the utmost fear and trembling. I must confess, I look upon the passion which I saw in this unhappy people, to be of the same nature with those unaccountable antipathies which some persons are born with, or rather as a kind of frenzy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies at the sight of so useful and innocent a thing as water. The whole assembly was surprised, when, instead of paying my devotions to the deity whom they all adored, they saw me address myself to the Phantom. "Oh! Poverty! (said I) my first petition to thee is, that thou wouldst never appear to me hereafter;

but if thou wilt not grant me this, that thou wouldst not bear a form more terrible than that in which thou appearest to me at present. Let not thy threats or menaces betray me to any thing that is ungrateful or unjust. Let me not shut my ears to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the person that has deserved well of me. Let me not, from any fear of thee, desert my friend, my principles, or my honour. If Wealth is to visit me, and come with her usual attendants, Vanity and Avarice, do thou, O Poverty! hasten to my rescue; but bring along with thee thy two sisters, in whose company thou art always cheerful, Liberty and Innocence."

Tatler.

§ 76. *The Balance of Happiness equal.*

An extensive contemplation of human affairs, will lead us to this conclusion, that among the different conditions and ranks of men, the balance of happiness is preserved in a great measure equal; and that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach, in point of real enjoyment, much nearer to each other, than is commonly imagined. In the lot of man, mutual compensations, both of pleasure and of pain, universally take place. Providence never intended, that any state here should be either completely happy, or entirely miserable. If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous and more lively, in the higher departments of life, such also are those of pain. If greatness flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increases our gratifications, it increases, in the same proportion, our desires and demands. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle lie most of those natural satisfactions which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine and true.—In a state, therefore, where there is neither so much to be coveted on the one hand, nor to be dreaded on the other, as at first appears, how submissive ought we to be to the disposal of Providence! How temperate in our desires and pursuits! How much more attentive to preserve our virtue, and to improve our minds, than to gain the doubtful and equivocal advantages of worldly prosperity!

Blair.

§ 77. *At first setting out in Life, beware of seducing Appearances.*

At your first setting out in life especially, when yet unacquainted with the

world and its snares, when every pleasure enchants with its smile, and every object shines with the gloss of novelty; beware of the seducing appearances which surround you, and recollect what others have suffered from the power of headstrong desire. If you allow any passion, even though it be esteemed innocent, to acquire an absolute ascendant, your inward peace will be impaired. But if any which has the taint of guilt, take early possession of your mind, you may date from that moment the ruin of your tranquillity.—Nor with the season of youth does the peril end. To the impetuosity of youthful desire, succeed the more sober, but no less dangerous attachments of advancing years; when the passions which are connected with interest and ambition begin their reign, and too frequently extend their malignant influence, even over those periods of life which ought to be most tranquil. From the first to the last of man's abode on earth, the discipline must never be relaxed, of guarding the heart from the dominion of passion. Eager passions, and violent desires, were not made for man. They exceed his sphere: they find no adequate objects on earth; and of course can be productive of nothing but misery. The certain consequences of indulging them is, that there shall come an evil day, when the anguish of disappointment shall drive us to acknowledge, that all which we enjoy availeth us nothing. *Blair.*

§ 78. *Virtue, Man's true Interest.*

I find myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown expansion—Where am I? What sort of a place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated, in every instance, to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind, or a different? Is every thing subservient to me, as though I had ordered all myself?—No—nothing like it—the farthest from it possible.—The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone?—It does not.—But is it not possible so to accommodate it, by my own particular industry? If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth, if this be beyond me, 'tis not possible—What consequence then follows? or can there be any other than this—If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that

of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existed.

How then must I determine? Have I no interest at all?—If I have not, I am a fool for staying here. 'Tis a smoky house; and the sooner out of it the better.—But why no interest?—Can I be contented with none, but one separate and detached? Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted?—The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals are enough to convince me, that the thing is somewhere at least possible. How, then, am I assured that 'tis not equally true of man?—Admit it; and what follows? If so, then honour and justice are my interest; then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest; without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

But, farther still—I stop not here—I pursue this social interest, as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth.—Am I not related to them all by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourse of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate?

Again—I must have food and clothing—Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish—Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself? to the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour? to that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on?—Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment; so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare.—What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety? Not only honour and justice, and what I owe to man, is my interest; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater Governor, our common parent. *Harris.*

§ 79. *On Gratitude.*

There is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind, than gratitude.

It is accompanied with such inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive com-

mand which enjoined it, nor any recompense laid up for it hereafter—a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If gratitude is due from man to man—how much more from man to his Maker?—The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of Him who is the great Author of good, and Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man; it exalts the soul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude, on this beneficent Being, who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Most of the works of the Pagan poets were either direct hymns of their deities, or tended indirectly to the celebration of their respective attributes and perfections. Those who are acquainted with the works of the Greek and Latin poets which are still extant, will, upon reflection, find this observation so true, that I shall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Christian poets have not turned their thoughts this way, especially if we consider, that our idea of the Supreme Being, is not only infinitely more great and noble than could possibly enter into the heart of a heathen, but filled with every thing that can raise the imagination, and give an opportunity of the sublimest thoughts and conceptions.

Plutarch tells us of a heathen who was singing an hymn to Diana, in which he celebrated her for her delight in human sacrifices, and other instances of cruelty and revenge; upon which a poet who was present at this piece of devotion, and seems to have had a truer idea of the divine nature, told the votary, by way of reproof, that in recompense for his hymn, he heartily wished he might have a daughter of the same temper with the goddess he celebrated. It was indeed impossible to write the praises of one of those false deities, according to the Pagan creed, without a mixture of impertinence and absurdity.

The Jews, who before the time of Christianity were the only people who had the

knowledge of the true God, have set the Christian world an example how they ought to employ this divine talent, of which I am speaking. As that nation produced men of great genius, without considering them as inspired writers, they have transmitted to us many hymns and divine odes, which excel those that are delivered down to us by the ancient Greeks and Romans, in the poetry as much as in the subject to which it is consecrated. This, I think, might be easily shewn, if there were occasion for it.

Spectator.

§ 80. *Religion the Foundation of Content: an Allegory.*

Omar, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which rises on the east of Meccæ, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze steadfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream, he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. "Son of affliction," said Omar, "who art thou, and what is thy distress?" "My name," replied the stranger, "is Hassan, and I am a native of this city: the Angel of Adversity has laid his hand upon me, and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates, thou canst not deliver." "To deliver thee," said Omar, "belongs to Him only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil: yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request.

It is now six years since our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessing which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense: in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city relieving distress and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection, and

the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and though I was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore inquired his country and his name. "Hassan," said he, "I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks with thee, is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above." These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth: but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me: "Hassan," said he, "forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom." I answered, "Mock not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee; life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will." "Hassan," he replied, "I can no otherwise give life or happiness, than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others, fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bow-string, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another: but with respect to virtue, I am impotent; if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambi-

tion: to exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue."

He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost: and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsistence; and reserved only a mattress, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

In the first moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man, whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and, throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless. "Hassan," said he, "what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labour of thine own hand; and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy." I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, "Let my Lord forgive the pre-

sumption of his servant, who rather than utter a falsehood, would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed: thou hast raised wishes, which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy; but why should it be thought, that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?"

When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. "Hassan," said he, "I perceive, not with indignation but regret, that I mistook thy character; I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot therefore invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression; and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me."—I sprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an ecstasy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravansera in which he lodged: and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the seraglio; I was attended by his own servants; my provisions were sent from his own table; I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful, as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no slumbers so sweet, as those which weariness invited; and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities, which, though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath: such, thou knowest, was the destiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

His son, Aububekir, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy; he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all the sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me this lesson had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter! for the pleasures of neither can return.—Hassan having thus ended his story, smote his hands together; and looking upward, burst into tears.

Omar, having waited till this agony was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, "My son," said he, "more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Aububekir take away. The lesson of thy life the Prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

"Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object, was also the bound of thy hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of Paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldst not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed, was but the lethargy of soul; and the distress which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things; put thy trust in Him, who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy thy soul with good; fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy labour; thy food shall be again tasteful, and thy rest shall

be sweet: to thy content also will be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in Heaven."

Hassan, upon whose mind the Angel of Instruction impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he returned to his labour with cheerfulness; his devotion became fervent and habitual, and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first. *Adventurer.*

§ 81. *Bad company—meaning of the phrase—different classes of bad company—ill-chosen company—what is meant by keeping bad company—the danger of it, from the aptness to imitate and catch the manners of others—from the great power and force of custom—from our bad inclinations.*

"Evil communication," says the text, "corrupts good manners." The assertion is general, and no doubt all people suffer from such communication, but above all, the minds of youth will suffer, which are yet uninformed, unprincipled, unfurnished; and ready to receive any impression.

But before we consider the danger of keeping bad company, let us first see the meaning of the phrase.

In the phrase of the world, good company means fashionable people. Their stations in life, not their morals, are considered: and he, who associates with such, though they set him the example of breaking every commandment of the decalogue, is still said to keep good company.—I should wish you to fix another meaning to the expression; and to consider vice in the same detestable light, in whatever company it is found; nay, to consider all company in which it is found, be their station what it will, as bad company.

The three following classes, will perhaps include the greatest part of those who deserve this appellation.

In the first, I should rank all who endeavour to destroy the principles of Christianity—who jest upon Scripture—talk blasphemy—and treat revelation with contempt.

A second class of bad company, are those, who have a tendency to destroy in us the principles of common honesty and integrity. Under this head we may rank gamblers of every denomination; and

the low and infamous characters of every profession.

A third class of bad company, and such as are commonly most dangerous to youth, includes the long catalogue of men of pleasure. In whatever way they follow the call of appetite, they have equally a tendency to corrupt the purity of the mind.

Besides these three classes, whom we may call bad company, there are others who come under the denomination of ill-chosen company: trifling, insipid, characters of every kind; who follow no business—are led by no ideas of improvement—but spend their time in dissipation and folly—whose highest praise it is, that they are only not vicious.—With none of these, a serious man would wish his son to keep company.

It may be asked what is meant by keeping bad company? The world abounds with characters of this kind: they meet us in every place; and if we keep company at all, it is impossible to avoid keeping company with such persons.

It is true, if we were determined never to have any commerce with bad men, we must, as the apostle remarks "altogether go out of the world." By keeping bad company, therefore, is not meant a casual intercourse with them, on occasion of business, or as they accidentally fall in our way; but having an inclination to consort with them—complying with that inclination—seeking their company when we might avoid it—entering into their parties—and making them the companions of our choice. Mixing with them occasionally cannot be avoided.

The danger of keeping bad company, arises principally from our aptness to imitate and catch the manners and sentiments of others—from the power of custom—from our own bad inclinations—and from the pains taken by the bad to corrupt us.

In our earliest youth, the contagion of manners is observable. In the boy, yet incapable of having any thing instilled into him, we easily discover, from his first actions, and rude attempts at language, the kind of persons with whom he has been brought up: we see the early spring of a civilized education, or the first wild shoots of rusticity.

As he enters farther into life, his behaviour, manners, and conversation, all take their cast from the company he keeps. Observe the peasant, and the man of edu-

eration; the difference is striking. And yet God hath bestowed equal talents on each. The only difference is, they have been thrown into different scenes of life; and have had commerce with persons of different stations.

Nor are manners and behaviour more easily caught, than opinions and principles. In childhood and youth we naturally adopt the sentiments of those about us. And as we advance in life, how few of us think for ourselves! How many of us are satisfied with taking our opinions at second hand!

The great power and force of custom forms another argument against keeping bad company. However seriously disposed we may be; and however shocked at the first approaches of vice; this shocking appearance goes off upon an intimacy with it. Custom will soon render the most disgusting thing familiar. And this is indeed a kind provision of nature, to render labour, and toil, and danger, which are the lot of man, more easy to him. The raw soldier, who trembles at the first encounter, becomes a hardy veteran in a few campaigns. Habit renders danger familiar, and of course indifferent to him.

But habit, which is intended for our good, may, like other kind appointments of nature, be converted into a mischief. The well disposed youth, entering first into bad company, is shocked at what he hears, and what he sees. The good principles which he had imbibed, ring in his ears an alarming lesson against the wickedness of his companions. But, alas! this sensibility is but of a day's continuance. The next jovial meeting makes the horrid picture of yesterday more easily endured. Virtue is soon thought a severe rule; the gospel, an inconvenient restraint: a few pangs of conscience now and then interrupt his pleasures, and whisper to him, that he once had better thoughts: but even these by degrees die away; and he who at first was shocked even at the appearance of vice, is formed by custom into a profligate leader of vicious pleasures—perhaps into an abandoned tempter to vice.—So carefully should we oppose the first approaches of sin! so vigilant should we be against so insidious an enemy!

Our own bad inclinations, form another argument against bad company. We have so many passions and appetites to govern; so many bad propensities of different kinds

to watch, that, amidst such a variety of enemies within, we ought, at least, to be on our guard against those without. The breast even of a good man is represented in scripture, and experienced in fact, to be in a state of warfare. His vicious inclinations are continually drawing him one way; while his virtue is making efforts another. And if the scriptures represent this as the case even of a good man, whose passions, it may be imagined, are become in some degree cool and temperate, and who has made some progress in a virtuous course; what may we suppose to be the danger of a raw unexperienced youth, whose passions and appetites are violent and seducing, and whose mind is in a still less confirmed state? It is his part surely to keep out of the way of temptation; and to give his bad inclinations as little room as possible to acquire new strength. *Gilpin.*

§ 82. *Religion the best and only Support in Cases of real Distress.*

There are no principles but those of religion, to be depended on in cases of real distress; and these are able to encounter the worst emergencies; and to bear us up under all the changes and chances to which our life is subject.

Consider then what virtue the very first principle of religion has, and how wonderfully it is conducive to this end: That there is a God, a powerful, a wise and good Being, who first made the world, and continues to govern it;—by whose goodness all things are designed—and by whose providence all things are conducted to bring about the greatest and best ends. The sorrowful and pensive wretch that was giving way to his misfortunes, and mournfully sinking under them, the moment this doctrine comes in to his aid, hushes all his complaints—and thus speaks comfort to his soul—"It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.—Without his direction, I know that no evil can befall me,—without his permission, that no power can hurt me;—it is impossible a Being so wise should mistake my happiness—or that a Being so good should contradict it.—If he has denied me riches or other advantages—perhaps he foresees the gratifying my wishes would undo me, and by my own abuse of them be perverted to my ruin.—If he has denied me the request of children—or in his providence has thought fit to take them from me—how can I say whether he has

not dealt kindly with me, and only taken that away which he foresaw would embitter and shorten my days?—It does so to thousands, where the disobedience of a thankless child has brought down the parent's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Has he visited me with sickness, poverty, or other disappointments?—can I say, but these are but blessings in disguise?—so many different expressions of his care and concern to disentangle my thoughts from this world, and fix them upon another—"another, a better world beyond this!"—This thought opens a new face of hope and consolation to the unfortunate:—and as the persuasion of a Providence reconciles him to the evils he has suffered,—this prospect of a future life gives him strength to despise them, and esteem the light afflictions of this life, as they are, not worthy to be compared to what is reserved for him hereafter.

Things are great or small by comparison—and he who looks no further than this world, and balances the accounts of his joys and sufferings from that consideration, finds all his sorrows enlarged, and at the close of them will be apt to look back, and cast the same sad reflection upon the whole, which the Patriarch did to Pharaoh, "That few and evil had been the days of his pilgrimage." But let him lift up his eyes towards heaven, and steadfastly behold the life and immortality of a future state,—he then wipes away all tears from off his eyes for ever; like the exiled captive, big with the hopes that he is returning home, he feels not the weight of his chains, or counts the days of his captivity; but looks forward with rapture towards the country where his heart is fled before.

These are the aids which religion offers us towards the regulation of our spirit under the evils of life,—but like great cordials, they are seldom used but on great occurrences.—In the lesser evils of life, we seem to stand unguarded—and our peace and contentment are overthrown, and our happiness broke in upon, by a little impatience of spirit, under the cross and untoward accidents we meet with. These stand unprovided for, and we neglect them as we do the slighter indispositions of the body—which we think not worth treating seriously, and so leave them to nature. In good habits of the body, this may do,—and I would gladly believe, there are such good habits

of the temper, such a complexional ease and health of heart, as may often save the patient much medicine.—We are still to consider, that however such good frames of mind are got, they are worth preserving by all rules: Patience and contentment,—which like the treasure hid in the field for which a man sold all he had to purchase—is of that price, that it cannot be had at too great a purchase; since without it, the best condition of life cannot make us happy; and with it, it is impossible we should be miserable even in the worst.

Sterne's Sermons.

§ 83. *On Prodigality.*

It is the fate of almost every passion, when it has passed the bound which nature prescribes, to counteract its own purpose. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumspection; and too much eagerness of profit hurts the credit of the trader. Too much ardour takes away from the lover that easiness of address with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity, and incited by voluptuousness, seldom procures ultimately either applause or pleasure.

If praise be justly estimated by the character of those from whom it is received, little satisfaction will be given to the spendthrift by the encomiums which he purchases. For who are they that animate him in his pursuits, but young men, thoughtless and abandoned like himself, unacquainted with all on which the wisdom of nations has impressed the stamp of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and of virtue? By whom is his profusion praised, but by wretches who consider him as subservient to their purposes; Syrens that entice him to shipwreck; and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man, whose knowledge or whose virtue can give value to his opinion, looks with scorn or pity (neither of which can afford much gratification to pride) on him whom the panders of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence, and whom he sees parcelled out among the different ministers of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by tailors and jockeys, vintners and attorneys; who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are secretly triumphing over his weakness, when they present new incitements to his appetite, and heighten his desires by counterfeited applause.

Such is the praise that is purchased by

prodigality. Even when it is not yet discovered to be false, it is the praise only of those whom it is reproachful to please, and whose sincerity is corrupted by their interest; men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know, that whenever their pupil grows wise, they shall lose their power. Yet with such flatteries, if they could last, might the cravings of vanity, which is seldom very delicate, be satisfied: but the time is always hastening forward, when this triumph, poor as it is, shall vanish, and when those who now surround him with obsequiousness and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, shall turn upon him with insolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themselves.

And as little pretensions has the man who squanders his estate by vain or vicious expenses, to greater degrees of pleasure than are obtained by others. To make any happiness sincere, it is necessary that we believe it to be lasting; since whatever we suppose ourselves in danger of losing, must be enjoyed with solicitude and uneasiness, and the more value we set upon it, the more must the present possession be embittered. How can he, then, be envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conscious that a very short time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more excesses, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetite with more profuseness?

It appears evident, that frugality is necessary even to complete the pleasure of expense; for it may be generally remarked of those who squander what they know their fortune not sufficient to allow, that in their most jovial excess there always breaks out some proof of discontent and impatience; they either scatter with a kind of wild desperation and affected lavishness, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot escape it; or pay their money with a peevish anxiety, and endeavour at once to spend idly, and to save meanly; having neither firmness to deny their passions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poison the bowl of pleasure by reflection on the cost.

Among these men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very seldom the tranquillity of cheerfulness; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and

riot; and consider it as the first business of the night to stupefy recollection, and lay that reason asleep, which disturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken satisfaction is of short continuance, and must be expiated by a long series of misery and regret. In a short time the creditor grows impatient, the last acre is sold, the passions and appetites still continue their tyranny, with incessant calls for their usual gratifications; and the remainder of life passes away in vain repentance, or impotent desire.

Rambler.

§ 84. *On Honour.*

Every principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the same thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This essay therefore is chiefly designed for those who by means of any of these advantages are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns, to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him; the other, as something that is offensive to the Divine Being: the one, as what is unbecoming; the other, as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour,

when he declares, "that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature."

I shall conclude this head with the description of honour in the part of young Juba :

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue when it meets
her,
And imitates her actions where she is not;
It ought not to be sported with. CATO.

In the second place, we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge, than to forgive, an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man; but we find several who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage: by which means we have had many among us, who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion; who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society; who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues, and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. Timogenes would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and at the same time run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed a secret that was intrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but,

like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in paying off his play debts, or, to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it; as there is more hope of an heretic than of an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour, with old Syphax in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads astray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuit of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakspeare's phrase, "are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men;" whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their present interest; and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare to stand up, in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue. *Guardian.*

§ 85. On Modesty.

I know no two words that have been more abused, by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them, than these two, Modesty and Assurance. To say such a one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish, awkward fellow, who has neither good breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again: A man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour, therefore, in this essay, to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of Modesty

from being confounded with that of Sheepishness, and to hinder Impudence from passing for Assurance.

If I was put to define Modesty, I would call it, The reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.

For this reason a man, truly modest, is as much so when he is alone as in company; and as subject to a blush in his closet as when the eyes of the multitude are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young Prince, whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The Prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in his son.

I take Assurance to be, The faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man assurance, is a moderate knowledge of the world; but above all, a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the Prince above mentioned, possessed both those

qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance, he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty, he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express, when we say, a modest assurance; by which we understand, the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villainies or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill, even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, That the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes; and is sometimes attended with both. *Spectator.*

§ 86. *On disinterested Friendship.*

I am informed that certain Greek writers (Philosophers, it seems, in the opinion of their countrymen) have advanced some very extraordinary positions relating to friendship; as, indeed, what subject is there, which these subtle geniuses have not tortured with their sophistry?

The authors to whom I refer, dissuade their disciples from entering into any strong attachments, as unavoidably creating supernumerary disquietudes to those who engage in them; and, as every man has more than sufficient to call forth his solicitude in the course of his own affairs, it is a weakness, they contend, anxiously to involve himself in the concerns of others. They recommend it also, in all connexions of this kind, to hold the bands of union extremely loose; so as always to have it

in one's power to straiten or relax them, as circumstances and situations shall render most expedient. They add, as a capital article of their doctrine, that "to live exempt from care is an essential ingredient to constitute human happiness: but an ingredient, however, which he, who voluntarily distresses himself with cares in which he has no necessary and personal interest, must never hope to possess."

I have been told likewise, that there is another set of pretended philosophers, of the same country, whose tenets, concerning this subject, are of a still more illiberal and ungenerous cast.

The proposition they attempt to establish, is, that "friendship is an affair of self-interest entirely, and that the proper motive for engaging in it, is, not in order to gratify the kind and benevolent affections, but for the benefit of that assistance and support which is to be derived from the connexion." Accordingly they assert, that those persons are most disposed to have recourse to auxiliary alliances of this kind, who are least qualified, by nature or fortune, to depend upon their own strength and powers: the weaker sex, for instance, being generally more inclined to engage in friendships than the male part of our species; and those who are depressed by indigence, or labouring under misfortunes, than the wealthy and the prosperous.

Excellent and obliging sages, these, undoubtedly! To strike out the friendly affections from the moral world, would be like extinguishing the sun in the natural; each of them being the source of the best and most grateful satisfactions that Heaven has conferred on the sons of men. But I should be glad to know what the real value of this boasted exemption from care, which they promise their disciples, justly amounts to? an exemption flattering to self-love, I confess; but which, upon many occurrences in human life, should be rejected with the utmost disdain. For nothing, surely, can be more inconsistent with a well poised and manly spirit, than to decline engaging in any laudable action, or to be discouraged from persevering in it, by an apprehension of the trouble and solicitude with which it may probably be attended. Virtue herself, indeed, ought to be totally renounced, if it be right to avoid every possible means that may be productive of uneasiness: for who, that is actuated by her principles, can observe the conduct of an opposite character, without

being affected with some degree of secret dissatisfaction? Are not the just, the brave, and the good, necessarily exposed to the disagreeable emotions of dislike and aversion, when they respectively meet with instances of fraud, of cowardice, or of villany? It is an essential property of every well-constituted mind, to be affected with pain, or pleasure, according to the nature of those moral appearances that present themselves to observation.

If sensibility, therefore, be not incompatible with true wisdom (and it surely is not, unless we suppose that philosophy deadens every finer feeling of our nature) what just reason can be assigned, why the sympathetic sufferings which may result from friendship, should be a sufficient inducement for banishing that generous affection from the human breast? Extinguish all emotions of the heart, and what difference will remain, I do not say between man and brute, but between man and a mere inanimate clod? Away then with those austere philosophers, who represent virtue as hardening the soul against all the softer impressions of humanity! The fact, certainly, is much otherwise: a truly good man is, upon many occasions, extremely susceptible of tender sentiments; and his heart expands with joy, or shrinks with sorrow, as good or ill fortune accompanies his friend. Upon the whole, then, it may fairly be concluded, that, as in the case of virtue, so in that of friendship, those painful sensations, which may sometimes be produced by the one, as well as by the other, are equally insufficient grounds for excluding either of them from taking possession of our bosom.

They who insist that "utility is the first and prevailing motive, which induces mankind to enter into particular friendships," appear to me to divest the association of its most amiable and engaging principle. For, to a mind rightly disposed, it is not so much the benefits received, as the affectionate zeal from which they flow, that gives them their best and most valuable recommendation. It is so far indeed from being verified by fact, that a sense of our wants is the original cause of forming these amicable alliances; that, on the contrary, it is observable, that none have been more distinguished in their friendships than those whose power and opulence, but, above all, whose superior virtue (a much firmer support) have raised them above every necessity of having recourse to the assistance of others.

The true distinction, then, in this question is, that "although friendship is certainly productive of utility, yet utility is not the primary motive of friendship." Those selfish sensualists, therefore, who, lulled in the lap of luxury, presume to maintain the reverse, have surely no claim to attention; as they are neither qualified by reflection, nor experience, to be competent judges of the subject.

Good Gods! is there a man upon the face of the earth, who would deliberately accept of all the wealth and all the affluence this world can bestow, if offered to him upon the severe terms of his being unconnected with a single mortal whom he could love, or by whom he should be beloved? This would be to lead the wretched life of a detested tyrant, who, amidst perpetual suspicions and alarms, passes his miserable days a stranger to every tender sentiment, and utterly precluded from the heart-felt satisfactions of friendship.

Melmoth's Translation of Cicero's Lælius.

§ 87. *The Art of Happiness.*

Almost every object that attracts our notice has its bright and its dark side. He who habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness; while he, who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and, in consequence of it, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

Arachne and Melissa are two friends. They are, both of them, women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too: but by different management, are grown the reverse of each other. Arachne has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance, with a thousand brilliances, and but one or two blemishes, she slightly skims over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with dislike.—If you shew her a very excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfinished.—Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegance; but if you take a walk with her in it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the

litter of falling leaves and worm-casts.—If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy; that it is sultry, or windy; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of our climate.—When you return with her to the company, in hope of a little cheerful conversation, she casts a gloom over all, by giving you the history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her; and, at last, discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Melissa is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual cheerfulness in herself, which, by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society, because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every man's virtue to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her, though it be on a heath or a common, and she will discover numberless beauties, unobserved before, in the hills, the dales, the blooms, brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation, it is a rule with her, never to start a subject that leads to any thing gloomy or disagreeable. You therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances or those of her neighbours; or (what is worst of all) their faults and imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has the address to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most odious railing into a pleasant raillery. Thus Melissa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that, of two tempers

once very nearly allied, the one is ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful; the one spreads an universal gloom, the other a continual sunshine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention, than this art of happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-east wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of its good humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If, therefore, we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these minutiae of conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the day, the increasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy, shall frequently be the parent of a social and happy conversation. Good-manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the sunshine that ripens the harvest, because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunder-storm to which he is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from the succeeding shower.

Thus does politeness, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and, by thus acting, we cherish and improve both. By this practice it is that Melissa is become the wisest and best bred woman living; and by this practice, may every person arrive at that agreeableness of temper, of which the natural and never-failing fruit is Happiness.

Harris.

§ 88. *The Choice of Hercules.*

When Hercules was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should choose, he saw two women, of a larger stature than ordinary, approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deport-

ment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red; and she endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress, that she thought were the most proper to shew her complexion to advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular, composed carriage, and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner:

“My dear Hercules,” says she, “I find you are very much divided in your thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to choose: be my friend and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business.” Hercules hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name: to which she answered, “My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure.”

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner:—“Hercules,” says she, “I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the Gods, and give proofs of that descent, by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This

makes me hope you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you; and must lay this down as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable, which can be purchased without pains and labour. The Gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it; in short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness."

The Goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse: "You see," said she, "Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasures is long and difficult; whereas that which I propose is short and easy." "Alas!" said the other lady, whose visage glowed with passion, made up of scorn and pity, "what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired; to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's-self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures; while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse, for old age.

"As for me, I am the friend of Gods and of good men; an agreeable companion to the artisan; an household guardian to the fathers of families; a patron and protector of servants; an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them, who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and, after the close of their labours, honoured by posterity."

We know, by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and, I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the justice to approve his choice. *Taller.*

§ 89. *On Entrance into Life, and the Conduct of early Manhood.*

There seems to be a peculiar propriety in addressing moral precepts to the rising generation. Besides that, like travellers entering on a journey, they want direction, there are circumstances which render it probable that instruction will be more efficacious in youth than at a maturer period. Long habits of business or pleasure, and an indiscriminate intercourse with mankind, often superinduce a great degree of insensibility; and the battered veteran at last considers the admonitions of the moralist as the vain babbling of a sophist, and the declamation of a school-boy. The keen edge of moral perception is blunted by long and reiterated collision; and to him who has lost the finer sensibilities, it is no less fruitless to address a moral discourse than to represent to the deaf the charms of melody, or to the blind the beauties of a picture.

But youth possesses sensibility in perfection; and unless education has been totally neglected, or erroneously pursued, its habits are usually virtuous. Innocence leaves the mind at liberty, in early youth, to soar after every thing which is generous, noble, or sublime, in morals and intellects. Furnished with a natural susceptibility, and free from any acquired impediment, the mind is then in the most favourable state for the admission of instruction, and for learning how to live.

I will, then, suppose a young man present who has passed through the forms of a liberal education at school, and who is just entering on the stage of life, to act his part according to his own judgment. I will address him with all the affection and sincerity of a parent, in the following manner:

"You have violent passions implanted in you by Nature for the accomplishment of her purposes; but conclude not, as many have done to their ruin, that because they are violent, they are irresistible. The same Nature which gave you passions, gave you also reason, and a love of order. Religion, added to the light of Nature and the experience of mankind, has concurred in

“ establishing it as an unquestionable truth, that the irregular or intemperate indulgence of the passions is always attended with pain, in some mode or other, which greatly exceeds its pleasure.

“ Your passions will be easily restrained from enormous excess, if you really wish and honestly endeavour to restrain them. But the greater part of young men study to inflame their fury, and give them a degree of force which they possess not in a state of nature. They run into temptation, and desire not to be delivered from evil. They knowingly and willingly sacrifice to momentary gratifications the comfort of all which should sweeten the remainder of life. Begin, then, with most sincerely wishing to conquer those subtle and powerful enemies whom you carry in your bosom. Pray for Divine assistance. Avoid solitude the first moment a loose thought insinuates itself, and hasten to the company of those whom you respect. Converse not on subjects which lead to impure ideas. Have courage to decline reading immoral books, even when they fall into your hands. If, at a proper age, you form a strong attachment to a virtuous woman, dare, with the sanction of parental approbation, to marry. It is better to be poor than wicked. Cherish the object of your early love. Be industrious, and trust in Providence.

“ Thus shall you avoid the perpetual torments of unruly affection, the most loathsome of diseases, and the thousand penalties of selfish celibacy. Thus shall you please God and your own heart, if it is a good one; and displease none but an ill-judging and wicked world, and perhaps a few of your covetous relations, whom avarice may have rendered insensible to any charms but those of sordid lucre.

“ But really you have not so much to fear from the violence of the concupiscible affections, when unassisted by voluntary compliance, as from vanity. The perverse ambition of arriving at the character of a man of spirit by vicious audacity, has of late universally prevailed, and has ruined a great part of the rising generation. I have known many young men proud of the impurest distempers, and boasting of misfortunes which are attended with the greatest pain and misery, and ought to be ac-

“ companied with shame. Far more have taken pains to shine, amidst the little circle of their vicious acquaintance, in the character of gay libertines, than to acquire, by useful qualities, the esteem of the good. From motives of vanity, health and peace are sacrificed, fortunes lavished without credit or enjoyment, every relative and personal duty neglected, and religion boldly set at defiance. To be admitted into the company of those who disgrace the family title which they inherit, thousands plunge into debauchery without passion, into drunkenness without convivial enjoyment, into gaming without the means or inclination for play. Old age rapidly advances. When vanity at length retreats from insult and from mortification, avarice succeeds; and meanness, and disease, and disgrace, and poverty, and discontent, and despair, diffuse clouds and darkness over the evening of life. Such is the lot of those who glory in their shame, and are ashamed of their glory.

“ Have sense and resolution enough, therefore, to give up all pretensions to those titles, of a fine fellow, a rake, or whatever vulgar name the temporary cant of the vicious bestows on the distinguished libertine. Preserve your principles, and be steady in your conduct. And though your exemplary behaviour may bring upon you the insulting and ironical appellation of a Saint, a Puritan, or even a Methodist, persevere in rectitude. It will be in your power soon not indeed to insult, but to pity. Have spirit, and display it. But let it be that sort of spirit which urges you to proceed in the path in which you were placed by the faithful guide of your infancy. Exhibit a noble superiority in daring to disregard the artful and malicious reproaches of the vain and vicious, who labour to make you a convert to folly, in order to keep them in countenance. They will laugh at first, but esteem you in their hearts even while they laugh, and in the end revere your virtue.

“ Let that generous courage which conscious rectitude inspires, enable you to despise and neglect the assaults of ridicule. When all other modes of attack have failed, ridicule has succeeded. The bulwark of virtue, which stood firmly against the weapons of

“ argument, has tottered on its basis, or
 “ fallen to the ground, touched by the
 “ wand of magic ridicule. In the school,
 “ in the college, in the world at large, it
 “ is the powerful engine which is used to
 “ level an exalted character. You will
 “ infallibly be attacked with it, if you
 “ are in any respects singular; and singular
 “ in many respects you must be, if
 “ you are eminently virtuous.

“ Love truth, and dare to speak it at
 “ all events. The man of the world will
 “ tell you, you must dissemble; and so
 “ you must, if your objects and pursuits
 “ are like his, mean and selfish. But
 “ your purposes are generous; and your
 “ methods of obtaining them are therefore
 “ undisguised. You mean well. Avow
 “ your meaning, if honour requires the
 “ avowal, and fear nothing. You will,
 “ indeed, do right to wish to please; but
 “ you will be anxious to please the worthy
 “ only, and none but worthy actions will
 “ effect that purpose. With respect to
 “ that *art of pleasing* which requires the
 “ sacrifice of your sincerity, despise it,
 “ as the base quality of flatterers, sycophants,
 “ cheats, and scoundrels. An
 “ habitual liar, besides that he will be
 “ known and marked with infamy, must
 “ possess a poor and pusillanimous heart;
 “ for lying originates in cowardice. It
 “ originates also in fraud; and a liar,
 “ whatever may be his station, would
 “ certainly, if he were sure of secrecy, be
 “ a thief. Sorry am I to say, that this
 “ habit is very common in the world,
 “ even among those who make a figure
 “ in the realms of dissipation; those
 “ whose *honour* would compel them to
 “ stab you to the heart, if you were to
 “ tell them plainly the mortifying truth,
 “ that you convict them of a lie.

“ With all your good qualities unite
 “ the humility of a Christian. Be not
 “ morose. Be cautious of overvaluing
 “ yourself. Make allowances for the
 “ vices and errors which you will daily
 “ see. Remember that all have not had
 “ the benefit of moral instruction; that a
 “ great part of mankind are in effect
 “ orphans turned loose into the wide
 “ world, without one faithful friend to
 “ give them advice; left to find their
 “ own way in a dark and rugged wilder-
 “ ness, with snares, and quicksands, and
 “ chasms around them. Be candid,
 “ therefore, and, among all the improve-
 “ ments of education and refinements of

“ manners, let the beautiful Christian
 “ graces of Meekness and Benevolence
 “ shine most conspicuous. Relieve dis-
 “ tress, prevent mischief, and do good,
 “ wherever you can; but be neither
 “ ostentatious nor censorious.

“ Be cheerful, and gratefully enjoy the
 “ good which Providence has bestowed
 “ upon you. But be moderate. Mode-
 “ ration is the law of enjoyment. All be-
 “ yond is nominal pleasure and real pain.

“ I will not multiply my precepts.
 “ Choose good books, and follow their
 “ direction. Adopt religious, virtuous,
 “ manly principles. Fix them deeply in
 “ your bosom, and let them go with you
 “ unloosened and unaltered to the grave.

“ If you follow such advice as, from
 “ the pure motive of serving you most
 “ essentially, I have given you, I will not,
 “ indeed, promise that you shall not be
 “ unfortunate, according to the common
 “ idea of the word; but I will confidently
 “ assure you, that you shall not be un-
 “ happy. I will not promise you worldly
 “ success, but I will engage that you shall
 “ deserve it, and shall know how to bear
 “ its absence.” *Knox's Essays.*

§ 90. *On the Wisdom of aiming at Perfection.*

The infirmity of human nature is a topic on which the profligate love to enlarge. They are apt to deduce an argument from it no less injurious than fallacious. They infer from the concession that man is naturally weak and corrupt, that the precepts of strict morality are utterly useless, and that they originate in one of the principal arguments of human imbecility,—an ill-grounded pride.

Man is, indeed, a weak creature; but he is also an improveable creature. He has strong passions; but he has also strong powers within him to counteract their operation. He possesses reason; and his happiness certainly depends upon the voluntary use or abuse, the neglect or the exertion, of this noble faculty.

It seems probable that many who urge the inefficacy of philosophical and moral precepts are only endeavouring to excuse their own indolence. They who feel themselves little inclined to correct their misconduct, are very solicitous to persuade themselves that, from the inherent and general imbecility of human nature, they are unable.

Indeed, wherever human creatures are

found, there are also to be found vice and misery. Nor is this appearance only among the rude and the illiterate, but among those who are adorned with all the arts of human knowledge. Observation affords many examples of those, who, after having recommended virtue in the most forcible manner, with all the appearance of sincerity, have at last fallen into the disgrace and wretchedness of singular profligacy. Contrary to their conviction, their interest, their character, to all that seemed estimable in their own eyes, they have descended from the towering heights of virtue into the lowest abysses of vice.

Such instances do, indeed, sometimes occur, and they are usually blazoned and exaggerated by triumphant delinquency. In many cases of degeneracy, it is probable that the appearances of virtue were insincere. But allowing, what indeed the uniform decisions of observation, reason, and religion, clearly declare, that human nature is weak in the extreme, yet I would draw a different conclusion from that which is deduced by the patrons of libertinism.

The nature of man is extremely infirm, it is granted; and therefore, I argue, let every effort be made to acquire new strength and resolution. It cannot be said that the endeavour must of necessity be abortive; it cannot be said that we have not natural incitements sufficient to encourage a vigorous attempt. We have nice sensibilities of moral rectitude, we have a natural love of excellence, we have intellectual powers capable of infinite improvement, we have precepts innumerable; and to the honour of human nature, let it be added, that examples also greatly abound.

Many individuals who enrolled themselves among the severer sects of ancient philosophy, have exhibited most animating proofs of the strength of human nature. It is not to be supposed that they possessed faculties more in number, or more perfect in their kind, than the present race. But they loved excellence, and they believed that they were capable of it. That belief operated most favourably on their exertion. They succeeded in their attempts, and stand forth among mankind like colossal statues amid a collection of images less than the life.

I hope, therefore, it will be rendering an effectual service to mankind, if I can revive among the gay and careless this

belief of the possibility of great advances towards perfection. Philosophers have already received it; but philosophers are to the rest of mankind what a drop of water is to an ocean. The pretended philosophers are numerous indeed; but they commonly, in our time, divulge opinions which tend to degrade and vilify human nature. Popularity seems to be more their object than the sublime satisfaction of discovering and communicating useful truth. But were the generality of mankind convinced that they are capable of arriving at high degrees of excellence, and consequently led to aspire at it, moral evil would certainly decrease, and society assume a fairer appearance. Much misery and much evil of all kinds will always be in it, during this sublunary state; but that share of it which is obstinately and presumptuously occasioned by our own folly, may certainly be removed when that folly is corrected.

What is done in the works of art may often be effected in morals. Were a musical instrument to be placed in the hands of a peasant who had never heard or seen one, and were he told that he might, if he were to attend to it, call forth sounds from it which would delight every hearer, he would not be induced by any argument to believe the possibility of it. Yet let him regularly learn and practise a due time, and he will arrive at a degree of skill, which, though far from perfection, will appear miraculous on comparison with his original inability. So in life, if you inform your disciple that he is able to reach a great degree of excellence, and urge him to the attempt, he will infallibly make great advances, and improve to his own astonishment. But indulge his natural indolence, timidity, or despair, by expatiating on the irremediable weakness of human nature, and you effectually preclude even his endeavours, and add to his natural imbecility by paralysing his original vigour.

In the works of art, in sculpture, and in painting, in the subordinate operations of mechanical ingenuity, to what perfection does the hand of man attain? When a savage sees a watch, he adores it as a god. No earnestness of assertion would convince him that it was the work of a creature in all respects like himself, except in acquired dexterity. And can man improve himself so highly in the manual arts, in science, and in the productions of

taste, and be unable to arrive at real and solid improvement in the finest art and the noblest science, the art and the science of conducting life? Half the attention and the constancy which is displayed in acquiring skill in an occupation by which money is to be gained, if bestowed on the melioration of the morals, would usually produce a most laudable character.

The state of things is so constituted, that labour, well bestowed and properly directed, always produces a valuable effect. That it should find its reward, even in this world, seems to be the decree of Providence. Away, then, with the philosophy which increases the weakness of our nature by representing it as insuperable. Our personal excellence and happiness, our friends and our country, are greatly interested in exploding the pusillanimous doctrine. We shall, indeed, often fall; but let us rise undejected. Our failings will be great, but great also may be our virtues. At least, according to an old and just observation, by aiming at absolute perfection, we shall approach it much more nearly than if we sit down inactive through despair.

The modern philosophers and their disciples, while they assert the inefficacy of philosophy, of moral precepts, and of religious influence, are inclined to maintain, that the effect which these only pretend to produce may be actually produced by the principle of *modern honour*. I would only, in reply to their insinuation, ask them these questions: Who are the persons who openly and proudly commit deeds at which the child of nature, even the savage would shudder; who is guilty of the meanest, cruellest seduction; who wears a sword ready to plunge it into the heart of his dearest friend for a trifling provocation; who is ready to glory in breaking the peace of conjugal life, and ruining a family for the gratification of lust or vanity? Unerring experience replies, Men of Honour; all, all, honourable men.

From such delusion let the untainted mind of youth hasten to escape. To religion and morality let it fly for solid comfort, and for those assistances which alone can repair the ruins that have been made by the fall of Adam in the glorious fabric of human nature. With our utmost endeavours, both reason and divinity inform us we shall be at last greatly defective. Whither, then, shall we fly

for succour? whither shall we turn to find that which shall support our weakness, and supply our defects? Philosophy is often vain, but religion never. To the Deity we must have recourse, who will certainly strengthen us by his grace, and pardon our involuntary failures, of his infinite mercy.

Knox's Essays.

§ 91. *On forming a Taste for simple Pleasures.*

To argue against pleasure in general is absurd. It is the law of nature, that every animal should prefer the agreeable sensations to the disagreeable. But it is incumbent on the moralist to explode those pleasures, which, though they are transient and unsatisfactory in themselves, are yet found ultimately to occasion permanent pain and real injury.

Perhaps the most effectual mode of accomplishing this purpose, is not to arraign pleasure in general, but to substitute other pleasures in the place of those which are hurtful. Man must be amused and delighted; and pernicious amusements and poisoned delights will be pursued, if others cease to be obvious.

It is certain that nature has interspersed a great number of objects capable of affording the liveliest delight, without danger of future pain, and even with the probability of deriving improvement and additional pleasure by reflecting on the past enjoyment. Such, indeed, are those innocent pleasures which we follow in early youth with cheerful ardour, and which we enjoy with sincere delight, before we are vitiated and hardened by a long intercourse with a depraved world; before the qualities of the dove are exchanged for the less amiable wisdom of the serpent.

Amidst all the improvements which we make in a state of high civilization, we lose some natural tastes and propensities which were favourable to virtue. We acquire wants and notions which disturb our repose, and cause a feverish anxiety, ever thirsting, and never satisfied.

The simple and innocent satisfactions of nature are usually within reach; and, as they excite no violent perturbation in the pursuit, so are they enjoyed without tumult, and relinquished without long or painful regret. It will, then, render essential service both to happiness and morality, if we can persuade men in general to taste and to contract an habitual

relish for the genuine satisfactions of uncorrupted nature.

One of the first affections which the heart perceives, is filial piety. As years increase, this affection dilates, and extends itself to brothers and sisters, relatives and domestics. The child loves and is beloved by all around him. Amidst the conversation, the events, the endearments, and tender duties of a family, he finds full play for all his faculties and propensities, and is often, by his own subsequent confession, happier at this early age than in any period which succeeds it.

I say then, that, were a taste for this simple pleasure retained, were men at a mature age led to seek their happiness in domestic life, and in the exercise of the mild virtues of family offices, their enjoyments, though less brilliant and noisy, would be purer and more substantial. But, on the contrary, we see them no sooner arrived at maturity, than they eagerly leave the nest, and wander, in search of an untried and an imaginary bliss, through all the wilds of dissipation. In the precipitate pursuit, innocence is often lost; and whatever progress is made in refinement, little is added to solid happiness. Our interest, as we falsely call it, and our honour, become the idols whom we devoutly worship, and on whose altars we sacrifice health, truth, peace, and liberty.

We are, indeed, so deeply engaged in our objects, that we cannot advert to the beauties of nature, those fertile sources of unadulterated pleasure. The young mind is always delighted with rural scenery. The earliest poetry was pastoral, and every juvenile poet of the present day delights to indulge in the luxuriance of a rural description. A taste for these pleasures will render the morning walk at least as delightful as the evening assembly. The various forms which Nature assumes in the vicissitudes of the seasons, constitute a source of complacency which can never be exhausted. How grateful to the senses is the freshness of the herbage, the fragrant of the flowers, and all those simple delights of the field, which the poets have, from the earliest ages, no less justly than exuberantly described! "It is all mere fiction," exclaims the man of the world, "the painting of a visionary enthusiast." He feels not, he cannot feel, their truth. He sees no charms in herbs and blossoms; the melody of the grove is no music to his ear; and this

happens, because he has lost, by his own fault, those tender sensibilities which nature had bestowed. They are still daily perceived in all their perfection by the ingenuous and innocent, and they have been most truly described by feeling poets, as contributing to pure, real, and exalted delight.

Yet the possessor of extensive lands, if he is a man of fashion and spirit, forsakes the sweet scenes of rural nature, and shuts himself up in a crowded metropolis, and leaves that liberal air which breathes over his lawns, and agitates his forests, to be inhaled by his menial rustics. He perverts the designs of nature, and despises the hereditary blessings of Providence; and he receives the adequate punishment in a restless life, perpetually seeking and never finding satisfaction. But the employments of agriculture, independently of their profit, are most congenial and pleasing to human nature. An uncorrupted mind sees, in the progress of vegetation, and in the manners and excellencies of those animals which are destined to our immediate service, such charms and beauties as art can seldom produce. Husbandry may be superintended by an elegant mind; nor is it by any means necessary that they who engage in it should contract a coarseness of manners or a vulgarity of sentiment. It is most favourable to health, to plenty, to repose, and to innocence; and, great, indeed, must be the objects which justify a reasonable creature in relinquishing these. Are plays, are balls, are nocturnal assemblies of whatever denomination, are debaucheries in all their modifications, which tend to rob us of sleep, to lessen our patrimony, to injure our health, to render us selfish, vicious, thoughtless, and useless, equivalent to these? Reason replies in the negative; yet the almost universal departure from innocence and simplicity will leave the affirmative established by a corrupt majority.

It is not without a sigh that a thinking man can pass by a lordly mansion, some sweet retreat, deserted by its falsely refined possessor, who is stupidly carousing in a polluted city. When he sees the chimney without smoke in the venerable house, where all the country was once welcomed to partake of princely hospitality, he cannot help lamenting that progress of refinement, which, in rendering the descendants of the great fine gen-

tlemen, has left them something less than men, through the defect of manly virtues.

The superintendence of a garden might of itself occupy a life elegantly and pleasurable. Nothing is better able to gratify the inherent love of novelty; for Nature is always renewing her variegated appearance. She is infinite in her productions, and the life of man may come to its close before he has seen half the pictures which she is able to display. The taste for gardening in England is at present pure. Nature is restored to her throne, and reigns majestically beautiful in rude magnificence. The country abounds with cultivated tracts truly paradisaical. But as the contemplative observer roams over the lawn, and enjoys the shade of the weeping willow, he is often led to inquire, "Where is now the owner of this wilderness of sweets? Happy man!" he exclaims, "to possess such a spot as this, and to be able at all times to taste the pleasure which I feel springing in my bosom." But, alas! the owner is engaged in other scenes. He is rattling over the streets of London, and pursuing all the sophisticated joys which succeed to supply the place where Nature is relinquished. If he condescends to pay an annual visit to the retreat, he brings with him all his acquired inclinations; and while he sits at the card-table, or at the banquet, and thinks of little else than promoting his interest at the next election, he leaves the shrub to blossom and the rose to diffuse its sweets in unobserved solitude.

Can it be believed that Nature bestowed beauty on the foliage of a flower but with a view to please? The fruit might be produced, in the same process, without any richness and diversity of colour. No other animals are sensible of their grace but the human; and yet the austere man of business, or the vain man of pleasure, will arraign another with a face of importance for his admiration of a flower. He calls the taste trifling and useless. But is not a refusal to be pleased with such appearances like the malignant unthankfulness of a sullen guest, who refuses to taste the most delicious dainties prepared for his entertainment?

Fine weather in England is the source of a very sensible pleasure; but he who is engrossed by vice or by business will live half a life without admiring the beauties of a blue sky, basking in the vernal sunshine, or inhaling, with any conscious-

ness of delight, the balsam of a western gale.

A fondness for the pleasing animals which Nature has placed around us is another source of natural, and pure, and innocent amusement. The plumage and the song of the bird were, doubtless, intended to delight the ear and the eye. Who can behold the playful lamb without complacency? The fidelity of the dog, the generosity of the horse, and the characteristic qualities, as well as shape and beauty, of all animated nature, are admirably adapted to charm the heart which is yet unspoiled.

But in a proper intercourse and behaviour among our fellow-creatures is found to consist our principal and most constant delight. To do good, and to prevent evil, as far as the sphere of our own influence or activity extends, is an infallible method of deriving to ourselves pleasurable emotions. And if we consult what passes in our own bosoms before our youthful sensibilities are blunted, we shall find that Nature has taught us to feel the sweetest pleasures in relieving distress, and in communicating happiness.

The cunning and the crafty, of whom consists a great part of the busy crowd, who derive an unnatural influence from the possession of riches, will deem the simplicity which I have recommended folly. Such men will deem truth also folly. They consider virtue and truth as words invented to delude the simple ones; but, indeed, to retain through life something of the simplicity of the infant, will render the improved and cultivated man truly wise. For, after all the refinements of false philosophy, and the low arts of worldly cunning, honesty is our truest interest, and innocence our best wisdom.

Knox's Essays.

§ 92. *Hints to those who are designed for the Life of what is called a Gentleman without a Profession.*

To inherit an affluent fortune, and to be exempted from the vulgar cares of life, seems to be a lot peculiarly favourable to the advancement and the security of human happiness. The greater number of men are compelled by necessity to proceed in the same road, without liberty to deviate, or select the objects of their attention; but the rich heir beholds the world, and all that it contains, placed like a plentiful feast before him, and ap-

appears to have little else to do but to reach out his hand, and to take what he finds most agreeable to his taste.

Such a lot is usually envied; but it is really not happier than others. Providence is not so partial as, on a first and a cursory view, it appears to be. It seems, indeed, to establish a kind of equilibrium of happiness. And experience evinces, that caprice, false delicacy, artificial wants, vanity, pride, covetousness, and envy, usually render the lives of the rich and unemployed not in the least more pleasurable than the condition of the honest, healthy, and industrious poor.

It is, however, certain, that to inherit an independent fortune is in itself a noble privilege, and that it ought to be highly conducive to real enjoyment. I shall, therefore, beg leave to offer a few hints to those who are setting out in life with the distinguished advantage of a rich inheritance. As all the real benefit of such a condition depends on the judicious use of it, if the moralist can point out means to secure that point, he may be said to contribute more to the improvement of the young man's estate, than if he procured a subscription to a loan, or put him in a way to make twenty *per cent.* of his money.

In the first place, I hope the young man thus fortunate, will not be so mistaken in his ideas of happiness, as to imagine that he can be happy in doing nothing. Universal and unvaried experience has proved, that he who does nothing is a wretch. The same experience has declared it probable, that he will not only be miserable, but wicked.

He must resolve to render himself useful, on two accounts: first, because it is a duty he owes the community, in return for the protection of his person and property; and, secondly, because it is a duty he owes to himself to be as happy as possible; which he will not be, notwithstanding all the real and pretended gratifications of riches, without useful activity. It will not be enough to make him enjoy the internal pleasures of reflection, merely to have dressed well, to have danced at a ball, rioted at a feast, presided at a horse-race, or driven a curricule or a barouche. Riding a showy horse, whipping a pair of geldings, or four in hand, through the fashionable streets, and sauntering in a stable, are indeed, in the present age, some of the most glorious methods of spending the sprightly days

of youth, when privileged by the early possession of a fortune. But when I see the carriage whisking by, and the rich or noble youth lolling on its side, or presiding on its box, I cannot help thinking the man at the tail of the plough a more useful, happy, and respectable member of society. There is not, indeed, the least impropriety in these pleasures, when pursued merely as a temporary relaxation; but all who know any thing of the world will agree with me, that young men of fortune, frequently, in these times, make grooms their companions, a stable their study, and the driving of a pair, or two pair of horses, the utmost extent of their activity, and the summit of their ambition.

But what, says the young heir, have I to do but to amuse myself? I have no trade, no profession, nor any necessity for either. Why may I not divert myself with any trifle which can excite my attention? But are you sure, I ask in return, that you have no necessary employment, to the performance of which, according to your abilities, you are as much obliged by duty, reason, honour, and conscience, as the labourer is bound to finish the work for which he is hired? I believe I can point out some laudable occupations in which you ought to engage, and in comparison of which, the driving of a vehicle, the vanity of dress, and ten thousand other vanities, will appear as the playthings of an infant, and the drivelling of a dotard.

The first object of a youth who possesses affluence acquired by his forefathers, should be the improvement of his mind. Without this, whatever may be your money, and whatever your titles, if you have any, you will probably be a poor, mean, contemptible, and pitiful creature. You must read; you must learn to select your reading with judgment, and to reflect upon it with serious attention. You must acquire a taste for moral philosophy, and learn to curb your overbearing insolence, and all other irregularities of your temper and your passions; for it is a shame to make use of your riches and your grandeur merely to assume a licence for degrading yourself to a brute. You must, in a word, have a liberal education; an education not only liberal in name, but really polite, learned, and comprehensive. You will find your nature raised by it, and yourself become a superior being, in compari-

son with what you would have been without it. It will exalt you in real dignity more than a ducal coronet. In conjunction with wealth or high honours, or both, it will render you the blessing and the glory of your country. Remember also, that if you slight religion, that Providence which gave you riches may punish your ingratitude by rendering them, as it often does, a curse.

After a youth spent in preparation, in the study of the classics, of moral and natural philosophy, and in the correction of the temper and the disorders of the passions, it will be time to enter on the proper employments of a mature age. You will very laudably desire to have a share in legislation; you will take upon you the office of a magistrate; you will be ready at all times to sit in judgment on the dearest rights of your countrymen as a juryman; you will willingly assume the office of guardian to public charities, inspector of public works, giving your time and your presence disinterestedly for the public benefit: a gift often more valuable than any pecuniary benefaction. You will use your influence to inquire into and correct the abuses of trust, to remove nuisances, to improve roads, to build bridges, to repair public buildings, to encourage charities, and to encourage all works of national ornament and utility.

These may constitute your public employments. You have many of a private nature scarcely less necessary. I would recommend it to you to live, if not the whole year, yet all that part of it which is not necessary to be spent near the senate-house, on your own estate in the country. Condescend to look into your affairs, and into all the more important matters of economy, yourself, not as a miser, but as a wise and benevolent citizen. This will employ you well, and will prevent injustice to your tradesmen, and embarrassment to yourself and your offspring. It will prevent that ruin, which, at this time, stalks over the land, and diffuses desolation. You will study to improve agriculture: a delightful employment, and capable of producing great advantages; since agriculture has long been in the hands of those, who, from the obstinacy of ignorance, oppose all attempts to introduce new methods of cultivation. You will adorn your grounds with plantations, and not forget to plant the acorn, which is to supply your country with her future bulwarks, her best defence.

You will adopt something of the old British hospitality. You will, indeed, do right to select your guests; for indiscriminate hospitality tends only to promote gluttony, and discourage merit. Men of learning, and all good men, learned or unlearned, ought, for your own sake, and for theirs, to claim your exclusive favour. Let your feasts be feasts where the mind, as well as the palate, may be delighted. Discourage the profligacy of your neighbours by the silent but powerful reproof of neglect. Be not carried away by the fascination of fashion and grandeur, but love and cherish true merit and honest industry in all its obscurities.

Free from all professional avocations, you will have ample leisure to attend to your family; a field well fitted for the display of the best virtues and most valuable qualities. Every family is a little community; and he who governs it well, supports a very noble character, that of the *paterfamilias*, or the patriarch. The proper management of the various tempers and dispositions which compose large families, the reformation of abuses, the correction of errors, the teaching of duties, will by themselves claim a considerable share of your time and attention. But if you have many children, you need never want employment. The care and superintendence of them, in all the various duties and departments, might very honourably fill a life. You must beware of falling into a common and fatal error among the favourites of fortune,—that of thinking domestic pleasures, cares, and duties, beneath their attention. Home is the scene of the best virtues and dispositions which adorn human nature.

Though you have no appointed profession, yet *HOMO ES, YOU ARE A MAN*, and let your assumed profession be to do good, of every sort, and in every degree, as far as you are able. The world abounds with evil, moral, natural, real and imaginary. He alone who does all he can, wherever his influence extends, to mitigate and remove it, is the *TRUE GENTLEMAN*. Others are only esquires, knights, baronets, barons, viscounts, earls, marquises, dukes, and kings.

Knox's Essays.

§ 93. *On the ill Effects of Ridicule, when employed as a Test of Truth in Private and Common Life.*

Horace once happened to say, with an air of levity, that ridicule was more efficacious in deciding disputes of importance

than all the severity of argument. Shaftesbury caught the idea, improved upon it, and advanced the doctrine, that ridicule is the test of truth. All those who possessed one characteristic of man in great perfection, **RISIBILITY**, but who were slenderly furnished with the other, **RATIONALITY**, adopted the opinion with eagerness; for though to reason was difficult, to laugh was easy.

The admirers of the graces were glad of so pleasing a method of philosophizing, and seized on it without examination. They who admitted it were under a necessity of smiling; and to smile, if not to laugh, was allowed to be graceful by the great legislator of decorum.

The speculative opinions of studious men, however erroneous, often afford them innocent amusement in their closets, without diffusing any malignant influence on the manners or happiness of others. However interesting to the philosopher may be the disputes concerning liberty and necessity, or the nature of good and evil, they attract not the regard of those who are agitated in the busy walk of life by the common pursuits of interest and pleasure. The metaphysician thinks his labour of great importance to the happiness of mankind, and would be not a little mortified to find, that in the great numbers who compose the community to which he belongs, and for whose more immediate edification he consumes the midnight oil, a very small part knows that there ever existed such men as Berkeley or Hume; and that, if they knew and could understand their works, they would prefer the opportunity of earning a penny, or enjoying a good dinner, to all the advantage that ever could be derived from a conviction that matter existed not, or that the old principles of morals were erroneous.

But though this may be true of those doctrinal opinions which are too abstracted for vulgar apprehension, yet it will be found, that there are speculative notions, which, as they require no great improvement of understanding to be comprehended, are adopted as axioms as soon as proposed, and permitted to influence the conduct of life. He who is a convert to Materialism, a doctrine of late unhappily recommended by virtuous and well-meaning writers, will certainly lose some restraints which operated favourably on his morals. It is true, the writer who thus gives it all the recommendation his

subtily can supply, though he speaks the dictates of conviction, is, perhaps, not apparently corrupted. But a reasonable cause may be assigned for his escaping the effect of the poison which he bears about him. He is probably a man of letters; leads a life remote from violent temptations; has acquired habits of virtue; and, perhaps, from the practice of reasoning and disputation, can maintain or explode opinions which concern the most important interests of his fellow-creatures with all the indifference of a by-stander. But his opinions are plausibly supported: they are pleasing to the lover of novelty; they afford a fancied consolation to the vicious; and they are read by those who want a sanction for flagitious conduct, who wish to be furnished with arguments to make proselytes to vice, and who are desirous of silencing the voice of conscience by the fallacies of sophistry. They are read by the young and the gay, as a system of philosophy newly discovered, which far surpasses the antiquated doctrines of the received moralist, and as favourable to those ideas, which are eagerly embraced, on the expediency or lawfulness of unlimited indulgence.

That ridicule is an infallible criterion of truth, is an opinion, from its peculiar correspondence with the taste of the greater part of mankind, much more prevalent than Materialism, and therefore more detrimental, in the common intercourse of life, as well as in religion.

Men destitute of delicacy, and that solid merit which is usually accompanied with diffidence, often rise to the highest eminence, acquire the largest fortunes, fill the most important offices, and give law to the sentiments as well as practice of others. These, judging from themselves, have no adequate idea of the dignity of human nature, and the comparative perfection of which it is capable. They, perhaps, have been uniformly vicious, yet have had the temporal reward of virtue; they have been ignorant, yet have been admired for their wisdom; they have despised all the precepts of moral philosophy, and by dint of that effrontery which natural want of feeling inspires, have raised themselves to fame and fortune. Bold through the natural presumption of ignorance, and still farther elated by success, by the flattery, by the attentions which are paid to the most undeserving prosperity, they learn to laugh at all the serious part of the world, who are defraud-

ing their genius, as it is called, in the rigid servitude of a fanciful virtue.

No wonder, then, that ridicule prevails in the lower orders; for rank, fortune, and spirit, without the least portion of learning and philosophy, are at any time able to raise a multitude of admirers, and to establish a fashion. When men, with very few other recommendations than the absence of modesty, become the leaders of a nation, a taste for RIDICULE, or, in other words, a malicious desire of levelling the exaltation of indigent virtue to the standard of worthless grandeur, will become general. This taste, which tends to vilify all that can adorn and ennoble a human creature, has been too common in every long-established and corrupted community. He must have remarked but little, who has not seen its baneful influence in our own times and country. All the cardinal virtues, if the efforts of certain gross spirits could prevail, would be laughed out of countenance, and no semblance of them be left amongst us, but the unsubstantial phantom MODERN HONOUR.

Let us trace the progress of some ingenuous youth, emerging from an uncorrupted seminary to his station in the active world. In the retirements of study he has formed advantageous ideas of that life on which he is now to enter. His heart glows with virtuous and benevolent purposes. He has been reading of legislators, heroes, philosophers, patriots, men who shine with lustre in the page of history, and who derive all their splendour from their virtue. He longs to emulate them. He values himself little on his birth or fortune, if he has them, but owns he feels a conscious dignity arising from his acquirements, his learning, his comprehensive views, his liberal and disinterested intentions. He loves fame, and hopes to obtain by deserving it.

Thus principled, suppose him introduced, where his fortune leads him, among men of fashion and pleasure, assembled at their usual places of resort; a club, a horse-race, a gaming-house, or a watering-place. He is struck dumb with astonishment. He finds he has hitherto dwelt on a fairy ground, where all was enchantment. The fancied scene is vanished. He feels himself awkward. His accomplishments are either not understood, not valued, or have no opportunities of display. At first he is coldly neglected; and, at last, when personal

acquaintance has taken place, he is considered as a novice, greatly to be pitied for his simplicity, but who may improve in time. Some kind instructor undertakes the office, and employs RIDICULE, as the most efficacious method of succeeding in it. He finds it necessary to submit to such initiation, before he can be admitted upon equal terms. He yields; though not without a sigh of regret, to think that he must divest himself of all those sentiments which he once hoped would raise him to the rank of the worthies whom he admired in books, and cannot help lamenting that he must study degeneracy. Self abasement is an easy task. He descends from the invidious height of virtue, and is received with pleasure by his relenting companions. In his turn, he learns to despise what he once admired, and contributes, by his advice and example, to strengthen the formidable phalanx of envious laughers. He becomes a joker, a buffoon, a satirist, a mere man of the world; and perhaps is really so much degraded by contagion, as to judge these characters more valuable than that of the modest scholar, the good man, and the calm philosopher. He is no longer the man of virtue, but he is the man of fashion, or high TON, as it is called, which he is taught to deem a nobler distinction.

All the useful and amiable qualities which sweeten the private and domestic circle, have occasionally been put out of countenance by the prevalence of the doctrine, that ridicule is the test of truth in common life. Conjugal attachment, and fidelity, filial regard, regular industry, prudent economy, sincerity in friendship, delicate scruples, benevolence and beneficence, have been destroyed by the pretender to jocularly, who, from the malignant feelings of envy, has been prompted to bestow on them some ridiculous appellation, called a nick-name.

The effect of ridicule cannot but be powerful among the young and inexperienced. It is a remark often made, that the man is found to degenerate from the excellence which distinguished him when a boy. In the walks of literary life, instances are frequent of those who, though they were the boast of their school, appear with no superiority of merit, when they are advanced to higher seminaries, or introduced into the world. To ridicule, for the most part, they owe their degradation.

Their pre-eminence excites the envy of their contemporaries, who naturally endeavour to obscure that lustre which burns them with its blaze. They at first value themselves on those talents or acquisitions, of the worth of which their companions have no adequate conception. They are received at their college with contempt. Their remarks are attended to with a sneer, and their solemnity, as a decent deportment is called, becomes the subject of perpetual laughter. A nickname, the usual production of envy, is appropriated to them. They are shunned, as involving their companions in their own absurdity and consequent disgrace. This last is more than they can bear. They lay aside the appearance of virtuous emulation, and the reality soon follows. They studiously unlearn all that rendered them truly valuable; and, when they have debased themselves to a certain pitch, they are received with open arms, and are united with their company by the strong assimilation of congenial natures.

Genius, virtue, learning, are often distinguished by a delicacy of mind, which wears the appearance and produces the effects of infirmity. They are easily overruled, if not convinced, by the noisy antagonist, who makes up in clamour what he wants in argument, and gains the victory by dint of leathern lungs and nerves of iron. A horse-laugh, set up by a circle of fox-hunters, would overpower the best poet or philosopher whom the world ever admired. The modest Virgil, we are told, could not stand the attacks of scoffing ridicule; and wisdom has ever sought the shade, where the impertinence of the great or little vulgar seldom intruded. Cruel as it is to distress sensibility, and injurious to mankind to render worth contemptible, we often observe persons of character joining in the laugh against modest merit. In the moment of social enjoyment, many do not give themselves time to reflect on the consequence of their mirth; and, perhaps, with no other intention than that of promoting convivial merriment, they often hurt the feelings and interests of individuals, as well as the most important ends of civilized society.

From the desire of furnishing matter for conversation, and supporting its vivacity, some evils certainly arise, which at first view appear to proceed from malignant causes. The tale of scandal, though

usually supposed to be the genuine effect of malevolence, is often produced by thoughtless levity, and an unwillingness to sit in company without supplying a share of entertainment. The railery which is sometimes played off with success by the shallowest, yet boldest, of the company, against persons of real merit, is not always the result of a detracting spirit, but of a fondness for coarse mirth, and an inability to let slip those opportunities for indulging it, which genius and learning, from an inattention to trifling accomplishments, are frequently thought to supply.

To be cheerful is indispensably necessary to the mutual participation of the pleasures of social intercourse. To be merry, if it is often desirable, is not always necessary. Let mirth, however, be uncontrolled while it is tempered with the wisdom not to hurt those who deserve caresses and reward; and not to sully the dignity, and wound the feelings, of unaffected virtue, by the wanton sallies of buffoonery.

Before I leave this subject, I would willingly obviate one prevailing error. Great laughers are usually called extremely good-natured. I believe they are often particularly proud and malicious: for, as they well know, there is no method of gratifying pride and malice more effectual than RIDICULE. *Knox's Essays.*

§ 94. *On the Value of an Honest Man.*

It is the folly and misfortune of human nature to prefer the present to the future, the agreeable to the useful, the shining to the solid. We admire wit, beauty, wealth, titles, and all that sparkles with the brilliancy of external lustre; and though we probably approve the plain and homely virtues which form the foundation of all real excellence, it is with the cold feelings of unimpassioned judgment. But in youth, when our choice in life is usually fixed, we are much more disposed to pursue what we admire than what we only approve; and the consequence is, that the greater number form the earliest and most durable attachments to vanity. Sober maxims, rules of prudence, dictates of justice, plain truth, simplicity of manners, constancy in friendship, and regularity in business, appear with few charms in the eyes of him who pants for the noble distinctions of being remarked at public places for elegance of dress, admired for the most splendid vehicle, cele-

brated for his wit at a masquerade, smiled upon at court, and at length, perhaps, rewarded with a title, a riband, and a star. To obtain such bliss, far other qualifications are necessary than the antiquated virtues of one's grandfather. The business must be done by dress, address, and in short, the graces, the graces, the graces! With respect to honesty, I have somewhere read, that a man of honour, on hearing honesty attributed to his fashionable friend, expressed some degree of displeasure at the panegyric, and declared that such a compliment was only fit for his footman. Our first question concerning a gentleman whose character we wish to learn, is seldom, Is he honest? but, Is he rich? Is he a man of fashion, spirit, ton, or a bon vivant?

Now there have been of late, and indeed at all times, many men of fashion totally destitute of moral honesty. They have possessed every personal grace, and every pleasing accomplishment. They could sing, dance, and play on musical instruments. They could converse with the grave and the gay, and adapt all their sentiments to the present company. They had that freedom which is called charming, and which enabled them to push themselves into all companies, and accost men of rank and character by their surnames, and without any respectful addition. All this could not fail to excite the praise of the ladies, and the envy of the gentlemen. But in the end it has been, in several notorious instances, found that these charming men, with the appearance of whatever is good and agreeable, have been the first to overreach in a bargain, exceedingly successful in the profession of swindling, and particularly adroit at a forgery.

So despicable and detestable do the characters of such men appear on detection, that I cannot help thinking honesty is the best ornament, as well as the best policy. It is, indeed, a diamond of the first water; while all the showy, dazzling, unsubstantial qualities which the artful assume for the purposes of deceit, are no more than French paste, or paltry glass, at once both tawdry, brittle, and vile.

I would recommend unfeigned honesty as ornamental; because such is the present state of manners, it is infinitely more likely to be pursued and valued by the majority of mankind, when they think it will conciliate the love and admiration of

each other, than when they view it merely as a moral excellence. The man of reading, reflection, and a cultivated mind, will want no motives to pursue it but those which are suggested by his own conscience and the delicacy of his sentiments. But to the mass of mankind, composed of all ages, all ranks, all tempers, all professions, all parties, and all religions, it is necessary to render any particular virtue which the moralist wishes to promote, both lovely and honourable. Interest, passion, and fancy, must be taught, if possible, to second the decisions of reason. She is too often deposed by her refractory subjects, whose obedience, indeed, is seldom to be relied on, but when it is in some degree spontaneous.

It cannot surely be denied, that the quality which pervades every part of human life, and tends immediately to render it secure, comfortable, and honourable, is itself one of the most honourable which can be possessed by a human creature; and such is that uncelebrated virtue, plain unassuming moral honesty. Without it, society is a den of thieves, and men are to each other wolves and foxes.

Every day's experience evinces the justness of that representation in the Scriptures, in which it is said, that the heart is deceitful above all things, who can know it? In the most trifling intercourse, where neither pleasure nor profit are in view, the propensity to deceit appears in the little promises, professions, compliments, which are mutually made, usually without any sincerity of regard, and often with real and inveterate aversion. But where interest is in view, the machinations made use of for the accomplishment of mean and mercenary purposes are often such as might characterize an infernal agent. Plausibility is, at the same time, worn as a cloak; and he who has a design on your purse, your life, or your country, will assume all the appearance of cordial friendship and unpolluted honour. It is well known, that the graces, the agreeable qualities, as they are called, and the appearance of the most amiable virtues, have been possessed in perfection by men who finished their lives with ignominy as victims of the law.

Indeed, this common honesty, as it is named, is far less common than our pride is willing to suppose; but if it could be introduced into all the employments of life, the golden age would be restored.

Happy state! but, alas, it is imaginary! It might, however, I am convinced, in some degree be realized, if due care were taken in education to render the least tendency to deceit disgraceful and obnoxious to punishment; and every ingenuous, open, honest action honourable; for honour is the nurse of the virtues, as well as of the arts. Instead of which, the writings of some modern instructors tend immediately to recommend every species of deceit at that early age, when a little evil sown in the bosom by the tutor cannot fail to take root, and grow to a stupendous magnitude.

Early and late, by night and by day, in season and out of season, as the Scripture strongly expresses it, I would inculcate in the breast of boys the just remark of the moral poet, that an honest man is the noblest work of God. *Knox's Essays.*

§ 95. *A short System of Virtue and Happiness.*

I will suppose a virtuous young man forming in his mind the principles of his future conduct, and uttering the result of his reflections in the following soliloquy:--

"At the age when I am approaching to maturity of reason, I perceive myself placed in a world abounding with external objects; and I also perceive within me faculties and passions formed to be powerfully excited and affected by them. I am naturally tempted to interrogate myself, What am I? whence came I? and whither am I going?

"With a view to satisfy my own inquiries, I consider others who appear to be like myself; I listen to the instruction of those who have obtained a reputation for wisdom; and I examine, with serious attention, the volumes in which are written the words of the wise.

"The result of the whole inquiry is a sincere conviction that I am placed here to perform many duties; that I originate from a supreme Creator; and that I am going on in the journey of life, to accomplish some of his gracious purposes at the close of it, as well as in its progress.

"I divide my duty into three parts, according to the suggestions of my own reason and the instruction of books. They consist of the obligations which I owe to myself, to others, and to Him in whose hands are both they and I, the great Lord of the universe.

"With respect to myself, as I consist

of two parts, a body and a mind, my duty to myself again separates itself into two correspondent subdivisions. My body is a machine curiously organized, and easily deranged by excess and irregularity. When disturbed in its economy, it subjects me to pain, and disables me from all necessary and pleasant exertion. I owe it, therefore, to myself, to taste the cup, and partake the banquet, and gratify all my senses, no farther than those limits which are obviously prescribed by reason and experience. I farther learn from the religion of my country, that my body is the temple of the Holy Spirit. Viewed in this light, to pollute it with sensual sin, cannot but be blasphemy; to devote myself, then, to gluttony, drunkenness, and debauchery, is at once to deaden the growing energies of spiritual life, and to weaken and destroy the subordinate yet necessary parts of me, my animal and material fabric; it is to shorten life, and to disable me from performing the duties of life, while life continues.

"But I have a mind as well as a body, a mind capable of rising to high improvements by culture, and of sinking to a brutal stupidity by neglect. I will make use of all the advantages of education. I will devote my hours of leisure to reading and reflection. Elegant letters, as well as useful science, shall claim my attention; for all that tends to polish the mind, tends also to sweeten the temper, and to mitigate the remains of natural ferocity.

"My mind, as well as my body, is greatly concerned in avoiding intemperance. Eating to excess clouds its brightness, blunts its edge, and drags it down to all the grossness of a material substance. Intemperate drinking not only reduces it at the time of its immediate influence to a state of brutality, but gradually destroys its vigour. The sensual indulgences in general, when they are inordinate and excessive, debase, corrupt, and brutalize the rational soul. Their delights are transient, their pains severe, and of long duration.

"Instead, then, of running into the danger of temptation during the ardour of my youth, I will fly from the conflict in which my own passions are sure to fight against me, and will probably betray me to the enemy. I see, indeed, thousands pursuing pleasure, and professing to have found it in perfection in the haunts of debauchery. But I see them but for a little while. Like the silly insect that flutters

with delight around the taper, they soon receive some fatal injury in their minds, their persons, or their fortunes, and drop in irrecoverable ruin. I am too much inclined to vice, from the depravity of my nature, and the violence of my passions. I will not add fuel to the fire, nor increase the violence of that natural tempest within me, which of itself is sufficient to accomplish my destruction.

“But, at the same time, I will not be a cynic.—The world abounds with innocent enjoyments. The kind God of nature, it is evident, from their existence, and from the capacities I possess, intended that I should taste them. But moderation is essential to true pleasure. My own experience, and the experience of mankind from their origin, has declared that whenever pleasure exceeds the bounds of moderation, it is not only highly injurious, but soon becomes disgusting. In order to enjoy pleasure, I see the necessity of pursuing some business with attention. The vicissitude is necessary to excite an appetite and give a relish. Nay, the very performance of creditable and useful business, with skill and success, is attended with a delightful satisfaction, which few of the most boasted pleasures are able to confer.

“While I take care of myself, of my health, of my improvement in morals and understanding, I will not harbour pride, or look down with superciliousness or ill-nature on those who live, as it were, at random, and who acknowledge no other guide of their conduct but the sudden impulse of a temporary inclination. With all my improvements and endeavours, I shall still feel imperfections enough to humble me. Candour and humility are some of the least fallible marks of sound sense and sincere virtue. I shall have sufficient employment in correcting myself; nor shall I presume to censure others, unless my profession or relative situation renders it my duty.

“My duty to myself is, indeed, intimately connected with my duty to others. By preserving the faculties of my mind and body, and by improving them to the utmost, I am enabled to exert them with effect in the service of society.

“I am connected with others by the ties of consanguinity and friendship, and by the common bond of partaking in the same humanity. As a son, I shall be tender and dutiful; as a brother, zealously

and uniformly kind; as a husband, faithful, tender, and affectionate; as a father, gentle and provident; as a man, benevolent to men in whatever circumstances, and however separated from me by country, religion, or government.

“But universal benevolence must not be an inactive principle. If it proceed not to real beneficence, from sentiment to actions, I fear it will have more in it of ostentation than of sincerity. I will, then, prove its sincerity by doing good, and removing evil of every kind, as far as my abilities allow me, as my influence extends, and opportunities are offered.

“But before I pretend to generosity, I will be strictly just. Truth shall regulate my words, and equity my actions. If I am engaged in a profession, I will do the duties of it; if in merchandise, I will take no advantage of the ignorant, nor debase my character, nor wound my conscience, for the sake of lucre. In all my intercourse with society, I will recollect that heavenly precept of doing to others as I wish they should to me, and will endeavour to obey it. I may, I certainly shall, offend from the violence of my passions, the weakness of my judgment, the perverseness of my will, and from mistake and misapprehension. But while I keep the evangelical rule in view, and sincerely labour to conform to it, I shall seldom commit such offences against others as will be either permanently or deeply injurious.

“With respect to my duty to my Creator, I derive an argument in favour of religion from the feelings of my own bosom, superior to the most elaborate subtleties of human ingenuity. In the hour of distress, my heart as naturally flies for succour to the Deity, as, when hungry and thirsty, I seek food and water, or, when weary, repose. In religion I look for comfort, and in religion I always find it. Devotion supplies me with a pure and exalted pleasure. It elevates my soul, and teaches me to look down with a proper contempt upon many objects which are eagerly sought, but which end in misery. In this respect, and in many others, it effects, in the best and most commendous method, what has been in vain pretended to by proud philosophy.

“And in selecting a mode or peculiar system of religion, I shall consider what that was in which my father lived and died. I find it to have been the religion of Christ. I examine it with reverence.

I encounter many difficulties ; but, at the same time I feel within me an internal evidence, which, uniting its force with the external, forbids me to disbelieve. When involuntary doubts arise, I immediately silence their importunity by recollecting the weakness of my judgment, and the vain presumption of hastily deciding on the most important of all subjects, against such powerful evidence, and against the major part of the best and wisest men, in regions of the earth the most illuminated.

“ I will learn humility of the humble Jesus, and gratefully accept the beneficial doctrines and glorious offers which his benign religion reaches out to all who sincerely seek him by prayer and penitence.

“ In vain shall the conceited philosophers, whom fashion and ignorance admire, attempt to weaken my belief, or undermine the principles of my morality. Without their aid, I can be sufficiently wicked, and sufficiently miserable. Human life abounds with evil. I will seek balsams for the wounds of the heart in the sweets of innocence, and in the consolations of religion. Virtue, I am convinced, is the noblest ornament of humanity, and the source of the sublimest and the sweetest pleasure ; and piety leads to that peace, which the world, and all that it possesses, cannot bestow. Let others enjoy the pride and pleasure of being called philosophers, deists, and sceptics ; be mine the real, unostentatious qualities of the honest, humble, and charitable Christian. When the gaudy glories of fashion and of vain philosophy shall have withered like a short-lived flower, sincere piety and moral honesty shall flourish as the cedar of Lebanon.

“ But I repress my triumphs. After all my improvements, and all my desires of perfection, I shall still be greatly defective. Therefore, to whatever degree of excellence I advance, let me never forget to show to others that indulgence, which my infirmities, my errors, and my voluntary misconduct, will require both from them and from mine and their Almighty and most Merciful Father.”

Knox's Essays.

§ 96. *An Address to a young Scholar, supposed to be in the Course of a liberal Education at School.*

Your parents have watched over your helpless infancy, and conducted you, with many a pang, to an age at which your

mind is capable of manly improvement. Their solicitude still continues, and no trouble nor expense is spared in giving you all the instructions and accomplishments which may enable you to act your part in life as a man of polished sense and confirmed virtue. You have, then, already contracted a great debt of gratitude to them. You can pay it by no other method but by using the advantages which their goodness has afforded you.

If your endeavours are deficient, it is in vain that you have tutors, books, and all the external apparatus of literary pursuits. You must love learning, if you intend to possess it. In order to love it, you must feel its delights ; in order to feel its delights, you must apply to it, however irksome at first, closely, constantly, and for a considerable time. If you have resolution enough to do this, you cannot but love learning ; for the mind always loves that to which it has been long, steadily, and voluntarily attentive. Habits are formed, which render what was at first disagreeable, not only pleasant, but necessary.

Pleasant, indeed, are all the paths which lead to polite and elegant literature. Yours, then, is surely a lot particularly happy. Your education is of such a sort, that its principal scope is to prepare you to receive a refined pleasure during your life. Elegance, or delicacy of taste, is one of the first objects of a classical discipline ; and it is this fine quality which opens a new world to the scholar's view. Elegance of taste has a connexion with many virtues, and all of them virtues of the most amiable kind. It tends to render you at once good and agreeable. You must, therefore, be an enemy to your own enjoyments, if you enter on the discipline which leads to the attainment of a classical and liberal education with reluctance. Value duly the opportunities you enjoy, and which are denied to thousands of your fellow-creatures.

Without exemplary diligence you will make but a contemptible proficiency. You may, indeed, pass through the forms of schools and universities, but you will receive nothing away from them of real value. The proper sort and degree of diligence you cannot possess, but by the efforts of your own resolution. Your instructor may, indeed, confine you within the walls of a school a certain number of hours. He may place books before you,

and compel you to fix your eyes upon them; but no authority can chain down your mind. Your thoughts will escape from every external restraint, and, amidst the most serious lectures, may be ranging in the wild pursuit of trifles or vice. Rules, restraints, commands, and punishments, may, indeed, assist in strengthening your resolution; but, without your own voluntary choice, your diligence will not often conduce to your pleasure or advantage. Though this truth is obvious, yet it seems to be a secret to those parents who expect to find their son's improvement increase in proportion to the number of tutors and external assistances which their opulence has enabled them to provide. These assistances, indeed, are sometimes afforded, chiefly that the young heir to a title or estate may indulge himself in idleness and nominal pleasures. The lesson is construed to him, and the exercise written for him, by the private tutor, while the hapless youth is engaged in some ruinous pleasure, which at the same time prevents him from learning any thing desirable, and leads to the formation of destructive habits, which can seldom be removed.

But the principal obstacle to improvement at your school, especially if you are too plentifully supplied with money, is a perverse ambition of being distinguished as a boy of spirit in mischievous pranks, in neglecting the tasks and lessons, and for every vice and irregularity which the puerile age can admit. You will have sense enough, I hope, to discover, beneath the mask of gaiety and good-nature, that malignant spirit of detraction, which endeavours to render the boy who applies to books, and to all the duties and proper business of the school, ridiculous. You will see, by the light of your reason, that the ridicule is misapplied. You will discover that the boys who have recourse to ridicule, are, for the most part, stupid, unfeeling, ignorant and vicious. Their noisy folly, their bold confidence, their contempt of learning, and their defiance of authority, are, for the most part, the genuine effects of hardened insensibility. Let not their insults and ill-treatment dispirit you. If you yield to them with a tame and abject submission, they will not fail to triumph over you with additional insolence. Display a fortitude in your pursuits equal in degree to the obstinacy in which they persist in theirs. Your

fortitude will soon overcome theirs, which is seldom any thing more than the audacity of a bully. Indeed, you cannot go through a school with ease to yourself, and with success, without a considerable share of courage. I do not mean that sort of courage which leads to battles and contentions, but which enables you to have a will of your own, and to pursue what is right amidst all the persecutions of surrounding envious, dunces, and detractors. Ridicule is the weapon made use of at school, as well as in the world, when the fortresses of virtue are to be assailed. You will effectually repel the attack by a dauntless spirit and unyielding perseverance. Though numbers are against you, yet, with truth and rectitude on your side, you may be *IPSE AGMEN*; though alone, yet equal to an army.

By laying in a store of useful knowledge, adorning your mind with elegant literature, improving and establishing your conduct by virtuous principles, you cannot fail of being a comfort to those friends who have supported you, of being happy within yourself, and of being well received by mankind. Honour and success in life would probably attend you. Under all circumstances you will have an internal source of consolation and entertainment, of which no sublunary vicissitude can deprive you. Time shows how much wiser is your choice than that of your idle companions, who would gladly have drawn you into their association, or rather into their conspiracy, as it has been called, against good manners, and against all that is honourable and useful. While you appear in society as a respectable and valuable member of it, they have sacrificed at the shrine of vanity, pride, extravagance, and false pleasure, their health and their sense, their fortunes and their characters.

Knox's Essays.

§ 97. *On Goodness of Heart.*

Whoever has made accurate observations on men and manners, will easily perceive that the praise of goodness of heart is usually accompanied with an oblique insinuation of intellectual imbecility. I believe him to be a well-meaning man, says the malignant panegyrist, and if there is any fault in him, it will be found rather in his head than in his heart. Nothing could be better contrived by a crafty and envious world to render the amiable quality, good nature, contemptible, than

to represent it as the effect or as the companion of folly.

It is, indeed, true, that innocence and integrity are usually accompanied with simplicity; not, however, with that sort of simplicity which is sometimes synonymous with folly; but with a generosity and openness of heart, which had rather lose its objects than obtain them by deceit; which leads the tongue boldly to speak what the heart honestly conceives. If we weigh the satisfactions of an open and upright conduct, of a clear conscience, and of that liberty which we enjoy by thinking, speaking, and acting, without mean and servile restraints, it will, I believe, be found, that this simplicity is true wisdom, and that the cunning of the worldly wise is real and egregious imprudence.

Goodness of heart, whether it be a natural or acquired goodness, is indeed, in every respect, the highest excellence. It is the only quality which can rescue human nature from the disgrace and misery of its wretched weaknesses, and its powerful tendencies to evil. It raises the poor worm that otherwise crawls on a dunghill, and stings and bites his wretched companions, to an exalted place in the scale of being, and causes him to assimilate with the divine nature.

I shall exhibit to my youthful readers, whose hearts are yet susceptible of whatever bias they choose to give them, two characters; in one of which appeared goodness of heart, and in the other worldly wisdom or cunning, or the art of pleasing for the sake of profit. If any one should hesitate in choosing whether of the two shall be his model, he need not hesitate at beginning a reformation of himself, for he may depend upon it, that his own heart stands greatly in need of amendment.

Serpens (for such let us suppose to be his name) has persuaded himself that he sees farther into things than the rest of his species. He considers religion as priest-craft, morality as the invention of politicians, and taste and literature as the amusement of fools. His philosophy, and all his better pursuits and ideas, are circumscribed within limits extremely narrow. Pleasure and interest are his chief good, his only objects of serious pursuit; and in the attainment of these he is not scrupulously delicate. There is, indeed, no virtue or good quality, the appearance of which he does not assume; because, while

mankind are weak enough to judge and esteem men according to moral and religious prejudices, a plausible appearance is essentially necessary to success in life. External decency is his highest aim. Sincerity or sound principles would but retard his purposes. Compassion he never felt, and is equally a stranger to love and friendship, though he is always professing them to persons of fortune and distinction, whom he idolizes with religious adoration; and this is the only sentiment which he feels bordering upon religion.

By a life spent in abject servility, in courting a capricious world, in deceiving the credulous, in contriving schemes of advantage or pleasure, and in hardening his conscience, he has, at last, in his fiftieth year, obtained some promotion, and accumulated a handsome sum of money. But he cannot enjoy it, now he is possessed of it. The same greedy selfishness which taught him to debase his soul in pursuing interest and private gratification, still operates on his conduct, and renders him a complete miser. Though he has long enjoyed a competency, he never had spirit enough to marry. He was afraid of the expense. He hates his relations, because he thinks they expect his fortune at his decease. He has made no real friends, though he has deceived thousands by professing friendship, for the easier accomplishment of his dirty designs. All the neighbours detest him; and he envies every one of them who appears to be happier than himself, which, indeed, they all do; for his heart is torn with malignity, with fears, anxieties, and covetousness. He bears, however, the character of a shrewd and sensible man; one who knows the world, and learned at an early age to make it his bubble. His advice is considered as an oracle in all pecuniary business; and no attorney would be half so much consulted, if he did not render himself almost inaccessible by the moroseness of his temper. As, in his youth, he was all submission and gentleness, and perfectly skilled in the celebrated art of pleasing; so now, when the mask is no longer necessary, his natural disposition breaks out in all its horrid deformity. But the misery which he occasions to all around him falls upon himself, by the just retribution of Providence. The heart which has been the receptacle of every vice and every meanness, is always the seat of uneasy sensation. The stupid in-

sensibility with respect to the finer feelings, which usually characterizes that sort of shrewd men who are celebrated in the world as men who *know things so well*, may, indeed, guard them from pungent affliction; but it is itself a curse most devoutly to be deprecated.

Simplicius was the son of parents remarkable for the piety and regularity of their lives. He received a liberal education in its most comprehensive form, and found every moral instruction which he derived from books, and from his preceptor, confirmed by example at home. All his delicate sensibilities were gradually nursed to a state of perfection by the innocence and temperance of his life; by the piety and virtue of his family, in which such respect was paid to him while a boy, that not a word that could convey a loose or improper idea was ever uttered in his presence. He married early, and obeyed the dictates of his heart in selecting a most amiable woman, of beauty, sense, and temper, but of little or no fortune. The shrewd and wise men of the world laughed and pitied. Simplicius, however, had never any reason to repent. His children are his chief delight; but he loves his friends with sincere and unalterable affection; and there is no species of distress which he does not pity and relieve to the best of his power. The amiableness of his manners, and the regularity of his conduct, gave him the advantage of character, the want of which can seldom be supplied by any worldly policy. With this powerful recommendation he has made his way to eminence, and enjoys his success with the truest relish. It is, indeed, unembittered by any consciousness of sinister modes in securing it. He always proceeded in the straight road of common sense and honesty. He knew of no obliquities; for, indeed, he found the art of life very plain and easy, and by no means such as requires the precepts of a Chesterfield. His heart and his understanding are both excellent, and, co-operating with each other, have conducted him to happiness through the flowery paths of innocence. His own bosom has been a perpetual spring of agreeable sensations to himself, and to all who were so fortunate as to be allied to him by kindred, by affinity, by acquaintance, or in the course of his negotiations. A good conscience will cause the evening of life to close in

the sweetest serenity, as the day has been distinguished by unclouded sunshine.

Whatever the short-sighted votaries of avarice and ambition may assert, there is no doubt but that real goodness of heart is the noblest ornament of human nature, and the least fallible source of permanent satisfaction. I have often therefore lamented, that, in the course of what is called a liberal education, very little attention has been paid at our best schools to the culture of the heart. While good seeds have been sown in the understanding, the heart has been suffered to be overrun with weeds and briars. In truth, learning and abilities, without goodness of heart, constitute that kind of wisdom which is foolishness in the sight of reason and of God. Without goodness of heart, man, however accomplished; is so far from being but a little lower than the angels, that he is scarcely above the accursed spirits, and by no means equal to many of the brutes, dogs in particular, who often exhibit most amiable instances of a good heart in the virtues of gratitude, sincere affection, and fidelity.

Knox's Essays.

§ 98. *A Letter to a young Nobleman, soon after his leaving School.*

DEAN BOLTON.

SIR,

The obligations I have to your family, cannot but make me solicitous for the welfare of every member of it, and for that of yourself in particular, on whom its honours are to descend.

Such instructions and such examples, as it has been your happiness to find, must, necessarily, raise great expectations of you, and will not allow you any praise for a common degree of merit. You will not be thought to have worth, if you have not a distinguished worth, and what may suit the concurrence of so many extraordinary advantages.

In low life, our good or bad qualities are known to few—to those only who are related to us, who converse with, or live near us. In your station, you are exposed to the notice of a kingdom. The excellencies or defects of a youth of quality make a part of polite conversation—area topic agreeable to all who have been liberally educated; to all who are not amongst the meanest of the people.

Should I, in any company, begin a

character of my friend with the hard name, whom I hope you left well at —, they would naturally ask me, What relation he bore to the Emperor's minister? When I answered, That I had never heard of his bearing any; that all I knew of him was, his being the son of a German merchant, sent into this kingdom for education; I probably should be thought impertinent, for introducing such a subject; and I certainly should soon be obliged to drop it, or be wholly disregarded, were I unwise enough to continue it.

But if, upon a proper occasion, I mentioned, that I had known the Honourable — from his infancy, and that I had made such observations on his capacity, his application, his attainments, and his general conduct, as induced me to conclude, he would one day be an eminent ornament and a very great blessing to his country, I should have an hundred questions asked me about him—my narrative would appear of consequence to all who heard it, and would not fail to engage their attention.

I have, I must own, often wondered, that the consideration of the numbers, who are continually remarking the behaviour of the persons of rank among us, has had so little influence upon them—has not produced a quite different effect from what, alas! we every where sadly experience.

Negligere quid de se quisque sentiat, non solum arrogantis est, sed etiam omnino dissoluti. I need not tell you where the remark is: it has, indeed, so much obvious truth, that it wants no support from authority. Every generous principle must be extinct in him, who knows that it is said of him, or that it justly may be said of him—How different is this young man from his noble father: the latter took every course that could engage the public esteem: the former is as industrious to forfeit it. The sire was a patron of religion, virtue, and every commendable quality: his descendant is an impious, ignorant, profligate wretch; raised above others, but to have his folly more public—high in his rank, only to extend his infamy.

A thirst after fame may have its inconveniences, but which are by no means equal to those that attend a contempt of it. Our earnestness in its pursuit may possibly slacken our pursuit of true desert; but indifferent we cannot be to reputation, without being so to virtue.

In these remarks you, Sir, are no far-

ther concerned, than as you must, sometimes, converse with the persons to whom they may be applied, and your detestation of whom one cannot do too much to increase. *Bad examples* may justly raise our fears even for him, who has been the most wisely educated, and is the most happily disposed: no caution against them is superfluous: in the place, in which you are at present, you will meet with them in all shapes.

Under whatever disadvantages I offer you my advice, I am thus far qualified for giving it, that I have *experienced* some of the dangers which will be your trial, and had sufficient *opportunity* of observing others. The observations I have made, that are at all likely to be of service to you, either from their own weight, or the hints they may afford for your improving upon them, I cannot conceal from you. What comes from him who wishes you so well, and so much esteems you, will be sufficiently recommended by its motives; and may, therefore, possibly be read with a partiality in its favour, that shall make it of more use than it could be of from any intrinsic worth.

But, without further preface or apology, let me proceed to the points that I think deserving your more particular consideration; and begin with what, certainly, should, above all other things, be considered—RELIGION. It is, indeed, what every man says he has more or less considered: and by this, every man acknowledges its importance: yet, when we inquire into the consideration that has been given it, we can hardly persuade ourselves, that a point of the least consequence could be so treated. To our examination here we usually sit down *resolved*, how far our *conviction* shall extend.

In the pursuit of natural or mathematical knowledge we engage, disposed to take things as we find them—to let our assent be directed by the evidence we meet with: but the doctrines of religion each inspects, not in order to inform himself what he ought to believe and practise; but to reconcile them with his present faith and way of life—with the passions he favours—with the habits he has contracted.

And that this is, really, the case, is evident, from the little alteration there is in the manners of any, when they know as much of religion as they ever intend to know. You see them the same persons as formerly; they are only furnished with

arguments, or excuses, they had not before thought of; or with objections to any rules of life differing from those by which they guide themselves: which objections they often judge the only defence their own practice stands in need of.

I am sure, Sir, that to one of your understanding, the absurdity of such a way of proceeding can want no proof; and that your bare attention to it is your sufficient guard against it.

Religion is either founded wholly on the fears and fancies of mankind, or it is, of all matters, the most serious, the weightiest, the most worthy of our regard. There is no mean. Is it a dream, and no more? Let the human race abandon, then, all pretences to reason. What we call such is but the more exquisite sense of upright, unclad, two-legged brutes; and that is the best you can say of us. We then are brutes, and so much more wretched than other brutes, as destined to the miseries they feel not, and deprived of the happiness they enjoy; by our foresight anticipating our calamities, by our reflection recalling them—Our being is without an aim; we can have no purpose, no design, but what we ourselves must sooner or later despise. We are formed either to drudge for a life, that, upon such a condition, is not worth our preserving; or to run a circle of enjoyments, the censure of *all* which is, that we cannot long be pleased with *any one of them*. Disinterestedness, generosity, public spirit, are idle, empty sounds; terms, which imply no more, than that we should neglect our own happiness to promote that of others.

What Tully has observed on the connexion there is between religion, and the virtues which are the chief support of society, is, I am persuaded, well known to you.

A proper regard to social duties wholly depends on the influence that religion has upon us. Destroy, in mankind, all hopes and fears, respecting any future state; you instantly let them loose to all the methods likely to promote their immediate convenience. They, who think they have only the present hour to trust to, will not be withheld, by any refined considerations, from doing what appears to them certain to make it pass with greater satisfaction.

Now, methinks, a calm and impartial inquirer could never determine that to be a visionary scheme, the full persuasion of

the truth of which approves our existence a wise design—gives order and regularity to our life—places an end in our view, confessedly the noblest that can engage it—raises our nature—exempts us from a servitude to our passions, equally debasing and tormenting us—affords us the truest enjoyment of ourselves—puts us on the due improvement of our faculties—corrects our selfishness—calls us to be of use to our fellow creatures, to become public blessings—inspires us with true courage, with sentiments of real honour and generosity—inclines us to be such, in every relation, as suits the peace and prosperity of society—derives an uniformity to our whole conduct, and makes satisfaction its inseparable attendant—directs us to a course of action pleasing when it employs us, and equally pleasing when we either look back upon it, or attend to the expectations we entertain from it.

If the source of so many and such vast advantages can be supposed a dream of the superstitious, or an invention of the crafty, we may take our leave of certainty; we may suppose every thing within and without us, conspiring to deceive us.

That there should be difficulties in any scheme of religion which can be offered us, is no more than what a thorough acquaintance with our limited capacities would induce us to expect, were we strangers to the several religions that prevailed in the world, and purposed, upon inquiry into their respective merits, to embrace that which can be best recommended to our belief.

But all objections of difficulties must be highly absurd in either of these cases—

When the creed you oppose, on account of its difficulties, is attended with fewer than that which you would advance in its stead: or—

When the whole of the practical doctrines of a religion are such, as, undeniably, contribute to the happiness of mankind, in whatever state, or under whatsoever relations, you can consider them.

To reject a religion thus circumstanced, for some points in its scheme less level to our apprehension, appears to me, I confess, quite as unreasonable, as it would be to abstain from food, till we could be satisfied about the origin, insertion, and action of the muscles that enable us to swallow it.

I would, in no case, have you rest upon mere authority; yet, as authority will

have its weight, allow me to take notice, that men of the greatest penetration, the acutest reasoning, and the most solid judgment, have been on the side of Christianity—have expressed the firmest persuasion of its truth.

I cannot forgive myself, for having so long overlooked Lord Bacon's Philosophical Works. It was but lately I began to read them; and one part of them I laid down, when I took my pen to write this. The more I know of that extraordinary man, the more I admire him; and cannot but think his understanding as much of a size beyond that of the rest of mankind, as Virgil makes the stature of Musæus, with respect to that of the multitude surrounding him——

—— Medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit
altis. Æn. l. vi. 667, 8.

or as Homer represents Diana's height among the nymphs sporting with her——

Πασάνων δ' ὕψους ἦγε κάρη ἔχει ἠδὲ μέτωπα.
Od. l. vi. 107.

Throughout his writings there runs a vein of piety: you can hardly open them, but you find some or other testimony of the full conviction entertained by him, that Christianity had an especial claim to our regard. He, who so clearly saw the defects in every science—saw from whence they proceeded, and had such amazing sagacity, as to discover how they might be remedied, and to point out those very methods, the pursuit of which has been the remedy of many of them——He, who could discern thus much, left it to the wittings of the following age, to discover any weakness in the foundation of religion.

To him and Sir Isaac Newton I might add many others, of eminent both natural and acquired endowments, the most unsuspected favourers of the Christian religion; but those two, as they may be considered standing at the head of mankind, would really be dishonoured, were we to seek for any weight, from mere authority, to the opinions they had jointly patronized, to the opinions they had maintained, after the strictest inquiry what ground there was for them.

That the grounds of Christianity were thus inquired into by them, is certain: for the one appears, by the quotations from the *Bible* interspersed throughout his works, to have read *it* with an uncommon care: and it is well known, that the other made

it his chief study in the latter part of his life.

It may, indeed, appear very idle, to produce authorities on one side, when there are none who deserve the name of such on the other. Whatever else may have rendered the writers in favour of infidelity remarkable, they, certainly, have not been so for their sagacity or science—for any superior either natural or acquired endowments. And I cannot but think, that he who takes up his pen, in order to deprive the world of the advantages which would accrue to it were the Christian religion generally received, shews so wrong a head in the very design of his work, as would leave no room for doubt, how little credit he could gain by the conduct of it.

Is there a just foundation for our assent to the Christian doctrine? Nothing should then be more carefully considered by us, or have a more immediate and extensive influence upon our practice.

Shall I be told, that if this were a right consequence, there is a profession, in which quite different persons would be found, than we at present meet with?

I have too many failings myself, to be willing to censure others; and too much love for truth, to attempt an excuse for what admits of none. But let me say, that consequences are not the less true, for their truth being disregarded, Lucian's description of the philosophers of his age is more odious, than can belong to any set of men in our time: and as it was never thought, that the precepts of philosophy ought to be slighted, because they who inculcated, disgraced them; neither can it be any reflection on nobler rules, that they are recommended by persons who do not observe them.

Of this I am as certain as I can be of any thing, That our practice is no infallible test of our principles; and that we may do religion no injury by our speculations, when we do it a great deal by our manners. I should be very unwilling to rely on the strength of my own virtue in so many instances, that it exceedingly mortifies me to reflect on their numbers; yet, in whichsoever of them I offended, it would not be for want of conviction, how excellent a precept, or precepts, I had transgressed—it would not be because I did not think, that a life throughout agreeable to the commands of the religion I profess ought to be constantly my care.

How frequently we act contrary to the

obligations, which we readily admit ourselves to be under, can scarcely be otherwise than matter of every one's notice; and if none of us infer from those pursuits, which tend to destroy our health, or our understanding, or our reputation, that he, who engages in them, is persuaded that disease, or infamy, or a second childhood, deserves his choice; neither should it be taken for granted, that *he* is not inwardly convinced of the worth of religion, who appears, at some times, very different from what a due regard thereto ought to make him.

Inconsistency is, through the whole compass of our acting, so much our reproach, that it would be great injustice towards us, to charge each defect in our morals upon corrupt and bad principles. For a proof of the injustice of such a charge, I am confident, none need look beyond themselves. Each will find the complaint of Medea in the poet, very proper to be made his own—*I see and approve of what is right, at the same time that I do what is wrong.*

Don't think, that I would justify the faults of any, and much less theirs, who, professing themselves set apart to promote the interests of religion and virtue, and having a large revenue assigned them, both that they may be more at leisure for so noble a work, and that their pains in it may be properly recompensed, are, certainly, extremely blameable, not only when they countenance the immoral and irreligious; but even, when they take no care to reform them.

All I aim at, is, That the cause may not suffer by its advocates—That you may be just to *it*, whatever you may dislike in *them*—That their failures may have the allowance, to which the frailty of human nature is entitled—That you may not, by their *manners*, when worst, be prejudiced against their *doctrine*; as you would not censure philosophy, for the faults of philosophers.

The prevalency of any practice cannot make it to be either safe, or prudent; and I would fain have your's and mine such as may alike credit our religion, and understanding: without the great reproach of both, we cannot profess to believe that rule of life to be from God, which, yet, we model to our passions and interests.

Whether such a particular is my duty, ought to be the *first consideration*; and when it is found so, common sense suggests the *next*—How it may be performed.

But I must not proceed. A letter of two sheets! How can I expect, that you should give it the reading? If you can persuade yourself to do it, from the conviction of the sincere affection towards you, that has drawn me into this length; I promise you, never again to make such a demand on your patience.—I will never again give you so troublesome a proof of my friendship. I have here begun a subject, which I am very desirous to prosecute; and every letter, you may hereafter receive from me upon it, whatever other recommendation it may want, shall, certainly, not be without that of brevity.

CATECHETICAL LECTURES.

§ 99. *Introduction to the Catechism.*

The Catechism begins with a recital of our baptismal vow, as a kind of preface to the whole. It then lays down the great Christian principle of faith; and leaving all mysterious inquiries, in which this subject is involved, it passes on to the rules of practice. Having briefly recited these, it concludes with a simple, and very intelligible explanation of baptism, and the Lord's Supper,

The catechism then begins, very properly, with a recital of our baptismal vow, as the best preface to that belief, and those rules of practice, in which that vow engaged us.—But before we examine the vow itself, two appendages of it require explanation—the use of sponsors—and the addition of a name.

With regard to the sponsor, the church probably imitates the appointment of the legal guardian, making the best provision it can for the pious education of orphans, and deserted children. The temporal and the spiritual guardian may equally betray their trust: both are culpable: both accountable: but surely the latter breaks the more sacred engagement.

As to promising and vowing in the name of another (which seems to carry so harsh a sound) the sponsor only engages for the child, as any one would engage for another, in a matter which is manifestly for his advantage: and on a supposition, that the child hereafter will see it to be so—that is, he promises, as he takes it for granted, the child itself would have promised, if it had been able.

With regard to the name, it is no part of the sacrament; nor pretends to scriptural authority. It rests merely on ancient

usage. A custom had generally obtained, of giving a new name, upon adopting a new member into a family. We find it common among the Greeks, the Romans, and the Jews; nay, we read that even God himself, when he received Abram into covenant, giving an early sanction to this usage, changed his name to Abraham. In imitation of this common practice, the old Christians gave baptismal names to their children, which were intended to point out their heavenly adoption, as their surnames distinguished their temporal alliance.

From considering the use of sponsors, and of the name in baptism, we proceed next to the vow itself, which is thus expressed. "My godfathers did promise "three things in my name: 1st, That I "should renounce the devil, and all his "works, the pomps and vanities of this "wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of "the flesh. 2dly, That I should believe "all the articles of the Christian faith; and "3dly, That I should keep God's holy "will, and commandments, and walk in "the same all the days of my life."

First, then, we promise to "renounce "the devil, and all his works, the pomps "and vanities of this wicked world, and "all the sinful lusts of the flesh." "The "devil, the world, and the flesh," is a comprehensive mode of expressing every species of sin, however distinguished; and from whatever source derived: all which we can only engage to renounce as far as we are able; but also to take pains in tracing the labyrinths of our own hearts; and in removing the glosses of self-deceit. Without this, all renunciation of sin is pretence.

Being thus enjoined to renounce our gross, habitual sins, and those bad inclinations, which lead us into them; we are required next to "believe all the articles "of the Christian faith." This is a natural progression. When we are thoroughly convinced of the malignity of sin, we in course wish to avoid the ill consequences of it; and are prepared to give a fair hearing to the evidence of religion. There is a close connexion between vice and infidelity. They mutually support each other. The same connexion subsists between a well-disposed mind, and the truths of religion: and faith perhaps is not so involuntary an act, as many of our modern philosophers would persuade us.

After "believing the articles of the "Christian faith," we are lastly enjoined "to keep God's holy will and command- "ments." Here too is the same natural progression. As the renunciation of sin prepares the way of faith, so does faith lead directly to obedience. They seem related to each other, as the mean and the end. "The end of the commandment," saith the apostle, "is charity out of a pure "heart, and of a good conscience, and of "faith unfeigned." Faith (which is the act of believing upon rational evidence) is the great fountain, from which all Christian virtues spring. No man will obey a law, till he hath informed himself whether it be properly authorized: or, in other words, till he believes in the jurisdiction that enacted it.—If our faith in Christ doth not lead us to obey him, it is what the Scriptures call a dead faith, in opposition to a saving one.

To this inseparable connexion between faith and obedience, St. Paul's doctrine may be objected, where he seems to lay the whole stress on faith, in opposition to works*.—But it is plain, that St. Paul's argument requires him to mean by faith, the whole system of the Christian religion (which is indeed the meaning of the word in many other parts of Scripture); and by works, which he sets in opposition to it, the moral law. So that, in fact, the apostle's argument relates not to the present question; but tends only to establish the superiority of Christianity. The moral law, argues the apostle, which claimed on the righteousness of works, makes no provision for the deficiencies of man. Christianity alone, by opening the door of mercy, gave him hopes of that salvation, which the other could not pretend to give.

Upon renouncing sin, believing the articles of the Christian faith, and keeping God's holy commandments, as far as sinful man can keep them, we are entitled by promise to all the privileges of the gospel. We "become members of Christ, children "of God, and inheritors of the kingdom "of heaven." We are redeemed through the merits of Christ; pardoned through the mercies of God; and rewarded with a blessed immortality.

This account of our baptismal vow concludes with a question, leading us to acknowledge the necessity of observing this vow; and to declare our belief, that our

* See Rom. iii. 28., and indeed great part of the epistle.

only hope of keeping it rests upon the assistance of God. *Gilpin.*

§ 100. *On the Creed—the Belief of God.*

The creed begins with a profession of our belief in “God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth.”

The being of God is one of those truths, which scarce require proof. A proof seems rather an injury, as it supposes doubt. However, as young minds, though not sceptical, are uninformed, it may not be improper to select, out of the variety of arguments which evince this great truth, two or three of the most simple.

The existence of a Deity, we prove from the light of nature. For his attributes, at least in any perfection, we must look into Scripture.

A few plain and simple arguments drawn from the creation of the world—the preservation of it—and the general consent of mankind, strike us with more conviction, than all the subtleties of metaphysical deduction.

We prove the being of a God, first from the creation of the world.

The world must have been produced either by design or by chance. No other mode of origin can be supposed. Let us see then with which of these characters it is impressed.

The characteristic of the works of design, is a relation of parts, in order to produce an end—The characteristic of the works of chance is just the reverse.—When we see stones answering each other, laid in the form of a regular building, we immediately say, they were put together by design: but when we see them thrown about in a disorderly heap, we say as confidently, they have been thrown so by chance.

Now, in the world, and all its appendages, there is plainly this appearance of design. One part relates to another; and the whole together produces an end. The sun, for instance, is connected with the earth, by warming it into a proper heat, for the production of its fruits; and furnishing it with rain and dew. The earth again is connected with all the vegetables which it produces, by providing them with proper soils, and juices for their nourishment. These again are connected with animals, by supplying them with food. And the whole together produces the great

end of sustaining the lives of innumerable creatures.

Nor is design shewn only in the grand fabric of the world, and all its relative appendages: it is equally shewn in every part. It is seen in every animal, adapted in all its peculiarities to its proper mode of life. It is seen in every vegetable, furnished with parts exactly suited to its situation. In the least, as well as in the greatest of nature’s productions, it is every where apparent. The little creeper upon the wall, extending its tenacious fibres, draws nourishment from the crannies of the stones; and flourishes where no other plant could live.

If then the world, and every part of it, are thus marked with the characters of design, there can be no difficulty in acknowledging the Author of such design—of such amazing contrivance and variety, to be a Being of infinite wisdom and power. We call a man ingenious, who makes even a common globe, with all the parts of the earth delineated upon it. What shall we say then of the Author of the great original itself, in all its grandeur, and furnished with all its various inhabitants?

The argument drawn from the preservation of the world, is indeed rather the last argument advanced a step farther.

If chance could be supposed to produce a regular form, yet it is certainly beyond the highest degree of credulity, to suppose it could continue this regularity for any time. But we find it has been continued; we find, that near 6000 years have made no change in the order and harmony of the world. The sun’s action upon the earth hath ever been regular. The production of trees, plants, and herbs, hath ever been uniform. Every seed produces now the same fruit it ever did. Every species of animal life is still the same. Could chance continue this regular arrangement? Could any thing continue it, but the hand of an omnipotent God?

Lastly, we see this great truth, the being of a God, witnessed by the general consent of mankind. This general consent must arise either from tradition, or it must be the result of men’s own reasoning. Upon either supposition, it is an argument equally strong. If the first supposition be allowed, it will be difficult to assign any source of this tradition, but God himself. If the second, it can scarce be supposed that all mankind, in different parts of the

world, should agree in the belief of a thing, which never existed. For though doubts have arisen concerning this general belief, yet it is now pretty well ascertained, from the accounts of travellers, that no nation hath yet been discovered, among whom some traces of religious worship have not been found.

Be it so, says the objector; yet still we find single persons, even in civilized countries, and some of them men of enlarged capacities, who have not only had their doubts on this subject, but have proclaimed aloud their disbelief of a Divine Being.

We answer, that it is more than probable, no man's infidelity on this head was ever thoroughly settled. Bad men rather endeavour to convince themselves, than are really convinced. But even on a supposition, that a few such persons could be found, what is their testimony against so great a majority, as the rest of mankind? The light of the sun is universally acknowledged, though it happens, that now and then, a man may be born blind.

But since, it seems, there are difficulties in supposing a divine Creator, and Preserver of the world, what system of things does the Atheist suppose attended with fewer? He sees the world produced before him. He sees it hath been created; and is preserved. Some account of this matter must be given. If ours displease him, let us have his.

The experiment hath been tried. We have had many atheistical creeds; none of which hath stood the test of being handed down with any degree of credit into future times.

The Atheist's great argument indeed against a Deity, is levelled at the apparent injustice of his government. It was an objection of ancient date; and might have had its weight in heathen times; but it is one of the blessings, which attends Christianity, that it satisfies all our doubts on this head; and gives us a rational and easy solution of this poignant objection. What if we observe an inaccurate distribution of the things of this world! What if virtue be depressed, and vice triumphant! It is nothing, says the voice of religion, to him who believes this life to be an inconsiderable part of his being: a point only in the expanse of eternity: who believes he is sent into this world, merely to prepare himself for a better. This world, he knows, is intended neither for reward nor punishment. Happiness unquestionably attends virtue even here,

and misery, vice: but it is not the happiness of a splendid station, but of a peaceful mind; nor is it the misery of low circumstances, but of a guilty conscience. The things of this world are not, in their own nature, connected either with happiness or misery. Attended sometimes by one, and sometimes by the other, they are merely the means of trial. One man is tempted with riches, and another with poverty; but God intends neither an elevated, nor a depressed situation as the ultimate completion of his will.

Besides, if worldly prosperity even was the indication of God's favour, yet good men may have failings and imprudences enough about them to deserve misfortune; and bad men virtues, which may deserve success. Why should imprudence, though joined with virtue, partake of its reward? Or the generous purpose share in the punishment, though connected with vice?

Thus then we see the being of a God is the universal creed of nature. But though nature could investigate the simple truth, she could not preserve it from error. Nature merely takes her notions from what she sees, and what she hears, and hath ever moulded her gods in the likeness of things in heaven, and things on earth. Hence every part of the creation, animate and inanimate, hath, by turns, been an object of worship. And even the most refined nations, we know, had gross conceptions on this head. The wisest of them, indeed, by observing the wonders of creation, could clothe the Deity with wisdom and power: but they could go no farther. The virtues of their heroes afforded them the highest ideas of perfection: and with these they arrayed their gods; mixing also with their virtues, such vices as are found in the characters of the best of men.

For just notions of the Deity, we must have recourse then to revelation alone. Revelation removes all these absurdities. It dispels the clouds of ignorance; and unveils the divine majesty, as far as it can be the object of human contemplation. The lax notions of libertinism, on one hand, which make the Deity an inobservant governor; and the gloomy ideas of superstition, on the other, which suppose him to be a dark malignant being, are equally exposed. Here we are informed of the omniscience and omnipresence of God. Here we learn, that his wisdom and power are equalled by his goodness; and

that his mercy is over all his works. In short, we learn from revelation, that we are in the hands of a being, whose knowledge we cannot evade, and whose power we cannot resist; who is merciful and good to all his creatures; and will be ever ready to assist and reward those, who endeavour to conform themselves to his will: but whose justice, at the same time, accompanying his mercy, will punish the bold and careless sinner in proportion to his guilt.

Gilpin.

§ 101. *On the Creed, continued—the Belief of Jesus Christ.*

After professing our belief in God, the creed proceeds with a profession of our belief “in Jesus Christ, his Son, our Lord.”

A person celebrated as Jesus Christ was, we may suppose, would naturally find a place in the profane history of his times. It may not be amiss, therefore, to introduce the evidence we are about to collect, with the testimony of some of the more eminent of the heathen writers, who have mentioned him. They will at least inform us, that such a person lived at the time we assert; and that he was the author of a new religion.—I shall quote only Suetonius, Tacitus, and Pliny.

Suetonius* tells us, that “the emperor Claudius drove all the Jews from Rome, who, at the instigation of one Christ, were continually making disturbances.”

Tacitus†, speaking of the persecution of Christians, tells us, “that the author of that name was Christ, who was put to death by Pontius Pilate, in the reign of Tiberius.”

Pliny’s‡ testimony is more large. It is contained in a letter, written to the emperor Trajan, desiring his instructions with regard to Christians. He blames their obstinacy in refusing to sacrifice to the Roman deities—but from their own confession can draw nothing, but that they assemble, on a certain day, before sun-rise—that they pay divine honours to Christ as a God—that they bind themselves by a sacrament not to steal, nor to commit adultery, nor to deceive—and that, after the performance of these rites, they join in one common meal. Nay, he examined, he says, two of them by torture: yet still he finds nothing obnoxious in their behaviour, except their absurd superstitions. He thinks, however, the matter should be in-

quired into: for Christianity had brought religion into great disuse. The markets were crowded with victims; and scarce a purchaser came near them.

These writers afford us sufficient testimony, that Jesus Christ lived at the time we assert; and that he was the author of a new religion. They had opportunities of being well informed; could have no interest in falsifying; were no converts to the new sect; but talk of Christ, only as they would of any singular person, whom they had occasion to mention. Their testimony therefore is beyond cavil.

Let us now proceed a step farther, and examine the scripture evidence of Christ, which proves not only his existence; but that he is our Lord, or the Messiah—and not only that he was the author of a new religion; but that this religion is true.

Upon examining the grand scripture evidence on this head, we find the greatest stress laid upon miracles and prophecies: both of which are direct appeals to God, by a claim to supernatural power. And though both these modes of evidence are calculated, as well for us who live in remoter times, as for those who lived in the earliest; yet the evidence from miracles seems more particularly addressed to them; as that from prophecy is to us. They were the eye-witnesses of the miracles of the gospel, of which we have only the evidence at second hand. Whereas prophecy is a mode of evidence, which increases through every age. The early Christians had it in part; but to us this amazing web is still more unfolded; and more of its wonderful texture displayed. Let us examine each in its order.

Among the eye-witnesses of the gospel miracles, were many learned men, as well as unlearned. The former had opportunity and abilities to examine the works before them: to trace out fraud, if any such were latent; and did unquestionably receive them with all that circumspection which was due to such wonderful exhibitions, before they embraced the Christian faith; while the most ignorant spectator was a competent judge of matter of fact; and many of our Saviour’s miracles were such as could not possibly, from the nature of the facts themselves, be coloured with fraud.

It had a strange sound to the prejudices of mankind, that a crucified malefactor

* In vita Claud. Cæs.

† Lib. 15.

‡ Lib. 20.

was the Saviour of the world; and we cannot suppose, that any man, much less that a multitude of men, would embrace such a belief without clear conviction, especially as no worldly advantage lay on the side of this belief; and the convert even renounced the world, and embraced a life of persecution.—Let us consider the single miracle of Christ's resurrection. Jesus had frequently mentioned it before his death; and the thing was so far in general credited, that the sepulchre was sealed, and an armed guard appointed to watch it. We may well suppose, therefore, that his favourers would naturally, upon this occasion, reason thus: "Jesus hath now put his pretensions upon a fair issue. He hath told us, he will arise from the dead on the third day:—here then let us suspend our judgment, and wait the result. Three days will determine whether he be an impostor, or the real Messiah."—It is very natural to suppose, that the favourers of Jesus would reason, after his death, in a manner like this: and it is beyond credibility, that any of them would have continued his disciples, had they found him falsifying in this point. But we know they did continue his disciples after this. We know also, that many proselytes, convinced by this very event, embraced the Christian religion. We have all the reason in the world therefore to believe, that they were fully satisfied. His miracles were to them a sufficient proof of his pretensions, All candid men would have acquiesced, as they did; and in their belief we have a very strong foundation for our own.

Again, with regard to prophecy, we observe, that the writers of the Old Testament seem, in various parts, to characterize some extraordinary person, who was in process of time to make his appearance in the world. The marks are peculiar, and can neither be mistaken nor misapplied. "He was to be born of a virgin—he was to turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just—though dignified with the characters of a prince, he was to be a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief—though described to be without sin, he was to be numbered with transgressors—his hands and his feet were to be pierced—he was to be made an offering for sin—and was never to see corruption."—These prophecies were published many

hundred years before the birth of Christ; and had been all along in the hands, not only of the Jews, but of all men of letters. The Old Testament had been early translated into the Greek language; and received into the politest libraries of those times.

With these ideas, let us open the New Testament, and it is obvious that no picture can be more like its original, than these prophecies of Christ in one Testament, are to his history in the other. Here we see that extraordinary virgin-birth unravelled.—Here we see a life spent in turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.—Here we find the prince of his people, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.—Here we see the Lord of righteousness numbered with transgressors—we see his hands and his feet pierced—we see him made an offering for sin—and we see realized that extraordinary idea of death without corruption.

It were an easy matter to carry this comparison through a more minute detail of circumstances; but I mean only to trace the outlines of this great resemblance. To complete the picture would be a copious work.

Besides these predictions, which related immediately to the life and death of Christ; there were many others, which deserve notice. Among these, the two great leading prophecies were those of the calling of the Gentiles, and of the dispersion of the Jews.

The calling of the Gentiles was one of the earliest prophecies of the Old Testament. The Jews were distinguished in appearance, as the favourite people of God; and they were sufficiently elated upon that distinction. But if they had attended closely to their prophets, they might have discovered, that all the prophecies which described the happy state of the church, had evidently a more distant prospect, than to them. Those early promises, in particular, which were repeated to the patriarchs, were not merely confined to their posterity; but included "all the nations of the earth*."—And when the later prophets, as the great event approached, spoke a plainer, and a more intelligible language, the whole nation might have understood, as Simeon, and some of the wisest and most intelligent of them did

* See Gen. xii. 3. xviii. 18. xxii. 18. xxvi. 4.

understand, that "a light was sprung up to lighten the Gentiles."

The prophecy of the dispersion of the Jewish nation is also very ancient, being attributed by Moses to the patriarch Jacob.

"The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, until Shiloh come." Whatever may be the precise meaning of the word 'sceptre' in the original; and though it may not perhaps properly signify that idea of regal power, which it conveys to our ears; yet it certainly means some badge of authority, that implies a formed and settled government. And as to the word 'Shiloh,' all commentators, Jewish as well as Christian, explain it to mean the Messiah—The sense therefore of the prophecy is plainly this—that the Jews should continue in the form of a society, till the time of the Messiah. Accordingly we find that soon after Christ's death, the sceptre did depart from Judah: the Jews lost all form of a political society; and are a singular instance of a people, scattered over the whole earth, preserved to this day separate from all other people, and yet without a settlement any where.

Our Saviour's prophecy of the growth of his church, is likewise among the more remarkable predictions. He told his disciples, that "his religion was like a grain of mustard-seed, which was the least of all seeds; but when it grew up it should become a great tree, and the fowls of the air should lodge in the branches of it." He told them also, that "the gates of hell should never prevail against it."

The Jewish religion was continually enforced by the idea of a jealous God, watching over it, and threatening judgments from heaven upon every transgression. The divine authority was stamped openly upon it. The people trembled and worshipped.

When the impostor Mahomet set up for a reformer, he could not indeed enforce his religion by divine judgments; but he did it by temporal. He drew his sword, and held it to the breasts of his opposers; while he promised to the obedient a full gratification of their passions.

But in the Christian religion nothing of this kind appeared. No temporal judgments threatened on one hand: no sensual indulgences allured on the other. A few despending ignorant mechanics, the disciples of a person crucified, as a common

malefactor, were all the parade, with which this religion was ushered into the world; and all the human assistance which it had to boast. And yet this religion, which opposed the strongest prejudices, and was opposed by the greatest princes, made its way in a few years, from a remote corner, through the whole Roman empire.—Thus was our Saviour's prophecy, in opposition to all human calculation, exactly fulfilled. The least of all seeds became a spreading tree; and a church was established, which could not be destroyed by all the powers of hell.

But although the church of Christ could not be destroyed, it was corrupted; and in a course of years fell from its genuine purity. This corrupt state of it—the delusions of popery—the efforts of reformation, and various other circumstances relating to it, are not unreasonably supposed to be held forth, in the prophetic parts of the New Testament.

But I forbear to dwell upon prophecies, which are not obvious enough to carry general conviction; though many of them have been very well explained by those*, who are versed in the histories to which they allude. Future times will, in all probability, reflect a stronger light upon them. Some of the great prophecies, which we have just considered, shone but with a feeble ray, during the times they were fulfilling, though they now strike us in so forcible a manner.

Gilpin.

§ 102. *The Creed continued—Conception and Birth of Christ, &c.*

We have now shewn upon what foundation we believe the second article of our creed; let us next consider the remaining articles—the history of Christ, as delivered in Scripture, and the benefits which he procured for us—the assistance of the Holy Spirit—the remission of our sins—and everlasting life.

First, then, we believe that Christ was "conceived of the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary." The manner of this miraculous conception we inquire not into. It is a point not only beyond the limits of human inquiry; but to us at least a point very unimportant. We believe just the Scripture account of it, and assure ourselves, that if it had concerned us, it would have been more plainly revealed.—One thing, however, we may observe on

* See Bishop Newton's *Dissertations*; and Bishop Hurd's *Sermons on Prophecy*.

this head, that nothing is said in Scripture of paying divine honours to the Virgin Mary. Those rites are totally of popish origin.

We farther believe, that Christ "suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; and that he descended into hell,"—that is, we declare our belief of the Scripture account of the circumstances and the reality of Christ's death.

To make an action clear, it is necessary, first, to establish its date. This is usually done by ranging it under the magistrate who then presided, the time of whose government is always registered in some public record.—Thus we believe that Christ's death happened when Pontius Pilate was governor of Judea. We believe also, with regard to the manner of his death, that he was crucified; that he died as really as any mortal ever died; and that he was buried in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea*.

The "descent into hell" is undoubtedly a more obscure expression than might be wished in a creed, and was not indeed added till many ages after the creed was first composed†. But as creeds are human compositions, we believe this, and every other difficulty, only as consistent with Scripture. Now the sense which seems most agreeable to Scripture, is, that his soul remained till his resurrection in that place (whatever that place is) where the spirits of the blessed rest: and the expression seems to have been added, only that we may the more strongly express our belief of the reality of his death. This we do, when we express our belief of the separation of his soul and body. "He was buried,"—and "descended into hell." The first expression relates to his body, which was laid in the grave; the second to his soul, which passed into the place of departed spirits.

We farther believe, that "on the third day he rose again from the dead." The resurrection of Christ from the dead is a point of the utmost importance to Christians: On the certainty of Christ's resurrection depend all hopes of our own. On this article, therefore, we shall be more large.

And, in the first place, what is there in

it that need shock our reason? It was a wonderful event: but is not nature full of wonderful events? When we seriously weigh the matter, is it less strange, that a grain of corn thrown into the ground should die, and rise again with new vegetation, than that a human body, in the same circumstances, should assume new life? The commonness of the former makes it familiar to us, but not in any degree less unaccountable. Are we at all more acquainted with the manner in which grain germinates, than with the manner in which a body is raised from the dead? And is it not obviously striking, that the same power which can effect the one, may effect the other also?—But analogy, though it tend to convince, is no proof. Let us proceed then to matter of fact.

That the body was dead, and safely lodged in the tomb, and afterwards conveyed out of it, was agreed on, both by those who opposed, and by those who favoured the resurrection. In the circumstances of the latter fact, they differ widely.

The disciples tell their story—a very plain and simple one—that scarce expecting the event, notwithstanding their master had himself foretold it, they were surprised with an account that the body was gone—that they found afterwards, to their great astonishment, that their master was again alive—that they had been several times with him; and appealed for the truth of what they said to great numbers, who, as well as themselves, had seen him after his resurrection.

The chief priests, on the other side, declared the whole to be a forgery; asserting that the plain matter of fact was, the disciples came by night, and stole the body away, while the soldiers slept.

Such a tale, unsupported by evidence, would be listened to in no court of justice. It has not even the air of probability. Can it be supposed, that the disciples, who had fled with terror when they might have rescued their master's life, would venture, in the face of an armed guard, to carry off his dead body?—Or is it more probable, that they found the whole guard asleep; when we know, that the vigilance of centinels is secured by the strictest disciplina?—Besides, what advantage could arise

* Isaiah foretold he should "make his grave with the rich." And St. Matthew tells us, that *οψιας γενομένης ἦλθεν ἀνθρώπος πλουσιος*. Matt. xxvii. 57. Isaiah, liii. 9.

† See Bingham's Antiquities, vol. iii. c. 3.

from such an attempt? If they miscarried, it was certain ruin, both to them and their cause. If they succeeded, it is difficult to say what use they could make of their success. Unless they could have produced their dead body alive, the second error would be worse than the first. Their master's prophecy of his own resurrection was an unhappy circumstance; yet still it was wrapped in a veil of obscurity. But if his disciples endeavoured to prove its completion, it was their business to look well to the event. A detection would be such a comment upon their master's text as would never be forgotten—When a cause depends on falsehood, every body knows, the less it is moved the better.

This was the case of the other side. Obscurity there was wanted. If the chief priests had any proof, why did they not produce it? Why were not the disciples taken up and examined upon the fact? They never absconded. Why were they not judicially tried? Why was not the trial made public? and why were not authentic memorials of the fraud handed down to posterity; as authentic memorials were of the fact, recorded at the very time and place, where it happened? Christianity never wanted enemies to propagate its disparagement.—But nothing of this kind was done. No proof was attempted—except indeed the testimony of men asleep. The disciples were never questioned upon the fact; and the chief priests rested satisfied with spreading an inconsistent rumour among the people, impressed merely by their own authority.

Whatever records of heathen origin remain, evince the truth of the resurrection. One is very remarkable. Pontius Pilate sent the emperor Tiberius a relation of the death and resurrection of Christ; which were recorded at Rome, as usual, among other provincial matters. This intelligence made so great an impression, it seems, upon the emperor, that he referred it to the senate, whether Jesus Christ of Judea should not be taken into the number

of the Roman gods?—Our belief of this fact is chiefly founded upon the testimony of Justin Martyr, and Tertullian, two learned heathens, in the age succeeding Christ, who became Christians from this very evidence, among others, in favour of Christianity. In their apologies*, still extant, one of which was made to the senate of Rome, the other to a Roman governor, they both appeal to these records of Pontius Pilate, as then generally known; which we cannot conceive such able apologists would have done, if no such records ever had existed†.

Having seen what was of old objected to the resurrection of Christ; it may be proper also to see the objections of modern disbelievers.

And, first, we have the stale objection, that nothing is more common among the propagators of every new religion, than to delude their ignorant proselytes with idle stories. What a variety of inconsistent tales did the votaries of heathenism believe! What absurdities are adopted into the Mahometan creed! To what strange facts do the vulgar papists give credit! And can we suppose better of the resurrection of Christ, than that it was one of those pious frauds, intended merely to impose upon the people, and advance the credit of the new sect?

This is just as easily said, as that his disciples stole him away, while the guard slept. Both are assertions without proof.

Others have objected Christ's partial discovery of himself, after his resurrection. If he had boldly shewn himself to the chief priests; or publicly to all the people; we might have had a more rational foundation for our belief. But as he had only for his witnesses, upon this occasion, a few of his chosen companions, the thing has certainly a more secret appearance than might be wished.

This insinuation is founded upon a passage in the Acts of the Apostles, in which it is said, that "God shewed him openly, not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God." The question is,

* Just. Mart. Apol. ad Anton. P.—Tertull. Apol. cap. 15.

† The Acts of Pilate, as they are called, are often treated with contempt; for no reason, that I know. I never met with any thing against them of more authority than a sneer. Probable they certainly were; and a bare probability, when nothing opposes it, has its weight. But here the probability is strengthened by no small degree of positive evidence; which, if the reader wishes to see collected in one point of view, I refer him to the article of "Christ's suffering under Pontius Pilate," in Bishop Pearson's Exposition of the Creed.

Among other authorities, that of the learned commentator on Eusebius, is worth remarking: "Fuere genuina Pilati acta; ad quæ provocabant primi Christiani, tanquam ad certissima fidei monumenta."

What is meant by witnesses chosen before of God? Certainly nothing more than persons expressly, and by particular designation, intended to be the witnesses of this event. Others might see him if they pleased; but these were not the people, to whom God shewed him openly: this particular designation was confined to the "chosen witnesses."—And is there any thing more in this, than we see daily in all legal proceedings? Does not every body wish to have the fact, about which he is concerned, authenticated by indubitable records; or by living testimony, if it can be had? Do we not procure the hands of witnesses, appointed to this purpose, in all our deeds and writings? Let us not, however, answer the objection by an arbitrary explanation of the text; but let us compare this explanation with the matter of fact.

On the morning of the resurrection, the apostles, who ran to the sepulchre to make themselves acquainted with what they had heard, received a message from their master, enjoining them to meet him in Galilee. It does not appear, that this message was conveyed with any secrecy; it is rather probable it was not; and that the disciples told it to as many as they met. The women, it is expressly said, told it "to the eleven, and all the rest." Who the rest were does not appear: but it is plain, from the sequel, that the thing was generally known; and that as many as chose either to satisfy their faith, or gratify their curiosity, repaired for that purpose to Galilee. And thus we find St. Peter making a distinction between the voluntary and the chosen witnesses—between those "who had companied with the apostles all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among them, from his baptism till his ascension," and those who "were ordained to be the witnesses of his resurrection*."

St. Paul goes farther, and in express words tells us, "that Christ was seen† after his resurrection of above five hundred brethren at once;" and it is probable, from the expression, "at once," that he was seen, at different times, by many more.

If then Christ thus appeared in Galilee to as many as chose to see him; or even if he appeared only to five hundred people, of whom St. Paul tells us the greatest part were still alive, when he wrote this epistle,

there can surely be no reasonable cause of offence at his appearing, besides these, to a few of his chosen companions, who attended by express appointment, as persons designed to record the event.

In fact, if the same method be pursued in this inquiry, which is usual in all others, the evidence of these chosen companions is all that is necessary. Here are twelve men produced (in general three or four men are thought sufficient) on whose evidence the fact depends. Are they competent witnesses? Have they those marks about them which characterize men of integrity? Can they be challenged on any one ground of rational exception? If not, their evidence is as strictly legal, as full, and as satisfactory, as any reasonable man can require. But in this great cause, we see the evidence is carried still farther. Here are five hundred persons waiting without, ready to add their testimony, if any one should require it, to what has already been more than legally proved. So that the argument even addresses itself to that absurd distinction, which we often find in the cavils of infidelity, between *rem certam* and *rem certissimam*.

Upon the whole, then, we may affirm boldly, that this great event of the resurrection of Christ is founded upon evidence equal to the importance of it. If we expect still more, our answer is upon record: "If ye believe not Moses and the prophets," God's ordinary means of salvation, "neither will ye be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." There must be bounds in all human evidence; and he who will believe nothing, unless he have every possible mode of proof, must be an infidel in almost every transaction of life. With such persons there is no reasoning. They who are not satisfied, because Christ did not appear in open parade at Jerusalem; would farther have asked, if he had appeared in the manner they expected, why did he not appear to every nation upon earth? Or, perhaps, why he did not shew himself to every individual?

To these objections may be added a scruple, taken from a passage of Scripture, in which it is said, that "Christ should lie three days and three nights in the heart of the earth:" whereas, in fact, he only lay two nights, one whole day, and a part of two others.

But no figure in speech is more com-

* Acts, i. 21.

† 1. Cor. xv.

mon than that of putting a part for the whole. In the Hebrew language, perhaps this license is more admissible than in any other. A day and a night complete one whole day : and as our Saviour lay in the ground a part of every one of these three portions of time, he might be said, by an easy liberty of speech, to have lain the whole.

Gilpin.

§ 103. *Creed continued—Christ's Ascension—Belief in the Holy Ghost.*

We believe farther that Christ "ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God."

Christ's ascension into heaven rests on the same kind of proof, as his resurrection. Both of them are events, which the apostles were "ordained to witness." But though their testimony in this case, as well as in the resurrection, is certainly the most legal, and authentic proof, and fully sufficient for any reasonable man ; yet this does not exclude the voluntary testimony of others. It is evident that the apostles were not the sole eye-witnesses of this event : for when St. Peter called together the first assembly of the church to choose a successor to Judas Iscariot, he tells them, they must necessarily choose one, out of those men who had been witnesses of all that Christ did, from his baptism, "till his ascension : " and we find, there were in that meeting an hundred and twenty persons*, thus qualified.

Be it however as it will, if this article should rest on a less formal proof, than the resurrection, it is of no great consequence : for if the resurrection be fully proved, nobody can well deny the ascension. If the testimony of the evangelists be allowed to prove the one ; their word may be taken to establish the other.

With regard to "the right hand of God," it is a scriptural expression used merely in conformity to our gross conceptions ; and it is not intended to imply any distinction of parts, but merely the idea of pre-eminence.

We believe farther, that "Christ shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

This article contains the most serious truth that ever was revealed to mankind. In part it was an article of the heathen creed. To unenlightened nature it seemed probable, that, as we had reason given us

for a guide, we should hereafter be accountable for its abuse : and the poets, who were the prophets of early days, and durst deliver those truths under the veil of fable, which the philosopher kept more to himself, give us many traits of the popular belief on this subject †. But the gospel alone threw a full light upon this awful truth.

In examining this great article, the curiosity of human nature, ever delighting to explore unbeaten regions, hath often been tempted beyond its limits, into fruitless inquiries ; scrutinizing the time of this event ; and settling, with vain precision, the circumstances of it. All curiosity of this kind is idle at least, if not presumptuous. When the Almighty hath thrown a veil over any part of his dispensation, it is the folly of man to endeavour to draw it aside.

Let us then leave all fruitless inquiries about this great event ; and employ our thoughts chiefly upon such circumstances of it as most concern us—Let us animate our hopes with the soothing reflection, that we have our sentence, in a manner, in our own power—that the same gracious gospel which directs our lives, shall direct the judgment we receive—that the same gracious person shall be our judge, who died for our sins—and that his goodness, we are assured, will still operate towards us ; and make the kindest allowances for all our infirmities.

But lest our hopes should be too buoyant, let us consider, on the other hand, what an awful detail against us will then appear. The subject of that grand inquiry will be all our transgressions of known duty—all our omissions of knowing better—our secret intentions—our indulged evil thoughts—the bad motives which often accompany our most plausible actions—and we are told, even our idle words.—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."—Then shall it be known, whether we have answered the great ends of life?—Whether we have made this world subservient to a better?—Whether we have prepared ourselves for a state of happiness in heaven, by endeavouring to communicate happiness to our fellow-creatures upon earth? Whether we have restrained our appetites, and passions ; and reduced them within the bounds of reason and religion? Or, whether we have

* See Acts, i. 15.

† See particularly the 6th Book of Virgil's *Æn.*

given ourselves up to pleasure, gain, or ambition; and formed such attachments to this world, as fit us for nothing else; and leave us no hopes either of gaining, or of enjoying a better? It will be happy for us, if, on all these heads of inquiry, we can answer without dismay.—Worldly distinctions, we know, will then be of no avail. The proudest of them will be then confounded. “Naked came we into the world; and naked must we return.” We can carry nothing beyond the grave, but our virtues, and our vices.

I shall conclude what hath been said on the last judgment with a collection of passages on this head from Scripture; where only our ideas of it can be obtained. And though most of these passages are figurative; yet as figures are intended to illustrate realities, and are indeed the only illustrations of which this subject is capable, we may take it for granted, that these figurative expressions are intended to convey a just idea of the truth.—With a view to make the more impression upon you, I shall place these passages in a regular series, though collected from various parts.

“The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with his holy angels.—The trumpet shall sound; and all that are in the grave shall hear his voice, and come forth—Then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory; and all nations shall be gathered before him—the books shall be opened; and men shall be judged according to their works.—They who have sinned without law, shall perish (that is, be judged) without law; and they who have sinned in the law, shall be judged by the law.—Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required.—Then shall he say to them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed, inherit the kingdom prepared for you. And to them on his left, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.—Then shall the righteous shine forth in the presence of their Father; while the wicked shall go into everlasting punishment: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.—What manner of persons ought we then to be in all holy conversation, and godliness? looking for, and hastening unto, the day of our Lord; when the Heavens being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat.—Wherefore, beloved, seeing that we look for such things,

let us be diligent, that we may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless; that each of us may receive that blessed sentence, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a little, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

We believe, farther, in “the Holy Ghost;” that is, we believe every thing which the Scriptures tell us of the Holy Spirit of God.—We inquire not into the nature of its union with the Godhead. We take it for granted, that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, have some kind of union, and some kind of distinction; because both this union and this distinction are plainly pointed out in Scripture; but how they exist we inquire not; concluding here, as in other points of difficulty, that if a clearer information had been necessary, it would have been afforded.

With regard to the operations of the Holy Spirit of God, (besides which, little more on this head is revealed) we believe, that it directed the apostles, and enabled them to propagate the gospel—and that it will assist all good men in the conscientious discharge of a pious life.

The Scripture doctrine with regard to the assistance we receive from the Holy Spirit of God (which is the most essential part of this article) is briefly this:

Our best endeavours are insufficient. We are unprofitable servants, after all; and cannot please God, unless sanctified, and assisted by the Holy Spirit. Hence the life of a good man hath been sometimes called a standing miracle; something beyond the common course of nature. To attain any degree of goodness, we must be supernaturally assisted.

At the same time we are assured of this assistance, if we strive to obtain it by fervent prayer, and a pious life. If we trust in ourselves, we shall fail. If we trust in God without doing all we can ourselves, we shall fail likewise. And if we continue obstinate in our perverseness, we may at length totally incapacitate ourselves from being the temples of the Holy Ghost.

And indeed what is there in all this, which common life does not daily illustrate? Is any thing more common, than for the intellect of one man to assist that of another? Is not the whole scheme of education an infusion of knowledge and virtue not our own? Is it not evident too that nothing of this kind can be commu-

nicated without application on the part of the learner? Are not the efforts of the teacher in a manner necessarily proportioned to this application? If the learner becomes languid in his pursuits, are not the endeavours of the teacher of course discouraged? And will they not at length wholly fail, if it be found in the end they answer no purpose?—In a manner analogous to this, the Holy Spirit of God co-operates with the endeavours of man. Our endeavours are necessary to obtain God's assistance: and the more earnestly these endeavours are exerted, the measure of his grace will of course be greater. But on the other hand, if these endeavours languish, the assistance of Heaven will lessen in proportion; and if we behave with obstinate perverseness, it will by degrees wholly fail. It will not always strive with man; but will leave him a melancholy prey to his own vicious inclinations.

As to the manner in which this spiritual assistance is conveyed, we make no inquiry. We can as little comprehend it, as we can the action of our souls upon our bodies. We are sensible, that our souls do act upon our bodies; and it is a belief equally consonant to reason, that the divine influence may act upon our souls. The advocate for natural religion need not be reminded, that among the heathens a divine influence was a received opinion. The priests of every oracle were supposed to be inspired by their gods; and the heroes of antiquity were universally believed to act under the influence of a supernatural assistance; by which it was conceived they performed actions beyond human power.—This shews, at least, that there is nothing in this doctrine repugnant to reason.

Gilpin.

§ 104. *Creed continued—The Holy Catholic Church, &c.*

We believe, further, in the “holy catholic church,” and the “communion of saints.”

“I believe in the holy catholic church,” is certainly a very obscure expression to a Protestant; as it is very capable of a popish construction, implying our trust in the infallibility of the church; whereas we attribute infallibility to no church upon earth. The most obvious sense, therefore, in which it can be considered as a protestant article of our belief, is this, that we

call no particular society of Christians a holy catholic church; but believe, that all true and sincere Christians, of whatever communion, or particular opinion, shall be the objects of God's mercy. The patriarchal covenant was confined to a few. The Jewish church stood also on a very narrow basis. But the Christian church, we believe, is truly catholic: its gracious offers are made to all mankind; and God through Christ will take out of every nation such as shall be saved.

The “communion of saints,” is an expression equally obscure: and whatever might have been the original meaning of it, it certainly does not resolve itself into a very obvious one to us. If we say we mean by it, that good Christians living together on earth, should exercise all offices of charity among themselves, no one will contradict the article; but many perhaps may ask, Why is it made an article of faith? It relates not so much to faith, as to practice: and the ten commandments might just as well be introduced as articles of our belief.

To this I can only suggest, that it may have a place among the articles of our creed, as a test of our enlarged ideas of Christianity, and as opposed to the narrow-mindedness of some Christians, who harbour very uncharitable opinions against all who are not of their own church; and scruple not to show their opinions by uncharitable actions. The papists, particularly, deny salvation to any but those of their own communion, and persecute those of other persuasions where they have the power. In opposition to this, we profess our belief of the great Christian law of charity. We believe we ought to think charitably of good Christians of all denominations; and ought to practise a free and unrestrained communion of charitable offices towards them.

In this light the second part of the article depends upon the first. By the “holy catholic church,” we mean all sincere Christians, of whatever church, or peculiarity of opinion; and by “the communion of saints,” a kind and charitable behaviour towards them.

Though it is probable this was not the original meaning of the article, yet as the reformers of the liturgy did not think it proper to make an alteration, we are led to seek such a sense as appears most consistent with scripture.—We are assured,

that this article, as well as the "descent into hell," is not of the same antiquity as the rest of the creed*.

We profess our belief farther in the "forgiveness of sins."—The Scripture-doctrine of sin, and of the guilt, which arises from it, is this:

Man was originally created in a state of innocence, yet liable to fall. Had he persevered in his obedience, he might have enjoyed that happiness, which is the consequence of perfect virtue. But when this happy state was lost, his passions and appetites became disordered, and prone to evil. Since that time we have all been, more or less, involved in sin, and are all, therefore, in the Scripture-language, "under the curse;" that is, we are naturally in a state of unpardoned guilt.

In this mournful exigence, what was to be done? In a state of nature, it is true, we might be sorry for our sins. Nature too might dictate repentance. But sorrow and repentance, though they may put us on our guard for the future, can make no atonement for sins already committed. A resolution to run no more into debt may make us cautious; but can never discharge a debt already contracted†.

In this distress of nature, Jesus Christ came into the world. He threw a light upon the gloom that surrounded us. He shewed us, that in this world we were lost—that the law of nature could not save us—that the tenor of the law was perfect obedience, with which we could not comply—but that God—through his mediation, offered us a method of regaining happiness—that he came to make that atonement for us, which we could not make for ourselves—and to redeem us from that guilt, which would otherwise overwhelm us—that faith and obedience were on our parts, the conditions required in this gracious covenant—and that God promised us, on his, the pardon of our sins, and everlasting life—that we were first therefore to be made holy through the gospel of Christ, and then we might expect salvation through his death: "Us, who were dead in trespasses and sins, would he quicken. Christ

would redeem us from the curse of the law. By grace we should be saved through faith; and that not of ourselves: it was the gift of God. Not of works, lest any man should boast." *Gilpin.*

§ 105. *Creed continued—Resurrection of the Body.*

We believe farther, "in the resurrection of the body."—This article presumes our belief in the immortality of the soul.

What that principle of life is which we call the soul; how it is distinguished from mere animal life; how it is connected with the body; and in what state it subsists, when its bodily functions cease; are among those indissoluble questions, with which nature every where abounds. But notwithstanding the difficulties, which attend the discussion of these questions, the truth itself hath in all ages of the world been the popular creed. Men believed their souls were immortal from their own feelings, so impressed with an expectation of immortality—from observing the progressive state of the soul, capable, even after the body had attained its full strength, of still higher improvements, both in knowledge, and in habits of virtue—from the analogy of all nature, dying and reviving in every part—from their situation here, so apparently incomplete in itself; and from a variety of other topics, which the reason of man was able to suggest.—But though nature could obscurely suggest this great truth; yet Christianity alone threw a clear light upon it, and impressed it with a full degree of conviction upon our minds:

But the article before us proceeds a step farther. It not only implies the immortality of the soul; but asserts the resurrection of the body.—Nor was this doctrine wholly new to nature.—In its conceptions of a future life, we always find the soul in an embodied state. It was airy indeed, and bloodless; but still it had the parts of a human body, and could perform all its operations.

In these particulars the Scripture does

* See Bingham's *Antiquities*, vol. iv. chap. 3.

† Thus Mr. Jenyns expresses the same thing: "The punishment of vice is a debt due to justice, which cannot be remitted without compensation: repentance can be no compensation. It may change a wicked man's dispositions, and prevent his offending for the future: but can lay no claim to pardon for what is past. If any one by profligacy and extravagance contracts a debt, repentance may make him wiser, and hinder him from running into further distresses, but can never pay off his old bonds, for which he must be ever accountable, unless they are discharged by himself, or some other in his stead."—*View of the Intern. Evid.* p. 112.

not gratify our curiosity, From various passages we are led to believe, that the body shall certainly rise again: but in what manner, or of what substance, we pretend not to examine. We learn "that it is sown in corruption, and raised in incorruption; that it is sown in dishonour, and raised in glory; that it is sown a natural body, and raised a spiritual body:" from all which we gather, that whatever sameness our bodies may have, they will hereafter take a more spiritualized nature; and will not be subject to those infirmities, to which they were subject on earth. Farther on this head, it behoves us not to inquire.

Instead, therefore, of entering into any metaphysical disquisitions of identity, or any other curious points in which this deep subject might engage us, all which, as they are founded upon uncertainty, must end in doubt, it is better to draw this doctrine, as well as all others, into practical use; and the use we ought to make of it, is to pay that regard to our bodies, which is due to them—not vainly to adorn—not luxuriously to pamper them; but to keep them as much as possible from the pollutions of the world; and to lay them down in the grave undefiled, there to be sealed up in expectation of a blessed resurrection.

Lastly, we believe "in the life everlasting;" in which article we express our faith in the eternity of a future state of rewards and punishments.

This article is nearly related to the last, and is involved in the same obscurity. In what the reward of the virtuous will consist, after death, our reason gives us no information. Conjecture indeed it will, in a matter which so nearly concerns us; and it hath conjectured in all ages, but information it hath none, except from the word of God; and even there, our limited capacities can receive it only in general and figurative expressions. We are told "there will then reign fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore—that the righteous shall have an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away—where they shall shine forth, as the sun, in the presence of their father—where error, and sin, and misery shall be no more—where shall be assembled an innumerable company of angels, the general assembly of the church, the spirits of just men made perfect—that they shall neither hunger nor thirst any more—that all tears shall be wiped from

their eyes—that there shall be neither death, nor sorrow, nor pain."

From these, and such expressions as these, though we cannot collect the entire nature of a future state of happiness, yet we can easily gather a few circumstances, which must of course attend it; as, that it will be very great—that it will last for ever—that it will be of a nature entirely different from the happiness of this world—that, as in this world, our passions and appetites prevail; in the next, reason and virtue will have the superiority—"hunger and thirst, tears and sorrow," we read, "will be no more"—that is, all uneasy passions and appetites will then be annihilated—all vain fears will then be removed—all anxious and intruding cares—and we shall feel ourselves complete and perfect; and our happiness, not dependent, as here, upon a thousand precarious circumstances, both within and without ourselves, but consistent, uniform, and stable.

On the other hand, we pretend not to inquire in what the punishment of the wicked consists. In the Scripture we find many expressions, from which we gather, that it will be very great. It is there called "an everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels; where the worm dieth not, and the fire is never quenched—where shall be weeping, and gnashing of teeth—where the wicked shall drink of the wrath of God, poured without mixture into the cup of his indignation—where they shall have no rest, neither by day nor night."

Though it becomes us certainly to put our interpretations with the greatest caution and humility upon such passages as these; yet "the worm that never dieth," and "the fire that is never quenched," are strong expressions, and hardly to be evaded by any refinements of verbal criticism. Let the deist bravely argue down his fears, by demonstrating the absurdity of consuming a spirit in material fire. Let him fully explain the nature of future punishment; and convince us, that where it cannot reform, it must be unjust. But let us, with more modesty, lay our hands humbly upon our breasts, confess our ignorance; reverse the appointments of God, whatever they may be; and prepare to meet them with holy hope, and trembling joy, and awful submission to his righteous will.

To the unenlightened heathen the eternity of future punishments appeared no such unreasonable doctrine. Their state of

the damned was of eternal duration.—A vulture for ever tore those entrails, which were for ever renewed*.

Of one thing, however, we may be well assured (which may set us entirely at rest in all our inquiries on this deep subject,) that every thing will, in the end, be right—that a just and merciful God must act agreeably to justice and mercy—and that the first of these attributes will most assuredly be tempered with the latter.

From the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, the great and most convincing practical truth which arises, is, that we cannot exert too much pains in qualifying ourselves for the happiness of a future world. As this happiness will last for ever, how beneficial will be the exchange—this world, “which is but for a moment, for that everlasting weight of glory which fadeth not away!”

Vice, on the other hand, receives the greatest discouragement from this doctrine, as every sin we commit in this world may be considered as an addition to an everlasting account in the next. *Gilpin.*

§ 106. *On the Ten Commandments.*

Having considered the articles of our faith, we proceed to the rules of practice. These, we know, are of such importance, that, let our faith be what it will, unless it influence our lives, it is of no value. At the same time, if it be what it ought to be, it will certainly have this influence.

On this head, the ten Commandments are first placed before us; from which the composers of the catechism, as well as many other divines, have drawn a complete system of Christian duties. But this is perhaps rather too much†. Both Moses in the law, and Christ in the gospel, seem to have enlarged greatly on morals: and each of them, especially the latter, to have added many practical rules, which

do not obviously fall under any of the commandments.

But though we cannot call the decalogue a complete rule of duty, we accept it with the utmost reverence, as the first great written law that ever God communicated to man. We consider it as an eternal monument, inscribed by the finger of God himself, with a few strong, indelible characters; not defining the minutiae of morals; but enjoining those great duties only, which have the most particular influence upon the happiness of society; and prohibiting those enormous crimes, which are the greatest sources of its distress.

The ten commandments are divided into two parts, from their being originally written upon two tables. From hence one table is supposed to contain our duty to God: the other our duty to man. But this seems to be an unauthorized division; and hath a tendency to a verbal mistake; as if some duties were owing to God, and others to man: whereas in fact we know that all duties are equally owing to God. However, if we avoid this misconception, the division into our duty to God, and our duty to man, may be a convenient one. The four first commandments are contained in the first table: the remaining six in the second.

At the head of them stands a prohibition to acknowledge more than one God.

The second commandment bears a near relation to the first. The former forbids polytheism; the latter idolatry: and with this belief, and practice, which generally accompanied each other, all the nations of the earth were tainted, when these commandments were given: especially those nations by whom the Jews were surrounded.

The third commandment enjoins reverence to God's name. This is a strong religious restraint in private life; and as a solemn oath is the strictest obligation among men; nothing can be of greater

* ————Rostroque immanis vultur obunco
Immortale jecur tundeus, fecundaque penis
Viscera
————— Sedet, æternumque sedebit
Infelix Theseus

Æn. vi. 596.

ib. 616.

† In the fourth volume of Bishop Warburton's Commentary on Pope's Works, in the second satire of Dr. Donne, are these lines:

Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In which commandment's large contents they dwell.

“The original,” says the Bishop, “is more humorous:

In which commandment's large receipt they dwell;

“as if the ten commandments were so wide, as to stand ready to receive every thing, which either the law of nature, or the gospel commands. A just ridicule on those practical commentators, as they are called, who include all moral and religious duties within them.”

service to society, than to hold it in general respect.

The fourth commands the observance of the Sabbath; as one of the best means of preserving a sense of God, and of religion in the minds of men.

The second table begins with enjoining obedience to parents; a duty in a peculiar manner adapted to the Jewish state, before any regular government was erected. The temporal promise, which guards it, and which can relate only to the Jews, may either mean a promise of long life to each individual, who observed the precept; or, of stability to the whole nation upon the general observance of it: which is perhaps a better interpretation.

The five next commandments are prohibitions of the most capital crimes, which pollute the heart of man, and injure the peace of society.

The first of them forbids murder, which is the greatest injury that one man can do to another; as of all crimes the damage in this is the most irreparable.

The seventh commandment forbids adultery. The black infidelity, and injury which accompany this crime; the confusion in families, which often succeeds it; and the general tendency it hath to destroy all the domestic happiness of society, stain it with a very high degree of guilt.

The security of our property is the object of the eighth commandment.

The security of our characters, is the object of the ninth.

The tenth restrains us not only from the actual commission of sin; but from those bad inclinations which give it birth.

After the commandments follows a commentary upon them, entitled, "our duty to God," and "our duty to our neighbour;" the latter of which might more properly be entitled, "Our duty to our neighbour and ourselves." These seem intended as an explanation of the commandments upon Christian principles; with the addition of other duties, which do not properly fall under any of them. On these we shall be more large.

The first part of our duty to God, is, "to believe in him;" which is the foundation of all religion, and therefore offers itself first to our consideration. But this great point hath been already considered.

The next branch of our duty to God, is to fear him. The fear of God is impressed equally upon the righteous man, and the sinner. But the fear of the sinner

consists only in the dread of punishment. It is the necessary consequence of guilt; and is not that fear, which we consider as a duty. The fear of God here meant, consists of that reverential awe, that constant apprehension of his presence, which secures us from offending him.—When we are before our superiors, we naturally feel a respect, which prevents our doing any thing indecent in their sight. Such (only in a higher degree) should be our reverence of God, in whose sight, we know, we always stand. If a sense of the divine presence hath such an influence over us, as to check the bad tendency of our thoughts, words, and actions; we may properly be said to be impressed with the fear of God.—If not, we neglect one of the best means of checking vice, which the whole circle of religious restraint affords.

Some people go a step farther; and say, that as every degree of light behaviour, though short of an indecency, is improper before our superiors; so is it likewise in the presence of Almighty God, who is so much superior to every thing that can be called great on earth.

But this is the language of superstition. Mirth, within the bounds of innocence, cannot be offensive to God. He is offended only with vice. Vice, in the lowest degree, is hateful to him: but a formal set behaviour can be necessary only to preserve human distinctions.

The next duty to God is that of love, which is founded upon his goodness to his creatures. Even this world, mixed as it is with evil, exhibits various marks of the goodness of the Deity. Most men indeed place their affections too much upon it, and rate it at too high a value: but in the opinion even of wise men, it deserves some estimation. The acquisition of knowledge, in all its branches; the intercourse of society; the contemplation of the wonderful works of God, and all the beautiful scenes of nature; nay, even the low inclinations of animal life, when indulged with sobriety and moderation, furnish various modes of pleasure and enjoyment.

Let this world however go for little. In contemplating a future life, the enjoyments of this are lost. It is in the contemplation of futurity, that the Christian views the goodness of God in the fullest light. When he sees the Deity engaging himself by covenant to make our short abode here a preparation for our eternal happiness hereafter—when he is assured that this

happiness is not only eternal, but of the purest and most perfect kind—when he sees God, as a father, opening all his stores of love and kindness, to bring back to himself a race of creatures fallen from their original perfection, and totally lost through their own folly, perverseness, and wickedness; then it is that the evils of life seem as atoms in the sun-beam; the divine nature appears overflowing with goodness to mankind, and calls forth every exertion of our gratitude and love.

That the enjoyments of a future state, in whatever those enjoyments consist, are the gift of God, is sufficiently obvious: but with regard to the government of this world, there is often among men a sort of infidelity, which ascribes all events to their own prudence and industry. Things appear to run in a stated course; and the finger of God, which acts unseen, is never supposed.

And, no doubt, our own industry and prudence have a great share in procuring for us the blessings of life. God hath annexed them as the reward of such exertions. But can we suppose, that such exertions will be of any service to us, unless the providence of God throw opportunities in our way? All the means of worldly happiness are surely no other than the means of his government. Moses saw among the Jews a kind of infidelity like this, when he forbade the people to say in their hearts, "My power, and the might of my hands hath gotten me this wealth:" whereas, he adds, they ought to remember, "That it is the Lord who giveth power to get wealth."

Others again have objected to the goodness of God, his permission of evil. A good God, say they, would have prevented it; and have placed his creatures in a situation beyond the distresses of life.

With regard to man, there seems to be no great difficulty in this matter. It is enough, surely, that God has put the means of comfort in our power. In the natural world, he hath given us remedies against hunger, cold, and disease; and in the moral world, against the mischief of sin. Even death itself, the last great evil, he hath shewn us how we may change into the most consummate blessing. A state of trial, therefore, and a future world, seem easily to set things to rights on this head.

The misery of the brute creation is indeed more unaccountable. But have we not the modesty to suppose, that this diffi-

culty may be owing to our ignorance? And that on the strength of what we know of the wisdom of God, we may venture to trust him for those parts which we cannot comprehend?

One truth, after all, is very apparent, that if we should argue ourselves into atheism, by the untractableness of these subjects, we should be so far from getting rid of our difficulties, that, if we reason justly, ten thousand greater would arise, either from considering the world under no ruler, or under one of our own imagining.

There remains one farther consideration with regard to the love of God, and that is, the measure of it. We are told we ought to love him "with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our strength." These are strong expressions, and seem to imply a greater warmth of affection, than many people may perhaps find they can exert. The affections of some are naturally cool, and little excited by any objects. The guilty person, is he, whose affections are warm, in every thing but religion.—The obvious meaning therefore of the expression is, that whether our affections are cool or warm, we should make God our chief good—that we should set our affections more upon him, than upon any thing else—and that, for his sake, and for the sake of his laws, we should be ready to resign every thing we have, and even life itself. So that the words seem nearly of the same import with those of the apostle, "Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth." *Gilpin.*

§ 107. *Worship and Honour of God.*

Our next duty to God is, "to worship him, to give him thanks, to put our whole trust in him, and to call upon him."

Since the observance of the Sabbath is founded upon many wise and just reasons, what have they to answer for, who not only neglect this institution themselves, but bring it by their example into contempt with others? I speak not to those who make it a day of common diversion; who, laying aside all decency, and breaking through all civil and religious regulations, spend it in the most licentious amusements; such people are past all reproof; but I speak to those, who in other things profess themselves to be serious people; and, one might hope, would act right, when they were convinced what was so.

But our prayers, whether in public or in

private, are only an idle parade, unless we put our trust in God.

By putting our trust in God, is meant depending upon him, as our happiness, and our refuge.

Human nature is always endeavouring either to remove pain; or, if ease be obtained, to acquire happiness. And those things are certainly the most eligible, which in these respects are the most effectual. The world, it is true, makes us flattering promises: but who can say that it will keep them? We consist of two parts, a body, and a soul. Both of these want the means of happiness, as well as the removal of evil. But the world cannot even afford them to the body. Its means of happiness, to those who depend upon them as such, are, in a thousand instances, unsatisfying. Even at best, they will fail us in the end. While pain, diseases, and death, shew us, that the world can afford no refuge against bodily distress. And if it cannot afford the means of happiness, and of security, to the body, how much less can we suppose it able to afford them to the soul?

Nothing then, we see in this world, is a sufficient foundation for trust: nor indeed can any thing be but Almighty God, who affords us the only means of happiness, and is our only real refuge in distress. On him, the more we trust, the greater we shall feel our security; and that man who has, on just religious motives, confirmed in himself this trust, wants nothing else to secure his happiness. The world may wear what aspect it will: it is not on it that he depends. As far as prudence goes, he endeavours to avoid the evils of life; but when they fall to his share (as sooner or later we must all share them) he resigns himself into the hands of that God who made him, and who knows best how to dispose of him. On him he thoroughly depends, and with him he has a constant intercourse by prayer; trusting, that whatever happens is agreeable to that just government, which God has established: and that, of consequence, it must be best.

We are enjoined next "to honour God's holy name."

The name of God is accompanied with such ideas of greatness and reverence, that it should never pass our lips without suggesting those ideas. Indeed it should never be mentioned, but with a kind of aw-

ful hesitation, and on the most solemn occasions; either in serious discourse, or when we invoke God in prayer, or when we swear by his name.

In this last light we are particularly enjoined to honour the name of God. A solemn oath is an appeal to God himself; and is entitled to our utmost respect, were it only in a political light; as in all human concerns it is the strongest test of veracity; and has been approved as such by the wisdom of all nations.

Some religionists have disapproved the use of oaths, under the idea of prophaneness. The language of the sacred writers conveys a different idea. One of them says, "An oath for confirmation is an end of all strife:" another, "I take God for record upon my soul:" and a third, "God is my witness."

To the use of oaths, others have objected, that they are nugatory. The good man will speak the truth without an oath; and the bad man cannot be held by one. And this would be true, if mankind were divided into good and bad: but as they are generally of a mixed character, we may well suppose, that many would venture a simple falsehood, who would yet be startled at the idea of perjury*.

As an oath therefore taken in a solemn manner, and on a proper occasion, may be considered as one of the highest acts of religion; so perjury, or false swearing, is certainly one of the highest acts of impiety; and the greatest dishonour we can possibly show to the name of God. It is, in effect, either denying our belief in a God, or his power to punish. Other crimes wish to escape the notice of Heaven; this is daring the Almighty to his face.

After perjury, the name of God is most dishonoured by the horrid practice of cursing. Its effects in society, it is true, are not so mischievous as those of perjury; nor is it so deliberate an act: but yet it conveys a still more horrid idea. Indeed, if there be one wicked practice more peculiarly diabolical than another, it is this: for no employment can be conceived more suitable to infernal spirits, than that of spending their rage and impotence in curses and execrations. If this shocking vice were not so dreadfully familiar to our ears, it could not fail to strike us with the utmost horror.

* They who attend our courts of justice often see instances among the common people, of their asserting roundly what they will either refuse to swear, or when sworn will not assert.

We next consider common swearing ; a sin so universally practised, that one would imagine some great advantage, in the way either of pleasure or profit, attended it. The wages of iniquity afford some temptations ; but to commit sin without any wages, is a strange species of infatuation. May we then ask the common swearer, what the advantages are, which arise from this practice ?

It will be difficult to point out one.—Perhaps it may be said, that it adds strength to an affirmation. But if a man commonly strengthen his affirmations in this way, we may venture to assert, that the practice will tend rather to lessen, than to confirm his credit. He shews plainly what he himself thinks of his own veracity. We never prop a building till it becomes ruinous.

Some forward youth may think, that an oath adds an air and spirit to his discourse ; that it is manly and important ; and gives him consequence. We may whisper one secret in his ear, which he may be assured is a truth. These airs of manliness give him consequence with those only, whose commendation is disgrace : others he only convinces, at how early an age he wishes to be thought profligate.

Perhaps he may imagine, that an oath gives force and terror to his threatenings—In this he may be right ; and the more horribly wicked he grows, the greater object of terror he may make himself. On this plan the devil affords him a complete pattern for imitation.

Paltry as these apologies are, I should suppose the practice of common swearing has little more to say for itself.—Those, however, who can argue in favour of this sin, I should fear, there is little chance to reclaim. But it is probable, that the greater part of such as are addicted to it, act rather from habit than principle. To deter such persons from indulging so pernicious a habit, and shew to them, that it is worth their while to be at some pains to conquer it, let us now see what arguments may be produced on the other side.

In the first place, common swearing leads to perjury. He who is addicted to swear on every trifling occasion, cannot but often, I had almost said unavoidably, give the sanction of an oath to an untruth. And though I should hope such perjury is not a sin of so heinous a nature, as what, in judicial matters, is called wilful and corrupt ; yet it is certainly stained with a very great degree of guilt.

But secondly, common swearing is a large stride towards wilful and corrupt perjury, inasmuch as it makes a solemn oath to be received with less reverence. If nobody dared to take an oath, but on proper occasions, an oath would be received with respect ; but when we are accustomed to hear swearing the common language of our streets, it is no wonder that people make light of oaths on every occasion ; and that judicial, commercial, and official oaths, are all treated with much indifference.

Thirdly, common swearing may be considered as an act of great irreverence to God ; and as such, implying also a great indifference to religion. If it would disgrace a chief magistrate to suffer appeals on every trifling, or ludicrous occasion ; we may at least think it as disrespectful to the Almighty.—If we lose our reverence for God, it is impossible we can retain it for his laws. You scarce remember a common swearer, who was in other respects an exact Christian.

But, above all, we should be deterred from common swearing by the positive command of our Saviour, which is founded unquestionably upon the wickedness of the practice : “ You have heard,” saith Christ, “ that it hath been said by them of old time, thou shalt not forswear thyself : but I say unto you, swear not at all : neither by heaven, for it is God’s throne ; neither by the earth, for it is his footstool ; but let your communication, (that is, your ordinary conversation) be yea, yea, nay, nay ; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.”—St. James also, with great emphasis pressing his master’s words, says, “ Above all things, my brethren, swear not ; neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath : but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay, lest you fall into condemnation.”

I shall just add, before I conclude this subject, that two things are to be avoided, which are very nearly allied to swearing.

The first is, the use of light exclamations, and invocations upon God, on every trivial occasion. We cannot have much reverence for God himself, when we treat his name in so familiar a manner ; and may assure ourselves, that we are indulging a practice, which must weaken impressions, that ought to be preserved as strong as possible.

Secondly, such light expressions, and wanton phrases, as sound like swearing,

are to be avoided; and are often therefore indulged by silly people for the sake of the sound; who think (if they think at all) that they add to their discourse the spirit of swearing without the guilt of it. Such people had better lay aside, together with swearing, every appearance of it. These appearances, may both offend, and mislead others; and with regard to themselves, may end in realities. At least, they shew an inclination to swearing: and an inclination to vice indulged, is really vice.

Gilpin.

§ 108. *Honour due to God's Word—
What it is to serve God truly, &c.*

As we are enjoined to honour God's holy name, so are we enjoined also "to honour his holy word."

By God's holy word, we mean, the Old Testament and the New.

The books of the Old Testament open with the earliest accounts of time, earlier than any human records reach; and yet, in many instances, they are strengthened by human records. The heathen mythology is often grounded upon remnants of the sacred story, and many of the Bible events are recorded, however imperfectly, in prophane history. The very face of nature bears witness to the deluge.

In the history of the patriarchs is exhibited a most beautiful picture of the simplicity of ancient manners; and of genuine nature unadorned indeed by science, but impressed strongly with a sense of religion. This gives an air of greatness and dignity to all the sentiments and actions of these exalted characters.

The patriarchal history is followed by the Jewish. Here we have the principal events of that peculiar nation, which lived under a theocracy, and was set apart to preserve and propagate* the knowledge of the true God through those ages of ignorance antecedent to Christ. Here too we find those types, and representations, which the apostle to the Hebrews calls the shadows of good things to come.

To those books, which contain the legislation and history of the Jews, succeed the prophetic writings. As the time of the promise drew still nearer, the notices of its approach became stronger. The kingdom of the Messiah, which was but obscurely

shadowed by the ceremonies of the Jewish law, was marked in stronger lines by the prophets, and proclaimed in a more intelligible language. The office of the Messiah, his ministry, his life, his actions, his death, and his resurrection, are all very distinctly held out. It is true, the Jews, explaining the warm figures of the prophetic language too literally, and applying to a temporal dominion those expressions, which were intended only as descriptive of a spiritual, were offended at the meanness of Christ's appearance on earth; and would not own him for that Messiah, whom their prophets had foretold; though these very prophets, when they used a less figurative language, had described him, as he really was, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

To these books are added several others, poetical and moral, which administer much instruction, and matter of meditation to devout minds.

The New Testament contains first the simple history of Christ, as recorded in the four gospels. In this history also are delivered those excellent instructions which our Saviour occasionally gave his disciples; the precepts and the example blended together.

To the gospel succeeds an account of the lives and actions of some of the principal apostles, together with the early state of the Christian church.

The epistles of several of the apostles, particularly of St. Paul, to some of the new established churches, make another part. Our Saviour had promised to endow his disciples with power from on high to complete the great work of publishing the gospel: and in the epistles that work is completed. The truths and doctrines of the Christian religion are here still more unfolded and enforced: as the great scheme of our redemption was now finished by the death of Christ.

The sacred volume is concluded with the revelations of St. John; which are supposed to contain a prophetic description of the future state of the church. Some of these prophecies, it is thought on very good grounds, are already fulfilled; and others, which now, as sublime descriptions only, amuse the imagination, will probably, in the future ages of the church, be the objects of the understanding also.

* See the subject very learnedly treated in one of the first chapters of Jenkins's Reasonableness of Christianity.

The last part of our duty to God is, "to serve him truly all the days of our life."

"To serve God truly all the days of our life," implies two things: first, the mode of this service; and secondly, the term of it.

First, we must serve God truly. We must not rest satisfied with the outward action; but must take care that every action be founded on a proper motive. It is the motive alone that makes an action acceptable to God. The hypocrite "may fast twice in the week, and give alms of all that he possesses;" nay, he may fast the whole week, if he be able, and give all he has in alms; but if his fasts and his alms are intended as matter of ostentation only, neither the one, nor the other, is that true service which God requires. God requires the heart: he requires that an earnest desire of acting agreeable to his will, should be the general spring of our actions; and this will give even an indifferent action a value in his sight.

As we are enjoined to serve God truly, so are we enjoined to serve him "all the days of our life." As far as human frailties will permit, we should persevere in a constant tenor of obedience. That lax behaviour, which, instead of making a steady progress, is continually relapsing into former errors, and running the same round of sinning and repenting, is rather the life of an irresolute sinner, than of a pious Christian. Human errors and frailties, we know, God will not treat with too severe an eye; but he who, in the general tenor of his life, does not keep advancing towards Christian perfection; but suffers himself, at intervals, entirely to lose sight of his calling, cannot be really serious in his profession: he is at a great distance from serving God truly all the days of his life; and has no scriptural ground to hope much from the mercy of God.

That man, whether placed in high estate or low, has reached the summit of human happiness, who is truly serious in the service of his great Master. The things of this world may engage, but cannot engross his attention; its sorrows and its joys may affect, but cannot disconcert him. No man, he knows, can faithfully serve two masters. He hath hired himself to one—that great Master, whose commands he reveres, whose favour he seeks, whose displeasure alone is the real object of his fears; and whose rewards alone are the real objects of his hope. Every thing else is tri-

vial in his sight. The world may sooth; or it may threaten him: he perseveres steadily in the service of his God; and in that perseverance feels his happiness every day the more established. *Gilpin.*

§ 109. *Duties owing to particular Persons—Duty of Children to Parents—Respect and Obedience—in what the former consists—in what the latter—succouring a Parent—brotherly Affection—Obedience to Law—founded on the Advantages of Society.*

From the two grand principles of "loving our neighbour as ourselves, and of doing to others as we would have them do to us," which regulates our social intercourse in general, we proceed to those more confined duties, which arise from particular relations, connexions, and stations in life.

Among these, we are first taught, as indeed the order of nature directs, to consider the great duty of children to parents.

The two points to be insisted on, are respect and obedience. Both these should naturally spring from love; to which parents have the highest claim. And indeed parents, in general, behave to their children, in a manner both to deserve and to obtain their love.

But if the kindness of the parent be not such as to work upon the affections of the child, yet still the parent has a title to respect and obedience, on the principle of duty; a principle, which the voice of nature dictates; which reason inculcates; which human laws, and human customs, all join to enforce; and which the word of God strictly commands.

The child will shew respect to his parent, by treating him, at all times, with deference. He will consult his parent's inclination, and shew a readiness, in a thousand nameless trifles, to conform himself to it. He will never peevishly contradict his parent; and when he offers a contrary opinion, he will offer it modestly. Respect will teach him also, not only to put the best colouring upon the infirmities of his parent: but even if those infirmities be great, he will soften and screen them, as much as possible, from the public eye.

Obedience goes a step further, and supposes a positive command. In things unlawful indeed, the parental authority cannot bind; but this is a case that rarely happens. The great danger is on the other side, that children, through obstinacy or sullenness, should refuse their pa-

rents' lawful commands; to the observance of all which, however inconvenient to themselves, they are tied by various motives; and above all, by the command of God, who, in his sacred denunciations against sin, ranks disobedience to parents among the worst*.

They are farther bound, not only to obey the commands of their parents; but to obey them cheerfully. He does but half his duty, who does it not from his heart.

There remains still a third part of filial duty, which peculiarly belongs to children, when grown up. This the catechism calls succouring or administering to the necessities of the parent; either in the way of managing his affairs, when he is less able to manage them himself; or in supplying his wants, should he need assistance in that way. And this the child should do, on the united principles of love, duty, and gratitude. The hypocritical Jew would sometimes evade this duty, by dedicating to sacred uses what should have been expended in assisting his parent. Our Saviour sharply rebukes this perversion of duty; and gives him to understand, that no pretence of serving God can cover the neglect of assisting a parent. And if no pretence of serving God can do it, surely every other pretence must still be more unnatural.

Under this head also we may consider that attention, and love, which are due to other relations, especially that mutual affection which should subsist between brothers. The name of brother expresses the highest degree of tenderness; and is generally used in Scripture, as a term of peculiar endearment, to call men to the practice of social virtue. It reminds them of every kindness, which man can shew to man. If then we ought to treat all mankind with the affection of brothers, in what light must they appear, who being really such, are ever at variance with each other; continually doing spiteful actions, and shewing, upon every occasion, not only a want of brotherly kindness, but even of common regard?

The next part of our duty is "to honour and obey the king, and all that are put in authority under him."

By "the king, and all that are put in authority under him," is meant the various parts of the government we live under, of which the king is the head; and the mean-

ing of the precept is, that we ought to live in dutiful submission to legal authority.

Government and society are united. We cannot have one without the other; and we submit to the inconveniences, for the sake of the advantages.

The end of society is mutual safety and convenience. Without it, even safety could in no degree be obtained: the good would become a prey to the bad; nay, the very human species to the beasts of the field.

Still less could we obtain the conveniences of life; which cannot be had without the labour of many. If every man depended upon himself for what he enjoyed, how destitute would be the situation of human affairs!

But even safety and convenience are not the only fruits of society. Man, living merely by himself, would be an ignorant unpolished savage. It is the intercourse of society which cultivates the human mind. One man's knowledge and experience is built upon another's; and so the great edifice of science and polished life is reared.

To enjoy these advantages, therefore, men joined in society; and hence it became necessary, that government should be established. Magistrates were created; laws made; taxes submitted to; and every one, instead of righting himself (except in mere self-defence), is enjoined to appeal to the laws he lives under, as the best security of his life and property. *Gilpin.*

§ 110. *Duty to our Teachers and Instructors—arising from the great Importance of Knowledge and Religion—and the great Necessity of gaining Habits of Attention, and of Virtue, in our Youth—Analogy of Youth and Manhood to this World and the next.*

We are next enjoined "to submit ourselves to all our governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters." Here another species of government is pointed out. The laws of society are meant to govern our riper years; the instructions of our teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters, are meant to guide our youth.

By our "teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters," are meant all those who have the care of our education, and of our instruction in religion; whom we are to obey, and listen to, with humility and attention,

as the means of our advancement in knowledge and religion. The instructions we receive from them are unquestionably subject to our own judgment in future life; for by his own judgment every man must stand or fall. But, during our youth, it is highly proper for us to pay a dutiful submission to their instructions, as we cannot yet be supposed to have formed any judgment of our own. At that early age it should be our endeavour to acquire knowledge; and afterwards unprejudiced to form our opinion.

The duty which young people owe to their instructors, cannot be shewn better, than in the effect which the instructions they receive have upon them. They would do well, therefore, to consider the advantages of an early attention to these two things, both of great importance, knowledge and religion.

The great use of knowledge in all its various branches (to which the learned languages are generally considered as an introduction) is to free the mind from the prejudices of ignorance; and to give it juster, and more enlarged conceptions, than are the mere growth of rude nature. By reading, you add the experience of others to your own. It is the improvement of the mind chiefly, that makes the difference between man and man; and gives one man a real superiority over another.

Besides, the mind must be employed. The lower orders of men have their attention much engrossed by those employments in which the necessities of life engage them: and it is happy that they have. Labour stands in the room of education; and fills up those vacancies of mind, which, in a state of idleness, would be engrossed by vice. And if they, who have more leisure, do not substitute something in the room of this, their minds also will become the prey of vice; and the more so, as they have the means to indulge it more in their power. A vacant mind is exactly that house mentioned in the gospel, which the devil found empty. In he entered; and taking with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, they took possession. It is an undoubted truth, that one vice indulged, introduces others; and that each succeeding vice becomes more depraved.—If then the mind must be employed, what can fill up its vacancies more rationally than the acquisition of knowledge? Let us therefore thank God for the opportunities he hath afforded us; and not turn into a

curse those means of leisure, which might become so great a blessing.

But however necessary to us knowledge may be, religion, we know, is infinitely more so. The one adorns a man, and gives him, it is true, superiority and rank in life: but the other is absolutely essential to his happiness.

In the midst of youth, health, and abundance, the world is apt to appear a very gay and pleasing scene; it engages our desires; and in a degree satisfies them also. But it is wisdom to consider that a time will come, when youth, health, and fortune, will all fail us; and if disappointment and vexation do not sour our taste for pleasure, at least sickness and infirmities will destroy it. In these gloomy seasons, and above all, at the approach of death, what will become of us without religion? When this world fails, where shall we fly, if we expect no refuge in another? Without holy hope in God, and resignation to his will, and trust in him for deliverance, what is there that can secure us against the evils of life?

The great utility therefore of knowledge and religion being thus apparent, it is highly incumbent upon us to pay a studious attention to them in our youth. If we do not, it is more than probable that we shall never do it: that we shall grow old in ignorance, by neglecting the one; and old in vice by neglecting the other.

For improvement in knowledge, youth is certainly the fittest season. The mind is then ready to receive any impression. It is free from all that care and attention, which, in riper age, the affairs of life bring with them. The memory too is then stronger, and better able to acquire the rudiments of knowledge; and as the mind is then void of ideas, it is more suited to those parts of learning which are conversant in words. Besides, there is sometimes in youth a modesty and ductility, which in advanced years, if those years especially have been left a prey to ignorance, become self-sufficiency and prejudice; and these effectually bar up all the inlets to knowledge.—But, above all, unless habits of attention and application are early gained, we shall scarcely acquire them afterwards.—The inconsiderate youth seldom reflects upon this; nor knows his loss, till he knows also that it cannot be retrieved.

Nor is youth more the season to acquire knowledge, than to form religious habits.

It is a great point to get habit on the side of virtue. It will make every thing smooth and easy. The earliest principles are generally the most lasting; and those of a religious cast are seldom wholly lost. Though the temptations of the world may, now and then, draw the well-principled youth aside; yet his principles being continually at war with his practice, there is hope, that in the end the better part may overcome the worse, and bring on a reformation. Whereas, he, who has suffered habits of vice to get possession of his youth, has little chance of being brought back to a sense of religion. In a common course of things it can rarely happen. Some calamity must rouse him. He must be awakened by a storm, or sleep for ever.—How much better is it then to make that easy to us, which we know is best! And to form those habits now, which hereafter we shall wish we had formed!

There are, who would restrain youth from imbibing any religious principles, till they can judge for themselves; lest they should imbibe prejudice for truth. But why should not the same caution be used in science also; and the minds of youth left void of all impressions? The experiment, I fear, in both cases would be dangerous. If the mind were left uncultivated during so long a period, though nothing else would find entrance, vice certainly would: and it would make the larger shoots, as the soil would be vacant. A boy had better receive knowledge and religion mixed with error, than none at all. For when the mind is set a thinking, it may deposit its prejudices by degrees, and get right at last: but in a state of stagnation it will infallibly become foul.

To conclude, our youth bears the same proportion to our more advanced life, as this world does to the next. In this life we must form and cultivate those habits of virtue, which must qualify us for a better state. If we neglect them here, and contract habits of an opposite kind, instead of gaining that exalted state, which is promised to our improvement, we shall of course sink into that state, which is adapted to the habits we have formed.

Exactly thus is youth introductory to manhood: to which it is, properly speaking, a state of preparation. During this season we must qualify ourselves for the parts we are to act hereafter. In manhood we bear the fruit, which has in youth been planted. If we have sauntered away our

youth, we must expect to be ignorant men. If indolence and inattention have taken an early possession of us, they will probably increase as we advance in life; and make us a burden to ourselves, and useless to society. If, again, we suffer ourselves to be misled by vicious inclinations, they may daily get new strength, and end in dissolute lives. But if we cultivate our minds in our youth, attain habits of attention and industry, of virtue and sobriety, we shall find ourselves well prepared to act our future parts in life; and, what above all things ought to be our care, by gaining this command over ourselves, we shall be more able, as we get forward in the world, to resist every new temptation, as it arises. *Gilpin.*

§ 111. *Behaviour to Superiors.*

We are next enjoined “to order ourselves lowly and reverently to all our betters.”

By our betters are meant, they who are in a superior station of life to our own; and by “ordering ourselves lowly and reverently towards them,” is meant paying them that respect which is due to their station.

The word “betters” indeed includes two kinds of persons, to whom our respect is due—those who have a natural claim to it; and those who have an acquired one; that is, a claim arising from some particular situation in life.

Among the first, are all our superior relations; not only parents, but all other relations, who are in a line above us. All these have a natural claim to our respect.—There is a respect also due from youth to age; which is always becoming; and tends to keep youth within the bounds of modesty.

To others, respect is due from those particular stations which arise from society and government. Fear God, says the text; and it adds, “honour the king.”

It is due also from many other situations in life. Employments, honours, and even wealth, will exact it; and all may justly exact it, in a proper degree.

But it may here perhaps be inquired, why God should permit this latter distinction among men? That some should have more authority than others, we can easily see, is absolutely necessary in government; but among men, who are all born equal, why should the goods of life be distributed in so unequal a proportion?

To this inquiry, it may be answered, that, in the first place, we see nothing in this, but what is common in all the works of God. A gradation is every where observable. Beauty, strength, swiftness, and other qualities, are varied through the creation in numberless degrees. In the same manner likewise are varied the gifts of fortune, as they are called. Why therefore should one man's being richer than another, surprise us more than his being stronger than another, or more prudent?

Though we can but very inadequately trace the wisdom of God in his works, yet very wise reasons appear for this variety in the gifts of fortune. It seems necessary both in a civil, and in a moral light.

In a civil light, it is the necessary accompaniment of various employments; on which depend all the advantages of society. Like the stones of a regular building, some must range higher, and some lower; some must support, and others be supported; some will form the strength of the building, and others its ornament; but all unite in producing one regular and proportioned whole. If then different employments are necessary, of course different degrees of wealth, honour, and consequence, must follow; a variety of distinctions and obligations; in short, different ranks, and a subordination, must take place.

Again, in a moral light, the disproportion of wealth, and other worldly adjuncts, gives a range to the more extensive exercise of virtue. Some virtues could but faintly exist upon the plan of an equality. If some did not abound, there were little room for temperance: if some did not suffer need, there were as little for patience. Other virtues again could hardly exist at all. Who could practise generosity, where there was no object of it? Who humility, where all ambitious desires were excluded?

Since then Providence, in scattering these various gifts, proposes ultimately the good of man, it is our duty to acquiesce in this order, and "to behave ourselves lowly and reverently" (not with servility, but with a decent respect) "to all our superiors."

Before I conclude this subject, it may be proper to observe, in vindication of the ways of Providence, that we are not to suppose happiness and misery necessa-

rily connected with riches and poverty. Each condition hath its particular sources both of pleasure and pain, unknown to the other. Those in elevated stations have a thousand latent pangs, of which their inferiors have no idea; while their inferiors again have as many pleasures, which the others cannot taste. I speak only of such modes of happiness or misery which arise immediately from different stations. Of misery, indeed, from a variety of other causes, all men of every station are equal heirs: either when God lays his hand upon us in sickness or misfortune; or when, by our own follies and vices, we become the ministers of our own distress.

Who then would build his happiness upon an elevated station? Or who would envy the possession of such happiness in another? We know not with what various distresses that station, which is the object of that envy, may be attended.—Besides, as we are accountable for all we possess, it may be happy for us that we possess so little. The means of happiness, as far as station can procure them, are commonly in our own power, if we are not wanting to ourselves.

Let each of us then do his duty in that station which Providence has assigned him; ever remembering, that the next world will soon destroy all earthly distinctions.—One distinction only will remain among the sons of men at that time—the distinction between good and bad; and this distinction it is worth all our pains and all our ambition to acquire. *Gilpin.*

§ 112. *Against wronging our Neighbours by injurious Words.*

We are next instructed "to hurt nobody by word or deed—to be true and just in all our dealings—to bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts—to keep our hands from picking and stealing—our tongues from evil speaking, lying, and slandering."

The duties comprehended in these words are a little transposed. What should class under one head is brought under another. "To hurt nobody by word or deed," is the general proposition. The under parts should follow: First, "to keep the tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering;" which is "to hurt nobody by word." Secondly, "to be true and just in all our dealings;" and "to keep our hands from picking and stealing;" which is, "to hurt nobody by deed." As to

the injunction, "to bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts," it belongs properly to neither of these heads; but it is a distinct one by itself. The duties being thus separated, I shall proceed to explain them.

And, first, of injuring our neighbour by our "words." This may be done, we find, in three ways; by "evil-speaking, by lying, and by slandering."

By "evil-speaking," is meant speaking ill of our neighbours; but upon a supposition, that this ill is the truth. In some circumstances it is certainly right to speak ill of our neighbour; as when we are called upon in a court of justice to give our evidence; or, when we can set any one right in his opinion of a person, in whom he is about to put an improper confidence. Nor can there be any harm in speaking of a bad action, which has been determined in a court of justice, or is otherwise become notorious.

But on the other hand, it is highly disallowable to speak wantonly of the characters of others from common fame: because, in a thousand instances, we find that stories, which have no better foundation, are misrepresented. They are perhaps only half told—they have been heard through the medium of malice and envy—some favourable circumstance hath been omitted—some foreign circumstance hath been added—some trifling circumstance hath been exaggerated—the motive, the provocation, or perhaps the reparation, hath been concealed—in short, the representation of the fact is, some way or other, totally different from the fact itself.

But even, when we have the best evidence of a bad action, with all its circumstances before us, we surely indulge a very ill-natured pleasure in spreading the shame of an offending brother. We can do no good; and we may do harm: we may weaken his good resolutions by exposing him: we may harden him against the world. Perhaps it may be his first bad action. Perhaps nobody is privy to it but ourselves. Let us give him at least one trial. Let us not cast the first stone. Which of our lives could stand so strict a scrutiny? He only who is without sin himself, can have any excuse for treating his brother with severity.

Let us next consider "lying;" which is an intention to deceive by falsehood in our words—To warn us against lying, we

should do well to consider the folly, the meanness, and the wickedness of it.

The folly of lying consists in its defeating its own purpose. A habit of lying is generally in the end detected; and after detection, the liar, instead of deceiving, will not even be believed when he happens to speak the truth. Nay, every single lie is attended with such a variety of circumstances, which lead to a detection, that it is often discovered. The use generally made of a lie, is to cover a fault; but as the end is seldom answered, we only aggravate what we wish to conceal. In point even of prudence, an honest confession would serve us better.

The meanness of lying arises from the cowardice which it implies. We dare not boldly and nobly speak the truth; but have recourse to low subterfuges, which always argue a sordid and disingenuous mind. Hence it is, that in the fashionable world, the word liar is always considered as a term of peculiar reproach.

The wickedness of lying consists in its perverting one of the greatest blessings of God, the use of speech, in making that a mischief to mankind, which was intended for a benefit. Truth is the great bond of society. Falsehood, of course, tends to its dissolution. If one may lie, why not another? And if there is no mutual trust among men, there is an end of all intercourse and dealing.

An equivocation is nearly related to a lie. It is an intention to deceive under words of a double meaning, or words which, literally speaking, are true; and is equally criminal with the most downright breach of truth. When St. Peter asked Sapphira (in the fifth chapter of the Acts) "whether her husband had sold the land for so much?" She answered he had: and literally she spoke the truth; for he had sold it for that sum included in a larger. But having an intention to deceive, we find the apostle considered the equivocation as a lie.

In short, it is the intention to deceive, which is criminal: the mode of deception, like the vehicle in which poison is conveyed, is of no consequence. A nod, or sign, may convey a lie as effectually as the most deceitful language.

Under the head of lying may be mentioned a breach of promise. While a resolution remains in our own breasts, it is subject to our own review; but when we make

another person a party with us, an engagement is made; and every engagement, though only of the lightest kind, should be punctually observed. If we have added to this engagement a solemn promise, the obligation is so much the stronger; and he who does not think himself bound by such an obligation, has no pretensions to the character of an honest man. A breach of promise is still worse than a lie. A lie is simply a breach of truth: but a breach of promise is a breach both of truth and trust. Forgetfulness is a weak excuse: it only shews how little we are affected by so solemn an engagement. Should we forget to call for a sum of money, of which we were in want, at an appointed time? Or do we think a solemn promise of less value than a sum of money?

Having considered evil speaking and lying, let us next consider slandering. By slandering, we mean injuring our neighbour's character by falsehood. Here we still rise higher in the scale of injurious words. Slandering our neighbour is the greatest injury which words can do him; and is, therefore, worse than either evil-speaking or lying. The mischief of this sin depends on the value of our characters. All men, unless they be past feeling, desire naturally to be thought well of by their fellow-creatures: a good character is one of the principal means of being serviceable either to ourselves or others; and among numbers, the very bread they eat depends upon it. What aggravated injury, therefore, do we bring upon every man whose name we slander? And what is still worse, the injury is irreparable. If you defraud a man; restore what you took, and the injury is repaired. But, if you slander him, it is not in your power to shut up all the ears, and all the mouths, to which your tale may have access. The evil spreads like the winged seeds of some noxious plants, which scatter mischief on a breath of air, and disperse it on every side, and beyond prevention.

Before we conclude this subject, it may just be mentioned, that a slander may be spread, as a lie may be told, in various ways. We may do it by an insinuation, as well as in a direct manner: we may spread it in a secret; or propagate it under the colour of friendship.

I may add also, that it is a species of slander, and often a very malignant one, to lessen the merits or exaggerate the

failings of others; as it is likewise to omit defending a misrepresented character, or to let others bear the blame of our offences.

Gilpin.

§ 113. *Against wronging our Neighbour by injurious Actions.*

Having thus considered injurious words, let us next consider injurious actions. On this head we are enjoined "to keep our hands from picking and stealing, and to be true and just in all our dealings."

As to theft, it is a crime of so odious and vile a nature, that one would imagine no person, who hath had the least tincture of a virtuous education, even though driven to necessity, could be led into it.—I shall not, therefore, enter into a dissuasive from this crime; but go on with the explanation of the other part of the injunction, and see what it is to be true and just in all our dealings.

Justice is even still more, if possible, the support of society than truth: inasmuch as a man may be more injurious by his actions, than by his words. It is for this reason, that the whole force of human law is bent to restrain injustice; and the happiness of every society will increase in proportion to this restraint.

We very much err, however, if we suppose, that every thing within the bounds of law is justice. The law was intended only for bad men; and it is impossible to make the meshes of it so straight, but that many very great enormities will escape. The well meaning man, therefore, knowing that the law was not made for him, consults a better guide—his own conscience, informed by religion. And, indeed, the great difference between the good and the bad man consists in this: the good man will do nothing, but what his conscience will allow; the bad man will do any thing which the law cannot reach.

It would, indeed, be endless to describe the various ways, in which a man may be dishonest within the limits of the law.

They are as various as our intercourse with mankind. Some of the most obvious of them I shall cursorily mention.

In matters of commerce the knave has many opportunities. The different qualities of the same commodity—the different modes of adulteration—the specious arts of vending—the frequent ignorance in purchasing; and a variety of other circumstances, open an endless field to the inge-

nity of fraud. The honest fair dealer, in the mean time, has only one rule, which is, that all arts, however common in business, which are intended to deceive, are utterly unlawful. It may be added, upon this head, that if any one, conscious of having been a transgressor, is desirous of repairing his faults, restitution is by all means necessary; till that be done, he continues in a course of injustice.

Again, in matters of contract, a man has many opportunities of being dishonest within the bounds of law. He may be strict in observing the letter of an agreement, when the equitable meaning requires the laxer interpretation; or, he can take the laxer interpretation, when it serves his purpose; and at the loop-hole of some ambiguous expression exclude the literal meaning, though it be undoubtedly the true one.

The same iniquity appears in withholding from another his just right; or in putting him to expense in recovering it. The movements of the law are slow; and in many cases cannot be otherwise; but he who takes the advantage of this to injure his neighbour, proves himself an undoubted knave.

It is a species of the same kind of injustice to withhold a debt, when we have ability to pay; or to run into debt, when we have not that ability. The former can proceed only from a bad disposition; the latter from suffering our desires to exceed our station. Some are excused on this head, as men of generous principles, which they cannot confine. But what is their generosity? They assist one man by injuring another. And what good arises to society from hence? Such persons cannot act on principle; and we need not hesitate to rank them with those who run into debt to gratify their own selfish inclinations. One man desires the elegancies of life; another desires what he thinks an equal good, the reputation of generosity.

Oppression is another species of injustice; by which, in a thousand ways, under the cover of law, we may take the advantage of the superiority of our power, either to crush an inferior, or humble him to our designs.

Ingratitude is another. A loan, we know, claims a legal return. And is the obligation less, if, instead of a loan, you receive a kindness? The law, indeed, says nothing on this point of immorality; but an honest conscience will be very loud in the condemnation of it.

We may be unjust also in our resentment; by carrying it beyond what reason and religion prescribe.

But it would be endless to describe the various ways, in which injustice discovers itself. In truth, almost every omission of duty may be resolved into injustice.

The next precept is, "to bear no malice or hatred in our hearts."

The malice and hatred of our hearts arise, in the first place, from injurious treatment; and surely no man, when he is injured, can at first help feeling that he is so. But Christianity requires, that we should subdue these feelings, as soon as possible; "and not suffer the sun to go down upon our wrath." Various are the passages of Scripture, which inculcate the forgiveness of injuries. Indeed no point is more laboured than this; and with reason, because no temper is more productive of evil, both to ourselves and others, than a malicious one. The sensations of a mind burning with revenge are beyond description; and as we are at these seasons very unable to judge coolly, and of course liable to carry our resentment too far, the consequence is, that, in our rage, we may do a thousand things, which can never be atoned for, and of which we may repent as long as we live.

Besides, one act draws on another; and retaliation keeps the quarrel alive. The gospel, therefore, ever gracious and kind to man, in all its precepts, enjoins us to check all those violent emotions, and to leave our cause in the hands of God. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord;" and he who, in opposition to this precept, takes vengeance into his own hands, and cherishes the malice and hatred of his heart, may assure himself that he has not yet learned to be a Christian. These precepts, perhaps, may not entirely agree with modern principles of honour; but let the man of honour see to that. The maxims of the world cannot change the truth of the gospel.

Nay, even in recovering our just right, or in pursuing a criminal to justice, we should take care that it be not done in the spirit of retaliation and revenge. If these be our motives, though we make the law our instrument, we are equally guilty.

But besides injurious treatment, the malice and hatred of our hearts have often another source, and that is envy; and thus in the Litany, "envy, malice, and hatred," are all joined together with great propriety.

The emotions of envy are generally cooler and less violent, than those which arise from the resentment of injury; so that envy is seldom so mischievous in its effects as revenge: but with regard to ourselves, it is altogether as bad, and full as destructive of the spirit of Christianity. What is the religion of that man, who instead of thanking Heaven for the blessings he receives, is fretting himself continually with a disagreeable comparison between himself and some other? He cannot enjoy what he has, because another has more wealth, a fairer fame, or perhaps more merit, than himself. He is miserable, because others are happy.

But to omit the wickedness of envy, how absurd and foolish is it, in a world where we must necessarily expect much real misery, to be perniciously inventive in producing it!

Besides, what ignorance! we see only the glaring outside of things. Under all that envied glare, many unseen distresses may lurk, from which our station may be free: for our merciful Creator seems to have bestowed happiness, as far as station is concerned, with great equality among all his creatures.

In conclusion, therefore, let it be the great object of our attention, and the subject of our prayers, to rid our minds of all this cursed intrusion of evil thoughts—whether they proceed from malice, or from an envious temper. Let all our malicious thoughts soften into charity and benevolence; and let us “forgive one another, as God, for Christ’s sake, has forgiven us.” As for our envious thoughts, as far as they relate to externals, let them subside in humility, acquiescences, and submission to the will of God. And when we are tempted to envy the good qualities of others, let us spurn so base a conception, and change it into a generous emulation—into an endeavour to raise ourselves to an equality with our rival, not to depress him to a level with us. *Gilpin.*

§ 114. Duties to Ourselves.

Thus far the duties we have considered come most properly under the head of those which we owe to our neighbour; what follows, relates rather to ourselves.

On this head, we are instructed “to keep our bodies in temperance, soberness, and chastity.”

Though our souls should be our great concern, yet, as they are nearly connected with our bodies, and as the impurity of the one contaminates the other, a great degree of moral attention is, of course, due to our bodies also.

As our first station is in this world, to which our bodies particularly belong, they are formed with such appetites as are requisite to our commodious living in it; and the rule given us is, “to use the world so as not to abuse it.” St. Paul, by a beautiful allusion, calls our bodies the “temples of the Holy Ghost;” by which he means to impress us with a strong idea of their dignity; and to deter us from debasing, by low pleasures, what should be the seat of so much purity. To youth these cautions are above measure necessary, because their passions and appetites are strong; their reason and judgment weak. They are prone to pleasure, and void of reflection. How, therefore, these young adventurers in life may best steer their course, and use this sinful world so as not to abuse it, is a consideration well worth their attention. Let us then see under what regulations their appetites should be restrained.

By keeping our bodies in temperance, is meant avoiding excess in eating, with regard both to the quantity and quality of our food. We should neither eat more than our stomachs can well bear; nor be nice and delicate in our eating.

To preserve the body in health is the end of eating; and they who regulate themselves merely by this end, who eat without choice or distinction, paying no regard to the pleasure of eating, observe perhaps the best rule of temperance. They go rather indeed beyond temperance, and may be called abstemious. A man may be temperate, and yet allow himself a little more indulgence. Great care, however, is here necessary; and the more, as perhaps no precise rule can be affixed, after we have passed the first great limit, and let the palate loose among variety*. Our own discretion must be our guide, which

* ————— Nam variæ res,

Ut noceant homini, credas memor illius escæ,

Quæ simplex olim tibi sederit. At simul assis

Miscueris elixa, simul conchylia turdis,

Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum

Leuta feret pituita. —

HOR.

would be constantly kept awake by considering the many bad consequences which attend a breach of temperance.—Young men, in the full vigour of health, do not consider these things; but as age comes on, and different maladies begin to appear, they may perhaps repent they did not a little earlier practise the rules of temperance.

In a moral and religious light, the consequences of intemperance are still worse. To enjoy a comfortable meal, when it comes before us, is allowable; but he who suffers his mind to dwell upon the pleasures of eating, and makes them the employment of his thoughts, has at least opened one source of mental corruption*.

After all, he who would most perfectly enjoy the pleasures of the table, such as they are, must look for them within the rules of temperance. The palate, accustomed to satiety, hath lost its tone; and the greatest sensualists have been brought to confess, that the coarsest fare, with an appetite kept in order by temperance, affords a more delicious repast, than the most luxurious meal without it.

As temperance relates chiefly to eating, soberness or sobriety relates properly to drinking. And here the same observations recur. The strictest, and perhaps the best rule, is merely to satisfy the end of drinking. But if a little more indulgence be taken, it ought to be taken with the greatest circumspection.

With regard to youth, indeed, I should be inclined to great strictness on this head. In eating, if they eat of proper and simple food, they cannot easily err. Their growing limbs, and strong exercise, require larger supplies than full-grown bodies, which must be kept in order by a more rigid temperance. But if more indulgence be allowed them in eating, less, surely, should in drinking. With strong liquors of every kind they have nothing to do; and if they should totally abstain on this head, it were so much the better. The languor which attends age†, requires, perhaps, now and then, some aids; but the spirits of youth want no recruits: a little rest is sufficient.

As to the bad consequences derived from

excessive drinking, besides filling the blood with bloated and vicious humours, and debauching the purity of the mind, as in the case of intemperate eating, it is attended with this peculiar evil, the loss of our senses. Hence follow frequent inconveniences and mortifications. We expose our follies—we betray our secrets—we are often imposed upon—we quarrel with our friends—we lay ourselves open to our enemies; and, in short, make ourselves the objects of contempt, and the topics of ridicule to all our acquaintance.—Nor is it only the act of intoxication which deprives us of our reason during the prevalence of it; the habit of drunkenness soon besots and impairs the understanding, and renders us at all times less fit for the offices of life.

We are next enjoined “to keep our bodies in chastity.” “Flee youthful lusts,” says the apostle, “which war against the soul.” And there is surely nothing which carries on a war against the soul more successfully. Wherever we have a catalogue in Scripture (and we have many such catalogues) of those sins which in a peculiar manner debauch the mind, these youthful lusts have always, under some denomination, a place among them.—To keep ourselves free from all contagion of this kind, let us endeavour to preserve a purity in our thoughts—our words—and our actions.

First, let us preserve a purity in our thoughts. These dark recesses, which the eye of the world cannot reach, are the receptacles of these youthful lusts. Here they find their first encouragement. The entrance of such impure ideas perhaps we cannot always prevent. We may always, however, prevent cherishing them: we may always prevent their making an impression upon us: the devil may be cast out as soon as discovered.

Let us always keep in mind, that even into these dark abodes the eye of Heaven can penetrate; that every thought of our hearts is open to that God, before whom we must one day stand; and that however secretly we may indulge these impure ideas, at the great day of account they will certainly appear in an awful detail against us.

Let us remember again, that if our bodies be the temples of the Holy Ghost,

* —————Corpus onustum
Hesternis vitiis, animum quoque prægravat una,
Atque attingit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

Hor. Sat.

†
Accedant anni, et tractari mollius ætas
Imbecilla volet.

Ibid.

our minds are the very sanctuaries of those temples: and if there be any weight in the apostle's arguments, against polluting our bodies, it urges with double force against polluting our minds.

But, above all other considerations, it behoves us most to keep our thoughts pure, because they are the fountains from which our words and actions flow. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Obscene words and actions are only bad thoughts matured, and spring as naturally from them as the plant from its seed. It is the same vicious depravity carried a step farther, and only shews a more confirmed and a more mischievous degree of guilt. While we keep our impurities in our thoughts, they debauch only ourselves: bad enough, it is true. But when we proceed to words and actions, we let our impurities loose: we spread the contagion, and become the corrupters of others.

Let it be our first care, therefore, to keep our thoughts pure. If we do this, our words and actions will be pure of course. And that we may be the better enabled to do it, let us use such helps as reason and religion prescribe. Let us avoid all company, and all books, that have a tendency to corrupt our minds; and every thing that can inflame our passions. He who allows himself in these things holds a parley with vice; which will infallibly debauch him in the end, if he do not take the alarm in time, and break off such dalliance.

One thing ought to be our particular care, and that is, never to be unemployed. Ingenious amusements are of great use in filling up the vacuities of our time. Idle we should never be. A vacant mind is an invitation to vice.

Gilpin.

§ 115. *On coveting and desiring other Men's Goods.*

We are forbidden next, "to covet, or desire other men's goods."

There are two great paths of vice, into which bad men commonly strike; that of unlawful pleasure, and that of unlawful gain.—The path of unlawful pleasure we have just examined; and have seen the danger of obeying the headstrong impulse of our appetites.—We have considered also an immoderate love of gain, and have seen dishonesty and fraud in a variety of shapes.

But we have yet viewed them only as they relate to society. We have viewed only the outward action. The rule before us, "We must not covet, nor desire other men's goods," comes a step nearer home, and considers the motive which governs the action.

Covetousness, or the love of money, is called in Scripture "the root of all evil;" and it is called so for two reasons; because it makes us wicked, and because it makes us miserable.

First, it makes us wicked. When it once gets possession of the heart, it will let no good principle flourish near it. Most vices have their fits; and when the violence of the passion is spent, there is some interval of calm. The vicious appetite cannot always run riot. It is fatigued at least by its own impetuosity; and it is possible, that in this moment of tranquillity, a whisper from virtue may be heard. But in avarice, there is rarely intermission. It hangs like a dead weight upon the soul, always pulling it to earth. We might as well expect to see a plant grow upon a flint, as a virtue in the heart of a miser.

It makes us miserable as well as wicked. The cares and the fears of avarice are proverbial; and it must needs be that he, who depends for happiness on what is liable to a thousand accidents, must of course feel as many distresses, and almost as many disappointments. The good man depends for happiness on something more permanent; and if his worldly affairs go ill, his great dependence is still left*. But as wealth is the god which the covetous man worships (for "covetousness," we are told, "is idolatry,") a disappointment here is a disappointment indeed. Be he ever so prosperous, his wealth cannot secure him against the evils of mortality; against that time when he must give up all he values; when his bargains of advantage will be over, and nothing left but tears and despair.

But even a desiring frame of mind, though it be not carried to such a length, is always productive of misery. It cannot be otherwise. While we suffer ourselves to be continually in quest of what we have not, it is impossible that we should be happy with what we have. In a word to abridge our wants as much as possible,

* *Sæviate, atque novos moveat fortuna tumultus;
Quantum hinc imminuet?*—

not to increase them, is the truest happiness.

We are much mistaken, however, if we think the man who hoards up his money is the only covetous man. The prodigal, though he differ in his end, may be as avaricious in his means*. The former denies himself every comfort; the latter grasps at every pleasure. Both characters are equally bad in different extremes. The miser is more detestable in the eyes of the world, because he enters into none of its joys; but it is a question, which is more wretched in himself, or more pernicious to society.

As covetousness is esteemed the vice of age, every appearance of it among young persons ought particularly to be discouraged; because if it gets ground at this early period, nobody can tell how far it may not afterwards proceed. And yet, on the other side, there may be great danger of encouraging the opposite extreme. As it is certainly right, under proper restrictions, both to save our money, and to spend it, it would be highly useful to fix the due bounds on each side. But nothing is more difficult than to raise these nice limits between extremes. Every man's case, in a thousand circumstances, differs from his neighbour's; and as no rule can be fixed for all, every man of course, in these disquisitions, must be left to his own conscience. We are indeed very ready to give our opinions how others ought to act. We can adjust with great nicety what is proper for them to do; and point out their mistakes with much precision; while nothing is necessary to us, but to act as properly as we can ourselves; observing as just a mean as possible between prodigality and avarice; and applying, in all our difficulties, to the word of God, where these great land-marks of morality are the most accurately fixed.

We have now taken a view of what is prohibited in our commerce with mankind: let us next see what is enjoined. (We are still proceeding with those duties which we owe to ourselves.) Instead of spending our fortune therefore in unlawful pleasure, or increasing it by unlawful gain; we are required "to learn and labour truly (that is, honestly) to get our own living, and to do our duty in that state of life into which it shall please God to call us."—These words will be suffi-

ently explained by considering, first, that we all have some station in life—some particular duties to discharge; and secondly, in what manner we ought to discharge them.

First, that man was not born to be idle, may be inferred from the active spirit that appears in every part of nature. Every thing is alive; every thing contributes to the general good; even the very inanimate parts of the creation, plants, stones, metals, cannot be called totally inactive, but bear their part likewise in the general usefulness. If then every part, even of inanimate nature, be thus employed, surely we cannot suppose it was the intention of the Almighty Father, that man, who is the most capable of employing himself properly, should be the only creature without employment.

Again, that man was born for active life, is plain from the necessity of labour. If it had not been necessary, God would not originally have imposed it. But without it the body would become enervated, and the mind corrupted. Idleness, therefore, is justly esteemed the origin both of disease and vice. So that if labour and employment, either of body or mind, had no use, but what respected ourselves, they would be highly proper: but they have farther use.

The necessity of them is plain, from the want that all men have of the assistance of others. If so, this assistance should be mutual; every man should contribute his part. We have already seen, that it is proper there should be different stations in the world—that some should be placed high in life, and others low. The lowest, we know, cannot be exempt from labour; and the highest ought not: though their labour, according to their station, will be of a different kind. Some, we see, "must labour (as the catechism phrases it) to get their own living; and others should do their duty in that state of life, whatever that state is, unto which it hath pleased God to call them." All are assisted: all should assist. God distributes, we read, various talents among men; to some he gives five talents, to others two, and to others one: but it is expected, we find, that, notwithstanding this inequality, each should employ the talent that is given to the best advantage: and he who received five talents was under the same obligation

*Alien appetens, sui profusus.

of improving them, as he who had received only one; and would, if he had hid his talents in the earth, have been punished, in proportion to the abuse. Every man, even in the highest station, may find a proper employment, both for his time and fortune, if he please: and he may assure himself that God, by placing him in that station, never meant to exempt him from the common obligations of society, and give him a licence to spend his life in ease and pleasure. God meant, assuredly, that he should bear his part in the general commerce of life—that he should consider himself not as an individual, but as a member of the community; the interests of which he is under an obligation to support with all his power;—and that his elevated station gives him no other pre-eminence than that of being the more extensively useful.

Having thus seen, that we have all some station in life to support—some particular duties to discharge; let us now see in what manner we ought to discharge them.

We have an easy rule given us in Scripture on this head; that all our duties in life should be performed “as to the Lord, and not unto man:” that is, we should consider our stations in life as trusts reposed in us by our Maker; and as such should discharge the duties of them. What, though no worldly trust be reposed? What, though we are accountable to nobody upon earth? Can we therefore suppose ourselves in reality less accountable? Can we suppose that God, for no reason that we can divine, has singled us out, and given us a large proportion of the things of this world (while others around us are in need) for no other purpose than to squander it away upon ourselves? To God undoubtedly we are accountable for every blessing we enjoy. What mean, in Scripture, the talents given, and the use assigned; but the conscientious discharge of the duties of life, according to the advantages with which they are attended?

It matters not whether these advantages be an inheritance, or an acquisition; still they are the gift of God. Agreeably to their rank in life, it is true, all men should live; human distinctions require it; and in doing this properly, every one around will be benefited. Utility should be considered in all our expenses. Even the very amusements of a man of fortune should be founded in it.

In short, it is the constant injunction of Scripture, in whatever station we are placed, to consider ourselves as God’s servants, and as acting immediately under his eye, not expecting our reward among men, but from our great Master who is in heaven. This sanctifies, in a manner, all our actions; it places the little difficulties of our station in the light of God’s appointments; and turns the most common duties of life into acts of religion. *Gilpin.*

§ 116. *On the Sacrament of Baptism.*

The sacrament of baptism is next considered; in which, if we consider the inward grace, we shall see how aptly the sign represents it.—The inward grace, or thing signified, we are told, is “a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness:” by which is meant that great renovation of nature, that purity of heart, which the Christian religion is intended to produce. And surely there cannot be a more significant sign of this than water, on account of its cleansing nature. As water refreshes the body, and purifies it from all contracted filth; it aptly represents that renovation of nature, which cleanses the soul from the impurities of sin. Water, indeed, among the ancients, was more adapted to the thing signified, than it is at present among us. They used immersion in baptizing: so that the child being dipped into the water, and raised out again, baptism with them was more significant of a new birth unto righteousness. But though we, in these colder climates, think immersion an unsafe practice; yet the original meaning is still supposed.

It is next asked, What is required of those who are baptized? To this we answer, “Repentance, whereby they forsake sin; and faith, whereby they steadfastly believe the promises of God, made to them in that sacrament.”

The primitive church was extremely strict on this head. In those times, before Christianity was established, when adults offered themselves to baptism, no one was admitted till he had given a very satisfactory evidence of his repentance; and till, on good grounds, he could profess his faith in Christ: and it was afterwards expected from him, that he should prove his faith and repentance, by a regular obedience during the future part of his life.

If faith and repentance are expected at baptism; it is a very natural question, “Why then are infants baptized, when,

by reason of their tender age, they can give no evidence of either?"

Whether infants should be admitted to baptism, or whether that sacrament should be deferred till years of discretion; is a question in the Christian church, which hath been agitated with some animosity. Our church by no means looks upon baptism as necessary to the infant's salvation*. No man acquainted with the spirit of Christianity can conceive, that God will leave the salvation of so many innocent souls in the hands of others. But the practice is considered as founded upon the usage of the earliest times: and the church observing, that circumcision was the introductory rite to the Jewish covenant; and that baptism was intended to succeed circumcision; it naturally supposes, that baptism should be administered to infants, as circumcision was. The church, however, in this case hath provided sponsors, who make a profession of obedience in the child's name. But the nature and office of this proxy hath been already examined, under the head of our baptismal vow. *Gilpin.*

§ 117. *On the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.*

The first question is an inquiry into the origin of the institution: "Why was the sacrament of the Lord's supper ordained?"

It was ordained, we are informed,— "for the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ; and of the benefits which we receive thereby."

In examining a sacrament in general, we have already seen, that both baptism, and the Lord's supper, were originally instituted as the means "of receiving the grace of God; and as pledges to assure us thereof."

But besides the primary ends, they have each a secondary one; in representing the two most important truths of religion; which gives them more force and influence. Baptism, we have seen, represents that renovation of our sinful nature, which the gospel was intended to introduce: and the peculiar end which the Lord's supper had in view, was the sacrifice of the death of Christ; with all the benefits which arise from it—the remission of our sins---and the reconciliation of the

world to God. "This do," said our Saviour (alluding to the passover, which the Lord's supper was designed to supersede) not as hitherto, in memory of your deliverance from Egypt; but in memory of that greater deliverance, of which the other was only a type: "Do it in remembrance of me."

The outward part, or sign of the Lord's supper, is "bread and wine"—the things signified are the "body and blood of Christ."---In examining the sacrament of baptism, I endeavoured to shew, how very apt a symbol water is in that ceremony. Bread and wine also are symbols equally apt in representing the body and blood of Christ: and in the use of these particular symbols, it is reasonable to suppose, that our Saviour had an eye to the Jewish passover; in which it was a custom to drink wine, and to eat bread. He might have instituted any other apt symbols for the same purpose; but it was his usual practice, through the whole system of his institution, to make it, in every part, as familiar as possible: and for this reason he seems to have chosen such symbols as were then in use; that he might give as little offence as possible in a matter of indifference.

As our Saviour, in the institution of his supper, ordered both the bread and the wine to be received; it is certainly a great error in papists, to deny the cup to the laity. They say, indeed, that, as both flesh and blood are united in the substance of the human body; so are they in the sacramental bread; which, according to them, is changed, or, as they phrase it, transubstantiated into the real body of Christ. If they have no other reason, why do they administer wine to the clergy? The clergy might participate equally of both in the bread.—But the plain truth is, they are desirous, by this invention, to add an air of mystery to the sacrament, and a superstitious reverence to the priest, as if he, being endowed with some peculiar holiness, might be allowed the use of both.

There is a difficulty in this part of the catechism, which should not be passed over. We are told, "that the body and blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken, and received by the faithful in the Lord's sup-

* The catechism asserts the sacraments to be only generally necessary to salvation, excepting particular cases. Where the use of them is intentionally rejected, it is certainly criminal.—The Quakers indeed reject them on principle: but though we may wonder both at their logic and divinity, we should be sorry to include them in an anathema.

per." This expression sounds very like the popish doctrine, just mentioned, of transubstantiation. The true sense of the words undoubtedly is, that the faithful believer only, verily and indeed receives the benefit of the sacrament; but the expression must be allowed to be inaccurate, as it is capable of an interpretation so entirely opposite to that which the church of England hath always professed. I would not willingly suppose, as some have done, that the compilers of the catechism meant to manage the affair of transubstantiation with the papists. It is one thing to shew a liberality of sentiment in matters of indifference; and another to speak timidly and ambiguously where essentials are concerned.

It is next asked, What benefits we receive from the Lord's supper? To which it is answered, "The strengthening and refreshing of our souls by the body and blood of Christ, as our bodies are by the bread and wine." As our bodies are strengthened and refreshed, in a natural way, by bread and wine; so should our souls be, in a spiritual way, by a devout commemoration of the passion of Christ. By gratefully remembering what he suffered for us, we should be excited to a greater abhorrence of sin, which was the cause of his sufferings. Every time we partake of this sacrament, like faithful soldiers, we take a fresh oath to our leader: and should be animated anew, by his example, to persevere in the spiritual conflict in which, under him, we are engaged.

It is lastly asked, "What is required of them who come to the Lord's supper?" To which we answer, "That we should examine ourselves, whether we repent us truly of our former sins—steadfastly purposing to lead a new life—have a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ—with a thankful remembrance of his death; and to be in charity with all men."

That pious frame of mind is here, in very few words, pointed out, which a Christian ought to cherish and cultivate in himself at all times; but especially, upon the performance of any solemn act of religion. Very little indeed is said in Scripture, of any particular frame of mind, which should accompany the performance of this duty; but it may easily be inferred from the nature of the duty itself.

In the first place, "we should repent us truly of our former sins; steadfastly purposing to lead a new life." He who performs a religious exercise, without being

earnest in this point; adds only a pharisaical hypocrisy to his other sins. Unless he seriously resolve to lead a good life, he had better be all of a piece; and not pretend, by receiving the sacrament, to a piety which he does not feel.

These "steadfast purposes of leading a new life," form a very becoming exercise to Christians. The lives even of the best of men afford only a mortifying retrospect. Though they may have conquered some of their worst propensities; yet the triumphs of sin over them, at the various periods of their lives, will always be remembered with sorrow; and may always be remembered with advantage; keeping them on their guard for the future, and strengthening them more and more in all their good resolutions of obedience.—And when can these meditations arise more properly, than when we are performing a rite, instituted on purpose to commemorate the great atonement for sin?

To our repentance, and resolutions of obedience, we are required to add "a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ; with a thankful remembrance of his death." We should impress ourselves with the deepest sense of humility—totally rejecting every idea of our own merit—hoping for God's favour only through the merits of our great Redeemer—and with hearts full of gratitude, trusting only to his all-sufficient sacrifice.

Lastly, we are required, at the celebration of this great rite, to be "in charity with all men." It commemorates the greatest instance of love that can be conceived; and should therefore raise in us correspondent affections. It should excite in us that constant flow of benevolence, in which the spirit of religion consists; and without which indeed we can have no religion at all. Love is the very distinguishing badge of Christianity: "By this," said our great Master, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples."

One species of charity should, at this time, never be forgotten; and that is, the forgiveness of others. No acceptable gift can be offered at this altar, but in the spirit of reconciliation.—Hence it was, that the ancient Christians instituted, at the celebration of the Lord's supper, what they called love-feasts. They thought, they could not give a better instance of their being in perfect charity with each other, than by joining all ranks together in one common meal.—By degrees, indeed, this

well-meant custom degenerated; and it may not be amiss to observe here, that the passages* in which these enormities are rebuked, have been variously misconstrued; and have frightened many well-meaning persons from the sacrament. Whereas what the apostle here says, hath no other relation to this rite, than as it was attended by a particular abuse in receiving it; and as this is a mode of abuse which doth not now exist, the apostle's reproof seems not to affect the Christians of this age.

What the primary, and what the secondary ends in the two sacraments were, I have endeavoured to explain. But there might be others.

God might intend them as trials of our faith. The divine truths of the gospel speak for themselves: but the performance of a positive duty rests only on faith.

These institutions are also strong arguments for the truth of Christianity. We trace the observance of them into the very earliest times of the gospel. We can trace no other origin than what the Scriptures give us. These rites therefore greatly tend to corroborate the Scriptures.

God also, who knows what is in man, might condescend so far to his weakness, as to give him these external badges of religion, to keep the spirit of it more alive. And it is indeed probable, that nothing has contributed more than these ceremonies to preserve a sense of religion among mankind. It is a melancholy proof of this, that no contentions in the Christian church have been more violent, nor carried on with more acrimony, and unchristian zeal, than the contentions about baptism and the Lord's supper; as if the very essence of religion consisted in this or that mode of observing these rites.—But this is the abuse of them.

Let us be better taught: let us receive these sacraments, for the gracious purposes for which our Lord enjoined them, with gratitude and with reverence. But let us not lay a greater stress upon them than our Lord intended. Heaven, we doubt not, may be gained, when there have been the means of receiving neither the one sacrament nor the other. But unless our affections are right, and our lives answerable to them, we can never please God, though we perform the externals of religion with ever so much exactness. We may err in our notions about the sacraments: the

world has long been divided on these subjects; and a gracious God, it may be hoped, will pardon our errors. But in matters of practice we have no apology for error. The great lines of our duty are drawn so strong, that a deviation here is not error, but guilt.

Let us then, to conclude, from the whole, make it our principal care to purify our hearts in the sight of God. Let us beseech him to increase the influence of his Holy Spirit within us, that our faith may be of that kind "which worketh by love;" that all our affections, and from them our actions, may flow in a steady course of obedience; that each day may correct the last by a sincere re repentance of our mistakes in life; and that we may continue gradually to approach nearer the idea of Christian perfection. Let us do this, disclaiming, after all, any merits of our own: and not trusting in outward observances; but trusting in the merits of Christ to make up our deficiencies; and we need not fear our acceptance with God. *Gilpin.*

§ 118. *A serious Expostulation with Unbelievers.*

It were to be wished, that the enemies of religion would at least bring themselves to apprehend its nature, before they opposed its authority. Did religion make its boast of beholding God with a clear and perfect view, and of possessing him without covering or veil, the argument would bear some colour, when men should allege, that none of these things about them, do indeed afford this pretended evidence, and this degree of light. But since religion, on the contrary, represents men as in a state of darkness, and of estrangement from God; since it affirms him to have withdrawn himself from their discovery, and to have chosen, in his word, the very style and appellation of *Deus absconditus*; lastly, since it employs itself alike in establishing these two maxims, that God has left, in his church, certain characters of himself, by which they who sincerely seek him, shall not fail of a sensible conviction; and yet that he has, at the same time, so far shaded and obscured these characters, as to render them imperceptible to those who do not seek him with their whole heart, what advantage is it to men who profess themselves negligent in the search of truth; to complain so fre-

* See 1 Cor. xi.

quently, that nothing reveals and displays it to them? For this very obscurity, under which they labour, and which they make an exception against the church, does itself evince one of the two grand points which the church maintains (without affecting the other) and is so far from overthrowing its doctrines, as to lend them a manifest confirmation and support.

If they would give their objections any strength, they ought to urge, that they have applied their utmost endeavour, and have used all means of information, even those which the church recommends, without satisfaction. Did they express themselves thus, they would indeed attack religion in one of its chief pretensions: but I hope to shew in the following papers, that no rational person can speak after this manner; and I dare assert, that none ever did. We know very well, how men, under this indifferency of spirit, behave themselves in the case: they suppose themselves to have made the mightiest effort towards the instruction of their minds, when they have spent some hours in reading the Scriptures, and have asked some questions of a clergyman concerning the articles of faith. When this is done, they declare to all the world, that they have consulted books and men without success. I shall be excused, if I refrain not from telling such men, that this neglect of theirs is insupportable. It is not a foreign or a petty interest, which is here in debate; we are ourselves the parties, and all our hopes and fortunes are the depending stake.

The immortality of the soul is a thing which so deeply concerns, so infinitely imports us, that we must have utterly lost our feeling, to be altogether cold and remiss in our inquiries about it. And all our actions or designs ought to bend so very different a way, according as we are either encouraged or forbidden, to embrace the hope of eternal rewards, that it is impossible for us to proceed with judgment and discretion, otherwise than as we keep this point always in view, which ought to be our ruling object and final aim.

Thus it is our highest interest, no less than our principal duty, to get light into a subject on which our whole conduct depends. And therefore, in the number of wavering and unsatisfied men, I make the greatest difference imaginable between those who labour with all their force to obtain instruction, and those who live

without giving themselves any trouble, or so much as any thought in this affair.

I cannot but be touched with a hearty compassion for those who sincerely groan under this dissatisfaction; who look upon it as the greatest of misfortunes, and who spare no pains to deliver themselves from it, by making these researches their chief employment, and most serious study. But as for those, who pass their life without reflecting on its issue, and who, for this reason alone, because they find not in themselves a convincing testimony, refuse to seek it elsewhere, and to examine to the bottom, whether the opinion proposed be such as we are wont to entertain by popular simplicity and credulity, or such as, though obscure in itself, yet is built on solid and immoveable foundations, I consider them after quite another manner. The carelessness which they betray in an affair, where their person, their interest, their whole eternity is embarked, rather provokes my resentment than engages my pity. Nay, it strikes me with amazement and astonishment: it is a monster to my apprehension. I speak not this as transported with the pious zeal of a spiritual and rapturous devotion: on the contrary, I affirm, that the love of ourselves, the interest of mankind, and the most simple and artless reason, do naturally inspire us with these sentiments; and that to see thus far, is not to exceed the sphere of unrefined, uneducated men.

It requires no great elevation of soul, to observe that nothing in this world is productive of true contentment; that our pleasures are vain and fugitive, our troubles innumerable and perpetual: and that, after all, death, which threatens us every moment, must, in the compass of a few years (perhaps of a few days) put us into the eternal condition of happiness, or misery, or nothing. Between us and these three great periods, or states, no barrier is interposed, but life, the most brittle thing in all nature; and the happiness of heaven being certainly not designed for those who doubt whether they have an immortal part to enjoy it, such persons have nothing left, but the miserable chance of annihilation, or of hell.

There is not any reflection which can have more reality than this, as there is none which has greater terror. Let us set the bravest face on our condition, and play the heroes as artfully as we can; yet see here the issue which attends the goodliest life upon earth.

It is in vain for men to turn aside their thoughts from this eternity which awaits them, as if they were able to destroy it by denying it a place in their imagination: it subsists in spite of them; it advanceth unobserved; and death, which is to draw the curtain from it, will in a short time infallibly reduce them to the dreadful necessity of being for ever nothing, or for ever miserable.

We have here a doubt of the most affrighting consequence, and which, therefore, to entertain, may be well esteemed the most grievous of misfortunes: but, at the same time, it is our indispensable duty not to lie under it, without struggling for deliverance.

He then who doubts, and yet seeks not to be resolved, is equally unhappy and unjust: but if withal he appears easy and composed, if he freely declares his indifference, nay, if he takes a vanity of professing it, and seems to make this most deplorable condition the subject of his pleasure and joy, I have not words to fix a name on so extravagant a creature. Where is the very possibility of entering into these thoughts and resolutions? What delight is there in expecting misery without end? What vanity in finding one's self encompassed with impenetrable darkness? Or what consolation in despairing for ever of a comforter?

To sit down with some sort of acquiescence under so fatal an ignorance, is a thing unaccountable beyond all expressions; and they who live with such a disposition, ought to be made sensible of its absurdity and stupidity, by having their inward reflections laid open to them, that they may grow wise by the prospect of their own folly. For behold how men are wont to reason, while they obstinately remain thus ignorant of what they are, and refuse all methods of instruction and illumination.

Who has sent me into the world I know not; what the world is I know not, nor what I am myself. I am under an astonishing and terrifying ignorance of all things. I know not what my body is, what my senses, or my soul: this very part of me which thinks what I speak, which reflects upon every thing else, and even upon itself, yet is as mere a stranger to its own nature, as the dullest thing I carry about me. I behold these frightful spaces of the universe with which I am encompassed, and I find myself chained to one little corner of the vast extent, without understanding why I am placed in this seat, ra-

ther than in any other; or why this moment of time given me to live, was assigned rather at such a point, than at any other of the whole eternity which was before me, or of all that which is to come after me. I see nothing but infinities on all sides, which devour and swallow me up like an atom, or like a shadow, which endures but a single instant, and is never to return. The sum of my knowledge is, that I must shortly die: but that which I am most ignorant of is this very death, which I feel unable to decline.

As I know not whence I came, so I know not whither I go; only this I know, that at my departure out of the world, I must either fall for ever into nothing, or into the hands of an incensed God, without being capable of deciding, which of these two conditions shall eternally be my portion. Such is my state, full of weakness, obscurity, and wretchedness. And from all this I conclude, that I ought, therefore, to pass all the days of my life, without considering what is hereafter to befall me; and that I have nothing to do, but to follow my inclinations without reflection or disquiet, in doing all that, which, if what men say of a miserable eternity prove true, will infallibly plunge me into it. It is possible I might find some light to clear up my doubts; but I shall not take a minute's pains, nor stir one foot in the search of it. On the contrary, I am resolved to treat those with scorn and derision who labour in this inquiry and care; and, so to run without fear or foresight, upon the trial of the grand event; permitting myself to be led softly on to death, utterly uncertain as to the eternal issue of my future condition.

In earnest, it is a glory to religion to have so unreasonable men for its professed enemies; and their opposition is of so little danger, that it serves to illustrate the principal truths which our religion teaches. For the main scope of Christian faith is to establish those two principles, the corruption of nature, and the redemption by Jesus Christ. And these opposers, if they are of no use towards demonstrating the truth of the redemption, by the sanctity of their lives, yet are at least admirably useful in shewing the corruption of nature, by so unnatural sentiments and suggestions.

Nothing is so important to any man as his own estate and condition; nothing so great, so amazing, as eternity. If, therefore, we find persons indifferent to the loss of their being, and to the danger of endless

misery, it is impossible that this temper should be natural. They are quite other men in all other regards, they fear the smallest inconveniences, they see them as they approach, and feel them if they arrive, and he who passeth days and nights in chagrin or despair, for the loss of an employment, or for some imaginary blemish in his honour, is the very same mortal who knows that he must lose all by death, and yet remains without disquiet, resentment, or emotion. This wonderful insensibility, with respect to things of the most fatal consequence, in a heart so nicely sensible of the meanest trifles, is an astonishing prodigy, an unintelligible enchantment, a supernatural blindness and infatuation.

A man in a close dungeon, who knows not whether sentence of death has passed upon him, who is allowed but one hour's space to inform himself concerning it, and that one hour sufficient, in case it have passed, to obtain its reverse, would act contrary to nature and sense, should he make use of this hour not to procure information, but to pursue his vanity or sport. And yet such is the condition of the persons whom we are now describing; only with this difference, that the evils with which they are every moment threatened, do infinitely surpass the bare loss of life, and that transient punishment which the prisoner is supposed to apprehend; yet they run thoughtless upon the precipice, having only cast a veil over their eyes, to hinder them from discerning it, and divert themselves with the officiousness of such as charitably warn them of their danger.

Thus not the zeal alone of those who heartily seek God demonstrates the truth of religion, but likewise the blindness of those who utterly forbear to seek him, and who pass their days under so horrible a neglect. There must needs be a strange turn and revolution in human nature, before men can submit to such a condition, much more ere they can applaud and value themselves upon it. For supposing them to have obtained an absolute certainty, that there was no fear after death, but of falling into nothing, ought not this to be the subject rather of despair than of jollity? And is it not therefore the highest pitch of senseless extravagance, while we want the certainty, to glory in our doubt and distrust?

And yet, after all, it is too visible, that man has so far declined from his original nature, and as it were departed from him-

self, to nourish in his heart a secret seed-plot of joy, springing up from the libertine reflections. This brutal ease, or indolence, between the fear of hell, and annihilation, carries somewhat so tempting in it, that not only those who have the misfortune to be sceptically inclined, but even those who cannot unsettle their judgment, do yet esteem it reputable to take up a counterfeit diffidence. For we may observe the largest part of the herd to be of this latter kind, false pretenders to infidelity, and mere hypocrites in atheism. There are persons whom we have heard declare, that the genteel way of the world consists in thus acting the bravo. This is that which they term throwing off the yoke, and which the greater number of them profess, not so much out of opinion, as out of gallantry and complaisance.

Yet, if they have the least reserve of common sense, it will not be difficult to make them apprehend how miserably they abuse themselves by laying so false a foundation of applause and esteem. For this is not the way to raise a character, even with worldly men, who, as they are able to pass a shrewd judgment on things, so they easily discern that the only method of succeeding in our temporal affairs, is to prove ourselves honest, faithful, prudent, and capable of advancing the interest of our friends; because men naturally love nothing but that which some way contributes to their use and benefit. But now what benefit can we any way derive from hearing a man confess that he has eased himself of the burden of religion; that he believes no God, as the witness and inspector of his conduct; that he considers himself as absolute master of what he does, and accountable for it only to his own mind? Will he fancy that we shall be hence induced to repose a greater degree of confidence in him hereafter? or to depend on his comfort, his advice, or assistance, in the necessities of life? Can he imagine us to take any great delight or complacency when he tells us, that he doubts whether our very soul be any thing more than a little wind and smoke? Nay, when he tells it us with an air of assurance, and a voice that testifies the contentment of his heart? Is this a thing to be spoke of with pleasantry? or ought it not rather to be lamented with the deepest sadness, as the most melancholic reflection that can strike our thoughts?

If they would compose themselves to se-

rious consideration, they must perceive the method in which they are engaged to be so very ill chosen, so repugnant to gentility, and so remote even from that good air and grace which they pursue, that, on the contrary, nothing can more effectually expose them to the contempt and aversion of mankind, or mark them out for persons defective in parts and judgment. And, indeed, should we demand from them an account of their sentiments, and of the reasons which they have to entertain this suspicion in religious matters, what they offered would appear so miserably weak and trifling, as rather to confirm us in our belief. This is no more than what one of their own fraternity told them, with great smartness, on such an occasion: If you continue (says he) to dispute at this rate, you will infallibly make me a Christian. And the gentleman was in the right: for who would not tremble to find himself embarked in the same cause, with so forlorn, so despicable companions?

And thus it is evident, that they who wear no more than the outward mask of these principles, are the most unhappy counterfeits in the world; inasmuch as they are obliged to put a continual force and constraint on their genius, only that they may render themselves the most impertinent of all men living.

If they are heartily and sincerely troubled at their want of light, let them not dissemble the disease. Such a confession could not be reputed shameful; for there really is no shame, but in being shameless. Nothing betrays so much weakness of soul, as not to apprehend the misery of man, while living without God in the world: nothing is a surer token of extreme baseness of spirit, than not to hope for the reality of external promises: no man is so stigmatized a coward, as he that acts the bravo against heaven. Let them therefore leave these impieties to those who are born with so unhappy a judgment, as to be capable of entertaining them in earnest. If they cannot be Christian men, let them, however, be men of honour: and let them, in conclusion, acknowledge, that there are but two sorts of persons, who deserve to be styled reasonable, either those who serve God with all their heart, because they know him; or those who seek him with all their heart, because as yet they know him not.

If then there are persons who sincerely

inquire after God, and who, being truly sensible of their misery, affectionately desire to be rescued from it; it is to these alone that we can in justice afford our labour and service, for their direction in finding out that light of which they feel the want.

But as for those who live without either knowing God or endeavouring to know him, they look on themselves as so little deserving their own care, that they cannot but be unworthy the care of others: and it requires all the charity of the religion which they despise, not to despise them to such a degree, as even to abandon them to their own folly: but since the same religion obliges us to consider them, while they remain in this life, as still capable of God's enlightening grace; and to acknowledge it as very possible, that, in the course of a few days they may be replenished with a fuller measure of faith than we now enjoy; and we ourselves, on the other side, fall into the depths of their present blindness and misery; we ought to do for them, what we desire should be done to us in their case; to entreat them that they would take pity on themselves, and would at least advance a step or two forward, if perchance they may come into the light. For which end it is wished, that they would employ in the perusal of this piece, some few of those hours, which they spend so unprofitably in other pursuits. It is possible they may gain somewhat by the reading; at least, they cannot be great losers: but if any shall apply themselves to it, with perfect sincerity, and with an unfeigned desire of knowing the truth, I despair not of their satisfaction, or of their being convinced by so many proofs of our divine religion, as they will here find laid together.

Mons. Pascal.

§ 119. *On the Old and New Testament.*

The Old Testament hath, by the general consent of learned men, all the marks of purest antiquity; there being nothing in the world which in this respect is equal to it, or which may pretend to be compared with it; all other the most ancient monuments of antiquity coming short of it by many ages. It was written in the first and most ancient language; from which the very alphabets and letters of all other languages were derived.

This book contains, as the most an-

cient, so the most exact story of the world, the propagation of men, and the dispersing of families into the several parts of the earth.

And though this book were written in several ages and places, by several persons; yet doth the doctrine of it accord together, with a most excellent harmony, without any dissonance or inconsistency.

And for the manner of delivering the things contained in it, 'tis so solemn, reverend, and majestic, so exactly suited to the nature of things, as may justly provoke our wonder and acknowledgment of its divine original.

And as for the New Testament; those various correspondences, which it bears to the chief things of the Old Testament, may sufficiently evidence that mutual relation, dependence, and affinity which there is between them. That in such an age there was such a man as Christ, who preached such a doctrine, wrought many miracles, suffered an ignominious death, and was afterwards worshipped as God, having abundance of disciples and followers, at first chiefly among the vulgar, but, a while after, amongst several of the most wise and learned men; who in a short space of time did propagate their belief and doctrine into the most remote parts of the world: I say, all this is for the truth of the matter of fact, not so much as doubted or called into question, by Julian, or Celsus, or the Jews themselves, or any other of the most avowed enemies of Christianity. But we have it by as good certainty as any rational man can wish or hope for, that is, by universal testimony, as well of enemies as friends.

And if these things were so, as to the matter of fact, the common principles of nature will assure us, that 'tis not consistent with the nature of the Deity, his truth, wisdom, or justice, to work such miracles in confirmation of a lie or imposture.

Nor can it be reasonably objected that these miracles are now ceased; and we have not any such extraordinary way to confirm the truth of our religion. 'Tis sufficient that they were upon the first plantation of it, when men were to be instituted and confirmed in this new doctrine. And there may be as much of the wisdom of Providence in the forbearing them now, as in working them then: it being not reasonable to think that the universal laws of nature, by which things

are to be regularly guided in their natural course, should frequently, or upon every little occasion, be violated or disordered.

To which may be added that wonderful way whereby this religion hath been propagated in the world with much simplicity and infirmity in the first publishers of it; without arms, or faction, or favour of great men, or the persuasions of philosophers or orators; only by the naked proposal of plain, evident truth, with a firm resolution of suffering and dying for it, by which it hath subdued all kind of persecutions and oppositions, and surmounted whatever discouragement or resistance could be laid in its way, or made against it.

The excellency of the things contained in the Gospel are also so suitable to a rational being, as no other religion or profession whatsoever hath thought of, or so expressly insisted upon.

Some of the learned Heathens have placed the happiness of man in the external sensual delights of this world.

Others of the wiser Heathens have spoken sometimes doubtfully concerning a future state, and therefore have placed the reward of virtue in the doing of virtuous things. Virtue is its own reward. Wherein, though there be much of truth, yet it doth not afford encouragement enough for the vast desires of a rational soul.

Others, who have owned a state after this life, have placed the happiness of it in gross and sensual pleasures, feasts, and gardens, and company, and other such low and gross enjoyments.

Whereas the doctrine of Christianity doth fix it upon things that are much more spiritual and sublime; the beatific vision, a clear unerring understanding, a perfect tranquillity of mind, a conformity to God, a perpetual admiring and praising of him: than which the mind of man cannot fancy any thing that is more excellent or desirable.

As to the duties that are enjoined in reference to divine worship, they are so full of sanctity and spiritual devotion, as may shame all the pompous solemnities of other religions, in their costly sacrifices, their dark wild mysteries, and external observances. Whereas this refers chiefly to the holiness of the mind, resignation to God, love of him, dependence upon him, submission to his will, endeavouring to be like him.

And as for the duties of the second table, which concern our mutual conversation towards one another, it allows nothing that is hurtful or noxious, either to ourselves or others; forbids all kind of injury or revenge; commands to overcome evil with good; to pray for enemies and persecutors; doth not admit of any mental, much less any corporal uncleanness; doth not tolerate any immodest or uncomely word or gesture; forbids us to wrong others in their goods and possessions, or to misspend our own; requires us to be very tender both of our own and other men's reputations; in brief, it enjoins nothing but what is helpful, and useful, and good for mankind. Whatever any philosophers have prescribed concerning their moral virtues of temperance, and prudence, and patience, and the duties of several relations, is here enjoined, in a far more eminent, sublime, and comprehensive manner: besides such examples and incitations to piety as are not to be paralleled elsewhere: the whole system of its doctrines being transcendently excellent, and so exactly conformable to the highest, purest reason, that in those very things wherein it goes beyond the rules of moral philosophy, we cannot in our best judgment but consent to submit to it.

In brief; it doth in every respect so fully answer the chief scope and design of religion, in giving all imaginable honour and submission to the Deity, promoting the good of mankind, satisfying and supporting the mind of man with the highest kind of enjoyments, that a rational soul can wish or hope for, as no other religion or profession whatsoever can pretend unto.—

Infidels pretend want of clear and infallible evidence for the truth of Christianity; than which nothing can be more absurd and unworthy of a rational man. For let it be but impartially considered; what is it, that such men would have? Do they expect mathematical proof and certainty in moral things? Why, they may as well expect to see with their ears, and hear with their eyes: such kind of things being altogether as disproportioned to such kind of proofs, as the objects of the several senses are to one another. The arguments or proof to be used in several matters are of various and different kinds, according to the nature of the things to be proved. And it will become every rational man to yield to such proofs, as the nature of the

thing which he inquires about is capable of: and that man is to be looked upon as forward and contentious, who will not rest satisfied in such kind of evidence as is counted sufficient, either by all others, or by most, or by the wisest men.

If we suppose God to have made any revelation of his will to mankind, can any man propose or fancy any better way for conveying down to posterity the certainty of it, than that clear and universal tradition which we have for the history of the gospel? And must not that man be very unreasonable, who will not be content with as much evidence for an ancient book or matter of fact, as any thing of that nature is capable of? If it be only infallible and mathematical certainty that can settle his mind, why should he believe that he was born of such parents, and belongs to such a family? 'Tis possible men might have combined together to delude him with such a tradition. Why may he not as well think, that he was born a prince and not a subject, and consequently deny all duties of subjection and obedience to those above him? There is nothing so wild and extravagant, to which men may not expose themselves by such a kind of nice and scrupulous incredulity.

Whereas, if to the inquiries about religion a man would but bring with him the same candour and ingenuity, the same readiness to be instructed, which he doth to the study of human arts and sciences, that is, a mind free from violent prejudices, and a desire of contention; it can hardly be imagined, but that he must be convinced and subdued by those clear evidences, which offer themselves to every inquisitive mind, concerning the truth of the principles of religion in general, and concerning the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures, and the Christian religion.

Bishop Wilkins.

§ 120. *To the Sceptics and Infidels of the Age.*

Gentlemen,

Suppose the mighty work accomplished, the cross trampled upon, Christianity every where proscribed, and the religion of nature once more become the religion of Europe; what advantage will you have derived to your country, or to yourselves from the exchange? I know your answer—you will have freed the world from the hypocrisy of priests, and the tyranny of superstition.—No; you forget that Ly-

curgus, and Numa, and Odin, and Mango-Copac, and all the great legislators of ancient or modern story, have been of opinion, that the affairs of a civil society could not well be conducted without some religion; you must of necessity introduce a priesthood, with, probably, as much hypocrisy; a religion, with, assuredly, more superstition, than that which you now reprobate with such indecent and ill-grounded contempt. But I will tell you, from what you will have freed the world; you will have freed it from its abhorrence of vice, and from every powerful incentive to virtue; you will, with the religion, have brought back the depraved morality of Paganism; you will have robbed mankind of their firm assurance of another life; and thereby you will have despoiled them of their patience, of their humility, of their charity, of their chastity, of all those mild and silent virtues, which (however despicable they may appear in your eyes) are the only ones, which meliorate and sublime our nature; which Paganism never knew, which spring from Christianity alone, which do or might constitute our comfort in this life, and without the possession of which, another life, if after all there should happen to be one, must be more vicious and more miserable than this is, unless a miracle be exerted in the alteration of our disposition.

Perhaps you will contend, that the universal light of religion, that the truth and fitness of things, are of themselves sufficient to exalt the nature, and regulate the manners of mankind. Shall we never have done with this groundless commendation of natural law? Look into the first chapter of Paul's epistle to the Romans, and you will see the extent of its influence over the Gentiles of those days; or if you dislike Paul's authority and the manners of antiquity, look into the more admired accounts of modern voyagers; and examine its influence over the Pagans of our own times, over the sensual inhabitants of Otaheite, over the cannibals of New Zealand, or the remorseless savages of America. But these men are Barbarians. Your law of nature, notwithstanding, extends even to them:—but they have misused their reason;—they have then the more need of, and would be the more thankful for, that revelation, which you, with an ignorant and fastidious self-sufficiency, deem useless.—But, they might of them-

selves, if they thought fit, become wise and virtuous.—I answer with Cicero, Ut nihil interest, utrum nemo valeat, an nemo valere possit; sic non intelligo quid intersit, utrum nemo sit sapiens, an nemo esse possit.

These, however, you will think, are extraordinary instances; and that we ought not from these, to take our measure of the excellency of the law of nature; but rather from the civilized states of China and Japan, or from the nations which flourished in learning and in arts, before Christianity was heard of in the world. You mean to say, that by the law of nature, which you are desirous of substituting in the room of the gospel, you do not understand those rules of conduct, which an individual, abstracted from the community, and deprived of the institution of mankind, could excogitate for himself; but such a system of precepts, as the most enlightened men of the most enlightened ages have recommended to our observance. Where do you find this system? We cannot meet with it in the works of Stoebæus, or the Scythian Anacharsis; nor in those of Plato, nor of Cicero, nor in those of the Emperor Antoninus, or the slave Epictetus; for we are persuaded, that the most animated considerations of the *πρεπον*, and the *honestum*, of the beauty of virtue, and the fitness of things, are not able to furnish, even a Brutus himself, with permanent principles of action; much less are they able to purify the polluted recesses of a vitiated heart, to curb the irregularities of appetite, or restrain the impetuosity of passion in common men. If you order us to examine the works of Grotius, or Puffendorf, of Burlamaqui, or Hutchinson, for what you understand by the law of nature; we apprehend that you are in a great error, in taking your notions of natural law, as discoverable by natural reason, from the elegant systems of it, which have been drawn up by Christian philosophers; since they have all laid their foundations, either tacitly or expressly, upon a principle derived from revelation, a thorough knowledge of the being and attributes of God; and even those amongst ourselves, who, rejecting Christianity, still continue Theists, are indebted to revelation (whether you are either aware of, or disposed to acknowledge the debt, or not) for those sublime speculations concerning the Deity, which you have fondly attributed to the

excellency of your own unassisted reason. If you would know the real strength of natural reason, and how far it can proceed in the investigation or enforcement of moral duties, you must consult the manners and the writings of those who have never heard of either the Jewish or the Christian dispensation, or of those other manifestations of himself, which God vouchsafed to Adam and to the patriarchs, before and after the flood. It would be difficult perhaps any where, to find a people entirely destitute of traditionary notices concerning a deity, and of traditionary fears or expectations of another life; and the morals of mankind may have, perhaps, been no where quite so abandoned, as they would have been, had they been left wholly to themselves in these points: however, it is a truth, which cannot be denied, how much soever it may be lamented, that though the generality of mankind have always had some faint conception of God, and his providence; yet they have been always greatly inefficacious in the production of good morality, and highly derogatory to his nature, amongst all the people of the earth, except the Jews and Christians; and some may perhaps be desirous of excepting the Mahometans, who derive all that is good in their Koran from Christianity.

The laws concerning justice, and the reparation of damages, concerning the security of property, and the performance of contracts; concerning, in short, whatever affects the well-being of civil society, have been every where understood with sufficient precision; and if you choose to style Justinian's code a code of natural law, though you will err against propriety of speech, yet you are so far in the right, that natural reason discovered, and the depravity of human nature compelled human kind, to establish by proper sanctions the laws therein contained; and you will have moreover Carneades, no mean philosopher, on your side; who knew of no law of nature, different from that which men had instituted for their common utility; and which was various according to the manners of men in different climates, and changeable with a change of times in the same. And in truth, in all countries where Paganism has been the established religion, though a philosopher may now and then have stepped beyond the paltry pre-script of civil jurisprudence, in his pur-

suit of virtue; yet the bulk of mankind have ever been contented with that scanty pittance of morality, which enabled them to escape the lash of civil punishment; I call it a scanty pittance; because a man may be intemperate, iniquitous, impious, a thousand ways a profligate and a villain, and yet elude the cognizance, and avoid the punishment of civil laws.

I am sensible you will be ready to say, what is all this to the purpose? though the bulk of mankind may never be able to investigate the laws of natural religion, nor disposed to reverence their sanctions when investigated by others, nor solicitous about any other standard of moral rectitude, than civil legislation; yet the inconveniences which may attend the extirpation of Christianity, can be no proof of its truth.—I have not produced them as a proof of its truth; but they are a strong and conclusive proof, if not of its truth, at least of its utility; and the consideration of its utility may be a motive to yourselves for examining, whether it may not chance to be true; and it ought to be a reason with every good citizen, and with every man of sound judgment, to keep his opinions to himself, if, from any particular circumstances in his studies, or in his education, he should have the misfortune to think that it is not true. If you can discover to the rising generation, a better religion than the Christian, one that will more effectually animate their hopes, and subdue their passions, make them better men, or better members of society, we importune you to publish it for their advantage; but till you can do that, we beg of you, not to give the reins to their passions, by instilling into their unsuspecting minds your pernicious prejudices: even now, men scruple not, by their lawless lust, to ruin the repose of private families, and to fix a stain of infamy on the noblest: even now, they hesitate not, in lifting up a murderous arm against the life of their friend, or against their own, as often as the fever of intemperance stimulates their resentment, or the satiety of an useless life excites their despondency: even now, whilst we are persuaded of a resurrection from the dead, and of a judgment to come, we find it difficult enough to resist the solicitations of sense, and to escape unspotted from the licentious manners of the world: But what will become of our virtue, what of the conse-

quent peace and happiness of society, if you persuade us, that there are no such things? in two words,—you may ruin yourselves by your attempt, and you will certainly ruin your country by your success.

But the consideration of the inutility of your design, is not the only one, which should induce you to abandon it: the argument a tuto ought to be warily managed, or it may tend to the silencing our opposition to any system of superstition, which has had the good fortune to be sanctioned by public authority; it is, indeed, liable to no objection in the present case; we do not, however, wholly rely upon its cogency. It is not contended, that Christianity is to be received, merely because it is useful: but because it is true. This you deny, and think your objections well grounded; we conceive them originating in your vanity, your immorality, or your misapprehension. There are many worthless doctrines, many superstitious observances, which the fraud or the folly of mankind have every where annexed to Christianity, (especially in the church of Rome) as essential parts of it; if you take these sorry appendages to Christianity, for Christianity itself, as preached by Christ, and by the apostles; if you confound the Roman with the Christian religion, you quite misapprehend its nature; and are in a state similar to that of men, (mentioned by Plutarch, in his treatise of superstition) who, flying from superstition, leapt over religion, and sunk into downright atheism.—Christianity is not a religion very palatable to a voluptuous age; it will not conform its precepts to the standard of fashion; it will not lessen the deformity of vice by lenient appellations; but calls keeping, whoredom; intrigue, adultery; and duelling, murder; it will not pander the lust, it will not license the intemperance of mankind; it is a troublesome monitor to a man of pleasure; and your way of life may have made you quarrel with your religion.—As to your vanity, as a cause of your infidelity, suffer me to produce the sentiments of M. Bayle upon that head; if the description does not suit your character, you will not be offended at it: and if you are offended with its freedom, it will do you good: 'This inclines me to believe, that libertines, like Des-Barreaux, are not greatly per-

sueded of the truth of what they say. They have made no deep examination; they have learned some few objections, which they are perpetually making a noise with; they speak from a principle of ostentation, and give themselves the lie in the time of danger.—Vanity has a greater share in their disputes, than conscience; they imagine, that the singularity and boldness of the opinions which they maintain, will give them the reputation of men of parts:—by degrees, they get a habit of holding impious discourses; and if their vanity be accompanied by a voluptuous life, their progress in that road is the swifter.'

The main stress of your objections, rests not upon the insufficiency of the external evidence to the truth of Christianity; for few of you, though you may become the future ornaments of the senate, or of the bar, have ever employed an hour in its examination; but it rests upon the difficulty of the doctrines contained in the New Testament: they exceed, you say, your comprehension; and you felicitate yourselves, that you are not yet arrived at the true standard of orthodox faith,—*credo quia impossibile*. You think, it would be taking a superfluous trouble, to inquire into the nature of the external proofs, by which Christianity is established: since, in your opinion, the book itself carries with it its own refutation. A gentleman as acute, probably, as any of you, and who once believed, perhaps, as little as any of you, has drawn a quite different conclusion from the perusal of the New Testament; his book, (however exceptionable it may be thought in some particular parts) exhibits, not only a distinguished triumph of reason over prejudice, of Christianity over Deism; but it exhibits, what is infinitely more rare, the character of a man, who has had courage and candour enough to acknowledge it.

But what if there should be some incomprehensible doctrines in the Christian religion; some circumstances, which in their causes, or their consequences, surpass the reach of human reason; are they to be rejected upon that account? You are, or would be thought, men of reading, and knowledge, and enlarged understanding; weigh the matter fairly; and consider whether revealed religion be not, in this respect, just upon the same footing with every other object of your

contemplation. Even in mathematics, the science of demonstration itself, though you get over its first principles, and learn to digest the idea of a point without parts, a line without breadth, and a surface without thickness; yet you will find yourselves at a loss to comprehend the perpetual approximation of lines, which can never meet; the doctrine of incommensurables, and of an infinity of infinities, each infinitely greater, or infinitely less, not only than any finite quantity, but than each other. In physics, you cannot comprehend the primary cause of any thing; not of the light, by which you see; nor of the elasticity of the air, by which you hear; nor of the fire, by which you are warmed. In physiology, you cannot tell, what first gave motion to the heart; nor what continues it; nor why its motion is less voluntary than that of the lungs: nor why you are able to move your arm, to the right or left, by a simple volition: you cannot explain the cause of animal heat; nor comprehend the principle, by which your body was at first formed, nor by which it is sustained, nor by which it will be reduced to earth. In natural religion, you cannot comprehend the eternity or omnipresence of the Deity; nor easily understand, how his prescience can be consistent with your freedom, or his immutability with his government of moral agents; nor why he did not make all his creatures equally perfect: nor why he did not create them sooner: In short, you cannot look into any branch of knowledge, but you will meet with subjects above your comprehension. The fall and the redemption of human kind, are not more incomprehensible, than the creation and the conservation of the universe; the infinite author of the works of Providence, and of nature, is equally inscrutable, equally past our finding out in them both. And it is somewhat remarkable, that the deepest inquirers into nature, have ever thought with most reverence, and spoken with most confidence, concerning those things, which, in revealed religion, may seem hard to be understood; they have ever avoided that self-sufficiency of knowledge, which springs from ignorance, produces indifference, and ends in infidelity. Admirable to this purpose, is the reflection of the greatest mathematician of the present age, when he is combating an opinion of

Newton's, by an hypothesis of his own, still less defensible than that which he opposes:—Tous les jours que je vois de ces esprits-forts, qui critiquent les vérités de notre religion, et s'en moquent même avec la plus impertinente suffisance, je pense, chétifs mortels! combien et combien des choses sur lesquels vous raisonnez si légèrement, sont-elles plus sublimes, et plus élevés, que celles sur lesquelles le grand Newton s'égare si grossièrement?

Plato mentions a set of men, who were very ignorant, and thought themselves supremely wise; and who rejected the argument for the being of a God, derived from the harmony and order of the universe, as old and trite; there have been men, it seems, in all ages, who, in affecting singularity, have overlooked truth: an argument, however, is not the worse for being old; and surely it would have been a more just mode of reasoning, if you had examined the external evidence for the truth of Christianity, weighed the old arguments from miracles, and from prophecies, before you had rejected the whole account, from the difficulties you met with in it. You would laugh at an Indian, who in peeping into a history of England, and meeting with the mention of the Thames being frozen, or of a shower of hail, or of snow, should throw the book aside, as unworthy of his further notice, from his want of ability to comprehend these phenomena.

In considering the argument from miracles, you will soon be convinced, that it is possible for God to work miracles; and you will be convinced, that it is as possible for human testimony to establish the truth of miraculous, as of physical or historical events; but before you can be convinced that the miracles in question are supported by such testimony as deserves to be credited, you must inquire at what period, and by what persons, the books of the Old and New Testament were composed; if you reject the account, without making this examination, you reject it from prejudice, not from reason.

There is, however, a short method of examining this argument, which may perhaps make as great an impression on your minds, as any other. Three men of distinguished abilities, rose up at different times, and attacked Christianity with every objection which their malice

could suggest, or their learning could devise; but neither Celsus in the second century, nor Porphyry in the third, nor the emperor Julian himself in the fourth century, ever questioned the reality of the miracles related in the gospels. Do but you grant us what these men (who were more likely to know the truth of the matter, than you can be) granted to their adversaries, and we will very readily let you make the most of the magic, to which, as the last wretched shift, they were forced to attribute them. We can find you men, in our days, who from the mixture of two colourless liquors, will produce you a third as red as blood, or of any other colour you desire; *et dicto citius*, by a drop resembling water, will restore the transparency; they will make two fluids coalesce into a solid body; and from the mixture of liquors colder than ice, will instantly raise you a horrid explosion and a tremendous flame: these, and twenty other tricks they will perform, without having been sent with our Saviour to Egypt to learn magic; nay, with a bottle or two of oil, they will compose the undulations of a lake; and by a little art, they will restore the functions of life to a man, who has been an hour or two under water, or a day or two buried in the snow: but in vain will these men, or the greatest magician that Egypt ever saw, say to a boisterous sea, "Peace, be still;" in vain will they say to a carcass rotting in the grave, "Come forth;" the winds and the sea will not obey them, and the putrid carcass will not hear them. You need not suffer yourselves to be deprived of the weight of this argument, from its having been observed, that the Fathers have acknowledged the supernatural part of Paganism; since the Fathers were in no condition to defeat a cheat, which was supported both by the disposition of the people, and the power of the civil magistrate; and they were, from that inability, forced to attribute to infernal agency what was too cunningly contrived to be detected, and contrived for too impious a purpose, to be credited as the work of God.

With respect to prophecy, you may, perhaps, have accustomed yourselves to consider it as originating in Asiatic enthusiasm, in Chaldean mystery, or in the subtle stratagem of interested priests: and have given yourselves no more trouble

concerning the predictions of sacred, than concerning the oracles of Pagan history. Or, if you have ever cast a glance upon this subject, the dissensions of learned men concerning the proper interpretation of the revelation, and other difficult prophecies, may have made you rashly conclude, that all prophecies were equally unintelligible; and more indebted, for their accomplishment, to a fortunate concurrence of events, and the pliant ingenuity of the expositor, than to the inspired foresight of the prophet. In all that the prophets of the Old Testament have delivered, concerning the destruction of particular cities, and the desolation of particular kingdoms, you may see nothing but shrewd conjectures, which any one acquainted with the history of the rise and fall of empires, might certainly have made: and as you would not hold him for a prophet, who should now affirm, that London or Paris would afford to future ages a spectacle just as melancholy, as that which we now contemplate, with a sigh, in the ruins of Agrigentum or Palmyra; so you cannot persuade yourselves to believe, that the denunciations of the prophets against the haughty cities of Tyre or Babylon, for instance, proceeded from the inspiration of the Deity. There is no doubt, that by some such general kind of reasoning, many are influenced to pay no attention to an argument, which, if properly considered, carries with it the strongest conviction.

Spinoza said, That he would have broken his atheistic system to pieces, and embraced without repugnance the ordinary faith of Christians, if he could have persuaded himself of the resurrection of Lazarus from the dead; and I question not, that there are many disbelievers, who would relinquish their deistic tenets, and receive the gospel, if they could persuade themselves, that God had ever so far interfered in the moral government of the world, as to illumine the mind of any one man with the knowledge of future events. A miracle strikes the senses of the persons who see it; a prophecy addresses itself to the understandings of those who behold its completion; and it requires, in many cases, some learning, in all some attention, to judge of the correspondence of events with the predictions concerning them. No one can be convinced, that what Jeremiah and the other

prophets foretold of the fate of Babylon, that it should be besieged by the Medes; that it should be taken, when her mighty men were drunken, when her springs were dried up; and that it should become a pool of water, and should remain desolate for ever; no one, I say, can be convinced, that all these, and other parts of the prophetic denunciation, have been minutely fulfilled, without spending some time in reading the accounts which profane historians have delivered down to us concerning its being taken by Cyrus; and which modern travellers have given us of its present situation.

Porphyry was so persuaded of the coincidence between the prophecies of Daniel and the events, that he was forced to affirm the prophecies were written after the things prophesied of had happened; another Porphyry has, in our days, been so astonished at the correspondence between the prophecy concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, as related by St. Matthew, and the history of that event, as recorded by Josephus; that rather than embrace Christianity, he has ventured to assert (contrary to the faith of all ecclesiastical history, the opinion of the learned of all ages, and all the rules of good criticism) that St. Matthew wrote his Gospel after Jerusalem had been taken and destroyed by the Romans. You may from these instances perceive the strength of the argument from prophecy; it has not been able indeed to vanquish the prejudices of either the ancient or the modern Porphyry; but it has been able to compel them both to be guilty of obvious falsehoods, which have nothing but impudent assertions to support them.

Some over-zealous interpreters of Scripture have found prophecies in simple narrations, extended real predictions beyond the times and circumstances to which they naturally were applied, and perplexed their readers with a thousand quaint allusions and allegorical conceits; this proceeding has made unthinking men pay less regard to prophecy in general; there are some predictions, however, such as those concerning the present state of the Jewish people, and the corruption of Christianity, which are now fulfilling in the world, and which, if you will take the trouble to examine them, you will find of such an extraordinary nature, that you will not perhaps hesitate to refer

them to God as their author; and if you once become persuaded of the truth of any one miracle, or of the completion of any one prophecy, you will resolve all your difficulties (concerning the manner of God's interposition in the moral government of our species, and the nature of the doctrines contained in revelation) into your own inability fully to comprehend the whole scheme of Divine Providence.

We are told, however, that the strangeness of the narration, and the difficulty of the doctrines contained in the New Testament, are not the only circumstances which induce you to reject it; you have discovered, you think, so many contradictions, in the accounts which the evangelists have given of the life of Christ, that you are compelled to consider the whole as an ill-digested and improbable story. You would not reason thus upon any other occasion; you would not reject as fabulous the accounts given by Livy and Polybius of Hannibal and the Carthaginians, though you should discover a difference betwixt them in several points of little importance. You cannot compare the history of the same events as delivered by any two historians, but you will meet with many circumstances, which, though mentioned by one, are either wholly omitted or differently related by the other; and this observation is peculiarly applicable to biographical writings: But no one ever thought of disbelieving the leading circumstances of the lives of Vitellius or Vespasian, because Tacitus and Suetonius did not in every thing correspond in their accounts of these emperors; and if the memoirs of the life and doctrines of M. de Voltaire himself, were, some twenty or thirty years after his death, to be delivered to the world by four of his most intimate acquaintance; I do not apprehend that we should discredit the whole account of such an extraordinary man, by reason of some slight inconsistencies and contradictions, which the avowed enemies of his name might chance to discover in the several narrations. Though we should grant you then, that the evangelists had fallen into some trivial contradictions, in what they have related concerning the life of Christ; yet you ought not to draw any other inference from our concession, than that they had not plotted together, as cheats would have done, in order to give an unexception-

able consistency to their fraud. We are not, however, disposed to make you any such concession; we will rather shew you the futility of your general argument, by touching upon a few of the places, which you think are most liable to your censure.

You observe, that neither Luke, nor Mark, nor John, have mentioned the cruelty of Herod in murdering the infants of Bethlehem; and that no account is to be found of this matter in Josephus, who wrote the life of Herod; and therefore the fact recorded by Matthew is not true.—The concurrent testimony of many independent writers concerning a matter of fact, unquestionably adds to its probability; but if nothing is to be received as true, upon the testimony of a single author, we must give up some of the best writers, and disbelieve some of the most interesting facts of ancient history.

According to Matthew, Mark, and Luke, there was only an interval of three months, you say, between the baptism and crucifixion of Jesus; from which time, taking away the forty days of temptation, there will only remain about six weeks for the whole period of his public ministry; which lasted, however, according to St. John, at the least above three years.—Your objection fairly stated stands thus: Matthew, Mark, and Luke, in writing the history of Jesus Christ, mention the several events of his life, as following one another in continued succession, without taking notice of the times in which they happened; but is it a just conclusion from their silence, to infer that there really were no intervals of time between the transactions which they seem to have connected? Many instances might be produced from the most admired biographers of antiquity, in which the events are related, as immediately consequent to each other, which did not happen but at very distant periods: we have an obvious example of this manner of writing in St. Matthew; who connects the preaching of John the Baptist with the return of Joseph from Egypt, though we are certain, that the latter event preceded the former by a great many years.

John has said nothing of the institution of the Lord's supper; the other evangelists have said nothing of the washing of the disciples' feet:—What then? are you not ashamed to produce these facts, as instances of contradiction? If omissions are contradictions, look into the history of the

age of Louis the Fourteenth, or into the general history of M. de Voltaire, and you will meet with a great abundance of contradictions.

John, in mentioning the discourse which Jesus had with his mother and his beloved disciple, at the time of his crucifixion, says, that she, with Mary Magdalene, stood near the cross; Matthew, on the other hand, says, that Mary Magdalene and the other women were there, beholding afar off: this you think a manifest contradiction; and scoffingly inquire, whether the women and the beloved disciple, which were near the cross, could be the same with those, who stood far from the cross?—It is difficult not to transgress the bounds of moderation and good manners, in answering such sophistry; what! have you to learn, that though the evangelists speak of the crucifixion, as of one event, it was not accomplished in one instant, but lasted several hours? And why the women, who were at a distance from the cross, might not, during its continuance, draw near the cross; or from being near the cross, might not move from the cross, is more than you can explain to either us, or yourselves. And we take from you your only refuge, by denying expressly, that the different evangelists, in their mention of the women, speak of the same point of time.

The evangelists, you affirm, are fallen into gross contradictions, in their accounts of the appearances, by which Jesus manifested himself to his disciples, after his resurrection from the dead; for Matthew speaks of two, Mark of three, Luke of two, and John of four. That contradictory propositions cannot be true, is readily granted; and if you will produce the place in which Matthew says, that Jesus Christ appeared twice, and no oftener, it will be further granted, that he is contradicted by John, in a very material part of his narration; but till you do that, you must excuse me, if I cannot grant, that the evangelists have contradicted each other in this point; for to common understanding it is pretty evident, that if Christ appeared four times, according to John's account, he must have appeared twice, according to that of Matthew and Luke, and thrice, according to that of Mark.

The different evangelists are not only accused of contradicting each other, but Luke is said to have contradicted himself; for in his gospel he tells us, that Jesus ascended into heaven from Bethany; and

in the Acts of the Apostles, of which he is the reputed author, he informs us, that Jesus ascended from Mount Olivet. Your objection proceeds either from your ignorance of geography, or your ill-will to Christianity; and upon either supposition, deserves our contempt: be pleased, however, to remember for the future, that Bethany was not only the name of a town, but of a district of Mount Olivet, adjoining to the town.

From this specimen of the contradictions, ascribed to the historians of the life of Christ, you may judge for yourselves, what little reason there is to reject Christianity upon their account; and how sadly you will be imposed upon (in a matter of more consequence to you than any other) if you take every thing for a contradiction, which the uncandid adversaries of Christianity think proper to call one.

Before I put an end to this address, I cannot help taking notice of an argument, by which some philosophers have of late endeavoured to overturn the whole system of revelation; and it is the more necessary to give an answer to their objection, as it is become a common subject of philosophical conversation, especially amongst those who have visited the continent. The objection tends to invalidate, as is supposed, the authority of Moses; by shewing that the earth is much older, than it can be proved to be from his account of the creation, and the scripture chronology. We contend, that six thousand years have not yet elapsed, since the creation; and these philosophers contend, that they have indubitable proof of the earth's being at the least fourteen thousand years old; and they complain, that Moses hangs as a dead weight upon them, and blunts all their zeal for inquiry.

The Canonico Recupero, who, it seems, is engaged in writing the history of Mount Etna, has discovered a stratum of lava, which flowed from that mountain, according to his opinion, in the time of the second Punic war, or about two thousand years ago; this stratum is not yet covered with soil, sufficient for the production of either corn or vines; it requires then, says the Canon, two thousand years, at least, to convert a stratum of lava into a fertile field. In sinking a pit near Jaci, in the neighbourhood of Etna, they have discovered evident marks of seven distinct

lavas, one under the other; the surfaces of which are parallel, and most of them covered with a thick bed of rich earth; now, the eruption, which formed the lowest of these lava (if we may be allowed to reason, says the Canon, from analogy,) flowed from the mountain at least fourteen thousand years ago.—It might be briefly answered to this objection, by denying, that there is any thing in the history of Moses repugnant to this opinion concerning the great antiquity of the earth; for though the rise and progress of arts and sciences, and the small multiplication of the human species, render it almost to a demonstration probable, that man has not existed longer upon the surface of this earth, than according to the Mosaic account; yet, that the earth was then created out of nothing, when man was placed upon it, is not, according to the sentiments of some philosophers, to be proved from the original text of sacred scripture: we might, I say, reply, with these philosophers, to this formidable objection of the Canon, by granting it in its fullest extent; we are under no necessity, however, of adopting their opinion, in order to shew the weakness of the Canon's reasoning. For in the first place, the Canon has not satisfactorily established his main fact, that the lava in question is the identical lava, which Diodorus Siculus mentions to have flowed from Etna, in the second Carthaginian war: and in the second place, it may be observed, that the time necessary for converting the lavas into fertile fields, must be very different, according to the different consistencies of the lavas, and their different situations, with respect to elevation or depression; to their being exposed to winds, rains, and to other circumstances; just as the time, in which the heaps of iron slag (which resembles lava) are covered with verdure, is different at different furnaces, according to the nature of the slag, and situation of the furnace; and something of this kind is deducible from the account of the Canon himself; since the crevices of this famous stratum are really full of rich, good soil, and have pretty large trees growing in them.

But if all this should be thought not sufficient to remove the objection, I will produce the Canon an analogy, in opposition to his analogy, and which is grounded on more certain facts. Etna and Vesuvius resemble each other, in the causes which produce their eruptions, and in the

nature of their lavas, and in the time necessary to mellow them into soil fit for vegetation: or if there be any slight difference in this respect, it is probably not greater than what subsists between different lavas of the same mountain. This being admitted, which no philosopher will deny, the Canon's analogy will prove just nothing at all, if we can produce an instance of seven different lavas (with interjacent strata of vegetable earth) which have flowed from mount Vesuvius, within the space, not of fourteen thousand, but of somewhat less than seventeen hundred years; for then, according to our analogy, a stratum of lava may be covered with vegetable soil, in about two hundred and fifty years, instead of requiring two thousand for the purpose. The eruption of Vesuvius, which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii, is rendered still more famous by the death of Pliny, recorded by his nephew, in his letter to Tacitus: this event happened in the year 79; it is not yet then quite seventeen hundred years since Herculaneum was swallowed up: but we are informed by unquestionable authority, that 'the matter which covers the ancient town of Herculaneum, is not the produce of one eruption only; for there are evident marks, that the matter of six eruptions has taken its course over that which lies immediately above the town, and was the cause of its destruction. These strata are either of lava or burnt matter, with veins of good soil betwixt them.'—I will not add another word upon this subject; except that the bishop of the diocese was not much out in his advice to Canonico Recupero—to take care, not to make his mountain older than Moses; though it would have been full as well, to have shut his mouth with a reason, as to have stopped it with the dread of an ecclesiastical censure.

You perceive, with what ease a little attention will remove a great difficulty; but had we been able to say nothing, in explanation of this phenomenon, we should not have acted a very rational part, in making our ignorance the foundation of our infidelity, or suffering a minute philosopher to rob us of our religion.

Your objections to revelation, may be numerous: you may find fault with the account, which Moses has given of the creation and the fall: you may not be able to get water enough for an universal deluge: nor room enough in the ark of Noah, for

all the different kinds of ærial and terrestrial animals; you may be dissatisfied with the command for sacrificing of Isaac, for plundering the Egyptians, and for extirpating the Canaanites: you may find fault with the Jewish œconomy, for its ceremonies, its sacrifices, and its multiplicity of priests; you may object to the imprecations in the Psalms, and think the immoralities of David, a fit subject for dramatic ridicule: you may look upon the partial promulgation of Christianity, as an insuperable objection to its truth; and waywardly reject the goodness of God toward yourselves, because you do not comprehend, how you have deserved it more than others; you may know nothing of the entrance of sin and death into the world, by one man's transgression; nor be able to comprehend the doctrine of the cross and of redemption by Jesus Christ; in short, if your mind is so disposed, you may find food for your scepticism in every page of the Bible, as well as in every appearance of nature; and it is not in the power of any person, but yourselves, to clear up your doubts; you must read, and you must think for yourselves; and you must do both with temper, with candour, and with care. Infidelity is a rank weed; it is nurtured by our vices, and cannot be plucked up as easily as it may be planted; your difficulties, with respect to revelation, may have first arisen from your own reflection on the religious indifference of those, whom, from your earliest infancy, you have been accustomed to revere and imitate; domestic irreligion may have made you willing hearers of libertine conversation; and the uniform prejudices of the world, may have finished the business at a very early age; and left you to wander through life without a principle to direct your conduct, and to die without hope. We are far from wishing you to trust the word of the clergy for the truth of your religion; we beg of you to examine it to the bottom, to try it, to prove it, and not to hold it fast unless you find it good. Till you are disposed to undertake this task, it becomes you to consider, with great seriousness and attention, whether it can be for your interest to esteem a few witty sarcasms, or metaphysical subtleties, or ignorant misrepresentations, or unwarranted assertions, as unanswerable arguments against revelation; and a very slight reflection will convince you, that it will certainly be for your reputation, to employ

the flippancy of your rhetoric, and the poignancy of your ridicule, upon any subject, rather than upon the subject of religion.

I take my leave with recommending to your notice, the advice which Mr. Locke gave to a young man, who was desirous of becoming acquainted with the doctrines of the Christian religion, 'Study the holy scripture, especially the New Testament: Therein are contained the words of eternal life. It has God for its author; Salvation for its end; and Truth without any mixture of error for its matter.'

Bishop Watson.

§ 121. *A Prayer or Psalm.*

Most gracious Lord God, my merciful Father; from my youth up, my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord, soundest and searchest the depths and secrets of all hearts; thou acknowledgedst the upright of heart; thou judgest the hypocrite; thou ponderest men's thoughts and doings as in a balance; thou measurest their intentions as with a line: vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from thee.

Remember, O Lord, how thy servant hath walked before thee; remember what I have first sought, and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved thy assemblies, I have mourned for the divisions of thy church, I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary. This vine, which thy right-hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto thee, that it might have the first and the latter rain, and that it might stretch her branches to the seas and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have (though in a despised weed) procured the good of all men. If any have been my enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the sun almost set upon my displeasures, but I have been as a dove, free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy creatures have been my books, but thy Scriptures much more. I have sought thee in the courts, fields, and gardens; but I have found thee in thy temples.

Thousands have been my sins, and ten thousands my transgressions, but thy sanctifications have remained with me, and my heart (through thy grace) hath been an unquenched coal upon thine altar.

O Lord, my strength! I have since my

youth met with thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly compassion, by thy comfortable chastisements, and by thy most visible providence. As thy favours have increased upon me, so have thy corrections; so as thou hast been always near me, O Lord! And ever as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from thee have pierced me; and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before thee. And now when I thought most of peace and honour, thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me, according to thy former loving-kindness keeping me still in thy fatherly school, not as a bastard, but as a child. Just are thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the sea, but have no proportion to thy mercies, for what are the sands of the sea? Earth, heaven, and all these, are nothing to thy mercies. Besides my innumerable sins, I confess before thee, that I am a debtor to thee for the gracious talent of thy gifts and graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it, as I ought, to exchanges, where it might have made best profit, but misspent it in things for which I was least fit; so I may truly say, my soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's sake, and receive me into thy bosom, or guide me into thy ways.

Lord Bacon.

§ 122. *The doctrine of Christ a doctrine of truth and simplicity.*

The Gospel of Christ, as taught by himself and his apostles, in its original plainness and purity, is a doctrine of truth and simplicity, a doctrine so easy to be understood, so reasonable to be practised, so agreeable to the natural notions and reason of mankind, so beneficial in its effects, if men were really governed by it; teaching them nothing but the worship of the true God, through the mediation of Christ; and towards each other, justice, righteousness, meekness, charity, and universal goodwill; in expectation of a future judgment, and of a lasting state of happiness in a better world, for them who love God and keep his commandments; this doctrine of Christ, I say, in its native simplicity and purity, is so reasonable, so excellent, and of such irresistible evidence, that had it never been corrupted by superstitions from within, it never could have been opposed by power from without; but it must of

necessity have captivated mankind to the obedience of faith; till the knowledge of the Lord had filled the earth, as the waters cover the sea.—

Whatever difficulties there may be in some of the historical, or prophetic, or controversial parts of the books of Scripture, yet as to the practical part, the duties required of a Christian in order to salvation, there is no man that ever read the sermons of Christ and his apostles, or ever heard them read, but understood perfectly well what our Saviour meant by commanding us to worship the one true God of nature, the Author and Lord of the universe, and to do to all men as we would they should do to us; and that, “denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world;” in expectation of being righteously and impartially adjudged, according to our works, to a state of happiness or misery in the world to come; by our Saviour himself, our merciful and compassionate judge. There never was any man in the Christian world, but felt the reasonableness and importance of this doctrine; and, whenever these things have been repeated to him, was immediately conscious to himself, either of having followed or transgressed these precepts.

Dr. Clark.

§ 123. *The Light of Reason imperfect.*

If the glorious light of the Gospel be sometimes overcast with clouds of doubt, so is the light of our reason too. But shall we deprive ourselves of the advantage of either, because those clouds cannot perhaps be entirely removed while we remain in this mortal life? Shall we obstinately and frowardly shut our eyes against the day-spring from on high that has visited us, because we are not as yet able to bear the full blaze of his beams? indeed, not even in heaven itself, not in the highest state of perfection to which a finite being can ever attain, will all the counsels of Providence, all the height and the depth of the infinite wisdom of God, be ever disclosed or understood. Faith, even then, will be necessary; and there will be mysteries which cannot be penetrated by the most exalted archangel, and truths which cannot be known by him otherwise than from revelation, or believed upon any other ground of assent than a submissive confidence in the divine wisdom. What, then, shall man presume that his weak and narrow understanding is

sufficient to guide him into all truth, without any need of revelation or faith? Shall he complain that the ways of God are not like his ways, and past his finding out? True philosophy, as well as true Christianity, would teach us a wiser and modester part. It would teach us to be content within those bounds which God has assigned to us, “casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.”

Lord Lyttleton.

§ 124. *The simplicity of the Sacred Writers.*

I cannot forbear taking notice of one other mark of integrity which appears in all the compositions of the sacred writers, and particularly the evangelists; and that is, the simple, unaffected, unornamental, and unostentatious manner, in which they deliver truths so important and sublime, and facts so magnificent and wonderful, as are capable, one would think, of lighting up a flame of oratory, even in the dullest and coldest breasts. They speak of an angel descending from heaven to foretel the miraculous conception of Jesus; of another proclaiming his birth, attended by a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, “and saying, glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men;” of his star appearing in the East; of angels ministering to him in the wilderness; of his glory in the mount; of a voice twice heard from heaven, saying, “This is my beloved son;” of innumerable miracles performed by him, and by his disciples in his name; of his knowing the thoughts of men; of his foretelling future events; of prodigies accompanying his crucifixion and death; of an angel descending in terrors, opening his sepulchre, and frightening away the soldiers who were set to guard it; of his rising from the dead, ascending into heaven, and pouring down, according to his promise, the various and miraculous gifts of the Holy Spirit upon his apostles and disciples. All these amazing incidents do these inspired historians relate nakedly and plainly, without any of the colourings and heightenings of rhetoric, or so much as a single note of admiration; without making any comment or remark upon them, or drawing from them any conclusion in honour either of their master or themselves, or to the advantage of the religion they preached in his name; but content-

ing themselves with relating the naked truth, whether it seems to make for them or against them: without either magnifying on the one hand, or palliating on the other, they leave their cause to the unbiassed judgment of mankind, seeking, like genuine apostles of the Lord of truth, to convince rather than to persuade: and therefore coming, as St. Paul speaks of his preaching, "not with excellency of speech,—not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but with demonstration of the Spirit, and of power, that," adds he, "your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." And let it be remembered that he, who speaks this, wanted not learning, art or eloquence, as is evident from his speeches recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and from the testimony of that great critic Longinus, who, in reckoning up the Grecian orators, places among them Paul of Tarsus; and surely, had they been left solely to the suggestions and guidance of human wisdom, they would not have failed to lay hold on such topics, as the wonders of their master's life, and the transcendent purity and perfection of the noble, generous, benevolent morality contained in his precepts, furnished them with. These topics, I say, greater than ever Tully, or Demosthenes, or Plato, were possessed of, mere human wisdom would doubtless have prompted them to make use of, in order to recommend in the strongest manner the religion of Jesus Christ to mankind, by turning their attention to the divine part of his character, and hiding, as it were, in a blaze of heavenly light and glory, his infirmities, his sufferings, and his death. And had they upon such topics as these, and in such a cause, called in to their assistance all the arts of composition, rhetoric, and logic, who would have blamed them for it? Not those persons, I presume, who, dazzled and captivated with the glittering ornaments of human wisdom, make a mock at the simplicity of the Gospel, and think it wit to ridicule the style and language of the Holy Scriptures. But the all-wise Spirit of God, by whom these sacred writers were guided into all truth, thought fit to direct or permit them to proceed in a different method; a method, however, very analogous to that, in which he hath been pleased to reveal himself to us in the great book of nature, the stupendous frame of the universe; all whose wonders he hath

judged it sufficient to lay before us in silence, and expects from our observations the proper comments and deductions, which, having endued us with reason, he hath enabled us to make. And though a careless and superficial spectator may fancy he perceives even in this fair volume many inconsistencies, defects, and superfluities; yet to a diligent, unprejudiced, and rational inquirer, who will take pains to examine the laws, consider and compare the several parts, and regard their use and tendency, with reference to the whole design of this amazing structure, as far as his short abilities can carry him, there will appear, in those instances which he is capable of knowing, such evident characters of wisdom, goodness, and power, as will leave him no room to doubt of their author, or to suspect that in those particulars which he hath not examined, or to a thorough knowledge of which he cannot perhaps attain, there is nothing but folly, weakness, and malignity. The same thing might be said of the written book, the second volume, if I may so speak, of the revelation of God, the Holy Scriptures. For as in the first, so also in this are there many passages, that to a cursory, unobserving reader appear idle, unconnected, unaccountable, and inconsistent with those marks of truth, wisdom, justice, mercy, and benevolence, which in others are so visible, that the most careless and inattentive cannot but discern them. And even these, many of them, at least, will often be found, upon a closer and stricter examination, to accord and coincide with the other more plain and more intelligible passages, and to be no heterogeneous parts of one and the same wise and harmonious composition. In both indeed, in the natural as well as the moral book of God, there are, and ever will be, many difficulties, which the wit of man will never be able to resolve; but will a wise philosopher, because he cannot comprehend every thing he sees, reject for that reason all the truths that lie within his reach, and let a few inexplicable difficulties over-balance the many plain and infallible evidences of the finger of God, which appear in all parts, both of his created and written works? Or will he presume so far upon his own wisdom, as to say, God ought to have expressed himself more clearly? The point and exact degree of clearness, which will equally suit the different capacities of

men in different ages and countries, will, I believe, be found more difficult to fix than is imagined; since what is clear to one man in a certain situation of mind, time, and place, will inevitably be obscure to another, who views it in other positions, and under other circumstances. How various and even contradictory are the readings and comments, which several men in the several ages and climates of the world, have made upon nature! And yet her characters are equally legible, and her laws equally intelligible, in all times and in all places. "There is no speech nor language where her voice is not heard: her sound is gone out through all the earth, and her words to the end of the world." All these misrepresentations therefore, and misconstructions, of her works, are chargeable only upon mankind, who have set themselves to study them with various degrees of capacity, application, and impartiality. The question then should be, Why hath God given men such various talents? And not, Why hath not God expressed himself more clearly? And the answer to this question, as far as it concerns man to know, is, that God will require of him according to what he hath, and not according to what he hath not. If what is necessary for all to know, is knowable by all; those men, upon whom God hath been pleased to bestow capacities and faculties superior to the vulgar, have certainly no just reason to complain of his having left them materials for the exercise of those talents, which, if all things were equally plain to all men, would be of no great advantage to the possessors. If, therefore, there are in the sacred writings, as well as in the works of nature, many passages hard to be understood, it were to be wished, that the wise and learned, instead of being offended at them, and teaching others to be so too, would be persuaded, that both God and man expect that they would set themselves to consider and examine them carefully and impartially, and with a sincere desire of discovering and embracing the truth, not with an arrogant unphilosophical conceit of their being already sufficiently wise and knowing. And then I doubt not but most of these objections to revelation, which are now urged with the greatest confidence, would be cleared up and removed, like those formerly made to Creation, and the Being and Providence

of God, by those most ignorant, most absurd, and yet most self-sufficient pretenders to reason and philosophy, the Atheists and Sceptics. *West.*

§ 125. *The superiority of Christian Philosophy over the Stoical.*

Epicetetus often lays it down as a maxim, that it is impossible for one person to be in fault, and another to be the sufferer. This, on the supposition of a future state, will certainly be made true at last; but in the stoical sense, and system, is an absolute extravagance. Take any person of plain understanding, with all the feelings of humanity about him, and see whether the subtlest Stoic will ever be able to convince him, that while he is insulted, oppressed, and tortured, he doth not suffer. See what comfort it will afford him, to be told, that, if he supports his afflictions and ill-treatment with fortitude and patience, death will set him free, and then he and his persecutor will be equally rewarded; will equally lose all personal existence, and return to the elements. How different are the consolations proposed by Christianity, which not only assures its disciples, that they shall rest from their labours in death, but that their works shall follow them; and by allowing them to rejoice in hope, teaches them the most effectual way of becoming patient in tribulation?

The Stoical doctrine, that human souls are literally parts of the Deity, was equally shocking, and hurtful; as it supposed portions of his being to be wicked and miserable; and by debasing men's ideas of the divine dignity, and teaching them to think themselves essentially as good as he, nourished in their minds an irreligious and fatal presumption. Far differently the Christian system represents mankind, not as a part of the essence, but a work of the hand of God; as created in a state of improveable virtue and happiness; fallen, by an abuse of free will, into sin, misery, and weakness; but redeemed from them by an Almighty Saviour; furnished with additional knowledge and strength; commanded to use their best endeavours; made sensible, at the same time, how wretchedly defective they are; yet assured of endless felicity on a due exertion of them. The Stoic philosophy insults human nature and discourages all our attempts, by enjoining and promising a perfection in this life, of which we feel ourselves incapable. The

Christian religion shews compassion to our weakness, by prescribing to us only the practicable task of aiming continually at further improvements, and animates our endeavours, by the promise of a divine aid, equal to every trial.

Specifying thus the errors and defects of so celebrated a system, is an displeasing employment; but in an age, fond of preferring the guesses of human sagacity before the unerring declarations of God, it seemed on this occasion necessary to observe, that the Christian morality is agreeable to reason and nature; that of the Stoics, for the most part, founded on notions, intelligible to few; and which none could admit, without contradiction to their own hearts. They reasoned, many times, admirably well, but from false principles: and the noblest of their practical precepts, being built on a sandy basis, lay at the mercy of every strong temptation.

Stoicism is indeed in many points inferior to the doctrine of Socrates, which did not teach, that all externals were indifferent: which did teach a future state of recompence; and agreeably to that, forbid suicide. It doth not belong to the present subject to show, how much even this best system is excelled by Christianity. It is sufficient just to observe, that the author of it died in a profession, which he had always made, of his belief in the popular deities, whose superstitions, and impure worship were the great source of corruption in the Heathen world; and the last words he uttered, were a direction to his friend, for the performance of an idolatrous ceremony. This melancholy instance of ignorance and error, in the most illustrious character for wisdom and virtue in all heathen antiquity, is not mentioned as a reflection on his memory, but as a proof of human weakness in general. Whether reason could have discovered the great truths, which in these days are ascribed to it, because now seen so clearly by the light of the Gospel, may be a question; but that it never did, is an undeniable fact; and that is enough to teach us thankfulness for the blessing of a better information. Socrates, who had, of all mankind, the fairest pretensions to set up for an instructor, and reformer of the world, confessed that he knew nothing, referred to tradition, and acknowledged the want of a superior guide: and there is a remarkable passage in Epictetus, in which he represents it as the office of his supreme God,

or of one deputed by him, to appear among mankind, as a teacher and example.

Upon the whole, the several sects of Heathen philosophy serve as so many striking instances of the imperfection of human wisdom; and of the extreme need of a divine assistance, to rectify the mistakes of depraved reason, and to replace natural religion on its true foundation. The Stoics every where testify the noblest zeal for virtue, and the honour of God; but they attempted to establish them on principles inconsistent with the nature of man, and contradictory to truth and experience. By a direct consequence of these principles they were liable to be seduced, and in fact, often were seduced into pride, hard-heartedness, and the last dreadful extremity of human guilt, self-murder.

But however indefensible the philosophy of the Stoics in several instances may be, it appears to have been of very important use in the Heathen world; and they are, on many accounts, to be considered in a very respectable light. Their doctrine of evidence and fixed principles, was an excellent preservative from the mischiefs, that might have arisen from the scepticism of the Academics and Pyrrhonists, if unopposed; and their zealous defence of a particular providence, a valuable antidote to the atheistical scheme of Epicurus. To this may be added, that their strict notions of virtue in most points, (for they sadly failed in some) and the lives of several among them, must contribute a good deal to preserve luxurious states from an absolutely universal dissoluteness; and the subjects of arbitrary government, from a wretched and contemptible pusillanimity.

Even now, their compositions may be read with great advantage, as containing excellent rules of self-government, and of social behaviour; of a noble reliance on the aid and protection of heaven, and of a perfect resignation and submission to the divine will; points, which are treated with great clearness, and with admirable spirit, in the lessons of the Stoics: and though their directions are seldom practicable on their principles, in trying cases, may be rendered highly useful in subordination to Christian reflections.

If, among those, who are so unhappy as to remain unconvinced of the truth of Christianity, any are prejudiced against it by the influence of unwarrantable inclinations; such persons will find very little advantage in rejecting the doctrines of the

New Testament for those of the Portico ; unless they think it an advantage to be laid under moral restraints, almost equal to those of the Gospel, while they are deprived of its encouragements and supports. Deviations from the rules of sobriety, justice, and piety, meet with small indulgence in the stoic writings ; and they who profess to admire Epictetus, unless they pursue that severely virtuous conduct which he every where prescribes, will find themselves treated by him with the utmost degree of scorn and contempt. An immoral character is indeed, more or less, the out-cast of all sects of philosophy ; and Seneca quotes even Epicurus, to prove the universal obligation of a virtuous life. Of this great truth, God never left himself without witness. Persons of distinguished talents and opportunities seem to have been raised, from time to time, by Providence, to check the torrent of corruption, and to preserve the sense of moral obligations on the minds of the multitude, to whom the various occupations of life left but little leisure to form deductions of their own. But then they wanted a proper commission to enforce their precepts ; they intermixed with them, through false reasoning, many gross mistakes ; and their unavoidable ignorance, in several important points, entangled them with doubts which easily degenerated into pernicious errors.

If there are others, who reject Christianity, from motives of dislike to its peculiar doctrines, they will scarcely fail of entertaining more favourable impressions of it, if they can be prevailed on, with impartiality, to compare the Holy Scriptures, from whence alone the Christian religion is to be learned, with the stoic writings ; and then fairly to consider, whether there is any thing to be met with in the discoveries of our blessed Saviour, in the writings of his apostles, or even in the obscurest parts of the prophetic books, by which, equitably interpreted, either their senses or their reason are contradicted, as they are by the paradoxes of these philosophers ; and if not, whether notices from above, of things in which, though we comprehend them but imperfectly, we are possibly much more interested, than at present we discern, ought not to be received with implicit veneration ; as useful exercises and trials of that duty, which finite understandings owe to infinite wisdom.

Miss Carter.

§ 126. *Fine Morality of the Gospel.*

Is it bigotry to believe the sublime truths of the Gospel with full assurance of faith ? I glory in such bigotry : I would not part with it for a thousand worlds ; I congratulate the man who is possessed of it ; for, amidst all the vicissitudes and calamities of the present state, that man enjoys an inexhaustible fund of consolation, of which it is not in the power of fortune to deprive him.

—There is not a book on earth so favourable to all the kind, and all the sublime affections, or so unfriendly to hatred and persecution, to tyranny, injustice, and every sort of malevolence as the Gospel.—It breathes nothing throughout but mercy, benevolence and peace.—

Poetry is sublime, when it awakens in the mind any great and good affection, as piety, or patriotism. This is one of the noblest effects of the art. The Psalms are remarkable, beyond all other writings, for their power of inspiring devout emotions. But it is not in this respect only that they are sublime. Of the Divine nature they contain the most magnificent descriptions that the soul of man can comprehend. The hundred and fourth Psalm, in particular, displays the power and goodness of Providence, in creating and preserving the world, and the various tribes of animals in it, with such majestic brevity and beauty, as it is vain to look for in any human composition.—

Such of the doctrines of the Gospel as are level to human capacity appear to be agreeable to the purest truth and the soundest morality. All the genius and learning of the Heathen world ; all the penetration of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Aristotle, have never been able to produce such a system of moral duty, and so rational an account of Providence and of man, as is to be found in the New Testament. Compared indeed, to this, all other moral and theological wisdom

Loses discountanced, and like folly
shews. *Beattie.*

§ 127. *Benevolence to the poor more forcibly enjoyed by the Gospel, than by any other writings.*

The Christian Scriptures are more copious and explicit upon our obligation to bestow relief upon the poor than almost any other. The description which Christ hath left us of the proceedings of the last

day, establishes the obligation of bounty, so far as his authority can be depended upon, beyond controversy. "When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another.—Then shall the King say unto them on his righthand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.—And inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." It is not necessary to understand this passage as a literal account of what will actually pass on that day. Supposing it only a scenical description of the rules and principles, by which the Supreme Arbiter of our destiny will regulate his decisions, it conveys the same lesson to us; it equally demonstrates of how great value and importance these duties in the sight of God are, and what stress will be laid upon them. The apostles also describe this virtue as propitiating the divine favour in an eminent degree; and these recommendations have produced their effect. It does not appear that before the times of Christianity, an hospital, infirmary, or public charity of any kind, existed in the world; whereas most countries in Christendom, have long abounded with these institutions. To which may be added, that a spirit of private liberality seems to flourish amidst the decay of many other virtues: not to mention the legal provision for the poor, which obtains in this country, and which was unknown and unthought of by the most polished nations of antiquity. *Paley.*

§ 128. *The simplicity of the Gospel gives it an air of sublimity.*

The graceful negligence of nature always pleases beyond the truest ornaments that art can devise. Indeed, they are then truest, when they approach the nearest to this negligence. To attain it, is the very triumph of art. The wise artist, therefore, always completes his studies in the great school of creation, where the forms of elegance lie scattered in an endless variety; and the writer who wishes to possess some

portion of that sovereign excellency, simplicity, even though he were an infidel, would have recourse to the Scriptures, and make them his model.—

The pathetic and sublime simplicity of our Saviour's whole description of the last judgment cannot be paralleled in any writing of any age.

—In the Gospel we find no pompous displays of reasoning; no laboured and difficult distinctions; no long and learned inquiries concerning the nature and kinds of virtue; but virtue itself represented to the life; in examples, and precepts, which are level to the plainest understandings; in familiar occurrences; in short and simple narrations; in action, or discourses, real or imagined. And perhaps, among other things, it is this unsystematic form, this neglect of art and method, which produces that graceful ease, that venerable majestic simplicity, that air of truth and originality, which distinguish the Scriptures from all human writings. *Rev. J. Mainwaring.*

§ 129. *The Bible, as a very curious and ancient history, worthy our attention.*

Were the Bible but considered impartially and attentively, in its most advantageous lights; as it contains all the written revelation of God's will now extant; as it is the basis of our national religion, and gives vigour and spirit to all our social laws; as it is the most ancient, and, consequently, curious collection of historical incidents, moral precepts, and political institutions; as the style of it is, in some places, nobly sublime and poetical, and in others, sweetly natural, plain and unaffected: in a word, as the being well acquainted with it is highly requisite, in order to make men useful and ornamental in this life, to say nothing of their happiness in the next, it is to be hoped, that a cool reflection or two of this sort, might induce the more ingenuous and rational among them, to let the Bible take its turn, in their riper years, among those volumes which pass through their hands either for amusement or instruction. And should such an entertainment once become fashionable, of what mighty service would it be to the interest of religion, and consequently the happiness of mankind!

Rev. S. Croxall.

§ 130. *Queen Anne's Prayer.*

Almighty and eternal God, the disposer of all the affairs in the world, there

is nothing so great as not to be subject to thy power, nor so small, but it comes within thy care; thy goodness and wisdom shew themselves through all thy works, and thy loving-kindness and mercy do appear in the several dispensations of thy providence, of which, at this time I earnestly desire to have a deep and humble sense. It has pleased thee to take to thy mercy my dearest husband, who was the comfort and joy of my life, after we had lived together many years happily in all conjugal love and affection. May I readily submit myself to thy good pleasure, and sincerely resign mine own will to thine, with all Christian patience, meekness and humility. Do thou graciously pardon the errors and failings of my life, which have been the occasion of thy displeasure, and let thy judgments bring me to sincere and unfeigned repentance, and to answer the wise ends for which thou hast sent them. Be thou pleased so to assist me with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that I may continue to govern the people which thou hast committed to my charge, in godliness, righteousness, justice, and mercy. In the management of all affairs, public and private, grant I may have a strict regard to thy holy will, that I may diligently and heartily advance thy glory, and ever entirely depend on thy providence. Do thou, O gracious Father, be pleased to grant I may do the greatest good I can in all my capacity, and be daily improving every Christian grace and virtue; so that when thou shalt think fit to put an end to this short and uncertain life, I may be made a partaker of those gracious, endless joys, which thou hast prepared for those that love and fear thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

§ 131. *Prince Eugene's Prayer.*

I believe in thee, O my God! Do thou strengthen my faith: I hope in thee; confirm my hopes: I love thee; inflame my love more and more: I repent of all my sins; but do thou increase my repentance! As my first beginning I worship thee; as

my last end I long for thee: as my eternal benefactor, I praise thee; and as my supreme protector, I pray unto thee; that it may please thee, O Lord, to guide and lead me by thy providence; to keep me in obedience to thy justice; to comfort me by thy mercy, and to protect me by thy almighty power. I submit unto thee, all my thoughts, words, and actions, as well as my afflictions, pains, and sufferings, and I desire to have thee always in my mind, to do all my works in thy name, and for thy sake to bear all adversity with patience. I will nothing but what thou wiltest, O God; because 'tis agreeable unto thee. O give me grace that I may be attentive to my prayer, temperate in my diet, vigilant in my conduct, and unmoveable in all good purposes. Grant, most merciful Lord, that I may be true and faithful to those that have intrusted me with their secrets; that I may be courteous and kind towards all men, and that both in my words and actions, I may shew unto them a good example. Dispose my heart to admire and praise thy goodness, to hate all errors and evil works, to love my neighbour, and to despise the world. Assist me, good God, in subduing lust by mortification, covetousness by liberality, anger by mildness, and lukewarmness by zeal and fervency. Enable me to conduct myself with prudence in all transactions, and to shew courage in danger, patience in adversity, and in prosperity a humble mind. Let thy grace illuminate my understanding, direct my will, sanctify my body, and bless my soul. Make me diligent in curbing all irregular affections, zealous in imploring thy grace, careful in keeping thy commandments, and constant in working out my own salvation. Finally, O God, make me sensible how little is the world, how great thy heavens, how short time, and how long will be the blessed eternity. O that I may prepare myself for death! that I may dread thy judgments, that I may avoid the torments of hell, and obtain of thee, O God! eternal life through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

NATURAL THEOLOGY.

§ 1. *State of the Argument.*

In crossing a heath, suppose I pitched my foot against a stone, and were asked how the stone came to be there; I might possibly answer, that, for any thing I knew to the contrary, it had lain there for ever:

nor would it perhaps be very easy to show the absurdity of this answer. But suppose I had found a watch upon the ground, and it should be inquired how the watch happened to be in that place; I should hardly think of the answer which I had before

given, that, for any thing I knew, the watch might have always been there. Yet why should not this answer serve for the watch as well as for the stone? why is it not as admissible in the second case, as in the first? For this reason, and for no other, viz. that, when we come to inspect the watch, we perceive (what we could not discover in the stone) that its several parts are framed and put together for a purpose, e. g. that they are so formed and adjusted as to produce motion, and that motion so regulated as to point out the hour of the day; that, if the different parts had been differently shaped from what they are, of a different size from what they are, or placed after any other manner, or in any other order, than that in which they are placed, either no motion at all would have been carried on in the machine, or none which would have answered the use that is now served by it. To reckon up a few of the plainest of these parts, and of their offices, all tending to one result:—We see a cylindrical box containing a coiled elastic spring, which, by its endeavour to relax itself, turns round the box. We next observe a flexible chain (artificially wrought for the sake of flexure), communicating the action of the spring from the box to the fusee. We then find a series of wheels, the teeth of which catch in, and apply to, each other, conducting the motion from the fusee to the balance, and from the balance to the pointer: and at the same time, by the size and shape of those wheels, so regulating that motion, as to terminate in causing an index, by an equable and measured progression, to pass over a given space in a given time. We take notice that the wheels are made of brass in order to keep them from rust; the springs of steel, no other metal being so elastic; that over the face of the watch there is placed a glass, a material employed in no other part of the work, but in the room of which, if there had been any other than a transparent substance, the hour could not be seen without opening the case. This mechanism being observed (it requires indeed an examination of the instrument, and perhaps some previous knowledge of the subject, to perceive and understand it; but being once, as we have said, observed and understood), the inference, we think, is inevitable, that the watch must have had a maker: that there must have existed, at some time, and at some place or other, an artificer or artifi-

cers who formed it for the purpose which we find it actually to answer: who comprehended its construction, and designed its use.

1. Nor would it, I apprehend, weaken the conclusion, that we had never seen a watch made; that we had never known an artist capable of making one; that we were altogether incapable of executing such a piece of workmanship ourselves, or of understanding in what manner it was performed; all this being no more than what is true of some exquisite remains of ancient art, of some lost arts, and, to the generality of mankind, of the more curious productions of modern manufacture. Does one man in a million know how oval frames are turned? Ignorance of this kind exalts our opinion of the unseen and unknown artist's skill, if he be unseen and unknown, but raises no doubt in our minds of the existence and agency of such an artist, at some former time, and in some place or other. Nor can I perceive that it varies at all the inference, whether the question arise concerning a human agent, or concerning an agent of a different species, or an agent possessing, in some respects, a different nature.

2. Neither, secondly, would it invalidate our conclusion, that the watch sometimes went wrong, or that it seldom went exactly right. The purpose of the machinery, the design, and the designer, might be evident, and in the case supposed would be evident, in whatever way we accounted for the irregularity of the movement, or whether we could account for it or not. It is not necessary that a machine be perfect, in order to show with what design it was made: still less necessary, where the only question is, whether it were made with any design at all.

3. Nor, thirdly, would it bring any uncertainty into the argument, if there were a few parts of the watch, concerning which we could not discover, or had not yet discovered, in what manner they conduced to the general effect; or even some parts, concerning which we could not ascertain, whether they conduced to that effect in any manner whatever. For, as to the first branch of the case; if by the loss, or disorder, or decay of the parts in question, the movement of the watch were found in fact to be stopped, or disturbed, or retarded, no doubt would remain in our minds as to the utility or intention of these parts, although we should be unable to investi-

gate the manner according to which, or the connexion by which, the ultimate effect depended upon their action or assistance: and the more complex is the machine, the more likely is the obscurity to arise. Then, as to the second thing supposed, namely, that there were parts which might be spared, without prejudice to the movement of the watch, and that we had proved this by experiment,—these superfluous parts, even if we were completely assured that they were such, would not vacate the reasoning which we had instituted concerning other parts. The indication of contrivance remained, with respect to them, nearly as it was before.

4. Nor, fourthly, would any man in his senses think the existence of the watch, with its various machinery, accounted for, by being told that it was one out of possible combinations of material forms; that whatever he had found in the place where he found the watch, must have contained some internal configuration or other; and that this configuration might be the structure now exhibited, viz. of the works of a watch, as well as a different structure.

5. Nor, fifthly, would it yield his inquiry more satisfaction to be answered, that there existed in things a principle of order, which had disposed the parts of the watch into their present form and situation. He never knew a watch made by the principle of order; nor can he even form to himself an idea of what is meant by a principle of order, distinct from the intelligence of the watch-maker.

6. Sixthly, he would be surprised to hear that the mechanism of the watch was no proof of contrivance, only a motive to induce the mind to think so:

7. And not less surprised to be informed, that the watch in his hand was nothing more than the result of the laws of *metallic* nature. It is a perversion of language to assign any law, as the efficient, operative cause of any thing. A law presupposes an agent; for it is only the mode according to which an agent proceeds: it implies a power; for it is the order, according to which that power acts. Without this agent, without this power, which are both distinct from itself, the law does nothing; is nothing. The expression, “the law of metallic nature,” may sound strange and harsh to a philosophic ear; but it seems quite as justifiable as some others which are more familiar to him, such as “the law of vegetable nature,” “the law of animal nature,” or indeed as “the law of na-

ture” in general, when assigned as the cause of phenomena, in exclusion of agency and power; or when it is substituted into the place of these.

8. Neither, lastly, would our observer be driven out of his conclusion, or from his confidence in its truth, by being told that he knew nothing at all about the matter. He knows enough for his argument: he knows the utility of the end: he knows the subserviency and adaptation of the means to the end. These points being known, his ignorance of other points, his doubts concerning other points, affect not the certainty of his reasoning. The consciousness of knowing little, need not beget a distrust of that which he does know.

§ 2. *State of the Argument continued.*

Suppose, in the next place, that the person who found the watch, should, after some time, discover, that, in addition to all the properties which he had hitherto observed in it, it possessed the unexpected property of producing, in the course of its movement, another watch like itself (the thing is conceivable); that it contained within it a mechanism, a system of parts, a mould for instance, or a complex adjustment of lathes, files, and other tools, evidently and separately calculated for this purpose; let us inquire, what effect ought such a discovery to have upon his former conclusion.

1. The first effect would be to increase his admiration of the contrivance, and his conviction of the consummate skill of the contriver. Whether he regarded the object of the contrivance, the distinct apparatus, the intricate, yet in many parts intelligible mechanism, by which it was carried on, he would perceive, in this new observation, nothing but an additional reason for doing what he had already done,—for referring the construction of the watch to design, and to supreme art. If that construction *without* this property, or, which is the same thing, before this property had been noticed, proved intention and art to have been employed about it; still more strong would the proof appear, when he came to the knowledge of this farther property, the crown and perfection of all the rest.

2. He would reflect, that though the watch before him were, *in some sense*, the maker of the watch, which was fabricated in the course of its movements, yet it was in a very different sense from that, in

which a carpenter, for instance, is the maker of a chair; the author of its contrivance, the cause of the relation of its parts to their use. With respect to these, the first watch was no cause at all to the second; in no such sense as this was it the author of the constitution and order, either of the parts which the new watch contained, or of the parts by the aid and instrumentality of which it was produced. We might possibly say, but with great latitude of expression, that a stream of water ground corn: but no latitude of expression would allow us to say, no stretch of conjecture could lead us to think, that the stream of water built the mill, though it were too ancient for us to know who the builder was. What the stream of water does in the affair, is neither more nor less than this, by the application of an unintelligent impulse to a mechanism previously arranged, arranged independently of it, and arranged by intelligence, an effect is produced, viz. the corn is ground. But the effect results from the arrangement. The force of the stream cannot be said to be the cause or author of the effect, still less of the arrangement. Understanding and plan in the formation of the mill were not the less necessary, for any share which the water has in grinding the corn: yet is this share the same, as that which the watch would have contributed to the production of the new watch, upon the supposition assumed in the last section. Therefore,

3. Though it be now no longer probable, that the individual watch, which our observer had found, was made immediately by the hand of an artificer, yet doth not this alteration in anywise affect the inference, that an artificer had been originally employed and concerned in the production. The argument from design remains as it was. Marks of design and contrivance are no more accounted for now, than they were before. In the same thing, we may ask for the cause of different properties. We may ask for the cause of the colour of a body, of its hardness, of its heat; and these causes may be all different. We are now asking for the cause of that subserviency to a use, that relation to an end, which we have remarked in the watch before us. No answer is given to this question, by telling us that a preceding watch produced it. There cannot be design without a designer; contrivance, without a contriver; order, without choice; ar-

rangement, without any thing capable of arranging; subserviency and relation to a purpose, without that which could intend a purpose; means suitable to an end, and executing their office in accomplishing that end, without the end ever having been contemplated, or the means accommodated to it. Arrangement, disposition of parts, subserviency of means to an end, relation of instruments to a use, imply the presence of intelligence and mind. No one, therefore, can rationally believe, that the insensible, inanimate watch, from which the watch before us issued, was the proper cause of the mechanism we so much admire in it;—could be truly said to have constructed the instrument, disposed its parts, assigned their office, determined their order, action, and mutual dependency, combined their several motions into one result, and that also a result connected with the utilities of other beings. All these properties, therefore, are as much unaccounted for, as they were before.

4. Nor is any thing gained by running the difficulty farther back, *i. e.* by supposing the watch before us to have been produced from another watch, that from a former, and so on indefinitely. Our going back ever so far, brings us no nearer to the least degree of satisfaction upon the subject. Contrivance is still unaccounted for. We still want a contriver. A designing mind is neither supplied by this supposition, nor dispensed with. If the difficulty were diminished the farther we went back, by going back indefinitely we might exhaust it. And this is the only case to which this sort of reasoning applies. Where there is a tendency, or, as we increase the number of terms, a continual approach towards a limit, *there*, by supposing the number of terms to be what is called infinite, we may conceive the limit to be attained: but where there is no such tendency, or approach, nothing is effected by lengthening the series. There is no difference as to the point in question (whatever there may be as to many points), between one series and another; between a series which is finite, and a series which is infinite. A chain, composed of an infinite number of links, can no more support itself, than a chain composed of a finite number of links. And of this we are assured (though we never *can* have tried the experiment), because, by increasing the number of links, from ten for instance to a hundred, from a hundred to a thousand, &c. we make not

the smallest approach, we observe not the smallest tendency, towards self-support. There is no difference in this respect (yet there may be a great difference in several respects) between a chain of a greater or less length, between one chain and another, between one that is finite and one that is infinite. This very much resembles the case before us. The machine which we are inspecting, demonstrates, by its construction, contrivance and design. Contrivance must have had a contriver; design, a designer; whether the machine immediately proceeded from another machine or not. That circumstance alters not the case. That other machine may, in like manner, have proceeded from a former machine: nor does that alter the case; contrivance must have had a contriver. That former one from one preceding it: no alteration still; a contriver is still necessary. No tendency is perceived, no approach towards a diminution of this necessity. It is the same with any and every succession of these machines; a succession of ten, of a hundred, of a thousand; with one series, as with another; a series which is finite, as with a series which is infinite. In whatever other respects they may differ, in this they do not. In all, equally, contrivance and design are unaccounted for.

The question is not simply, How came the first watch into existence? which question, it may be pretended, is done away by supposing the series of watches thus produced from one another to have been infinite, and consequently to have had no such *first*, for which it was necessary to provide a cause. This, perhaps, would have been nearly the state of the question, if nothing had been before us but an unorganized, unmechanized substance, without mark or indication of contrivance. It might be difficult to show that such substance could not have existed from eternity, either in succession (if it were possible, which I think it is not, for unorganized bodies to spring from one another), or by individual perpetuity. But that is not the question now. To suppose it to be so, is to suppose that it made no difference whether he had found a watch or a stone. As it is, the metaphysics of that question have no place; for, in the watch which we are examining, are seen contrivance, design; an end, a purpose; means for the end, adaptation to the purpose. And the question which irresistibly presses upon our thoughts, is,

whence this contrivance and design? The thing required is the intending mind, the adapting hand, the intelligence by which that hand was directed. This question, this demand, is not shaken off, by increasing a number or succession of substances, destitute of these properties; nor the more, by increasing that number to infinity. If it be said, that upon the supposition of one watch being produced from another in the course of that other's movements, and by means of the mechanism within it, we have a cause for the watch in my hand, viz. the watch from which it proceeded; I deny, that for the design, the contrivance, the suitableness of means to an end, the adaptation of instruments to a use (all which we discover in the watch), we have any cause whatever. It is in vain, therefore, to assign a series of such causes, or to allege that a series may be carried back to infinity: for I do not admit that we have yet any cause at all of the phænomena, still less any series of causes either finite or infinite. Here is contrivance, but no contriver; proofs of design, but no designer.

5. Our observer would farther also reflect, that the maker of the watch before him, was, in truth and reality, the maker of every watch produced from it; there being no difference (except that the latter manifests a more exquisite skill) between the making of another watch with his own hands, by the mediation of files, lathes, chisels, &c. and the disposing, fixing, and inserting of these instruments, or of others equivalent to them, in the body of the watch already made in such a manner, as to form a new watch in the course of the movements which he had given to the old one. It is only working by one set of tools, instead of another.

The conclusion which the *first* examination of the watch, of its works, construction, and movement, suggested, was, that it must have had, for the cause and author of that construction, an artificer, who understood its mechanism, and designed its use. This conclusion is invincible. A *second* examination presents us with a new discovery. The watch is found, in the course of its movement, to produce another watch, similar to itself; and not only so, but we perceive in it a system or organization, separately calculated for that purpose. What effect would this discovery have, or ought it to have, upon our former inference? What, as hath already been said, but to increase, beyond measure, our admi-

tion of the skill, which had been employed in the formation of such a machine? Or shall it, instead of this, all at once turn us round to an opposite conclusion, viz. that no art or skill whatever has been concerned in the business, although all other evidences of art and skill remain as they were, and this last and supreme piece of art be now added to the rest? Can this be maintained without absurdity? Yet this is atheism.

§ 3. *Application of the Argument.*

This is atheism: for every indication of contrivance, every manifestation of design, which existed in the watch, exists in the works of nature; with the difference, on the side of nature, of being greater and more, and that in a degree which exceeds all computation. I mean that the contrivances of nature surpass the contrivances of art, in the complexity, subtilty, and curiosity of the mechanism: and still more, if possible, do they go beyond them in number and variety; yet, in a multitude of cases, are not less evidently mechanical, not less evidently contrivances, not less evidently accommodated to their end, or suited to their office, than are the most perfect productions of human ingenuity.

I know no better method of introducing so large a subject, than that of comparing a single thing with a single thing; an eye, for example, with a telescope. As far as the examination of the instrument goes, there is precisely the same proof that the eye was made for vision, as there is that the telescope was made for assisting it. They are made upon the same principles; both being adjusted to the laws by which the transmission and refraction of rays of light are regulated. I speak not of the origin of the laws themselves; but such laws being fixed, the construction, in both cases, is adapted to them. For instance; these laws require, in order to produce the same effect, that the rays of light, in passing from water into the eye, should be refracted by a more convex surface, than when it passes out of air into the eye. Accordingly we find that the eye of a fish, in that part of it called the crystalline lens, is much rounder than the eye of terrestrial animals. What plainer manifestation of design can there be than this difference? What could a mathematical instrument-maker have done more, to show his knowledge of his principle, his application of that knowledge, his suiting of his means to his end; I will not say to display the com-

pass or excellence of his skill and art, for in these all comparison is indecorous, but to testify counsel, choice, consideration, purpose?

To some it may appear a difference sufficient to destroy all similitude between the eye and the telescope, that the one is a perceiving organ, the other an unperceiving instrument. The fact is, that they are both instruments. And, as to the mechanism, at least as to mechanism being employed, and even as to the kind of it, this circumstance varies not the analogy at all. For observe, what the constitution of the eye is. It is necessary, in order to produce distinct vision, that an image or picture of the object be formed at the bottom of the eye. Whence this necessity arises, or how the picture is connected with the sensation, or contributes to it, it may be difficult, nay we will confess, if you please, impossible for us to search out. But the present question is not concerned in the inquiry. It may be true, that, in this, and in other instances, we trace mechanical contrivance a certain way; and that then we come to something which is not mechanical, or which is inscrutable. But this affects not the certainty of our investigation, as far as we have gone. The difference between an animal and an automatic statue, consists in this,—that, in the animal, we trace the mechanism to a certain point, and then we are stopped; either the mechanism becoming too subtle for our discernment, or something else beside the known laws of mechanism taking place; whereas, in the automaton, for the comparatively few motions of which it is capable, we trace the mechanism throughout. But, up to the limit, the reasoning is as clear and certain in the one case, as in the other. In the example before us, it is a matter of certainty, because it is a matter which experience and observation demonstrate, that the formation of an image at the bottom of the eye is necessary to perfect vision. The image itself can be shown. Whatever affects the distinctness of the image, affects the distinctness of the vision. The formation then of such an image being necessary (no matter how) to the sense of sight, and to the exercise of that sense, the apparatus by which it is formed is constructed and put together, not only with infinitely more art, but upon the self-same principles of art, as in the telescope or the camera-obscura. The perception arising from the image may be laid out of the question; for

the production of the image, these are instruments of the same kind. The end is the same; the means are the same. The purpose in both is alike; the contrivance for accomplishing that purpose is in both alike. The lenses of the telescope, and the humours of the eye, bear a complete resemblance to one another, in their figure, their position, and in their power over the rays of light, viz. in bringing each pencil to a point at the right distance from the lens; namely, in the eye, at the exact place where the membrane is spread to receive it. How is it possible, under circumstances of such close affinity, and under the operation of equal evidence, to exclude contrivance from the one; yet to acknowledge the proof of contrivance having been employed, as the plainest and clearest of all propositions, in the other?

The resemblance between the two cases is still more accurate, and obtains in more points than we have yet represented, or than we are, on the first view of the subject, aware of. In dioptric telescopes there is an imperfection of this nature. Pencils of light, in passing through glass lenses, are separated into different colours, thereby tinging the object, especially the edges of it, as if it were viewed through a prism. To correct this inconvenience, had been long a desideratum in the art. At last it came into the mind of a sagacious optician, to inquire how this matter was managed in the eye; in which there was exactly the same difficulty to contend with, as in the telescope. His observation taught him, that, in the eye, the evil was cured by combining lenses composed of different substances, *i. e.* of substances which possessed different refracting powers. Our artist borrowed thence his hint; and produced a correction of the defect by imitating, in glasses made from different materials, the effects of the different humours through which the rays of light pass before they reach the bottom of the eye. Could this be in the eye without purpose, which suggested to the optician the only effectual means of attaining that purpose?

But farther; there are other points, not so much perhaps of strict resemblance between the two, as of superiority of the eye over the telescope; yet of a superiority which, being founded in the laws that regulate both, may furnish topics of fair and just comparison. Two things were wanted to the eye, which were not wanted (at

least in the same degree) to the telescope; and these were the adaptation of the organ, first, to different degrees of light; and secondly, to the vast diversity of distance at which objects are viewed by the naked eye, viz. from a few inches to as many miles. These difficulties present not themselves to the maker of the telescope. He wants all the light he can get; and he never directs his instrument to objects near at hand. In the eye, both these cases were to be provided for; and for the purpose of providing for them, a subtile and appropriate mechanism is introduced:

1. In order to exclude excess of light, when it is excessive, and to render objects visible under obscurer degrees of it, when no more can be had, the hole or aperture in the eye, through which the light enters, is so formed, as to contract or dilate itself for the purpose of admitting a greater or less number of rays at the same time. The chamber of the eye is a camera-obscura, which, when the light is too small, can enlarge its opening; when too strong, can again contract it; and that without any other assistance than that of its own exquisite machinery. It is farther also, in the human subject, to be observed, that this hole in the eye, which we call the pupil, under all its different dimensions, retains its exact circular shape. This is a structure extremely artificial. Let an artist only try to execute the same; he will find that his threads and strings must be disposed with great consideration and contrivance, to make a circle, which shall continually change its diameter, yet preserve its form. This is done in the eye by an application of fibres, *i. e.* of strings, similar, in their position and action, to what an artist would and must employ, if he had the same piece of workmanship to perform.

2. The second difficulty which has been stated, was the suiting of the same organ to the perception of objects that lie near at hand, within a few inches, we will suppose, of the eye, and of objects which are placed at a considerable distance from it, that, for example, of as many furlongs (I speak in both cases of the distance at which distinct vision can be exercised). Now this, according to the principles of optics, that is, according to the laws by which the transmission of light is regulated (and these laws are fixed), could not be done without the organ itself undergoing an alteration, and receiving an adjustment that might correspond with the exigency

of the case, that is to say, with the different inclination to one another under which the rays of light reached it. Rays issuing from points placed at a small distance from the eye, and which consequently must enter the eye in a spreading or diverging order, cannot, by the same optical instrument in the same state, be brought to a point, *i. e.* be made to form an image, in the same place with rays proceeding from objects situated at a much greater distance, and which rays arrive at the eye in directions nearly (and physically speaking) parallel. It requires a rounder lens to do it. The point of concurrence behind the lens must fall critically upon the retina, or the vision is confused; yet, other things remaining the same, this point, by the immutable properties of light, is carried farther back when the rays proceed from a near object, than when they are sent from one that is remote. A person who was using an optical instrument, would manage this matter by changing, as the occasion required, his lens or his telescope; or by adjusting the distance of his glasses with his hand or his screw: but how is it to be managed in the eye? What the alteration was, or in what part of the eye it took place, or by what means it was effected (for if the known laws which govern the refraction of light be maintained, some alteration in the state of the organ there must be), had long formed a subject of inquiry and conjecture. The change, though sufficient for the purpose, is so minute as to elude ordinary observation. Some very late discoveries, deduced from a laborious and most accurate inspection of the structure and operation of the organ, seem at length to have ascertained the mechanical alteration which the parts of the eye undergo. It is found, that by the action of certain muscles, called the straight muscles, and which action is the most advantageous that could be imagined for the purpose,—it is found, I say, that whenever the eye is directed to a near object, three changes are produced in it at the same time, all severally contributing to the adjustment required. The cornea, or outermost coat of the eye, is rendered more round and prominent; the crystalline lens underneath is pushed forward; and the axis of vision, as the depth of the eye is called, is elongated. These changes in the eye vary its power over the rays of light in such a manner and degree as to produce exactly the effect which is wanted, *viz.* the formation of an image upon the

retina, whether the rays come to the eye in a state of divergency, which is the case when the object is near to the eye, or come parallel to one another, which is the case when the object is placed at a distance. Can any thing be more decisive of contrivance than this is? The most secret laws of optics must have been known to the author of a structure endowed with such a capacity of change. It is as though an optician, when he had a nearer object to view, should *rectify* his instrument by putting in another glass, at the same time drawing out also his tube to a different length.

Observe a new-born child first lifting up its eyelids. What does the opening of the curtain discover? The anterior part of two pellucid globes, which when they come to be examined, are found to be constructed upon strict optical principles; the self-same principles upon which we ourselves construct optical instruments. We find them perfect for the purpose of forming an image by refraction: composed of parts executing different offices: one part having fulfilled its office upon the pencil of light, delivering it over to the action of another part; that to a third, and so onward: the progressive action depending for its success upon the nicest and minutest adjustment of the parts concerned; yet these parts so in fact adjusted, as to produce, not by a simple action or effect, but by a combination of actions and effects, the result which is ultimately wanted. And forasmuch as this organ would have to operate under different circumstances, with strong degrees of light, and with weak degrees, upon near objects and upon remote ones, and these differences demanded, according to the laws by which the transmission of light is regulated, a corresponding diversity of structure; that the aperture, for example, through which the light passes, should be larger or less; the lenses rounder or flatter, or that their distance from the tablet, upon which the picture is delineated, should be shortened or lengthened: this, I say, being the case and the difficulty, to which the eye was to be adapted, we find its several parts capable of being occasionally changed, and a most artificial apparatus provided to produce that change. This is far beyond the common regulator of a watch, which requires the touch of a foreign hand to set it: but it is not altogether unlike Harrison's contrivance for making a watch regu-

late itself, by inserting within it a machinery, which, by the artful use of the different expansion of metals, preserves the equability of the motion under all the various temperatures of heat and cold in which the instrument may happen to be placed. The ingenuity of this last contrivance has been justly praised. Shall, therefore, a structure which differs from it chiefly by surpassing it, be accounted no contrivance at all? or, if it be a contrivance, that it is without a contriver!

But this, though much, is not the whole: by different species of animals the faculty we are describing is possessed, in degrees suited to the different range of vision which their mode of life, and of procuring their food, requires. *Birds*, for instance, in general, procure their food by means of their beak: and, the distance between the eye and the point of the beak being small, it becomes necessary that they should have the power of seeing very near objects distinctly. On the other hand, from being often elevated much above the ground, living in air, and moving through it with great velocity, they require for their safety, as well as for assisting them in despoiling their prey, a power of seeing at a great distance; a power of which, in birds of rapine, surprising examples are given. The fact accordingly is, that two peculiarities are found in the eyes of birds, both tending to *facilitate* the change upon which the adjustment of the eye to different distances depends. The one is a bony, yet, in most species, a flexible rim or hoop, surrounding the broadest part of the eye; which, confining the action of the muscles to that part, increases the effect of their lateral pressure upon the orb, by which pressure its axis is elongated for the purpose of looking at very near objects. The other is an additional muscle, called the marsupium, to draw, on occasion, the crystalline lens *back*, and to fit the same eye for the viewing of very distant objects. By these means, the eyes of birds can pass from one extreme to another of their scale of adjustment, with more ease and readiness than the eyes of other animals.

The eyes of *fishes* also, compared with those of terrestrial animals, exhibit certain distinctions of structure adapted to their state and element. We have already ob-

served upon the figure of the crystalline compensating by its roundness the density of the medium through which their light passes. To which we have to add, that the eyes of fish, in their natural and indolent state, appear to be adjusted to near objects, in this respect differing from the human eye, as well as those of quadrupeds and birds. The ordinary shape of the fish's eye being in a much higher degree convex than that of land animals, a corresponding difference attends its muscular conformation, viz. that it is throughout calculated for *flattening* the eye.

The *iris* also in the eyes of fish does not admit of contraction. This is a great difference, of which the probable reason is, that the diminished light in water is never too strong for the retina.

In the *eel*, which has to work its head through sand and gravel, the roughest and harshest substances, there is placed before the eye, and at some distance from it, a transparent, horny, convex case or covering, which, without obstructing the sight, defends the organ. To such an animal, could any thing be more wanted or more useful?

Thus, in comparing the eyes of different kinds of animals, we see, in their resemblances and distinctions, one general plan laid down, and that plan varied with the varying exigencies to which it is to be applied.

There is one property, however, common, I believe, to all eyes, at least to all which have been examined*, namely, that the optic nerve enters the bottom of the eye, not in the centre or middle, but a little on one side: not in the point where the axis of the eye meets the retina, but between that point and the nose. The difference which this makes is, that no part of an object is unperceived by both eyes at the same time.

In considering vision as achieved by the means of an image formed at the bottom of the eye, we can never reflect without wonder upon the smallness, yet correctness, of the picture, the subtlety of the touch, the fineness of the lines. A landscape of five or six square leagues is brought into a space of half an inch diameter; yet the multitude of objects which it contains, are all preserved; are all discriminated in their magnitudes,

* The eye of the seal or sea-calf, I understand, is an exception. Mem. Acad. Paris, 1701, p. 123.

positions, figures, colours. The prospect from Hampstead-hill is compressed into the compass of a six-pence, yet circumstantially represented. A stage coach, travelling at its ordinary speed for half an hour, passes, in the eye, only over one twelfth of an inch, yet is this change of place in the image distinctly perceived throughout its whole progress; for it is only by means of that perception that the motion of the coach itself is made sensible to the eye. If any thing can abate our admiration of the smallness of the visual tablet compared with the extent of vision, it is a reflection which the view of nature leads us, every hour, to make, viz. that, in the hands of the Creator, great and little are nothing.

Sturmius held, that the examination of the eye was a cure for atheism. Besides that conformity to optical principles which its internal constitution displays, and which alone amounts to a manifestation of intelligence having been exerted in the structure; besides this, which forms, no doubt, the leading character of the organ, there is to be seen, in every thing belonging to it and about it, an extraordinary degree of care, an anxiety for its preservation, due, if we may so speak, to its value and its tenderness. It is lodged in a strong, deep, bony socket, composed by the junction of seven different bones*, hollowed out at their edges. In some few species, as that of the coatimondi †, the orbit is not bony throughout; but whenever this is the case, the upper, which is the deficient part, is supplied by a cartilaginous ligament; a substitution which shows the same care. Within this socket it is imbedded in fat, of all animal substances the best adapted both to its repose and motion. It is sheltered by the eyebrows; an arch of hair, which, like a thatched penthouse, prevents the sweat and moisture of the forehead from running down into it.

But it is still better protected by its *lid*. Of the superficial parts of the animal frame, I know none which, in its office and structure, is more deserving of attention than the eyelid. It defends the eye; it wipes it; it closes it in sleep. Are there, in any work of art whatever, purposes more evident than those which this organ fulfils? or an apparatus for executing those purposes more intelligible,

more appropriate, or more mechanical? If it be overlooked by the observer of nature, it can only be because it is obvious and familiar. This is a tendency to be guarded against. We pass by the plainest instances, whilst we are exploring those which are rare and curious; by which conduct of the understanding, we sometimes neglect the strongest observations, being taken up with others, which, though more recondite and scientific, are, as solid arguments, entitled to much less consideration.

In order to keep the eye moist and clean (which qualities are necessary to its brightness and its use), a wash is constantly supplied by a secretion for the purpose; and the superfluous brine is conveyed to the nose through a perforation in the bone as large as a goose-quill. When once the fluid has entered the nose, it spreads itself upon the inside of the nostril, and is evaporated by the current of warm air, which, in the course of respiration, is continually passing over it. Can any pipe or outlet, for carrying off the waste liquor from a dye-house or a distillery, be more mechanical than this? It is easily perceived, that the eye must want moisture; but could the want of the eye generate the gland which produces the tear, or bore the hole by which it is discharged,—a hole through a bone?

It is observable, that this provision is not found in fish,—the element in which they live supplying a constant lotion to the eye.

It were, however, injustice to dismiss the eye as a piece of mechanism, without noticing that most exquisite of all contrivances, the *nictitating membrane*, which is found in the eyes of birds and of many quadrupeds. Its use is to sweep the eye, which it does in an instant, to spread over it the lachrymal humour; to defend it also from sudden injuries; yet not totally, when drawn upon the pupil, to shut out the light. The commodiousness with which it lies folded up in the upper corner of the eye, ready for use and action, and the quickness with which it executes its purpose, are properties known and obvious to every observer; but what is equally admirable, though not quite so obvious, is the combination of two kinds of substance, muscular and elastic, and of two different kinds of action, by which the

* Heister, sect. 89.

† Mem. R. Ac. Paris, p. 117.

motion of this membrane is performed. It is not, as in ordinary cases, by the action of two antagonist muscles, one pulling forward and the other backward, that a reciprocal change is effected; but it is thus: The membrane itself is an elastic substance, capable of being drawn out by force like a piece of elastic gum, and by its own elasticity returning, when the force is removed, to its former position. Such being its nature, in order to fit it up for its office, it is connected by a tendon or thread with a muscle in the back part of the eye: this tendon or thread, though strong, is so fine, as not to obstruct the sight, even when it passes across it; and the muscle itself, being placed in the *back* part of the eye, derives from its situation the advantage, not only of being secure, but of being out of the way; which it would hardly have been in any position that could be assigned to it in the anterior part of the orb, where its function lies. When the muscle behind the eye contracts, the membrane, by means of the communicating thread, is instantly drawn over the fore-part of it. When the muscular contraction (which is a positive, and, most probably, a voluntary effort) ceases to be exerted, the elasticity alone of the membrane brings it back again to its position*. Does not this, if any thing can do it, bespeak an artist, master of his work, acquainted with his materials? "Of a thousand other things," say the French Academicians, "we perceive not the contrivance, because we understand them only by the effects, of which we know not the causes: but we here treat of a machine, all the parts whereof are visible; and which need only be looked upon, to discover the reasons of its motion and action †."

In the configuration of the muscle which, though placed behind the eye, draws the nictitating membrane over the eye, there is, what the authors, just now quoted, deservedly call a marvellous mechanism. I suppose this structure to be found in other animals; but, in the memoirs from which this account is taken, it is anatomically demonstrated only in the cassowary. The muscle is *passed through a loop formed by another muscle*; and is there inflected, as if it were round a

pulley. This is a peculiarity; and observe the advantage of it. A single muscle with a straight tendon, which is the common muscular form, would have been sufficient, if it had had power to draw far enough. But the contraction, necessary to draw the membrane over the whole eye, required a longer muscle than could lie straight at the bottom of the eye. Therefore, in order to have a greater length in a less compass, the cord of the main muscle makes an angle. This, so far, answers the end; but, still farther, it makes an angle, not round a fixed pivot, but round a loop formed by another muscle; which second muscle, whenever it contracts, of course twitches the first muscle at the point of inflection, and thereby assists the action designed by both.

One question may possibly have dwelt in the reader's mind during the perusal of these observations, namely, Why should not the Deity have given to the animal the faculty of vision *at once*? Why this circuitous perception; the ministry of so many means; an element provided for the purpose; reflected from opaque substances, refracted through transparent ones; and both according to precise laws; then, a complex organ, an intricate and artificial apparatus, in order, by the operation of this element, and in conformity with the restrictions of these laws, to produce an image upon a membrane communicating with the brain? Wherefore all this? Why make the difficulty in order to surmount it? If to perceive objects by some other mode than that of touch, or objects which lay out of the reach of that sense, were the thing proposed; could not a simple volition of the Creator have communicated the capacity? Why resort to contrivance, where power is omnipotent? Contrivance, by its very definition and nature, is the refuge of imperfection. To have recourse to expedients, implies difficulty, impediment, restraint, defect of power. This question belongs to the other senses, as well as to the sight; to the general functions of animal life, as nutrition, secretion, respiration; to the economy of vegetables; and indeed to almost all the operations of nature. The question, therefore, is of very wide extent; and amongst other answers which

* Philos. Transact. 1796.

† Memoirs for a Natural History of Animals, by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, done into English by Order of the Royal Society, 1701, page 249.

may be given to it, besides reasons of which probably we are ignorant, one answer is this : It is only by the display of contrivance, that the existence, the agency, the wisdom of the Deity, *could* be testified to his rational creatures. This is the scale by which we ascend to all the knowledge of our Creator which we possess, so far as it depends upon the phænomena, or the works of nature. Take away this, and you take away from us every subject of observation, and ground of reasoning ; I mean as our rational faculties are formed at present. Whatever is done, God could have done without the intervention of instruments or means : but it is in the construction of instruments, in the choice and adaptation of means, that a creative intelligence is seen. It is this which constitutes the order and beauty of the universe. God, therefore, has been pleased to prescribe limits to his own power, and to work his ends within those limits. The general laws of matter have perhaps the nature of these limits ; its inertia, its reaction ; the laws which govern the communication of motion, the refraction and reflection of light, the constitution of fluids, non-elastic and elastic, the transmission of sound through the latter ; the laws of magnetism, of electricity ; and probably others, yet undiscovered. These are general laws ; and when a particular purpose is to be effected, it is not by making a new law, nor by the suspension of the old ones, nor by making them wind, and bend, and yield to the occasion (for nature with great steadiness adheres to and supports them) ; but it is, as we have seen in the eye, by the interposition of an apparatus, corresponding with these laws, and suited to the exigency which results from them, that the purpose is at length attained. As we have said, therefore, God prescribes limits to his power, that he may let in the exercise, and thereby exhibit demonstrations, of his wisdom. For then, *i. e.* such laws and limitations being laid down, it is as though one Being should have fixed certain rules ; and, if we may so speak, provided certain materials ; and, afterwards, have committed to another Being, out of these materials, and in subordination to these rules, the task of drawing forth a creation : a supposition which evidently leaves room, and induces indeed a necessity for contrivance. Nay, there may be many such agents, and many

ranks of these. We do not advance this as a doctrine either of philosophy or of religion ; but we say that the subject may safely be represented under this view ; because the Deity, acting himself by general laws, will have the same consequences upon our reasoning, as if he had prescribed these laws to another. It has been said, that the problem of creation was, "attraction and matter being given, to make a world out of them : " and, as above explained, this statement perhaps does not convey a false idea.

We have made choice of the eye as an instance upon which to rest the argument of this chapter. Some single example was to be proposed : and the eye offered itself under the advantage of admitting of a strict comparison with optical instruments. The ear, it is probable, is no less artificially and mechanically adapted to its office than the eye. But we know less about it : we do not so well understand the action, the use, or the mutual dependency of its internal parts. Its general form, however, both external and internal, is sufficient to show that it is an instrument adapted to the reception of sound ; that is to say, already knowing that sound consists in pulses of the air, we perceive, in the structure of the ear, a suitableness to receive impressions from this species of action, and to propagate these impressions to the brain. For of what does this structure consist ? An external ear (the concha), calculated, like an ear-trumpet, to catch and collect the pulses of which we have spoken ; in large quadrupeds, turning to the sound, and possessing a configuration, as well as motion, evidently fitted for the office : of a tube which leads into the head, lying at the root of this outward ear, the folds and sinuses thereof tending and conducting the air towards it : of a thin membrane, like the pelt of a drum, stretched across this passage upon a bony rim : of a chain of moveable, and infinitely curious bones, forming a communication, and the only communication, that can be observed, between the membrane last mentioned and the interior channels and recesses of the skull : of cavities, similar in shape and form to wind instruments of music, being spiral or portions of circles : of the eustachian tube, like the hole in a drum, to let the air pass freely into and out of the barrel of the ear, as the covering membrane vibrates, or as the temperature may

be altered; the whole labyrinth hewn out of a rock; that is, wrought into the substance of the hardest bone of the body. This assemblage of connected parts constitutes together an apparatus, plainly enough relative to the transmission of sound, or of the impulses received from sound, and only to be lamented in not being better understood.

The communication within, formed by the small bones of the ear, is, to look upon, more like what we are accustomed to call machinery, than any thing I am acquainted with in animal bodies. It seems evidently designed to continue towards the sensorium the tremulous motions which are excited in the membrane of the tympanum, or what is better known by the name of the "drum of the ear." The compages of bones consists of four, which are so disposed and so hinge upon one another, as that if the membrane, the drum of the ear, vibrate; all the four are put in motion together; and, by the result of their action, work the base of that which is the last in the series, upon an aperture which it closes, and upon which it plays, and which aperture opens into the tortuous canals that lead to the brain. This last bone of the four is called the *stapes*. The office of the drum of the ear is to spread out an extended surface, capable of receiving the impressions of sound, and of being put by them into a state of vibration. The office of the *stapes* is to repeat these vibrations. It is a repeating frigate, stationed more within the line. From which account of its action may be understood, how the sensation of sound will be excited, by any thing which communicates a vibratory motion to the *stapes*, though not, as in all ordinary cases, through the intervention of the *membrana tympani*. This is done by solid bodies applied to the bones of the skull, as by a metal bar holden at one end between the teeth, and touching at the other end a tremulous body. It likewise appears to be done, in a considerable degree, by the air itself, even when this membrane, the drum of the ear, is greatly damaged. Either in the natural or preternatural state of the organ, the use of the chain of bones is to propagate the impulse in a direction towards the brain, and to propagate it with the advantage of a lever: which advantage consists in increasing the force and strength of the vibration, and at the same time

diminishing the space through which it oscillates; both of which changes may augment or facilitate the still deeper action of the auditory nerves.

The benefit of the eustachian tube to the organ may be made out upon known pneumatic principles. Behind the drum of the ear is a second cavity, or barrel, called the *tympanum*. The eustachian tube is a slender pipe, but sufficient for the passage of air, leading from this cavity into the back part of the mouth. Now, it would not have done to have had a vacuum in this cavity; for, in that case, the pressure of the atmosphere from without would have burst the membrane which covered it. Nor would it have done to have filled the cavity with lymph or any other secretion; which would necessarily have obstructed, both the vibration of the membrane, and the play of the small bones. Nor, lastly, would it have done to have occupied the space with confined air, because the expansion of that air by heat, or its contraction by cold, would have distended or relaxed the covering membrane, in a degree inconsistent with the purpose which it was assigned to execute. The only remaining expedient, and that for which the eustachian tube serves, is to open to this cavity a communication with the external air. In one word; it exactly answers the purpose of the hole in a drum.

The *membrana tympani* itself likewise, deserves all the examination which can be made of it. It is not found in the ears of fish; which furnishes an additional proof of what indeed is indicated by every thing about it, that it is appropriated to the action of air, or of an elastic medium. It bears an obvious resemblance to the pelt or head of a drum, from which it takes its name. It resembles also a drum-head in this principal property, that its use depends upon its tension. *Tension* is the state essential to it. Now we know that, in a drum, the pelt is carried over a hoop, and braced as occasion requires, by the means of strings attached to its circumference. In the membrane of the ear, the same purpose is provided for, more simply, but not less mechanically, nor less successfully, by a different expedient, viz. by the end of a bone (the handle of the malleus) pressing upon its centre. It is only in very large animals that the texture of this membrane can be discerned. In the

Philosophical Transactions for the year 1800 (vol. i.), Mr. Everard Home has given some curious observations upon the ear, and the drum of the ear of an *elephant*. He discovered in it, what he calls a radiated muscle, that is, straight muscular fibres, passing along the membrane from the circumference to the centre; from the bony rim which surrounds it towards the handle of the malleus to which the central part is attached. This muscle he supposes to be designed to bring the membrane into unison with different sounds: but then he also discovered, that this muscle itself cannot act, unless the membrane be drawn to a stretch, and kept in a due state of tightness, by what may be called a foreign force, viz. the action of the muscles of the malleus. Supposing his explanation of the use of the parts to be just, our author is well founded in the reflection which he makes upon it: "that this mode of adapting the ear to different sounds, is one of the most beautiful applications of muscles in the body; *the mechanism is so simple, and the variety of effects so great.*"

In another volume of the Transactions above referred to, and of the same year, two most curious cases are related of persons who retained the sense of hearing, not in a perfect, but in a very considerable degree, notwithstanding the almost total loss of the membrane we have been describing. In one of these cases, the use here assigned to that membrane, of modifying the impressions of sound by change of tension, was attempted to be supplied by straining the muscles of the outward ear. "The external ear," we are told, "had acquired a distinct motion upward and backward, which was observable whenever the patient listened to any thing which he did not distinctly hear: when he was addressed in a whisper, the ear was seen immediately to move: when the tone of voice was louder, it then remained altogether motionless."

It appears probable, from both these cases, that a collateral, if not principal, use of the membrane, is to cover and protect the barrel of the ear which lies behind it. Both the patients suffered from cold: one, "a great increase of deafness from catching cold;" the other, "very considerable pain from exposure to a stream of cold air." Bad effects therefore followed from this cavity being left open to the external air; yet, had the Author of nature shut it up by

any other cover than what was capable, by its texture, of receiving vibrations from sound, and, by its connexion with the interior parts, of transmitting those vibrations to the brain, the use of the organ, so far as we can judge, must have been entirely obstructed.

§ 4. *Of the succession of Plants and Animals.*

The *generation* of the animal no more accounts for the contrivance of the eye or ear, than, upon the supposition stated in a preceding chapter, the production of a watch by the motion and mechanism of a former watch, would account for the skill and attention evidenced in the watch, so produced; than it would account for the disposition of the wheels, the catching of their teeth, the relation of the several parts of the works to one another, and to their common end, for the suitability of their forms and places to their offices, for their connexion, their operation, and the useful result of that operation. I do insist most strenuously upon the correctness of this comparison; that it holds as to every mode of specific propagation; and that whatever was true of the watch, under the hypothesis above mentioned, is true of plants and animals.

1. To begin with the fructification of plants. Can it be doubted but that the seed contains a particular organization? Whether a latent plantule with the means of temporary nutrition, or whatever else it be, it encloses an organization suited to the germination of a new plant. Has the plant which produced the seed any thing more to do with that organization, than the watch would have had to do with the structure of the watch which was produced in the course of its mechanical movement? I mean, Has it any thing at all to do with the *contrivance*? The maker and contriver of one watch, when he inserted within it a mechanism suited to the production of another watch, was, in truth, the maker and contriver of that other watch. All the properties of the new watch were, to be referred to his agency: the design manifested in it, to his intention: the art, to him as the artist: the collocation of each part, to his placing: the action, effect; and use, to his counsel, intelligence, and workmanship. In producing it by the intervention of a former watch, he was only working by one set of tools instead of another. So it is with the plant, and the seed produced by it. Can any

distinction be assigned between the two cases; between the producing watch, and the producing plant; both passive, unconscious substances; both, by the organization which was given to them, producing their like, without understanding or design; both, that is, instruments?

2. From plants we may proceed to oviparous animals; from seeds to eggs. Now I say, that the bird has the same concern in the formation of the egg which she lays, as the plant has in that of the seed which it drops; and no other, nor greater. The internal constitution of the egg is as much a secret to the hen, as if the hen were inanimate. Her will cannot alter it, or change a single feather of the chick. She can neither foresee nor determine of which sex her brood shall be, or how many of either: yet the thing produced shall be, from the first, very different in its make, according to the sex which it bears. So far, therefore, from adapting the means, she is not beforehand apprized of the effect. If there be concealed within that smooth shell a provision and a preparation for the production and nourishment of a new animal, they are not of her providing or preparing: if there be contrivance, it is none of hers. Although, therefore, there be the difference of life and perceptivity between the animal and the plant, it is a difference which enters not into the account. It is a foreign circumstance. It is a difference of properties not employed. The animal function and the vegetable function are alike destitute of any design which can operate upon the form of the thing produced. The plant has no design in producing the seed, no comprehension of the nature or use of what it produces: the bird with respect to its egg, is not above the plant with respect to its seed. Neither the one nor the other bears that sort of relation to what proceeds from them, which a joiner does to the chair which he makes. Now a cause, which bears *this* relation to the effect, is what we want, in order to account for the suitableness of means to an end, the fitness and fitting of one thing to another; and this cause the parent plant or animal does not supply. *Paley.*

§ 132. *Of the Scriptures, as the Rule of Life.*

As you advance in years and understanding, I hope you will be able to examine for yourself the evidences of the Christian religion; and that you will be convinced, on

rational grounds, of its divine authority. At present, such inquiries would demand more study and greater powers of reasoning, than your age admits of. It is your part, therefore, till you are capable of understanding the proofs, to believe your parents and teachers, that the Holy Scriptures are writings inspired by God, containing a true history of facts, in which we are deeply concerned—a true recital of the laws given by God to Moses; and of the precepts of our blessed Lord and Saviour, delivered from his own mouth to his disciples, and repeated and enlarged upon in the edifying epistles of his apostles—who were men chosen from among those who had the advantage of conversing with our Lord, to bear witness of his miracles and resurrection—and who, after his ascension, were assisted and inspired by the Holy Ghost. The sacred volume must be the rule of your life. In it you will find all truths necessary to be believed; and plain and easy directions for the practice of every duty. Your Bible then must be your chief study and delight: but as it contains many various kinds of writing—some parts obscure and difficult of interpretation, others plain and intelligible to the meanest capacity—I would chiefly recommend to your frequent perusal such parts of the sacred writings as are most adapted to your understanding, and most necessary for your instruction. Our Saviour's precepts were spoken to the common people amongst the Jews; and were therefore given in a manner easy to be understood, and equally striking and instructive to the learned and unlearned: for the most ignorant may comprehend them, whilst the wisest must be charmed and awed by the beautiful and majestic simplicity with which they are expressed. Of the same kind are the Ten Commandments, delivered by God to Moses; which, as they were designed for universal laws, are worded in the most concise and simple manner, yet with a majesty which commands our utmost reverence.

I think you will receive great pleasure, as well as improvement, from the historical books of the Old Testament—provided you read them as an history, in a regular course, and keep the thread of it in your mind as you go on. I know of none, true or fictitious, that is equally wonderful, interesting, and affecting; or that is told in so short and simple a manner as this, which is, of all histories, the most authentic.

I shall give you some brief directions

concerning the method and course I wish you to pursue, in reading the Holy Scriptures. May you be enabled to make the best use of this most precious gift of God—this sacred treasure of knowledge!—May you read the Bible, not as a task, nor as the dull employment of that day only, in which you are forbidden more lively entertainments—but with a sincere and ardent desire of instruction: with that love and delight in God's word, which the holy Psalmist so pathetically felt and described, and which is the natural consequence of loving God and virtue! Though I speak this of the Bible in general, I would not be understood to mean, that every part of the volume is equally interesting. I have already said that it consists of various matter, and various kinds of books, which must be read with different views and sentiments. The having some general notion of what you are to expect from each book, may possibly help you to understand them, and will heighten your relish of them. I shall treat you as if you were perfectly new to the whole; for so I wish you to consider yourself; because the time and manner in which children usually read the Bible, are very ill calculated to make them really acquainted with it; and too many people, who have read it thus, without understanding it, in their youth, satisfy themselves that they know enough of it, and never afterwards study it with attention, when they come to a maturer age.

If the feelings of your heart, whilst you read, correspond with those of mine, whilst I write, I shall not be without the advantage of your partial affection, to give weight to my advice; for, believe me, my heart and eyes overflow with tenderness, when I tell you how warm and earnest my prayers are for your happiness here and hereafter. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 133. Of Genesis.

I now proceed to give you some short sketches of the matter contained in the different books of the Bible, and of the course in which they ought to be read.

The first book, Genesis, contains the most grand, and, to us, the most interesting events, that ever happened in the universe;—The creation of the world, and of man:—The deplorable fall of man, from his first state of excellence and bliss, to the distressed condition in which we see all his descendants continue:—The sentence of death pronounced on Adam, and on all

his race—with the reviving promise of that deliverance which has since been wrought for us by our blessed Saviour:—The account of the early state of the world:—Of the universal deluge:—The division of mankind into different nations and languages:—The story of Abraham, the founder of the Jewish people; whose unshaken faith and obedience, under the severest trial human nature could sustain, obtained such favour in the sight of God, that he vouchsafed to style him his friend, and promised to make of his posterity a great nation, and that in his seed—that is, in one of his descendants—all the kingdoms of the earth should be blessed. This, you will easily see, refers to the Messiah, who was to be the blessing and deliverance of all nations.—It is amazing that the Jews, possessing this prophecy, among many others, should have been so blinded by prejudice, as to have expected, from this great personage, only a temporal deliverance of their own nation from the subjection to which they were reduced under the Romans: It is equally amazing, that some Christians should, even now, confine the blessed effects of his appearance upon earth, to this or that particular sect or profession, when he is so clearly and emphatically described as the Saviour of the whole world—The story of Abraham's proceeding to sacrifice his only son, at the command of God, is affecting in the highest degree; and sets forth a pattern of unlimited resignation, that every one ought to imitate, in those trials of obedience under temptation, or of acquiescence under afflicting dispensations, which fall to their lot. Of this we may be assured, that our trials will be always proportioned to the powers afforded us; if we have not Abraham's strength of mind, neither shall we be called upon to lift the bloody knife against the bosom of an only child; but if the Almighty arm should be lifted up against him, we must be ready to resign him, and all we hold dear, to the divine will.—This action of Abraham has been censured by some, who do not attend to the distinction between obedience to a special command, and the detestably cruel sacrifices of the Heathens, who sometimes voluntarily, and without any divine injunctions, offered up their own children, under the notion of appeasing the anger of their gods. An absolute command from God himself—as in the case of Abraham—entirely alters the moral nature of the action; since he, and

he only, has a perfect right over the lives of his creatures, and may appoint whom he will, either angel or man, to be his instrument of destruction. That it was really the voice of God which pronounced the command, and not a delusion, might be made certain to Abraham's mind, by means we do not comprehend, but which we know to be within the power of him who made our souls as well as bodies, and who can controul and direct every faculty of the human mind: and we may be assured, that if he was pleased to reveal himself so miraculously, he would not leave a possibility of doubting whether it was a real or an imaginary revelation. Thus the sacrifice of Abraham appears to be clear of all superstition; and remains the noblest instance of religions faith and submission, that was ever given by a mere man: we cannot wonder that the blessings bestowed on him for it should have been extended to his posterity.—This book proceeds with the history of Isaac, which becomes very interesting to us, from the touching scene I have mentioned—and still more so, if we consider him as the type of our Saviour. It recounts his marriage with Rebecca—the birth and history of his two sons, Jacob, the father of the twelve tribes, and Esau, the father of the Edomites, or Idumeans—the exquisitely affecting story of Joseph and his brethren—and of his transplanting the Israelites into Egypt, who there multiplied to a great nation.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 134 *Of Exodus.*

In Exodus, you read of a series of wonders, wrought by the Almighty, to rescue the oppressed Israelites from the cruel tyranny of the Egyptians, who, having first received them as guests, by degrees reduced them to a state of slavery. By the most peculiar mercies and exertions in their favour, God prepared his chosen people to receive, with reverent and obedient hearts, the solemn restitution of those primitive laws, which probably he had revealed to Adam and his immediate descendants, or which, at least, he had made known by the dictates of conscience; but which time, and the degeneracy of mankind, had much obscured. This important revelation was made to them in the Wilderness of Sinah; there, assembled before the burning mountain, surrounded “with blackness, and darkness, and tempest,” they heard the awful voice of God

pronounce the eternal law, impressing it on their hearts with circumstances of terror, but without those encouragements, and those excellent promises, which were afterwards offered to mankind by Jesus Christ. Thus were the great laws of morality restored to the Jews, and through them transmitted to other nations; and by that means a great restraint was opposed to the torrent of vice and impiety, which began to prevail over the world.

To those moral precepts, which are of perpetual and universal obligation, were superadded, by the ministration of Moses, many peculiar institutions, wisely adapted to different ends—either, to fix the memory of those past deliverances, which were figurative of a future and far greater salvation—to place inviolable barriers between the Jews and the idolatrous nations, by whom they were surrounded—or, to be the civil law by which the community was to be governed.

To conduct this series of events, and to establish these laws with his people, God raised up that great prophet Moses, whose faith and piety enabled him to undertake and execute the most arduous enterprises; and to pursue, with unabated zeal, the welfare of his countrymen. Even in the hour of death, this generous ardour still prevailed: his last moments were employed in fervent prayers for their prosperity, and in rapturous gratitude for the glimpse vouchsafed him of a Saviour, far greater than himself, whom God would one day raise up to his people.

Thus did Moses, by the excellency of his faith, obtain a glorious pre-eminence among the saints and prophets in heaven; while, on earth, he will be ever revered as the first of those benefactors to mankind, whose labours for the public good have endeared their memory to all ages.

Ibid.

§ 135. *Of Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy.*

The next book is Leviticus, which contains little besides the laws for the peculiar ritual observance of the Jews, and therefore affords no great instruction to us now: you may pass it over entirely—and, for the same reason, you may omit the first eight chapters of Numbers. The rest of Numbers is chiefly a continuation of the history, with some ritual laws.

In Deuteronomy, Moses makes a recapitulation of the foregoing history, with

zealous exhortations to the people, faithfully to worship and obey that God, who had worked such amazing wonders for them: he promises them the noblest temporal blessings, if they prove obedient; and adds the most awful and striking denunciations against them, if they rebel, or forsake the true God. I have before observed, that the sanctions of the Mosaic law were temporal rewards and punishments: those of the New Testament are eternal; these last, as they are so infinitely more forcible than the first, were reserved for the last best gift to mankind—and were revealed by the Messiah, in the fullest and clearest manner. Moses, in this book, directs the method in which the Israelites were to deal with the seven nations, whom they were appointed to punish for their profligacy and idolatry, and whose land they were to possess, when they had driven out the old inhabitants. He gives them excellent laws, civil as well as religious, which were ever after the standing municipal laws of that people.—This book concludes with Moses' song and death.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 136. *Of Joshua.*

The book of Joshua contains the conquests of the Israelites over the seven nations, and their establishment in the promised land.—Their treatment of these conquered nations must appear to you very cruel and unjust, if you consider it as their own act, unauthorized by a positive command: but they had the most absolute injunctions, not to spare this corrupt people—"to make no covenant with them, nor shew mercy to them, but utterly to destroy them:"—and the reason is given,—"lest they should turn away the Israelites from following the Lord, that they might serve other gods." The children of Israel are to be considered as instruments, in the hand of the Lord, to punish those whose idolatry and wickedness had deservedly brought destruction on them: this example, therefore, cannot be pleaded in behalf of cruelty, or bring any imputation on the character of the Jews. With regard to other cities, which did not belong to these seven nations, they were directed to deal with them according to the common law of arms at that time. If the city submitted, it became tributary, and the people were spared; if it resisted, the men were to be slain, but the women and children saved. Yet, though the crime of cruelty

cannot be justly laid to their charge on this occasion, you will observe, in the course of their history, many things recorded of them, very different from what you would expect from the chosen people of God, if you supposed them selected on account of their own merit: their national character was by no means amiable; and we are repeatedly told, that they were not chosen for their superior righteousness—"for they were a stiff-necked people; and provoked the Lord with their rebellions from the day they left Egypt."—"You have been rebellious against the Lord," says Moses, "from the day that I knew you."—And he vehemently exhorts them, not to flatter themselves that their success was, in any degree, owing to their own merits. They were appointed to be the scourge of other nations, whose crimes rendered them fit objects of divine chastisement. For the sake of righteous Abraham, their founder, and perhaps for many other wise reasons, undiscovered to us, they were selected from a world over-run with idolatry, to preserve upon earth the pure worship of the one only God, and to be honoured with the birth of the Messiah amongst them. For this end they were precluded, by divine command, from mixing with any other people, and defended by a great number of peculiar rites and observances, from falling into the corrupt worship practised by their neighbours. *Ibid.*

§ 137. *Of Judges, Samuel, and Kings:*

The book of Judges, in which you will find the affecting stories of Samson and Jephtha, carries on the history from the death of Joshua, about two hundred and fifty years; but the facts are not told in the times in which they happened, which makes some confusion; and it will be necessary to consult the marginal dates and notes, as well as the index, in order to get any clear idea of the succession of events during that period.

The history then proceeds regularly through the two books of Samuel, and those of Kings: nothing can be more interesting and entertaining than the reigns of Saul, David, and Solomon: but after the death of Solomon, when ten tribes revolted from his son Rehoboam, and became a separate kingdom, you will find some difficulty in understanding distinctly the history of the two kingdoms of Israel and Judah, which are blended together; and by the likeness of the names, and

other particulars, will be apt to confound your mind, without great attention to the different threads thus carried on together: the index here will be of great use to you. The second book of Kings concludes with the Babylonish captivity, 588 years before Christ—till which time the kingdom of Judah had descended uninterruptedly in the line of David. *Mrs. Chopone.*

§ 138. *Of Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther.*

The first book of Chronicles begins with a genealogy from Adam, through all the tribes of Israel and Judah; and the remainder is the same history which is contained in the books of Kings, with little or no variation, till the separation of the ten tribes. From that period, it proceeds with the history of the kingdom of Judah alone, and gives therefore a more regular and clear account of the affairs of Judah than the book of Kings. You may pass over the first book of Chronicles, and the nine first chapters of the second book; but, by all means, read the remaining chapters, as they will give you more clear and distinct ideas of the history, of Judah, than that you read in the second book of Kings. The second of Chronicles ends, like the second of Kings, with the Babylonish captivity.

You must pursue the history in the book of Ezra, which gives an account of the return of some of the Jews on the edict of Cyrus, and of the rebuilding the Lord's temple.

Nehemiah carries on the history for about twelve years, when he himself was governor of Jerusalem, with authority to rebuild the walls, &c.

The story of Esther is prior in time to that of Ezra and Nehemiah: as you will see by the marginal dates; however, as it happened during the seventy years' captivity, and is a kind of episode, it may be read in its own place.

This is the last of the canonical books that is properly historical; and I would therefore advise, that you pass over what follows, till you have continued the history through the apocryphal books. *Ibid.*

§ 139. *Of Job.*

The story of Job is probably very ancient, though that is a point upon which learned men have differed: It is dated, however, 1520 years before Christ: I believe it is uncertain by whom it was writ-

ten: many parts of it are obscure: but it is well worth studying, for the extreme beauty of the poetry, and for the noble and sublime devotion it contains. The subject of the dispute between Job and his pretended friends seems to be, whether the providence of God distributes the rewards and punishments of this life in exact proportion to the merit or demerit of each individual. His antagonists suppose that it does; and therefore infer, from Job's uncommon calamities, that, notwithstanding his apparent righteousness, he was in reality a grievous sinner. They aggravate his supposed guilt by the imputation of hypocrisy, and call upon him to confess it, and to acknowledge the justice of his punishment. Job asserts his own innocence and virtue in the most pathetic manner, yet does not presume to accuse the Supreme Being of injustice. Elihu attempts to arbitrate the matter, by alleging the impossibility that so frail and ignorant a creature as man, should comprehend the ways of the Almighty: and therefore condemns the unjust and cruel inference the three friends had drawn from the sufferings of Job. He also blames Job for the presumption of acquitting himself of all iniquity, since the best of men are not pure in the sight of God—but all have something to repent of: and he advises him to make this use of his afflictions. At last, by a bold figure of poetry, the Supreme Being himself is introduced, speaking from the whirlwind, and silencing them all by the most sublime display of his own power, magnificence, and wisdom, and of the comparative littleness and ignorance of men.—This indeed is the only conclusion of the argument, which could be drawn at a time when life and immortality were not yet brought to light. A future retribution is the only satisfactory solution of the difficulty arising from the sufferings of good people in this life. *Ibid.*

§ 140. *Of the Psalms.*

Next follow the Psalms, with which you cannot be too conversant. If you have any taste, either for poetry or devotion, they will be your delight, and will afford you a continual feast. The bible translation is far better than that used in the common-prayer book, and will often give you the sense, when the other is obscure. In this, as well as in all other parts of the scripture, you must be careful always to consult the margin, which gives you the

corrections made since the last translation, and it is generally preferable to the words of the text. I would wish you to select some of the Psalms that please you best, and get them by heart; or, at least, make yourself master of the sentiments contained in them. Dr. Delany's *Life of David* will shew you the occasions on which several of them were composed, which add much to their beauty and propriety; and by comparing them with the events of David's life, you will greatly enhance your pleasure in them. Never did the spirit of true piety breathe more strongly than in these divine songs: which being added to a rich vein of poetry, makes them more captivating to my heart and imagination, than any thing I ever read. You will consider how great disadvantages any poem must sustain from being rendered literally into prose, and then imagine how beautiful these must be in the original. May you be enabled, by reading them frequently, to transfuse into your own breast that holy flame which inspired the writer!—to delight in the Lord, and in his laws, like the Psalmist—to rejoice in him always, and to think “one day in his courts better than a thousand!”—But may you escape the heart-piercing sorrow of such repentance as that of David—by avoiding sin, which humbled this unhappy king to the dust—and which cost him such bitter anguish, as it is impossible to read of without being moved! Not all the pleasures of the most prosperous sinners would counterbalance the hundredth part of those sensations described in his penitential Psalms—and which must be the portion of every man, who has fallen from a religious state into such crimes, when once he recovers a sense of religion and virtue, and is brought to a real hatred of sin. However available such repentance may be to the safety and happiness of the soul after death, it is a state of such exquisite suffering here, that one cannot be enough surprised at the folly of those, who indulge sin, with the hope of living to make their peace with God by repentance. Happy are they who preserve their innocence unsullied by any great or wilful crimes, and who have only the common failings of humanity to repent of; these are sufficiently mortifying to a heart deeply smitten with the love of virtue, and with the desire of perfection.—There are many very striking prophecies of the Messiah in these divine songs, particularly in Psalm

xxii.—such may be found scattered up and down almost throughout the Old Testament. To bear testimony to *him*, is the great and ultimate end for which the spirit of prophecy was bestowed on the sacred writers;—but this will appear more plainly to you, when you enter on the study of prophecy, which you are now much too young to undertake.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 141. *Of the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Solomon's Song, the Prophecies, and Apocrypha.*

The Proverbs and Ecclesiastes are rich stores of wisdom, from which I wish you to adopt such maxims as may be of infinite use both to your temporal and eternal interest. But detached sentences are a kind of reading not proper to be continued long at a time; a few of them, well chosen and digested, will do you much more service, than to read half a dozen chapters together. In this respect, they are directly opposite to the historical books, which, if not read in continuation, can hardly be understood, or retained to any purpose.

The Song of Solomon is a fine poem—but its mystical reference to religion lies too deep for a common understanding; if you read it, therefore, it will be rather as matter of curiosity than of edification.

Next follow the prophecies; which though highly deserving the greatest attention and study, I think you had better omit for some years, and then read them with a good exposition, as they are much too difficult for you to understand without assistance. Dr. Newton on the Prophecies will help you much, whenever you undertake this study—which you should by all means do, when your understanding is ripe enough; because one of the main proofs of our religion rests on the testimony of the prophecies; and they are very frequently quoted, and referred to, in the New Testament; besides, the sublimity of the language and sentiments, through all the disadvantages of antiquity and translation, must, in very many passages, strike every person of taste; and the excellent moral and religious precepts found in them must be useful to all.

Though I have spoken of these books in the order in which they stand, I repeat, that they are not to be read in that order—but that the thread of the history is to be pursued, from Nehemiah to the first book of the Maccabees, in the Apocrypha;

taking care to observe the chronology regularly, by referring to the index, which supplies the deficiencies of this history from Josephus's Antiquities of the Jews. The first of Maccabees carries on the story till within 195 years of our Lord's circumcision: the second book is the same narrative, written by a different hand, and does not bring the history so forward as the first; so that it may be entirely omitted, unless you have the curiosity to read some particulars of the heroic constancy of the Jews, under the tortures inflicted by their heathen conquerors, with a few other things not mentioned in the first book.

You must then connect the history by the help of the index, which will give you brief heads of the changes that happened in the state of the Jews, from this time till the birth of the Messiah.

The other books of the Apocrypha, though not admitted as of sacred authority, have many things well worth your attention: particularly the admirable book called Ecclesiasticus, and the book of Wisdom. But, in the course of reading which I advise, these must be omitted till after you have gone through the Gospels and Acts, that you may not lose the historical thread. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 142. *Of the New Testament, which is constantly to be referred to, as the Rule and Direction of our moral Conduct.*

We come now to that part of scripture which is the most important of all, and which you must make your constant study, not only till you are thoroughly acquainted with it, but all your life long; because, how often soever repeated, it is impossible to read the life and death of our blessed Saviour, without renewing and increasing in our hearts that love and reverence, and gratitude towards him, which is so justly due for all he did and suffered for us! Every word that fell from his lips is more precious than all the treasures of the earth; for his "are the words of eternal life!" They must therefore be laid up in your heart, and constantly referred to, on all occasions, as the rule and direction of all your actions: particularly those very comprehensive moral precepts he has graciously left with us, which can never fail to direct us aright, if fairly and honestly applied: such as, "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them."—There is no occasion, great

or small, on which you may not safely apply this rule for the direction of your conduct: and, whilst your heart honestly adheres to it, you can never be guilty of any sort of injustice or unkindness. The two great commandments, which contain the summary of our duty to God and man, are no less easily retained, and made a standard by which to judge our own hearts—"To love the Lord our God, with all our hearts, with all our minds, with all our strength: and our neighbour (or fellow-creature) as ourselves." "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour." Therefore if you have true benevolence, you will never do any thing injurious to individuals, or to society. Now, all crimes whatever, are (in their remoter consequences at least, if not immediately and apparently) injurious to the society in which we live. It is impossible to love God without desiring to please him, and, as far as we are able, to resemble him; therefore the love of God must lead to every virtue in the highest degree; and, we may be sure, we do not truly love him, if we content ourselves with avoiding flagrant sins, and do not strive, in good earnest, to reach the greatest degree of perfection we are capable of. Thus do these few words direct us to the highest Christian virtue. Indeed, the whole tenor of the Gospel is to offer us every help, direction, and motive, that can enable us to attain that degree of perfection on which depends our eternal good.

Ibid.

§ 143. *Of the Example set by our Saviour, and his Character.*

What an example is set before us in our blessed Master! How is his whole life, from earliest youth, dedicated to the pursuit of true wisdom, and to the practice of the most exalted virtue! When you see him, at twelve years of age, in the temple amongst the doctors, hearing them, and asking them questions on the subject of religion, and astonishing them all with his understanding and answers—you will say, perhaps,—“Well might the Son of God, even at those years, be far wiser than the aged; but, can a mortal child emulate such heavenly wisdom? Can such a pattern be proposed to my imitation?”—Yes, certainly;—remember that he has bequeathed to you his heavenly wisdom, as far as concerns your own good. He has left you such declarations of his

will, and of the consequences of your actions, as you are, even now, fully able to understand, if you will but attend to them. If, then, you will imitate his zeal for knowledge, if you will delight in gaining information and improvement; you may even now become "wise unto salvation."—Unmoved by the praise he acquired amongst these learned men, you see him meekly return to the subjection of a child, under those who appeared to be his parents, though he was in reality their Lord; you see him return to live with them, to work for them, and be the joy and solace of their lives; till the time came, when he was to enter on that scene of public action, for which his heavenly Father had sent him from his own right-hand, to take upon him the form of a poor carpenter's son. What a lesson of humility is this, and of obedience to parents!—When, having received the glorious testimony from heaven, of his being the beloved Son of the Most High, he enters on his public ministry, what an example does he give us of the most extensive and constant benevolence!—how are all his hours spent in doing good to the souls and bodies of men!—not the meanest sinner is below his notice;—to reclaim and save them, he condescends to converse familiarly with the most corrupt, as well as the most abject. All his miracles are wrought to benefit mankind; not one to punish and afflict them. Instead of using the almighty power, which accompanied him, to the purpose of exalting himself, and treading down his enemies, he makes no other use of it than to heal and to save.

When you come to read of his sufferings and death, the ignominy and reproach, the sorrow of mind, and torment of body which he submitted to—when you consider that it was all for our sakes—"that by his stripes we are healed,"—and by his death we are raised from destruction to everlasting life—what can I say, that can add any thing to the sensations you must then feel?—No power of language can make the scene more touching than it appears in the plain and simple narrations of the evangelists. The heart that is unmoved by it, can be scarcely human,—but the emotions of tenderness and compunction, which almost every one feels in reading this account, will be of no avail, unless applied to the true end—unless it inspires you with a sincere and warm affection towards your blessed Lord—with a firm resolution to

obey his commands;—to be his faithful disciple—and ever to renounce and abhor those sins, which brought mankind under divine condemnation, and from which we have been redeemed at so dear a rate. Remember that the title of Christian, or follower of Christ, implies a more than ordinary degree of holiness and goodness. As our motives to virtue are stronger than those which are afforded to the rest of mankind, our guilt will be proportionably greater, if we depart from it.

Our Saviour appears to have had three great purposes, in descending from his glory and dwelling amongst men. The first, to teach them true virtue, both by his example and precepts. The second, to give them the most forcible motives to the practice of it, by "bringing life and immortality to light;" by shewing them the certainty of a resurrection and judgment, and the absolute necessity of obedience to God's laws. The third, to sacrifice himself for us, to obtain, by his death, the remission of our sins, upon our repentance and reformation, and the power of bestowing on his sincere followers the inestimable gift of immortal happiness.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 144. *A comparative View of the Blessed and Cursed at the last Day, and the Inference to be drawn from it.*

What a tremendous scene of the last day does the gospel place before our eyes!—of that day, when you and every one of us shall awake from the grave, and behold the Son of God, on his glorious tribunal, attended by millions of celestial beings, of whose superior excellence we can now form no adequate idea—when, in presence of all mankind, of those holy angels, and of the great Judge himself, you must give an account of your past life, and hear your final doom, from which there can be no appeal, and which must determine your fate to all eternity; then think—if for a moment you can bear the thought—what will be the desolation, shame, and anguish, of those wretched souls, who shall hear these dreadful words:—"Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."—Oh!—I cannot support even the idea of your becoming one of those undone, lost creatures!—I trust in God's mercy, that you will make a better use of that knowledge of his will, which he has vouchsafed you, and of these amiable dispositions he has

given you. Let us therefore turn from this horrid, this insupportable view—and rather endeavour to imagine, as far as is possible, what will be the sensations of your soul, if you should hear our heavenly Judge address you in these transporting words—“Come, thou blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world.”—Think, what it must be to become an object of the esteem and applause—not only of all mankind assembled together—but of all the host of heaven, of our blessed Lord himself—nay, of his and our Almighty Father:—to find your frail flesh changed, in a moment, into a glorious celestial body, endowed with perfect beauty, health, and agility:—to find your soul cleansed from all its faults and infirmities; exalted to the purest and noblest affections; overflowing with divine love and rapturous gratitude!—to have your understanding enlightened and refined; your heart enlarged and purified; and every power and disposition of mind and body adapted to the highest relish of virtue and happiness!—Thus accomplished, to be admitted into the society of amiable and happy beings, all united in the most perfect peace and friendship, all breathing nothing but love to God, and to each other;—with them to dwell in scenes more delightful than the richest imagination can paint—free from every pain and care, and from all possibility of change or satiety;—but, above all, to enjoy the more immediate presence of God himself—to be able to comprehend and admire his adorable perfections in a high degree, though still far short of their infinity—to be conscious of his love and favour, and to rejoice in the light of his countenance!—But here all imagination fails;—we can form no idea of that bliss, which may be communicated to us by such a near approach to the Source of all beauty and all good:—we must content ourselves with believing, “that it is what mortal eye had not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.” The crown of all our joys will be, to know that we are secure of possessing them for ever—what a transporting idea!

Can you reflect on all these things, and not feel the most earnest longings after immortality?—Do not all other views and desires seem mean and trifling, when compared with this?—And does not your inmost heart resolve, that this shall be the chief and constant object of its wishes and

pursuit, through the whole course of your life?—If you are not insensible to that desire of happiness which seems woven into our nature, you cannot surely be unmoved by the prospect of such a transcendent degree of it! and that continued to all eternity—perhaps continually increasing. You cannot but dread the forfeiture of such an inheritance, as the most insupportable evil!—Remember then—remember the conditions on which alone it can be obtained. God will not give to vice, to carelessness, or sloth, the prize he has proposed to virtue. You have every help that can animate your endeavours:—You have written laws to direct you—the example of Christ and his disciples to encourage you—the most awakening motives to engage you—and you have, besides, the comfortable promise of constant assistance from the Holy Spirit, if you diligently and sincerely pray for it.—O! let not all this mercy be lost upon you—but give your attention to this your only important concern, and accept, with profound gratitude, the inestimable advantages that are thus affectionately offered you.

Though the four Gospels are each of them a narration of the life, sayings, and death of Christ; yet as they are not exactly alike, but some circumstances and sayings, omitted in one, are recorded in another, you must make yourself perfectly master of them all.

The Acts of the Holy Apostles, endowed with the Holy Ghost, and authorized by their divine Master, come next in order to be read.—Nothing can be more interesting and edifying, than the history of their actions—of the piety, zeal, and courage, with which they preached the glad tidings of salvation: and of the various exertions of the wonderful powers conferred on them by the Holy Spirit, for the confirmation of their mission. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 145. *Character of St. Paul.*

The character of St. Paul, and his miraculous conversion, demand your particular attention; most of the apostles were men of low birth and education; but St. Paul was a Roman citizen; that is, he possessed the privileges annexed to the freedom of the city of Rome, which was considered as a high distinction in those countries that had been conquered by the Romans. He was educated amongst the most learned sect of the Jews, and by one of their principal doctors. He was a man

of extraordinary eloquence, as appears not only in his writings, but in several speeches in his own defence, pronounced before governors and courts of justice, when he was called to account for the doctrines he taught. He seems to have been of an uncommonly warm temper, and zealous in whatever religion he professed: this zeal, before his conversion, shewed itself in the most unjustifiable actions, by furiously persecuting the innocent Christians: but, though his actions were bad, we may be sure his intentions were good; otherwise we should not have seen a miracle employed to convince him of his mistake, and to bring him into the right way. This example may assure us of the mercy of God towards mistaken consciences, and ought to inspire us with the most enlarged charity and good-will towards those whose erroneous principles mislead their conduct: instead of resentment and hatred against their persons, we ought only to feel an active wish of assisting them to find the truth; since we know not whether, if convinced, they might not prove, like St. Paul, chosen vessels to promote the honour of God, and of true religion. It is not now my intention to enter with you into any of the arguments for the truth of Christianity; otherwise it would be impossible wholly to pass over that, which arises from this remarkable conversion, and which has been so admirably illustrated by a noble writer, whose tract on this subject is in every body's hands.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 146. *Of the Epistles.*

Next follow the Epistles, which make a very important part of the New Testament; and you cannot be too much employed in reading them. They contain the most excellent precepts and admonitions; and are of particular use in explaining more at large several doctrines of Christianity, which we could not so fully comprehend without them. There are, indeed, in the Epistles of St. Paul, many passages hard to be understood; such, in particular, are the first eleven chapters to the Romans; the greater part of his Epistles to the Corinthians and Galatians; and several chapters of that to the Hebrews. Instead of perplexing yourself with these more obscure passages of scripture, I would wish you to employ your attention chiefly on those that are plain; and to judge of the doctrines taught in the other parts, by

comparing them with what you find in these. It is through the neglect of this rule that many have been led to draw the most absurd doctrines from the holy scriptures.—Let me particularly recommend to your careful perusal the xii. xiii. xiv. and xv. chapters of the Epistle to the Romans. In the xiv. chapter, St. Paul has in view the difference between the Jewish and Gentile (or Heathen) converts, at that time: the former were disposed to look with horror on the latter, for their impiety in not paying the same regard to the distinctions of days and meats that they did; and the latter, on the contrary, were inclined to look with contempt on the former, for their weakness and superstition. Excellent is the advice which the Apostle gives to both parties: he exhorts the Jewish converts not to judge, and the Gentiles not to despise: remembering that the kingdom of Heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.—Endeavour to conform yourself to this advice; to acquire a temper of universal candour and benevolence; and learn neither to despise nor condemn any persons on account of their particular modes of faith and worship; remembering always, that goodness is confined to no party—that there are wise and worthy men among all the sects of Christians—and that, to his own master, every one must stand or fall.

I will enter no farther into the several points discussed by St. Paul in his various epistles—most of them too intricate for your understanding at present, and many of them beyond my abilities to state clearly. I will only again recommend to you to read those passages frequently, which, with so much fervour and energy, excite you to the practice of the most exalted piety and benevolence. If the effusions of a heart, warmed with the tenderest affection for the whole human race—if precept, warning, encouragement, example, urged by an eloquence which such affection only could inspire, are capable of influencing your mind—you cannot fail to find, in such parts of his epistles as are adapted to your understanding, the strongest persuasives to every virtue that can adorn and improve your nature.

Ibid.

§ 147. *The Epistle of St. James.*

The Epistle of St. James is entirely practical, and exceedingly fine; you can-

not study it too much. It seems particularly designed to guard Christians against misunderstanding some things in St. Paul's writings, which have been fatally perverted to the encouragement of a dependence on faith alone, without good works. But the more rational commentators will tell you, that, by the works of the law, which the Apostle asserts to be incapable of justifying us, he means, not the works of moral righteousness, but the ceremonial works of the Mosaic law; on which the Jews laid the greatest stress, as necessary to salvation. But St. James tells us, that, "If any man among us seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is vain:"—and that "pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Faith in Christ, if it produce not these effects, he declareth, is dead, or of no power.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 148. *Epistles of St. Peter, and the first of St. John.*

The Epistles of St. Peter are also full of the best instructions and admonitions, concerning the relative duties of life: amongst which are set forth the duties of women in general, and of wives in particular. Some part of his second Epistle is prophetic; warning the church of false teachers and false doctrines, which should undermine morality, and disgrace the cause of Christianity.

The first of St. John is written in a highly figurative style, which makes it, in some parts, hard to be understood; but the spirit of divine love, which it so fervently expresses, renders it highly edifying and delightful.—That love of God and of men, which this beloved apostle so pathetically recommends, is in truth the essence of religion, as our Saviour himself informs us.

Ibid.

§ 149. *Of the Revelations.*

The book of the Revelations contains a prophetic account of most of the great events relating to the Christian church, which were to happen from the time of the writer, St. John, to the end of the world. Many learned men have taken a great deal of pains to explain it: and they have done this in many instances very successfully: but I think it is yet too soon for you to

study this part of scripture; some years hence, perhaps, there may be no objection to your attempting it, and taking into your hands the best expositions, to assist you in reading such of the most difficult parts of the New Testament as you cannot now be supposed to understand.—May Heaven direct you in studying this sacred volume, and render it the means of making you wise unto salvation! May you love and reverence, as it deserves, this blessed and invaluable book, which contains the best rule of life, the clearest declaration of the will and laws of the Deity, the reviving assurance of favour to true penitents, and the unspeakably joyful tidings of eternal life and happiness to all the truly virtuous, through Jesus Christ, the Saviour and deliverer of the world!

Ibid.

FROM THE ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

Dodsley.

§ 150. APPLICATION.

Since the days that are past are gone for ever, and those that are to come may not come to thee; it behoveth thee, O man! to employ the present time, without regretting the loss of that which is past, or too much depending on that which is to come.

This instant is thine: the next is in the womb of futurity, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

Whatsoever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly. Defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish.

Idleness is the parent of want and of pain; but the labour of virtue bringeth forth pleasure.

The hand of diligence defeateth want; prosperity and success are the industrious man's attendants.

Who is he that hath acquired wealth, that hath risen to power, that hath clothed himself with honour, that is spoken of in the city with praise, and that standeth before the king in his council? Even he that hath shut out idleness from his house; and hath said unto Sloth, Thou art mine enemy.

He riseth up early, and lieth down late: he exerciseth his mind with contemplation, and his body with action, and preserveth the health of both.

The slothful man is a burden to himself; his hours hang heavy on his head; he loitereth about, and knoweth not what he would do.

His days pass away like the shadow of a

cloud, and he leaveth behind him no mark for remembrance.

His body is diseased for want of exercise; he wisheth for action, but hath not power to move; his mind is in darkness; his thoughts are confused; he longeth for knowledge, but hath no application.

He would eat of the almond, but hateth the trouble of breaking its shell.

His house is in disorder, his servants are wasteful and riotous, and he runneth on towards ruin; he seeth it with his eyes, he heareth it with his ears, he shaketh his head, and wisheth, but hath no resolution; till ruin cometh upon him like a whirlwind, and shame and repentance descend with him to the grave.

§ 151. PRUDENCE.

Hear the words of Prudence, give heed unto her counsels, and store them in thine heart: her maxims are universal, and all the virtues lean upon her: she is the guide and mistress of human life.

Put a bridle on thy tongue; set a guard before thy lips, lest the words of thine own mouth destroy thy peace.

Let him that scoffeth at the lame, take care that he halt not himself; whosoever speaketh of another's failings with pleasure, shall hear of his own with bitterness of heart.

Of much speaking cometh repentance, but in silence is safety.

A talkative man is a nuisance to society; the ear is sick of his babbling, the torrent of his words overwhelmeth conversation.

Boast not of thyself, for it shall bring contempt upon thee; neither deride another, for it is dangerous.

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship; and he that cannot restrain his tongue, shall have trouble.

Furnish thyself with the proper accommodations belonging to thy condition; yet spend not to the utmost of what thou canst afford, that the providence of thy youth may be a comfort to thy old age.

Let thine own business engage thy attention; leave the care of the state to the governors thereof.

Let not thy recreations be expensive, lest the pain of purchasing them exceed the pleasure thou hast in their enjoyment.

Neither let prosperity put out the eyes of circumspection, nor abundance cut off the hands of frugality; he that too much indulgeth in the superfluities of life, shall live to lament the want of its necessaries.

From the experience of others, do thou learn wisdom; and from their failings correct thine own faults.

Trust no man before thou hast tried him; yet mistrust not without reason; it is uncharitable.

But when thou hast proved a man to be honest, lock him up in thine heart as a treasure; regard him as a jewel of inestimable price.

Refuse the favours of a mercenary man; they will be a snare unto thee: thou shalt never be quit of the obligations.

Use not to-day what to-morrow may want: neither leave that to hazard which foresight may provide for, or care prevent.

Yet expect not even from Prudence infallible success; for the day knoweth not what the night may bring forth.

The fool is not always unfortunate, nor the wise man always successful; yet never had a fool a thorough enjoyment; never was a wise man wholly unhappy.

§ 152. TEMPERANCE.

The nearest approach thou canst make to happiness on this side the grave, is to enjoy from heaven understanding and health.

These blessings if thou possessest, and wouldst preserve to old age, avoid the allurements of Voluptuousness, and fly from her temptations.

When she spreadeth her delicacies on the board, when her wine sparkleth in the cup, when she smileth upon thee, and persuadeth thee to be joyful and happy; then is the hour of danger, then let Reason stand firmly on her guard.

For if thou hearkenest unto the words of her adversary, thou art deceived and betrayed.

The joy which she promiseth changeth to madness, and her enjoyments lead on to diseases and death.

Look round her board; cast thine eyes upon her guests, and observe those who have been allured by her smiles, who have listened to her temptation.

Are they not meagre? are they not sickly? are they not spiritless?

Their short hours of jollity and riot are followed by tedious days of pain and dejection. She hath debauched and palled their appetites, that they have no relish for their nicest dainties: her votaries are become her victims; the just and natural consequence which God hath ordained, in the constitution of things, for the punishment of those who abuse his gifts.

But who is she that with graceful steps,
and with a lively air, trips over yonder plain?

The rose blusheth on her cheeks, the sweetness of the morning breathes from her lips: joy, tempered with innocence and modesty, sparkleth in her eyes, and from the cheerfulness of her heart she singeth as she walks.

Her name is Health: she is the daughter of Exercise and Temperance; their sons inhabit the mountains of the northern regions.

They are brave, active, and lively, and partake of all the beauties and virtues of their sister.

Vigour stringeth their nerves, strength dwelleth in their bones, and labour is their delight all the day long.

The employments of their father excite their appetites, and the repasts of their mother refresh them.

To combat the passions is their delight; to conquer evil habits their glory.

Their pleasures are moderate, and therefore they endure; their repose is short, but sound and undisturbed.

Their blood is pure, their minds are serene, and the physician findeth not the way to their habitations.

But safety dwelleth not with the sons of men, neither is security found within their gates.

Behold them exposed to new dangers from without, while a traitor within lurketh to betray them.

Their health, their strength, their beauty and activity, have raised desire in the bosom of lascivious Love.

She standeth in her bower, she courteth their regard, she spreadeth their temptations.

Her limbs are soft and delicate: her attire is loose and inviting. Wantonness speaketh in her eyes, and on her bosom sits temptation. She beckoneth them with her finger, she wooeth them with her looks, and by the smoothness of her tongue, she endeavour-eth to deceive.

Ah! fly from her allurements, stop thy ears to her enchanting words. If thou meetest the languishing of her eyes; if thou hearest the softness of her voice; if she casteth her arms about thee, she bindeth thee in chains for ever.

Shame followeth, and disease, and want, and care, and repentance.

Enfeebled by dalliance, with luxury pampered, and softened by sloth, strength shall forsake thy limbs, and health thy constitu-

tion: thy days shall be few, and those inglorious; thy griefs shall be many, yet meet with no compassion.

§ 153. PITY.

As blossoms and flowers are strewed upon earth by the hand of spring, as the kindness of summer produceth in perfection the bounties of harvest; so the smiles of pity shed blessings on the children of misfortune.

He who pitieth another, recommendeth himself; but he who is without compassion deserveth it not.

The butcher relenteth not at the bleating of the lamb, neither is the heart of the cruel moved with distress.

But the tears of the compassionate are sweeter than dew-drops falling from roses on the bosom of the spring.

Shut not thine ear therefore against the cries of the poor; neither harden thine heart against the calamities of the innocent.

When the fatherless call upon thee, when the widow's heart is sunk, and she imploreth thy assistance with tears of sorrow; O pity her affliction, and extend thy hand to those who have none to help them.

When thou seest the naked wanderer of the street, shivering with cold, and destitute of habitation; let bounty open thine heart, let the wings of charity shelter him from death, that thine own soul may live.

Whilst the poor man groaneth on the bed of sickness, whilst the unfortunate languish in the horrors of a dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifts up a feeble eye to thee for pity: O how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling of their woes!

§ 154. DESIRE and LOVE.

Beware, young man, beware of the allurements of wantonness, and let not the harlot tempt thee to excess in her delights.

The madness of desire shall defeat its own pursuits; from the blindness of its rage thou shalt rush upon destruction.

Therefore give not up thy heart to her sweet enticements, neither suffer thy soul to be enslaved by her enchanting delusions.

The fountain of health, which must supply the stream of pleasure, shall quickly be dried up, and every spring of joy shall be exhausted.

In the prime of thy life old age shall

overtake thee ; thy sun shall decline in the morning of thy days.

But when virtue and modesty enlighten her charms, the lustre of a beautiful woman is brighter than the stars of heaven, and the influence of her power it is in vain to resist.

The whiteness of her bosom transcendeth the lily ; her smile is more delicious than a garden of roses.

The innocence of her eye is like that of the turtle ; simplicity and truth dwell in her heart.

The kisses of her mouth are sweeter than honey ; the perfumes of Arabia breathe from her lips.

Shut not thy bosom to the tenderness of love ; the purity of its flame shall ennoble thy heart, and soften it to receive the fairest impressions.

§ 15. WOMAN.

Give ear, fair daughter of love, to the instructions of prudence, and let the precepts of truth sink deep in thy heart, so shall the charms of thy mind add lustre to the elegance of thy form ; and thy beauty, like the rose it resembleth, shall retain its sweetness when its bloom is withered.

In the spring of thy youth, in the morning of thy days, when the eyes of men gaze on thee with delight, and nature whispereth in thine ear the meaning of their looks : ah ! hear with caution their seducing words ; guard well thy heart, nor listen to their soft persuasions.

Remember that thou art made man's reasonable companion, not the slave of his passion ; the end of thy being is not merely to gratify his loose desire, but to assist him in the toils of life, to soothe him with thy tenderness, and recompense his care with soft endearments.

Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast ?

Lo ! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek.

Her hand seeketh employment, her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad.

She is clothed with neatness, she is fed with temperance ; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head.

On her tongue dwelleth music, the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips.

Decency is in all her words, in her answers are mildness and truth.

Submission and obedience are the lessons of her life, and peace and happiness are her reward.

Before her steps walketh prudence, and virtue attendeth at her right-hand.

Her eye speaketh softness and love ; but discretion with a sceptre sitteth on her brow.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence, the awe of her virtue keepeth him silent.

When scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbour is tossed from tongue to tongue ; if charity and good-nature open not her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lip.

Her breast is the mansion of goodness, and therefore she suspecteth no evil in others.

Happy were the man that should make her his wife : happy the child that shall call her mother.

She presideth in the house, and there is peace ; she commandeth with judgment, and is obeyed.

She ariseth in the morning, she considers her affairs, and appointeth to every one their proper business.

The care of her family is her whole delight, to that alone she applieth her study ; and elegance with frugality is seen in her mansions.

The prudence of her management is an honour to her husband, and he heareth her praise with a secret delight.

She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom : she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness.

The word of her mouth is the law of their youth, the motion of her eye commandeth their obedience.

She speaketh, and her servants fly ; she pointeth, and the thing is done ; for the law of love is in their hearts, and her kindness addeth wings to their feet.

In prosperity she is not puffed up ; in adversity she healeth the wounds of fortune with patience.

The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetened by her endearments : he putteth his heart in her bosom, and receiveth comfort.

Happy is the man that hath made her his wife ; happy the child that calleth her mother.

§ 156. SON.

From the creatures of God let man learn wisdom, and apply to himself the instruction they give.

Go to the desert, my son: observe the young stork of the wilderness; let him speak to thy heart; he beareth on his wings his aged sire, he lodgeth him with safety, and supplieth him with food.

The piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia offered to the sun; yea, more delicious than odours wafted from a field of Arabian spices by the western gales.

Be grateful then to thy father, for he gave thee life; and to thy mother, for she sustained thee.

Hear the words of his mouth, for they are spoken for thy good: give ear to his admonition, for it proceedeth from love.

He hath watched for thy welfare, he hath toiled for thy ease: do honour therefore to his age, and let not his grey hairs be treated with irreverence.

Forget not thy helpless infancy, nor the frowardness of thy youth, and indulge the infirmities of thy aged parents; assist and support them in the decline of life.

So shall their hoary heads go down to the grave in peace; and thine own children, in reverence of thy example, shall repay thy piety with filial love.

§ 157. BROTHERS.

Ye are the children of one father, provided for by his care; and the breast of one mother hath given you suck.

Let the bonds of affection, therefore, unite thee with thy brothers, that peace and happiness may dwell in thy father's house.

And when ye separate in the world, remember the relation that bindeth you to love and unity; and prefer not a stranger to thine own blood.

If thy brother is in adversity, assist him; if thy sister is in trouble, forsake her not.

So shall the fortunes of thy father contribute to the support of his whole race; and his care be continued to you all in your love to each other.

§ 158. CHARITY.

Happy is the man who hath sown in his breast the seeds of benevolence; the produce thereof shall be charity and love.

From the fountain of his heart shall rise rivers of goodness; and the streams shall overflow for the benefit of mankind.

He assisteth the poor in their trouble: he rejoiceth in furthering the prosperity of all men.

He censureth not his neighbour, he believeth not the tales of envy and malice, neither repeateth he their slanders.

He forgiveth the injuries of men, he wipeth them from his remembrance; revenge and malice have no place in his heart.

For evil he returneth not evil; he hateth not even his enemies, but requiteth their injustice with friendly admonition.

The griefs and anxieties of men excite his compassion; he endeavoureth to alleviate the weight of their misfortunes, and the pleasure of success rewardeth his labour.

He calmeth the fury, he healeth the quarrels of angry men, and preventeth the mischiefs of strife and animosity.

He promoteth in his neighbourhood peace and good-will, and his name is repeated with praise and benediction.

§ 159. RELIGION.

There is but one God, the author, the creator, the governor of the world, almighty, eternal, and incomprehensible.

The sun is not God, though his noblest image: He enliveneth the world with his brightness, his warmth giveth life to the products of the earth; admire him as the creature, the instrument of God; but worship him not.

To the One who is supreme, most wise and beneficent, and to him alone, belong worship, adoration, thanksgiving, and praise!

Who hath stretched forth the heavens with his hand, who hath described with his finger the courses of the stars.

Who setteth bounds to the ocean, that it cannot pass; and saith unto the stormy winds, Be still.

Who shaketh the earth, and the nations tremble; who darteth his lightnings, and the wicked are dismayed.

Who calleth forth worlds by the word of his mouth; who smiteth with his arm, and they sink into nothing.

“O reverence the Majesty of the Omnipotent; and tempt not his anger, lest thou be destroyed!”

The providence of God is over all his

works; he ruleth and directeth with infinite wisdom.

He hath instituted laws for the government of the world; he hath wonderfully varied them in his beings; and each, by his nature, conformeth to his will.

In the depths of his mind he revolveth all knowledge; the secrets of futurity lie open before him.

The thoughts of thy heart are naked to his view; he knoweth thy determinations before they are made.

With respect to his prescience, there is nothing contingent; with respect to his providence, there is nothing accidental.

Wonderful he is in all his ways; his counsels are inscrutable; the manner of his knowledge transcendeth thy conception.

“Pay therefore to his wisdom all honour and veneration, and bow down thyself in humble and submissive obedience to supreme direction.”

The Lord is gracious and beneficent; he hath created the world in mercy and love.

His goodness is conspicuous in all his works; he is the fountain of excellence, the centre of perfection.

The creatures of his hand declare his goodness, and all their enjoyments speak his praise; he clotheth them with beauty, he supporteth them with food, he preserveth them with pleasure from generation to generation.

If we lift up our eyes to the heavens, his glory shineth forth: if we cast them down upon the earth, it is full of his goodness; the hills and the valleys rejoice and sing; fields, rivers, and woods resound his praise.

But thee, O man, he hath distinguished with peculiar favour; and exalted thy station above all creatures.

He hath endued thee with reason, to maintain thy dominion: he hath fitted thee with language, to improve by society; and exalted thy mind with the powers of meditation to contemplate and adore his inimitable perfections.

And in the laws he hath ordained as the rule of thy life, so kindly hath he suited thy duty to thy nature, that obedience to his precepts is happiness to thyself.

“O praise his goodness with songs of thanksgiving, and meditate in silence on the wonders of his love; let thy heart overflow with gratitude and acknowledgment; let the language of thy lips

“speak praise and adoration; let the actions of thy life shew thy love to his law.”

The Lord is just and righteous, and will judge the earth with equity and truth.

Hath he established his laws in goodness and mercy, and shall he not punish the transgressors thereof?

O think not, bold man! because thy punishment is delayed, that the arm of the Lord is weakened; neither flatter thyself with hopes that he winketh at thy doings.

His eye pierceth the secrets of every heart, and remembereth them for ever; he respecteth not the persons or the stations of men.

The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, when the soul hath shaken off the cumbrous shackles of this mortal life, shall equally receive from the sentence of God a just and everlasting retribution according to their works.

Then shall the wicked tremble, and be afraid; but the heart of the righteous shall rejoice in his judgments.

“O fear the Lord, therefore, all the days of thy life, and walk in the paths which he hath opened before thee. Let prudence admonish thee, let temperance restrain, let justice guide thy hand, benevolence warm thy heart, and gratitude to heaven inspire thee with devotion. These shall give thee happiness in thy present state, and bring thee to the mansion of eternal felicity, in the paradise of God.”

This is the true **ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.**

§ 160. DEATH.

As the production of the metal proveth the work of the alchemist; so is death the test of our lives, the assay which sheweth the standard of all our actions.

Wouldst thou judge of a life, examine the period of it; the end crowneth the attempt: and where dissimulation is no more, there truth appeareth.

He hath not spent his life ill, who knoweth to die well; neither can he have lost all his time, who employeth the last portion of it to his honour.

He was not born in vain who dieth as he ought; neither hath he lived unprofitably who dieth happily.

He that considereth he is to die, is con-

tent while he liveth: he who striveth to forget it, hath no pleasure in any thing; his joy appeareth to him a jewel which he expecteth every moment he shall lose.

Wouldst thou learn to die nobly? let thy vices die before thee. Happy is he who endeth the business of his life before his death; who, when the hour of it cometh, hath nothing to do but to die; who wisheth not delay, because he hath no longer use for time.

Avoid not death, for it is a weakness; fear it not, for thou understandest not what it is: all that thou certainly knowest, is, that it putteth an end to thy sorrows.

Think not the longest life the happiest; that which is best employed, doth man the most honour; himself shall rejoice after death in the advantages of it.

§ 161. *A Morning Prayer for a young Student at School, or for the common Use of a School.*

Father of All! we return thee most humble and hearty thanks for thy protection of us in the night season, and for the refreshment of our souls and bodies in the sweet repose of sleep. Accept also our unfeigned gratitude for all thy mercies during the helpless age of infancy.

Continue, we beseech thee, to guard us under the shadow of thy wing. Our age is tender, and our nature frail; and, without the influence of thy grace, we shall surely fall.

Let that influence descend into our hearts, and teach us to love thee and truth above all things. O guard us from temptations to deceit, and grant that we may abhor a lie, both as a sin and as a disgrace.

Inspire us with an abhorrence of the loathsomeness of vice, and the pollutions of sensual pleasure. Grant, at the same time, that we may early feel the delight of conscious purity, and wash our hands in innocence, from the united motives of inclination and of duty.

Give us, O thou Parent of all knowledge, a love of learning, and a taste for the pure and sublime pleasures of the understanding. Improve our memory, quicken our apprehension, and grant that we may lay up such a store of learning, as may fit us for the station to which it shall please thee to call us, and enable us to make great advances in virtue and religion,

and shine as lights in the world, by the influence of a good example.

Give us grace to be diligent in our studies, and that whatever we read we may strongly mark, and inwardly digest it.

Bless our parents, guardians, and instructors; and grant that we may make them the best return in our power, for giving us opportunities of improvement, and for all their care and attention to our welfare. They ask no return, but that we should make use of those opportunities, and co-operate with their endeavours—O grant that we may not disappoint their anxious expectations.

Assist us mercifully, O Lord, that we may immediately engage in the studies and duties of the day, and go through them cheerfully, diligently, and successfully.

Accept our endeavours, and pardon our defects, through the merits of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.
Knox.

§ 162. *An Evening Prayer.*

O Almighty God! again we approach thy mercy-seat, to offer unto thee our thanks and praises for the blessings and protection afforded us this day; and humbly to implore thy pardon for our manifold transgressions.

Grant that the words of various instruction which we have heard or read this day, may be so inwardly grafted in our hearts and memories, as to bring forth the fruits of learning and virtue.

Grant that as we recline on our pillows, we may call to mind the transactions of the day, condemn those things of which our conscience accuses us, and make and keep resolutions of amendment.

Grant that thy holy angels may watch over us this night, and guard us from temptation, excluding all improper thoughts, and filling our breasts with the purest sentiments of piety. Like as the hart panteth for the water-brook, so let our souls thirst for thee, O Lord, and for whatever is excellent and beautiful in learning and behaviour.

Correct, by the sweet influence of Christian charity, the irregularities of our temper; and restrain every tendency to ingratitude, and to ill-usage of our parents, teachers, pastors, and masters. Teach us to know the value of a good

education, and to be thankful to those who labour in the improvement of our minds and morals. Give us grace to be reverent to our superiors, gentle to our equals or inferiors, and benevolent to all mankind. Elevate and enlarge our sentiments, and let all our conduct be regulated by right reason, attended with Christian charity, and that peculiar generosity of mind, which becomes a liberal scholar, and a sincere Christian.

O Lord, bestow upon us whatever may be good for us, even though we should

omit to pray for it; and avert whatever is hurtful, though in the blindness of our hearts we should desire it.

Into thy hands we resign ourselves, as we retire to rest; hoping by thy mercy, to rise again with renewed spirits, to go through the business of the morrow, and to prepare ourselves for this life, and for a blessed immortality; which we ardently hope to attain, through the merits and intercession of thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Knox.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

IN PROSE.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CLASSICAL AND HISTORICAL.

§ 1. *Beneficial Effects of a Taste for the BELLES LETTRES.*

BELLES Lettres and Criticism chiefly consider Man as a being endowed with those powers of taste and imagination, which were intended to embellish his mind, and to supply him with rational and useful entertainment. They open a field of investigation peculiar to themselves. All that relates to beauty, harmony, grandeur, and elegance; all that can sooth the mind, gratify the fancy, or move the affections, belongs to their province. They present human nature under a different aspect from that which it assumes when viewed by other sciences. They bring to light various springs of action, which, without their aid, might have passed unobserved; and which, though of a delicate nature, frequently exert a powerful influence on several departments of human life.

Such studies have also this peculiar advantage, that they exercise our reason without fatiguing it. They lead to inquiries acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry nor abstruse. They strew flowers in the path of science; and while they keep the mind bent, in some degree, and active, they relieve it at the same time from that more toilsome labour to which it must submit in the acquisition of necessary erudition, or the investigation of abstract truth. *Blair.*

§ 2. *Beneficial Effects of the Cultivation of TASTE.*

The cultivation of Taste is further recommended by the happy effects which

it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man, in the most active sphere, cannot be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How then shall those vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which, more or less, occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste, and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence.

Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose, to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a middle station between the pleasures of sense and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling constantly in so high a region as the latter.

The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect, and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

So consonant is this to experience, that in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wise men than to tincture them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The transition is commonly made with ease from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues. Whereas to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom of youth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life. *Blair.*

§ 3. *Improvement of TASTE connected with Improvement in VIRTUE.*

There are indeed few good dispositions of any kind with which the improvement of taste is not more or less connected. A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions, by giving them frequent exercise; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

—*Ingenus didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.**

The elevated sentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and history are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nourish in our minds public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great.

I will not go so far as to say that the improvement of taste and of virtue is the same, or that they may always be expected to co-exist in an equal degree. More powerful correctives than taste can apply, are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart. At the same time this cannot but be admitted, that the

exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises with some good impression left on his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. One thing is certain, and I shall hereafter have occasion to illustrate it more fully, that, without possessing the virtuous affections in a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move or to interest mankind. They are the ardent sentiments of honour, virtue, magnanimity, a public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind those high ideas which attract the admiration of ages; and if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling. *Ibid.*

§ 4. *On STYLE.*

It is not easy to give a precise idea of what is meant by Style. The best definition I can give of it is, the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions, by means of Language. It is different from mere Language or words. The words, which an author employs, may be proper and faultless; and his Style may, nevertheless, have great faults; it may be dry, or stiff, or feeble, or affected. Style has always some reference to an author's manner of thinking. It is a picture of the ideas which rise in his mind, and of the manner in which they rise there; and hence, when we are examining an author's composition, it is, in many cases, extremely difficult to separate the Style from the sentiment. No wonder these two should be so intimately connected, as Style is nothing else, than that sort of expression which our thoughts most readily assume. Hence, different countries have been noted for peculiarities of Style, suited to their different temper and genius. The eastern nations animated their Style with the most strong and hyperbolic figures. The Athenians, a polished and acute people, formed a Style, accurate, clear, and neat. The Asiatics, gay and loose in their manners, affect-

* The polish'd arts have humaniz'd mankind,
Soften'd the rude, and calm'd the boisterous mind.

ed a Style florid and diffuse. The like sort of characteristical differences are commonly remarked in the Style of the French, the English, and the Spaniards. In giving the general characters of Style, it is usual to talk of a nervous, a feeble, or a spirited Style; which are plainly the characters of a writer's manner of thinking, as well as of expressing himself; so difficult it is to separate these two things from one another. Of the general characters of Style, I am afterwards to discourse, but it will be necessary to begin with examining the more simple qualities of it; from the assemblage of which its more complex denominations, in a great measure, result.

All the qualities of a good Style may be ranged under two heads, Perspicuity and Ornament. For all that can possibly be required of Language is, to convey our ideas clearly to the minds of others, and, at the same time, in such a dress, as, by pleasing and interesting them, shall most effectually strengthen the impressions which we seek to make. When both these ends are answered, we certainly accomplish every purpose for which we use Writing and Discourse. *Blair.*

§ 5. On PERSPICUITY.

Perspicuity, it will be readily admitted, is the fundamental quality of Style*; a quality so essential in every kind of writing, that for the want of it nothing can atone. Without this, the richest ornaments of Style only glimmer through the dark; and puzzle, instead of pleasing, the reader. This, therefore, must be our first object, to make our meaning clearly and fully understood, and understood without the least difficulty. "Oratio," says Quintilian, "debet negligenter quoque audientibus esse aperta; ut in animum audientis, sicut sol in oculos, etiamsi in eum non intendatur, occurrat. Quare, non solum ut non intelligere, curandum †." If we are obliged to follow a writer with much care, to pause, and to read over his sentences a second time, in order to comprehend them fully, he will never please us long. Mankind are too indolent to relish so much labour. They may pretend to admire the author's depth after they have

discovered his meaning; but they will seldom be inclined to take up his work a second time.

Authors sometimes plead the difficulty of their subject, as an excuse for the want of Perspicuity. But the excuse can rarely, if ever, be admitted. For whatever a man conceives clearly, that it is in his power, if he will be at the trouble, to put into distinct propositions, or to express clearly to others; and upon no subject ought any man to write, where he cannot think clearly. His ideas, indeed, may, very excusably, be on some subjects incomplete or inadequate; but still, as far as they go, they ought to be clear; and, wherever this is the case, Perspicuity in expressing them is always attainable. The obscurity which reigns so much among many metaphysical writers, is, for the most part, owing to the indistinctness of their own conceptions. They see the object but in a confused light; and, of course, can never exhibit it in a clear one to others.

Perspicuity in writing, is not to be considered as merely a sort of negative virtue, or freedom from defect. It has higher merit: it is a degree of positive beauty. We are pleased with an author, we consider him as deserving praise, who frees us from all fatigue of searching for his meaning; who carries us through his subject without any embarrassment or confusion; whose style flows always like a limpid stream, where we see to the very bottom.

Ibid.

§ 6. On PURITY and PROPRIETY.

Purity and Propriety of Language, are often used indiscriminately for each other; and, indeed, they are very nearly allied. A distinction, however, obtains between them. Purity, is the use of such words, and such constructions, as belong to the idiom of the Language which we speak; in opposition to words and phrases that are imported from other Languages, or that are obsolete, or new-coined, or used without proper authority. Propriety is the selection of such words in the Language, as the best and most established usage has appropriated to those ideas which we intend to express by them. It implies the cor-

* "Nobis prima sit virtus, perspicuitas, propria verba, rectus ordo, non in longum dilata conclusio; nihil neque desit, neque superfluat." QUINTIL. lib. viii.

† "Discourse ought always to be obvious, even to the most careless and negligent hearer; so that the sense shall strike his mind, as the light of the sun does our eyes, though they are not directed upwards to it. We must study, not only that every hearer may understand us, but that it shall be impossible for him not to understand us."

rect and happy application of them, according to that usage, in opposition to vulgarisms, or low expressions; and to words and phrases, which would be less significant of the ideas that we mean to convey. Style may be pure, that is, it may all be strictly English, without Scotticisms or Gallicisms, or ungrammatical, irregular expressions of any kind, and may, nevertheless, be deficient in propriety. The words may be ill-chosen; not adapted to the subject, nor fully expressive of the author's sense. He has taken all his words and phrases from the general mass of English Language; but he has made his selection among these words unhappily. Whereas Style cannot be proper without being also pure; and where both Purity and Propriety meet, besides making Style perspicuous, they also render it graceful. There is no standard, either of Purity or of Propriety, but the practice of the best writers and speakers in the country.

When I mentioned obsolete or new-coined words as incongruous with Purity of Style, it will be easily understood, that some exceptions are to be made. On certain occasions, they may have grace. Poetry admits of greater latitude than prose, with respect to coining, or, at least, new-compounding words; yet, even here, this liberty should be used with a sparing hand. In prose, such innovations are more hazardous, and have a worse effect. They are apt to give Style an affected and conceited air; and should never be ventured upon, except by such, whose established reputation gives them some degree of dictatorial power over Language.

The introduction of foreign and learned words, unless where necessity requires them, should always be avoided. Barren Languages may need such assistances; but ours is not one of these. Dean Swift, one of our most correct writers, valued himself much on using no words but such as were of native growth: and his Language may, indeed, be considered as a standard of the strictest Purity and Propriety in the choice of words. At present, we seem to be departing from this standard. A multitude of Latin words have, of late, been poured in upon us. On some occasions, they give an appearance of elevation and dignity to Style. But often, also, they render it stiff and forced: and, in general, a plain native Style, as it is more intelligible to all readers, so, by a proper management of words, it may be

made equally strong and expressive with this latinized English. *Blair.*

§ 7. On PRECISION.

The exact import of Precision may be drawn from the etymology of the word. It comes from "precidere," to cut off: it imports retrenching all superfluities, and pruning the expression so, as to exhibit neither more nor less than an exact copy of his idea who uses it. I observed before, that it is often difficult to separate the qualities of Style from the qualities of Thought; and it is found so in this instance. For in order to write with Precision, though this be properly a quality of Style; one must possess a very considerable degree of distinctness and accuracy in his manner of thinking.

The words, which a man uses to express his ideas, may be faulty in three respects: They may either not express that idea which the author intends, but some other which only resembles, or is a-kin to it; or, they may express that idea, but not quite fully and completely; or, they may express it together with something more than he intends. Precision stands opposed to all these three faults; but chiefly to the last. In an author's writing with propriety, his being free from the two former faults seems implied. The words which he uses are proper; that is, they express that idea which he intends, and they express it fully; but to be Precise, signifies, that they express that idea, and no more. There is nothing in his words which introduces any foreign idea, any superfluous, unseasonable accessory, so as to mix it confusedly with the principal object, and thereby to render our conception of that object loose and indistinct. This requires a writer to have, himself, a very clear apprehension of the object he means to present to us; to have laid fast hold of it in his mind; and never to waver in any one view he takes of it; a perfection to which, indeed, few writers attain. *Ibid.*

§ 8. On the Use and Importance of PRECISION.

The use and importance of Precision, may be deduced from the nature of the human mind. It never can view, clearly and distinctly, above one object at a time. If it must look at two or three together, especially objects among which there is resemblance or connexion, it finds itself

confused and embarrassed. It cannot clearly perceive in what they agree, and in what they differ. Thus were any object, suppose some animal, to be presented to me, of whose structure I wanted to form a distinct notion, I would desire all its trappings to be taken off, I would require it to be brought before me by itself, and to stand alone, that there might be nothing to distract my attention. The same is the case with words. If, when you would inform me of your meaning, you also tell me more than what conveys it; if you join foreign circumstances to the principal object; if, by unnecessarily varying the expression, you shift the point of view, and make me see sometimes the object itself, and sometimes another thing that is connected with it; you thereby oblige me to look on several objects at once, and I lose sight of the principal. You load the animal you are showing me with so many trappings and collars, and bring so many of the same species before me, somewhat resembling, and yet somewhat differing, that I see none of them clearly.

This forms what is called a Loose Style: and is the proper opposite to Precision. It generally arises from using a superfluity of words. Feeble writers employ a multitude of words, to make themselves understood, as they think, more distinctly; and they only confound the reader. They are sensible of not having caught the precise expression, to convey what they would signify; they do not, indeed, conceive their own meaning very precisely themselves; and, therefore, help it out, as they can, by this and the other word, which may, as they suppose, supply the defect, and bring you somewhat nearer to their idea; they are always going about it, and about it, but never just hit the thing. The Image, as they set it before you, is always seen double; and no double image is distinct. When an author tells me of his hero's *courage* in the day of battle, the expression is precise, and I understand it fully. But if, from the desire of multiplying words, he will needs praise his *courage* and *fortitude*; at the moment he joins these words together, my idea begins to waver. He means to express one quality more strongly; but he is, in truth, expressing two. *Courage* resists dangers; *fortitude* supports pain. The occasion of exerting each of these qualities is different; and being led to think of both together, when

only one of them should be in my view, my view is rendered unsteady, and my conception of the object indistinct.

From what I have said, it appears that an author may, in a qualified sense, be perspicuous, while yet he is far from being precise. He uses proper words and proper arrangement: he gives you the idea as clear as he conceives it himself; and so far he is perspicuous; but the ideas are not very clear in his own mind: they are loose and general; and, therefore, cannot be expressed with Precision. All subjects do not equally require Precision. It is sufficient, on many occasions, that we have a general view of the meaning. The subject, perhaps, is of the known and familiar kind; and we are in no hazard of mistaking the sense of the author, though every word which he uses be not precise and exact.

Blair.

§ 9. *The Causes of a Loose STYLE.*

The great source of a Loose Style, in opposition to Precision, is the injudicious use of those words termed Synonymous. They are called Synonymous, because they agree in expressing one principal idea: but, for the most part, if not always, they express it with some diversity in the circumstances. They are varied by some accessory idea which every word introduces, and which forms the distinction between them. Hardly, in any Language, are there two words that convey precisely the same idea; a person thoroughly conversant in the propriety of the Language, will always be able to observe something that distinguishes them. As they are like different shades of the same colour, an accurate writer can employ them to great advantage, by using them so as to heighten and finish the picture which he gives us. He supplies by one, what was wanting in the other, to the force or to the lustre of the image which he means to exhibit. But in order to this end, he must be extremely attentive to the choice which he makes of them. For the bulk of writers are very apt to confound them with each other: and to employ them carelessly, merely for the sake of filling up a period, or of rounding and diversifying the Language, as if the signification were exactly the same, while, in truth, it is not. Hence a certain mist, and indistinctness, is unwarily thrown over Style. *Ibid.*

§ 10. *On the general Characters of STYLE.*

That different subjects require to be treated of in different sorts of Style, is a position so obvious, that I shall not stay to illustrate it. Every one sees that treatises of philosophy, for instance, ought not to be composed in the same Style with Orations. Every one sees also, that different parts of the same composition require a variation in the Style and manner. In a sermon, for instance, or any harangue, the application or peroration admits of more ornament, and requires more warmth, than the didactic part. But what I mean at present to remark is, that, amidst this variety, we still expect to find, in the compositions of any one man, some degree of uniformity or consistency with himself in manner; we expect to find some predominant character of Style impressed on all his writings, which shall be suited to, and shall mark, his particular genius, and turn of mind. The orations in Livy differ much in Style, as they ought to do, from the rest of his history. The same is the case with those in Tacitus. Yet both in Livy's orations, and in those of Tacitus, we are able clearly to trace the distinguishing manner of each historian: the magnificent fulness of the one, and the sententious conciseness of the other. The "Lettres Persannes," and "L'Esprit de Loix," are the works of the same author. They required very different composition surely, and accordingly they differ widely; yet still we see the same hand. Wherever there is real and native genius, it gives a determination to one kind of Style rather than another. Where nothing of this appears; where there is no marked nor peculiar character in the compositions of any author, we are apt to infer, not without reason, that he is a vulgar and trivial author, who writes from imitation, and not from the impulse of original genius. As the most celebrated painters are known by their hand; so the best and most original writers are known and distinguished, throughout all their works, by their Style and peculiar manner. This will be found to hold almost without exception. *Blair.*

§ 11. *On the Austere, the Florid, and the Middle STYLE.*

The ancient Critics attended to these general characters of Style which we are

now to consider. Dionysius of Halicarnassus divides them into three kinds: and calls them the Austere, the Florid, and the Middle. By the Austere, he means a Style distinguished for strength and firmness, with a neglect of smoothness and ornament: for examples of which, he gives Pindar and Æschylus among the Poets, and Thucydides among the Prose writers.

By the Florid, he means, as the name indicates, a Style ornamented, flowing and sweet; resting more upon numbers and grace, than strength; he instances Hesiod, Sappho, Anacreon, Euripides, and principally Isocrates. The Middle kind is the just mean between these, and comprehends the beauties of both: in which class he places Homer and Sophocles among the Poets: in Prose, Herodotus, Demosthenes, Plato, and (what seems strange) Aristotle. This must be a very wide class indeed, which comprehends Plato and Aristotle under one article as to Style*. Cicero and Quintilian make also a threefold division of Style, though with respect to different qualities of it; in which they are followed by most of the modern writers on Rhetoric; the *Simplex, Tenue, or Subtle*; the *Grave, or Vehement*; and the *Medium, or temperatum genus dicendi*. But these divisions, and the illustrations they give of them, are so loose and general, that they cannot advance us much in our ideas of Style. I shall endeavour to be a little more particular in what I have to say on this subject. *Ibid.*

§ 12. *On the Concise STYLE.*

One of the first and most obvious distinctions of the different kinds of Style, is what arises from an author's spreading out his thoughts more or less. This distinction forms what are called the Diffuse and the Concise Styles. A concise writer compresses his thoughts into the fewest possible words; he seeks to employ none but such as are most expressive; he lops off, as redundant, every expression which does not add something material to the sense. Ornament he does not reject; he may be lively and figured; but his ornament is intended for the sake of force rather than grace. He never gives you the same thought twice. He places it in the light which appears to him the most striking; but if you do not apprehend it well in that light, you need not expect to find it

* De Compositione Verborum, cap. 25.

in any other. His sentences are arranged with compactness and strength, rather than with cadence and harmony. The utmost precision is studied in them; and they are commonly designed to suggest more to the reader's imagination than they directly express. *Ibid.*

§ 13. *On the Diffuse* STYLE.

A diffuse writer unfolds his thought fully. He places it in a variety of lights, and gives the reader every possible assistance for understanding it completely. He is not very careful to express it at first in its full strength, because he is to repeat the impression; and what he wants in strength, he proposes to supply by copiousness. Writers of this character generally love magnificence and amplification. Their periods naturally run out into some length, and having room for ornament of every kind, they admit it freely.

Each of these manners has its peculiar advantages; and each becomes faulty when carried to the extreme. The extreme of conciseness becomes abrupt and obscure; it is apt also to lead into a style too pointed, and bordering on the epigrammatic. The extreme of diffuseness becomes weak and languid, and tires the reader. However, to one or other of these two manners a writer may lean, according as his genius prompts him; and under the general character of a Concise, or of a more open and Diffuse Style, may possess much beauty in his composition.

For illustrations of these general characters, I can only refer to the writers who are examples of them. It is not so much from detached passages, such as I was wont formerly to quote for instances, as from the current of an author's Style, that we are to collect the idea of a formed manner of writing. The two most remarkable examples that I know, of conciseness carried as far as propriety will allow, perhaps in some cases farther, are Tacitus the Historian, and the President Montesquieu in "L'Esprit de Loix." Aristotle too holds an eminent rank among didactic writers for his brevity. Perhaps no writer in the world was ever so frugal of his words as Aristotle; but this frugality of expression frequently darkens his meaning. Of a beautiful and magnificent diffuseness, Cicero is, beyond doubt, the most illustrious instance that can be given. Addison also, and Sir William Temple, come in some degree under this class. *Blair.*

§ 14. *On the Nervous and the Feeble* STYLE.

The Nervous and the Feeble, are generally held to be characters of Style, of the same import with the Concise and the Diffuse. They do indeed very often coincide. Diffuse writers have, for the most part, some degree of feebleness; and nervous writers will generally be inclined to a concise expression. This, however, does not always hold; and there are instances of writers, who, in the midst of a full and ample Style, have maintained a great degree of strength. Livy is an example; and in the English language, Dr. Barrow. Barrow's Style has many faults. It is unequal, incorrect, and redundant; but without, for force and expressiveness uncommonly distinguished. On every subject, he multiplies words with an overflowing copiousness; but it is always a torrent of strong ideas and significant expressions which he pours forth. Indeed, the foundations of a nervous or a weak Style are laid in an author's manner of thinking. If he conceives an object strongly, he will express it with energy; but if he has only an indistinct view of his subject; if his ideas be loose and wavering; if his genius be such, or at the time of his writing so carelessly exerted, that he has no firm hold of the conception which he would communicate to us; the marks of all this will clearly appear in his Style. Several unmeaning words and loose epithets will be found; his expressions will be vague and general; his arrangement indistinct and feeble; we shall conceive somewhat of his meaning, but our conception will be faint. Whereas a nervous writer, whether he employs an extended or a concise Style, gives us always a strong impression of his meaning; his mind is full of his subject, and his words are all expressive: every phrase and every figure which he uses, tends to render the picture, which he would set before us, more lively and complete. *Ibid.*

§ 15. *On Harshness of* STYLE.

As every good quality in Style has an extreme, when pursued to which it becomes faulty, this holds of the Nervous Style as well as others. Too great a study of strength, to the neglect of the other qualities of Style, is found to betray writers into a harsh manner. Harshness arises from unusual words, from forced inversions in the construction of a sentence, and too

much neglect of smoothness and ease. This is reckoned the fault of some of our earliest classics in the English language; such as Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Bacon, Hooker, Chillingworth, Milton in his prose works, Harrington, Cudworth, and other writers of considerable note in the days of Queen Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. These writers had nerves and strength in a high degree, and are to this day eminent for that quality in Style. But the language in their hands was exceedingly different from what it is now, and was indeed entirely formed upon the idiom and construction of the Latin, in the arrangement of sentences. Hooker, for instance, begins the Preface to his celebrated work of Ecclesiastical Polity with the following sentences: "Though for no other cause, yet for this, that posterity may know we have not loosely, through silence, permitted things to pass away as in dream, there shall be, for men's information, extant this much, concerning the present state of the church of God established amongst us, and their careful endeavours which would have upheld the same." Such a sentence now sounds harsh in our ears. Yet some advantages certainly attended this sort of Style; and whether we have gained, or lost, upon the whole, by departing from it, may bear a question. By the freedom of arrangement, which it permitted, it rendered the language susceptible of more strength, of more variety of collocation, and more harmony of period. But however this be, such a Style is now obsolete; and no modern writer could adopt it without the censure of harshness and affectation. The present form which the Language has assumed, has, in some measure, sacrificed the study of strength to that of perspicuity and ease. Our arrangement of words has become less forcible, perhaps, but more plain and natural; and this is now understood to be the genius of our Language. *Blair.*

§ 16. *On the Dry STYLE.*

The dry manner excludes all ornament of every kind. Content with being understood, it has not the least aim to please either the fancy or the ear. This is tolerable only in pure didactic writing; and even there, to make us bear it, great weight and solidity of matter is requisite; and entire perspicuity of language. Aristotle is the complete example of a Dry Style. Never, perhaps, was there any author who adhered so

rigidly to the strictness of a didactic manner, throughout all his writings, and conveyed so much instruction, without the least approach to ornament. With the most profound genius, and extensive views, he writes like a pure intelligence, who addresses himself solely to the understanding, without making any use of the channel of the imagination. But this is a manner which deserves not to be imitated. For, although the goodness of the matter may compensate the dryness or harshness of the Style, yet is that dryness a considerable defect; as it fatigues attention, and conveys our sentiments, with disadvantage, to the reader or hearer. *Ibid.*

§ 17. *On the Plain STYLE.*

A Plain Style rises one degree above a Dry one. A writer of this character employs very little ornament of any kind, and rests almost entirely upon his sense. But, if he is at no pains to engage us by the employment of figures, musical arrangement, or any other art of writing, he studies, however, to avoid disgusting us, like a dry and a harsh writer. Besides Perspicuity, he pursues Propriety, Purity, and Precision, in his language: which form one degree, and no inconsiderable one, of beauty. Liveliness too, and force, may be consistent with a very Plain Style: and, therefore, such an author, if his sentiments be good, may be abundantly agreeable. The difference between a dry and plain writer, is, that the former is incapable of ornament, and seems not to know what it is; the latter seeks not after it. He gives us his meaning, in good language, distinct and pure; any further ornament he gives himself no trouble about; either, because he thinks it unnecessary to his subject; or, because his genius does not lead him to delight in it; or, because it leads him to despise it.

This last was the case with Dean Swift, who may be placed at the head of those that have employed the plain Style. Few writers have discovered more capacity. He treats every subject which he handles, whether serious or ludicrous, in a masterly manner. He knew, almost beyond any man, the Purity, the Extent, the Precision of the English language; and therefore to such as wish to attain a pure and correct Style, he is one of the most useful models. But we must not look for much ornament and grace in his language. His haughty and morose genius made

him despise any embellishment of this kind, as beneath his dignity. He delivers his sentiments in a plain, downright, positive manner, like one who is sure he is in the right; and is very indifferent whether you be pleased or not. His sentences are commonly negligently arranged; distinctly enough as to the sense, but without any regard to smoothness of sound; often without much regard to compactness or elegance. If a metaphor, or any other figure, chanced to render his satire more poignant, he would, perhaps, vouchsafe to adopt it, when it came in his way; but if it tended only to embellish and illustrate, he would rather throw it aside. Hence, in his serious pieces, his style often borders upon the dry and unpleasing; in his humorous ones, the plainness of his manner sets off his wit to the highest advantage. There is no froth nor affectation in it; it seems native and unstudied; and while he hardly appears to smile himself, he makes his reader laugh heartily. To a writer of such a genius as Dean Swift, the Plain Style was most admirably fitted. Among our philosophical writers, Mr. Locke comes under this class; perspicuous and pure, but almost without any ornament whatever. In works which admit, or require, ever so much ornament, there are parts where the plain manner ought to predominate. But we must remember, that when this is the character which a writer affects throughout his whole composition, great weight of matter, and great force of sentiment, are required, in order to keep up the reader's attention, and prevent him from becoming tired of the author.

Blair.

§ 18. *On the Neat STYLE.*

What is called a Neat Style comes next in order; and here we are got into the region of ornament; but that ornament not of the highest or most sparkling kind. A writer of this character shews, that he does not despise the beauty of language. It is an object of his attention. But his attention is shewn in the choice of his words, and in a graceful collocation of them; rather than in any high efforts of imagination, or eloquence. His sentences are always clear, and free from the incumbrance of superfluous words; of a moderate length; rather inclining to brevity, than a swelling structure; closing with propriety; without any tails, or adjections

dragging after the proper close. His cadence is varied; but not of the studied musical kind. His figures, if he uses any, are short and correct; rather than bold and glowing. Such a Style as this may be attained by a writer who has no great powers of fancy or genius, by industry merely, and careful attention to the rules of writing; and it is a Style always agreeable. It imprints a character of moderate elevation on our composition, and carries a decent degree of ornament, which is not unsuitable to any subject whatever. A familiar letter, or a law paper, on the driest subject, may be written with neatness; and a sermon, or a philosophical treatise, in a Neat Style, will be read with pleasure. *Ibid.*

§ 19. *On an Elegant STYLE.*

An Elegant Style is a character, expressing a higher degree of ornament than a neat one; and, indeed, is the term usually applied to Style, when possessing all the virtues of ornament, without any of its excesses or defects. From what has been formerly delivered, it will easily be understood, that complete Elegance implies great perspicuity and propriety; purity in the choice of words, and care and dexterity in their harmonious and happy arrangement. It implies farther, the grace and beauty of imagination spread over Style, as far as the subject admits it; and all the illustration which figurative language adds, when properly employed. In a word, an elegant writer is one who pleases the fancy and the ear, while he informs the understanding; and who gives us his ideas clothed with all the beauty of expression, but not overcharged with any of its misplaced finery. In this class, therefore, we place only the first-rate writers in the language; such as Addison, Dryden, Pope, Temple, Bolingbroke, Atterbury, and a few more; writers who differ widely from one another in many of the attributes of Style, whom we now class together, under the denomination of Elegant, as, in the scale of Ornament, possessing nearly the same place. *Ibid.*

§ 20. *On the Florid STYLE.*

When the ornaments, applied to Style, are too rich and gaudy in proportion to the subject; when they return upon us too fast, and strike us either with a dazzling lustre, or a false brilliancy, this forms what is called a Florid Style; a term commonly

used to signify the excess of ornament. In a young composer this is very pardonable. Perhaps, it is even a promising symptom in young people, that their Style should incline to the Florid and Luxuriant: "Volo se efferat in adolescentæ facienditas," says Quintilian, "multum inde decoquent anni, multum ratio limabit, aliquid velut usu ipso deteretur; sit modo unde excidi possit quid et exculpi.—Audeat hæc ætas plura, et inveniat et inventis gaudeat; sint licet illa non satis interim sicca et severa. Facile remedium est ubertatis: sterilia nullo labore vincuntur*." But, although the Florid Style may be allowed to youth, in their first essays, it must not receive the same indulgence from writers of maturer years. It is to be expected, that judgment, as it ripens, should chasten imagination, and reject, as juvenile, all such ornaments as are redundant, unsuitable to the subject, or not conducive to illustrate it. Nothing can be more contemptible than that tinsel splendour of language, which some writers perpetually affect. It were well if this could be ascribed to the real overflowing of a rich imagination. We should then have something to amuse us, at least, if we found little to instruct us. But the worst is, that with those frothy writers, it is a luxuriandy of words, not of fancy. We see a laboured attempt to rise to a splendour of composition, of which they have formed to themselves some loose idea; but having no strength of genius for attaining it, they endeavour to supply the defect by poetical words, by cold exclamations, by commonplace figures, and every thing that has the appearance of pomp and magnificence. It has escaped these writers, that sobriety in ornament is one great secret for rendering it pleasing; and that without a foundation of good sense and solid thought, the most Florid Style is but a childish imposition on the public. The public, however, are but too apt to be so imposed on; at least, the mob of readers; who are very ready to be caught, at first, with whatever is dazzling and gaudy.

I cannot help thinking, that it reflects more honour on the religious and good dispositions of the present age, than on the public taste, that Mr. Hervey's Meditations have had so great a currency. The pious and benevolent heart, which is always displayed in them, and the lively fancy which, on some occasions, appears, justly merited applause; but the perpetual glitter of expression, the swoln imagery, and strained description which abound in them, are ornaments of a false kind. I would, therefore, advise students of oratory to imitate Mr. Hervey's piety, rather than his Style; and in all compositions of a serious kind, to turn their attention, as Mr. Pope says, "from sounds to things, from fancy to the heart." Admonitions of this kind I have already had occasion to give, and may hereafter repeat them; as I conceive nothing more incumbent on me, in this course of Lectures, than to take every opportunity of cautioning my readers against the affected and frivolous use of ornament; and, instead of that slight and superficial taste in writing, which I apprehend to be at present too fashionable, to introduce, as far as my endeavours can avail, a taste for more solid thought, and more manly simplicity in Style. *Blair*.

§ 21. On the different Kinds of SIMPLICITY.

The first is, Simplicity of Composition, as opposed to too great a variety of parts. Horace's precept refers to this:

Denique sit quod vis simplex duntaxat et unum†.

This is the simplicity of plan in a tragedy, as distinguished from double plots, and crowded incidents; the Simplicity of the *Iliad*, or *Æneid*, in opposition to the digressions of Lucan, and the scattered tales of Ariosto; the Simplicity of Grecian architecture, in opposition to the irregular variety of the Gothic. In this sense, Simplicity is the same with Unity.

The second sense is, Simplicity of Thought, as opposed to refinement. Sim-

* "In youth, I wish to see luxuriandy of fancy appear. Much of it will be diminished by years; much will be corrected by ripening judgment; some of it, by the mere practice of composition, will be worn away. Let there be only sufficient matter, at first, that can bear some pruning and lopping off. At this time of life, let genius be bold and inventive, and pride itself in its efforts, though these should not, as yet, be correct. Luxuriandy can easily be cured; but for barrenness there is no remedy."

† "Then learn the wand'ring humour to controul,
And keep one equal tenour through the whole."

ple thoughts are what arise naturally; what the occasion or the subject suggest unsought; and what, when once suggested, are easily apprehended by all. Refinement in writing, expresses a less natural and obvious train of thought, and which it required a peculiar turn of genius to pursue; within certain bounds very beautiful; but when carried too far, approaching to intricacy, and hurting us by the appearance of being *recherché*, or far sought. Thus, we would naturally say, that Mr. Parnell is a poet of far greater simplicity, in his turn of thought, than Mr. Cowley: Cicero's thoughts on moral subjects are natural; Seneca's too refined and laboured. In these two senses of Simplicity, when it is opposed either to variety of parts, or to refinement of thought, it has no proper relation to Style.

There is a third sense of Simplicity, in which it has respect to Style; and stands opposed to too much ornament, or pomp of language; as when we say, Mr. Locke is a simple, Mr. Hervey a florid writer; and it is in this sense, that the "*simplex*," the "*tenuis*," or "*subtile genus dicendi*," is understood by Cicero and Quintilian. The simple style, in this sense, coincides with the plain or the neat style, which I before mentioned; and, therefore, requires no farther illustration.

But there is a fourth sense of Simplicity, also respecting Style; but not respecting the degree of ornament employed, so much as the easy and natural manner in which our language expresses our thoughts. This is quite different from the former sense of the word just now mentioned, in which Simplicity was equivalent to Plainness: whereas, in this sense, it is compatible with the highest ornament. Homer, for instance, possesses this Simplicity in the greatest perfection; and yet no writer has more ornament and beauty. This Simplicity, which is what we are now to consider, stands opposed, not to ornament, but to affectation of ornament, or appearance of labour about our Style; and it is a distinguishing excellency in writing.

Blair.

§ 22. SIMPLICITY appears easy.

A writer of Simplicity expresses himself in such a manner, that every one thinks he could have written in the same way; Horace describes it,

—ut sibi quivis
Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret
Ausus idem*.

There are no marks of art in his expression; it seems the very language of nature; you see in the Style, not the writer and his labour, but the man, in his own natural character. He may be rich in his expression; he may be full of figures, and of fancy; but these flow from him without effort; and he appears to write in this manner, not because he has studied it, but because it is the manner of expression most natural to him. A certain degree of negligence, also, is not inconsistent with this character of style, and even not ungraceful in it; for too minute an attention to words is foreign to it: "*Habeat ille*," says Cicero, (*Orat. No. 77.*) "*molle quiddam, et quod indicet non ingratam negligentiam*" "*hominis, de re magis quam de verbo laborantist.*" This is the great advantage of Simplicity of Style, that, like simplicity of manners, it shows us a man's sentiments and turn of mind laid open without disguise. More studied and artificial manners of writing, however beautiful, have always this disadvantage, that they exhibit an author in form, like a man at court, where the splendour of dress, and the ceremonial of behaviour, conceal those peculiarities which distinguish one man from another. But reading an author of Simplicity, is like conversing with a person of distinction at home, and with ease, where we find natural manners, and a marked character. *Ibid.*

§ 23. On *Naiveté*.

The highest degree of this simplicity is expressed by a French term to which we have none that fully answers in our language, *Naiveté*. It is not easy to give a precise idea of the import of this word. It always expresses a discovery of character. I believe the best account of it is

* "From well-known tales such fictions would I raise,
"As all might hope to imitate with ease;
"Yet while they strive the same success to gain,
"Should find their labours and their hopes in vain."

FRANCIS.

† "Let this Style have a certain softness and ease, which shall characterize a negligence, not unpleasing in an author who appears to be more solicitous about the thought than the expression."

given by a French critic, M. Marmontel, who explains it thus: That sort of amiable ingenuity, or undisguised openness, which seems to give us some degree of superiority over the person who shews it; a certain infantine Simplicity, which we love in our hearts, but which displays some features of the character that we think we could have art enough to hide; and which, therefore, always leads us to smile at the person who discovers this character. La Fontaine, in his Fables, is given as the great example of such *Nâiveté*. This, however, is to be understood, as descriptive of a particular species only of Simplicity. *Blair*.

§ 24. *Ancients eminent for Simplicity.*

With respect to Simplicity, in general, we may remark, that the ancient original writers are always the most eminent for it. This happens from a plain reason, that they wrote from the dictates of natural genius, and were not formed upon the labours and writings of others, which is always in hazard of producing affectation. Hence, among the Greek writers, we have more models of a beautiful simplicity than among the Roman. Homer, Hesiod, Anacreon, Theocritus, Herodotus, and Xenophon, are all distinguished for it. Among the Romans, also, we have some writers of this character; particularly Terence, Lucretius, Phædrus, and Julius Cæsar. The following passage of Terence's *Andria*, is a beautiful instance of Simplicity of manner in description:

Fumus interim

Procedit; sequimur; ad sepulchrum venimus;
In ignem imposita est; fletur; interea hæc soror
Quam dixi, ad flammam accessit imprudentiùs
Satis eum periculo. Ibi tum exanimatus Pamphilus

Bene dissimulatum amorem & celatum indicat;
Occurrit præceps, mulierem ab igne retrahit,
Mea Glycerium, inquit, quid agis? Cur te is
perditum?

Tum illa, ut consuetum facili amorem cerneres,
Rejicit se in eum, flets, quam familiariter*.

Act. 1. Sc. 1.

All the words here are remarkably happy and elegant: and convey a most lively picture of the scene described; while, at the same time, the Style appears wholly artless

* "Meanwhile the funeral proceeds; we follow;
"low;

"Come to the sepulchre: the body's plac'd
"Upon the pile; lamented; whereupon

"This sister I was speaking of, all wild,

"Ran to the flames with peril of her life.

"There! there! the frighted Pamphilus be-
"trays

"His well-dissembled and long-hidden love;

and unlaboured. Let us next consider some English writers who come under this class. *Ibid.*

§ 25. *Simplicity the characteristic of TILLOTSON'S Style.*

Simplicity is the great beauty of Archbishop Tillotson's manner. Tillotson has long been admired as an eloquent writer, and a model for preaching. But his eloquence, if we can call it such, has been often misunderstood. For if we include in the idea of eloquence, vehemence, and strength, picturesque description, glowing figures, or correct arrangement of sentences, in all these parts of oratory the Archbishop is exceedingly deficient. His Style is always pure, indeed, and perspicuous, but careless and remiss, too often feeble and languid; little beauty in the construction of his sentences, which are frequently suffered to drag unharmoniously; seldom any attempt towards strength or sublimity. But, notwithstanding these defects, such a constant vein of good sense and piety runs through his work, such an earnest and serious manner, and so much useful instruction, conveyed in a Style so pure, natural, and unaffected, as will justly recommend him to high regard, as long as the English language remains; not, indeed, as a model of the highest eloquence, but as a simple and amiable writer, whose manner is strongly expressive of great goodness and worth. I observed before, that Simplicity of manner may be consistent with some degree of negligence in Style; and it is only the beauty of that Simplicity which makes the negligence of such writers seem graceful. But, as appears in the Archbishop, negligence may sometimes be carried so far as to impair the beauty of Simplicity, and make it border on a flat and languid manner. *Blair*.

§ 26. *Simplicity of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE'S Style.*

Sir William Temple is another remarkable writer in the Style of Simplicity. In point of ornament and correctness, he rises

"Runs up, and takes her round the waist, and
"cries,

"Oh! my Glycerium! what is it you do?

"Why, why endeavour to destroy yourself?

"Then she, in such a manner that you thence

"Might easily perceive their long, long love,

"Threw herself back into his arms, and wept.

"Oh! how familiarly!"

COLMAN.

a degree above Tillotson; though, for correctness, he is not in the highest rank. All is easy and flowing in him; he is exceedingly harmonious; smoothness, and what may be called amenity, are the distinguishing characters of his manner; relaxing, sometimes, as such a manner will naturally do, into a prolix and remiss style. No writer whatever has stamped upon his Style a more lively impression of his own character. In reading his works, we seem engaged in conversation with him; we become thoroughly acquainted with him, not merely as an author, but as a man; and contract a friendship for him. He may be classed as standing in the middle, between a negligent Simplicity and the highest degree of Ornament which this character of Style admits. *Ibid.*

§ 27. *Simplicity of Mr. Addison's Style.*

Of the latter of these, the highest, most correct and ornamented degree of the simple manner, Mr. Addison is beyond doubt, in the English language, the most perfect example: and therefore, though not without some faults, he is, on the whole, the safest model for imitation, and the freest from considerable defects, which the language affords. Perspicuous and pure he is in the highest degree; his precision, indeed, not very great; yet nearly as great as the subjects which he treats of require: the construction of his sentences easy, agreeable, and commonly very musical; carrying a character of smoothness, more than of strength. In figurative language he is rich, particularly in similes and metaphors; which are so employed as to render his Style splendid without being gaudy. There is not the least affectation in his manner; we see no marks of labour; nothing forced or constrained; but great elegance joined with great ease and simplicity. He is, in particular, distinguished by a character of modesty and of politeness, which appears in all his writings. No author has a more popular and insinuating manner; and the great regard which he every where shews for virtue and religion, recommends him highly. If he fails in any thing, it is in want of strength and precision, which renders his manner, though perfectly suited to such essays as he writes in the Spectator, not altogether a proper model for any of the higher and more elaborate kinds of composition. Though the public have ever

done much justice to his merit, yet the nature of his merit has not always been seen in its true light: for, though his poetry be elegant, he certainly bears a higher rank among the prose writers, than he is entitled to among the poets; and, in prose, his humour is of a much higher and more original strain than his philosophy. The character of Sir Roger de Coverley discovers more genius than the critique on Milton. *Ibid.*

§ 28. *Simplicity of Style never varies.*

Such authors as those, whose characters I have been giving, one never tires of reading. There is nothing in their manner that strains or fatigues our thoughts: we are pleased without being dazzled by their lustre. So powerful is the charm of Simplicity in an author of real genius, that it atones for many defects, and reconciles us to many a careless expression. Hence, in all the most excellent authors, both in prose and verse, the simple and natural manner may be always remarked; although, other beauties being predominant, these form not their peculiar and distinguishing character. Thus Milton is simple in the midst of all his grandeur; and Demosthenes in the midst of all his vehemence. To grave and solemn writings, Simplicity of manner adds the more venerable air. Accordingly, this has often been remarked as the prevailing character throughout all the sacred Scriptures: and indeed no other character of Style was so much suited to the dignity of inspiration. *Ibid.*

§ 29. *Lord Shaftsbury deficient in Simplicity of Style.*

Of authors who, notwithstanding many excellencies, have rendered their Style much less beautiful by want of Simplicity, I cannot give a more remarkable example than Lord Shaftsbury. This is an author on whom I have made observations several times before; and shall now take leave of him, with giving his general character under this head. Considerable merit, doubtless, he has. His works might be read with profit for the moral philosophy which they contain, had he not filled them with so many oblique and invidious insinuations against the Christian Religion; thrown out, too, with so much spleen and satire, as do no honour to his memory, either as an author or a man. His language has many beauties. It is firm and supported in an uncommon

degree: it is rich and musical. No English author, as I formerly shewed, has attended so much to the regular construction of his sentences, both with respect to propriety, and with respect to cadence. All this gives so much elegance and pomp to his language, that there is no wonder it should have been sometimes highly admired. It is greatly hurt, however, by perpetual stiffness and affectation. This is its capital fault. His lordship can express nothing with Simplicity. He seems to have considered it as vulgar, and beneath the dignity of a man of quality to speak like other men. Hence he is ever in buskins; full of circumlocutions and artificial elegance. In every sentence, we see the marks of labour and art; nothing of that ease which expresses a sentiment coming natural and warm from the heart. Of figures and ornament of every kind, he is exceedingly fond; sometimes happy in them; but his fondness for them is too visible; and having once laid hold of some metaphor or allusion that pleased him, he knows not how to part with it. What is most wonderful, he was a professed admirer of Simplicity; is always extolling it in the ancients, and censuring the moderns for the want of it; though he departs from it himself as far as any one modern whatever. Lord Shaftsbury possessed delicacy and refinement of taste, to a degree that we may call excessive and sickly; but he had little warmth of passion; few strong or vigorous feelings; and the coldness of his character led him to that artificial and stately manner which appears in his writings. He was fonder of nothing than of wit and raillery; but he is far from being happy in it. He attempts it often, but always awkwardly; he is stiff, even in his pleasantry; and laughs in form, like an author, and not like a man.

From the account which I have given of Lord Shaftsbury's manner, it may easily be imagined, that he would mislead many who blindly admired him. Nothing is more dangerous to the tribe of imitators, than an author, who, with many imposing beauties, has also some very considerable blemishes. This is fully exemplified in Mr. Blackwall of Aberdeen, the author of the *Life of Homer*, the *Letters on Mythology*, and the *Court of Augustus*; a writer of considerable learning, and of ingenuity also; but infected with an extravagant love of an artificial Style, and of that parade of language which distinguishes the Shaftsburean manner.

Having now said so much to recommend Simplicity, or the easy and natural manner of writing, and having pointed out the defects of an opposite manner; in order to prevent mistakes on this subject, it is necessary for me to observe, that it is very possible for an author to write simply, and yet not beautifully. One may be free from affectation, and not have merit. The beautiful Simplicity supposes an author to possess real genius; to write with solidity, purity, and liveliness of imagination. In this case, the simplicity or unaffectedness of his manner, is the crowning ornament; it heightens every other beauty; it is the dress of nature, without which all beauties are imperfect. But if mere unaffectedness were sufficient to constitute the beauty of Style, weak, trifling, and dull writers might often lay claim to this beauty. And accordingly we frequently meet with pretended critics, who extol the dullest writers on account of what they call the "Chaste Simplicity of their manner:" which, in truth, is no other than the absence of every ornament, through the mere want of genius and imagination. We must distinguish, therefore, between that Simplicity which accompanies true genius, and which is perfectly compatible with every proper ornament of Style; and that which is no other than a careless and slovenly manner. Indeed the distinction is easily made from the effect produced. The one never fails to interest the reader; the other is insipid and tiresome.

Blair.

§ 30. On the Vehement STYLE.

I proceed to mention one other manner or character of Style, different from any that I have yet spoken of; which may be distinguished by the name of the Vehement. This always implies strength; and is not, by any means, inconsistent with Simplicity: but, in its predominant character, is distinguishable from either the strong or the simple manner. It has a peculiar ardour; it is a glowing Style; the language of a man, whose imagination and passions are heated, and strongly affected by what he writes; who is therefore negligent of lesser graces, but pours himself forth with the rapidity and fullness of a torrent. It belongs to the higher kinds of oratory; and indeed is rather expected from a man who is speaking, than from one who is writing in his closet. The orations of Demosthenes furnish the full

and perfect example of this species of Style. Blair.

§ 31. *On Sweetness and Delicacy of*
STYLE.

As there is in some flowers an exquisite scent, and in some fruits a delicious flavour, to express which no language has a name; so there is in style a sweetness and a delicacy which eludes description, and can only be perceived by the sensibility of taste.

But though it may be difficult to analyse this agreeable quality, or to teach a writer how to infuse it into his works, yet it is by no means equally arduous to point out a few authors in whom both the observations of others, and our own feelings, have discovered it. This, indeed, is the only method of communicating it: and though it is not to be taught by didactic and formal precepts, it may be acquired by the contagious influence of a captivating example.

Sweetness is chiefly to be found in lyric poetry, but it is by no means confined to it. Though Vossius is of opinion that sweetness is peculiar to lyric, as gravity to the epic, simplicity to the pastoral, softness to the elegiac, jocularity to the comic, pathos to the tragic, bitterness to the satiric, and pungency to the epigrammatic; yet I rather think that they all admit, on some occasions, something of this captivating quality. Homer, who furnishes models of every style, often mixes, among his ruder beauties, a delicate sweetness of diction, which, besides its own inherent power of pleasing, embellishes all the rougher parts by the power of contrast.

Theocritus is all sweetness; and if a reader, with a good ear, should not understand the bard of Syracuse, he might still be delighted with the delicious honey of the Doric dialect.

Many of the little but elegant compositions in the *Anthologia* owe all their excellence to the selection of words which convey enchanting music to the ear. They seem, indeed, to trickle like liquid honey from the honeycomb, and this without any affectation in the writers; for such are the peculiar beauties of the Greek language, that it is difficult to write on subjects connected with pleasure, love, and beauty, without using such expressions as, besides their real meaning, excite an idea of sweetness, by their sound, similar in its melody to the object represented.

Sweetness is the peculiar excellence of the joyous bard of Teos. The bacchanalian songs of modern times partake very little of those delicate charms which distinguish a style truly Anacreontic. It does not indeed appear, that the modern bacchanals have thought it possible that their joys should admit of delicacy. The songs, therefore, which have been written to enliven and stimulate their mirth have usually been of a coarser kind, and such as necessarily excluded sweetness of composition. They seem to have considered a Bacchus as he is rudely represented on a sign-post, and not, as he is described by the poets and sculptors of antiquity, a most graceful and elegant figure. Anacreon, after all, like the Greek epigrammatists, must be acknowledged to owe much of his sweetness to a language which cannot be otherwise than sweet on certain subjects, without unnatural violence. The Latin language, though susceptible of peculiar delicacy, is certainly less capable of sweetness than the dialect of Athens, Ionia, and Doris. But still there are many authors in it who have derived much of the power of pleasing the human race, during near twenty centuries, from the singular sweetness of their style.

Catullus, I believe, deserves to be mentioned among the first of those who have emulated the Greeks in their distinguished excellence. Few books would have been better calculated to give boys a true taste for sweet composition, if the decency of the poet's sentiments had been equal to the delicacy of his style. But it must be allowed that his honey has a poisonous quality.

Horace was a very Proteus in the circumstance of a versatile and variegated diction. His Odes abound with stanzas, and his other works with heroic verses, which evidently prove, that, if he had chosen to vie with Virgil in strength and dignity, he would have approached his rival. But he was a man of pleasure; and his favourite style is that in which he celebrates love and wine. In this there is a remarkable sweetness; and I know not whether the *curiosa felicitas*, or that charm of his writings which resulted from study and happiness united, may not be said to consist in delicacy of sentiment and suavity of expression. So delightful are the ninth ode of the fourth book, and the fourth of the third, that all readers have been charmed with them; and Julius

Scaliger, a very warm critic, has asserted, that he had rather be the author of them than of all Pindar's odes, or than be elevated to the rank of a monarch. It is, I think, certain, that many of the odes of Horace, and many of the works of other poets of equal fame, have delighted mankind, from one generation to another, far less by the justness of the sentiments than by a sweetness of language, a delicate choice of words, and a well-modulated collocation.

The modest bard of Mantua indisputably owes his influence over the human mind to his talent in attempting, in a most judicious union, softness, sweetness, and the nicest delicacy, with the most majestic grandeur, the dignity of heroic language and virtue.

Among the prose writers of Greece and Rome, every reader of taste will immediately observe, that Herodotus and Xenophon, Cæsar and Cicero, claim the first place in the excellence of a sweet style. The two Plinies and Paterculus have a considerable share of it. Thucydides, Sallust, and Tacitus, are too fond of austerity to admit any great portion of sweetness; yet they admit it occasionally.

Many of the modern Latin poets have distinguished themselves by the sweetness of their verse. Some of them have, however, carried it to excess, and have written in the worst manner of Grotius, Johannes Secundus, and Bonifonius. Sweetness ought to be distinguished from lusciousness: the one affects us with the sensations durably agreeable; the other quickly cloyes and palls the appetite.

The eminent French writers, who certainly possess taste, have displayed a remarkable sweetness of style. The Italians can scarcely compose without displaying it. He who has formed a taste for this quality will find it fully gratified in the writings of Fontaine, Metastasio, and indeed in all the celebrated authors of France and Italy. Those nations, in modern times, have been more defective in strength and nerve than in any of the softer qualities, the purpose of which is to please, allure, and seduce.

Though the French are disposed to deny the English the praise of taste, I cannot help thinking, that we have writers who can rival them in their pretensions to taste and to every excellence which can adorn composition. Our Ad-

dison, like some of the most celebrated ancients, possesses that sweetness, that delicacy, and that grace, which is formed to please the human mind, under all the revolutions of time, of fashion, and of capricious taste. It is not only the excellent matter which produces the effect of gently composing our passions while we are reading Addison, but it is also that sweet style, which cannot be read and tasted without communicating to the mind something of its own delightful equability. Sir William Temple was, indeed, the model of Addison, and he is remarkable for the sweetness of his style, especially if he is compared with the writers of his own time.

All our eminent poets have judiciously mingled sweetness with strength, and grace with dignity. Waller has usually obtained the praise of sweetness; but he has been greatly exceeded by his successors in this and every other species of poetry. If that sort of genius which constitutes a Homer, a Shakspeare, a Milton, has not been common among us, yet the subordinate species which is displayed in elegant mediocrity, and what we call pretty and pleasing opuscula, has no where more abounded; and suavity has been one of the excellencies principally pursued, and most easily attained.

It appears to me, that the later writers of prose have rather affected the masculine and nervous than the sweet and graceful. The author of Fitzosborne's Letters has exhibited both grace and sweetness: and I wish they were not sometimes injured by verbosity. Johnson, Hawkesworth, Robertson, are chiefly admired for strength and force. Hume has now and then displayed something of Addisonian sweetness in a few of his moral essays, together with Addison's gentleness. It is to be wished he had displayed something of the Addisonian goodness of heart; it must be allowed, that his powers have often a poisonous quality. The Warburtonian school, as Hume called it, though it has produced ingenious and nervous writers, cannot boast either of sweetness or grace. It has delighted much in violent controversy and arbitrary dictation, both of which usually bid defiance to the Graces, and prefer bitterness and acrimony to sweetness of style and melody of diction.

Though it may not be easy to define the whole of that, whatever it is, which

constitutes sweetness of style, yet it is by no means difficult to discover one or two circumstances which are highly conducive to it. It is, indeed, obvious to observe, that the frequent use of liquid letters, and of labials combined with syllables consisting of vowels with few consonants, contributes greatly to sweeten the diction. But so nice a point is real excellence, that the smallest excess or affectation of any particular beauty will totally destroy all its agreeable effect. It must result from nature, cultivated indeed, but not too closely confined and directed by art. Alliteration is conducive to sweetness, and is a figure frequently used by the best writers, ancient and modern. Used with caution, it cannot fail to please; but the cause of the pleasure should be latent. When this figure obtrudes itself too often, and in excess, as it does in several modern writers, it loses all its grace; and the reader resents and loathes the paltry artifice of a writer who depends on so poor a claim to applause. This, indeed, and all other ornaments, are to be used, as it has been observed, like salt at a meal, which agreeably seasons every dish when mixed in moderation, but which would spoil the whole, if it were rendered the predominant ingredient of the repast.

Knox's Essays.

§ 32. Directions for forming a STYLE.

It will be more to the purpose, that I conclude these dissertations upon Style with a few directions concerning the proper method of attaining a good Style in general; leaving the particular character of that Style to be either formed by the subject on which we write, or prompted by the bent of genius.

The first direction which I give for this purpose, is, to study clear ideas on the subject concerning which we are to write or speak. This is a direction which may at first appear to have small relation to Style. Its relation to it, however, is extremely close. The foundation of all good Style, is good sense, accompanied with a lively imagination. The Style and thoughts of a writer are so intimately connected, that,

as I have several times hinted, it is frequently hard to distinguish them. Wherever the impressions of things upon our minds are faint and indistinct, or perplexed and confused, our Style in treating of such things will infallibly be so too. Whereas, what we conceive clearly and feel strongly, we will naturally express with clearness and with strength. This, then, we may be assured, is a capital rule as to Style, to think closely of the subject, till we have attained a full and distinct view of the matter which we are to clothe in words, till we become warm and interested in it; then, and not till then, shall we find expression begin to flow. Generally speaking, the best and most proper expressions, are those which a clear view of the subject suggests, without much labour or inquiry after them. This is Quintilian's observation, Lib. viii. c. 1. "Plerumque optima verba rebus cohærent, et cernuntur suo lumine. At nos quærimus illa, tanquam lateant seque subducant. Ita nunquam putamus verba esse circa id de quo dicendum est; sed ex aliis locis petimus, et inventis vim asserimus*."

Blair.

§ 33. Practice necessary for forming a STYLE.

In the second place, in order to form a good Style, the frequent practice of composing is indispensably necessary. Many rules concerning Style I have delivered; but no rules will answer the end without exercise and habit. At the same time, it is not every sort of composing that will improve Style. This is so far from being the case, that by frequent, careless, and hasty composition, we shall acquire certainly a very bad Style: we shall have more trouble afterwards in unlearning faults, and correcting negligences, than if we had not been accustomed to composition at all. In the beginning, therefore, we ought to write slowly and with much care. Let the facility and speed of writing be the fruit of longer practice. "Moram et sollicitudinem," says Quintilian with the greatest reason, L. x. c. 3. "institiis impero. Nam primum hoc constituendum

* "The most proper words for the most part adhere to the thoughts which are to be expressed by them, and may be discovered as by their own light. But we hunt after them, as if they were hidden, and only to be found in a corner. Hence, instead of conceiving the words to lie near the subject, we go in quest of them to some other quarter, and endeavour to give force to the expressions we have found out."

ac obtinendum est, ut quam optime
 scribamus; celeritatem dabit consuetudo. Paulatim res facilius se ostendent,
 verba respondebunt, compositio prosequetur. Cuncta denique et in familia
 bene instituta in officio erunt. Summa
 hæc est rei: cito scribendo non sit ut bene
 scribatur; bene scribendo, sit ut cito*.”

Blair.

§ 34. *Too anxious a Care about WORDS to be avoided.*

We must observe, however, that there may be an extreme in too great and anxious a care about words. We must not retard the course of thought, nor cool the heat of imagination, by pausing too long on every word we employ. There is, on certain occasions, a glow of composition which should be kept up, if we hope to express ourselves happily, though at the expense of allowing some inadvertencies to pass. A more severe examination of these must be left to be the work of correction. For if the practice of composition be useful, the laborious work of correcting is no less so; it is indeed absolutely necessary to our reaping any benefit from the habit of composition. What we have written should be laid by for some little time, till the ardour of composition be past, till the fondness for the expressions we have used be worn off, and the expressions themselves be forgotten: and then reviewing our work with a cool and critical eye, as if it were the performance of another, we shall discern many imperfections which at first escaped us. Then is the season for pruning redundancies; for weighing the arrangement of sentences; for attending to the juncture and connecting particles; and bringing Style into a regular, correct, and supported form. This "*Lima Labor*" must be submitted to by all who would communicate their thoughts with proper advantage to others; and some practice in it will soon sharpen their eye to the most necessary objects of attention, and render it a much more easy and practicable work than might at first be imagined.

Ibid.

§ 35. *An Acquaintance with the best Authors necessary to the Formation of a STYLE.*

In the third place, with respect to the assistance that is to be gained from the writings of others, it is obvious that we ought to render ourselves well acquainted with the Style of the best authors. This is requisite, both in order to form a just taste in Style, and to supply us with a full stock of words on every subject. In reading authors with a view to Style, attention should be given to the peculiarities of their different manners; and in this and former Lectures I have endeavoured to suggest several things that may be useful in this view. I know no exercise that will be found more useful for acquiring a proper Style, than to translate some passage from an eminent English author, into our own words. What I mean is, to take, for instance, some page of one of Mr. Addison's Spectators, and read it carefully over two or three times, till we have got a firm hold of the thoughts contained in it: then to lay aside the book; to attempt to write out the passage from memory, in the best way we can; and having done so, next to open the book, and compare what we have written with the Style of the author. Such an exercise will, by comparison, shew [us where the defects of our Style lie; will lead us to the proper attentions for rectifying them; and, among the different ways in which the same thought may be expressed, will make us perceive that which is the most beautiful.

Ibid.

§ 36. *A servile Imitation to be avoided.*

In the fourth place, I must caution, at the same time, against a servile imitation of any one author; whatever. This is always dangerous. It hampers genius; it is likely to produce a stiff manner; and those who are given to close imitation, generally imitate an author's faults as well as his beauties. No man will ever become a good writer, or speaker, who has not some degree of confidence to follow his own genius. We ought to beware, in particular, of adopting any author's noted

* "I enjoin that such as are beginning the practice of composition, write slowly, and with anxious deliberation. Their great object at first should be, to write as well as possible; practice will enable them to write speedily. By degrees matter will offer itself still more readily; words will be at hand; composition will flow; every thing, as in the arrangement of a well-ordered family, will present itself in its proper place. The sun of the whole is this; by hasty composition, we shall never acquire the art of composing well; by writing well, we shall come to write speedily."

phrases, or transcribing passages from him. Such a habit will prove fatal to all genuine composition. Infinitely better it is to have something that is our own, though of moderate beauty, than to affect to shine in borrowed ornaments, which will, at last, betray the utter poverty of our genius. On these heads of composing, correcting, reading, and imitating, I advise every student of oratory to consult what Quintilian has delivered in the Tenth Book of his Institutions, where he will find a variety of excellent observations and directions, that well deserve attention.

Blair.

§ 37. *STYLE must be adapted to the Subject.*

In the fifth place, it is an obvious but material rule, with respect to Style, that we always study to adapt it to the subject, and also to the capacity of our hearers, if we are to speak in public. Nothing merits the name of eloquent or beautiful, which is not suited to the occasion, and to the persons to whom it is addressed. It is to the last degree awkward and absurd, to attempt a poetical florid Style, on occasions when it should be our business only to argue and reason; or to speak with elaborate pomp of expression, before persons who comprehend nothing of it, and who can only stare at our unseasonable magnificence. These are defects not so much in point of Style, as, what is much worse, in point of common sense. When we begin to write or speak, we ought previously to fix in our minds a clear conception of the end to be aimed at; to keep this steadily in our view, and to suit our Style to it. If we do not sacrifice to this great object every ill-timed ornament that may occur to our fancy, we are unpardonable: and though children and fools may admire, men of sense will laugh at us and our style.

Ibid.

§ 38. *Attention to STYLE must not detract from Attention to THOUGHT.*

In the last place, I cannot conclude the subject without this admonition, that, in any case, and on any occasion, attention to Style must not engross us so much, as to detract from a higher degree of atten-

tion to the Thoughts. "Curam verborum," says the great Roman Critic, "rerum volo esse sollicitudinem*." A direction the more necessary, as the present taste of the age, in writing, seems to lean more to Style than to Thought. It is much easier to dress up trivial and common sentiments with some beauty of expression, than to afford a fund of vigorous, ingenious, and useful thoughts. The latter requires true genius; the former may be attained by industry, with the help of very superficial parts. Hence, we find so many writers frivolously rich in Style, but wretchedly poor in sentiment. The public ear is now so much accustomed to a correct and ornamented Style, that no writer can, with safety, neglect the study of it. But he is a contemptible one, who does not look to something beyond it: who does not lay the chief stress upon his matter, and employ such ornaments of Style to recommend it, as are manly, not foppish. "Majore animo," says the writer whom I have so often quoted, "aggreddienda est eloquentia; quæ si toto corpore valet, ungues polire et capillum componere, non existimabit ad curam suam pertinere. Ornatus et virilis et fortis et sanctus sit; nec effeminatam levitatem et fuco ementitum colorem amet; sanguine et viribus niteat." *Ibid.*

§ 39. *Of the Rise of Poetry among the ROMANS.*

The Romans, in the infancy of their fate, were entirely rude and unpolished. They came from shepherds; they were increased from the refuse of the nations around them; and their manners agreed with their original. As they lived wholly on tilling their ground at home, or on plunder from their neighbours, war was their business, and agriculture the chief art they followed. Long after this, when they had spread their conquests over a great part of Italy, and began to make a considerable figure in the world;—even their great men retained a roughness, which they raised into a virtue, by calling it Roman Spirit; and which might often much better have been called Roman Barbarity. It seems to me, that there was more of austerity than justice, and more of insolence than courage,

* "To your expression be attentive; but about your matter be solicitous."

† "A higher spirit ought to animate those who study eloquence. They ought to consult the health and soundness of the whole body, rather than bend their attention to such trifling objects as paring the nails, and dressing the hair. Let ornament be manly and chaste, without effeminate gaiety, or artificial colouring, let it shine with the glow of health and strength."

in some of their most celebrated actions: However that be, this is certain, that they were at first a nation of soldiers and husbandmen: roughness was long an applauded character among them; and a sort of rusticity reigned, even in their senate-house.

In a nation originally of such a temper as this, taken up almost always in extending their territories, very often in settling the balance of power among themselves, and not unfrequently in both these at the same time, it was long before the politer arts made any appearance; and very long before they took root or flourished to any degree. Poetry was the first that did so; but such a poetry, as one might expect among a warlike, busied, unpolished people.

Not to inquire about the songs of triumph, mentioned even in Romulus's time, there was certainly something of poetry among them in the next reign under Numa: a prince, who pretended to converse with the Muses, as well as with Egeria; and who might possibly himself have made the verses which the Salian priests sung in his time. Pythagoras, either in the same reign, or if you please some time after, gave the Romans a tincture of poetry as well as of philosophy; for Cicero assures us, that the Pythagoreans made great use of poetry and music: and probably they, like our old Druids, delivered most of their precepts in verse. Indeed the chief employment of poetry, in that and the following ages, among the Romans, was of a religious kind. Their very prayers, and perhaps their whole liturgy, was poetical. They had also a sort of prophetic or sacred writers, who seem to have wrote generally in verse; and were so numerous, that there were above two thousand of their volumes remaining even to Augustus's time. They had a kind of plays too, in these early times, derived from what they had seen of the Tuscan actors, when sent for to Rome to expiate a plague that raged in the city. These seem to have been either like our dumb-shows, or else a kind of extempore farces; a thing to this day a good deal in use all over Italy, and in Tuscany. In a more particular manner add to these, that extempore kind of jesting dialogues begun at their harvest and vintage feasts; and carried on so rudely and abusively afterwards, as to occasion a very severe law to restrain their licentiousness—and those

lovers of poetry and good eating, who seem to have attended the tables of the richer sort, much like the old provincial poets, or our own British bards, and sang there, to some instrument of music, the achievements of their ancestors, and the noble deeds of those who had gone before them, to inflame others to follow their great examples.

The names of almost all these poets sleep in peace with all their works; and, if we may take the word of the other Roman writers of a better age, it is no great loss to us. One of their best poets represents them as very obscure and very contemptible; one of their best historians avoids quoting them, as too barbarous for politer ears: and one of their most judicious emperors ordered the greatest part of their writings to be burnt, that the world might be troubled with them no longer.

All these poets therefore may very well be dropt in the account: there being nothing remaining of their works: and probably no merit to be found in them, if they had remained. And so we may date the beginning of the Roman poetry from Livius Andronicus, the first of their poets of whom any thing does remain to us; and from whom the Romans themselves seemed to have dated the beginning of their poetry, even in the Augustan age.

The first kind of poetry that was followed with any success among the Romans, was that for the stage. They were a very religious people; and stage-plays in those times made no inconsiderable part in their public devotions; it is hence, perhaps, that the greatest number of their oldest poets, of whom we have any remains, and indeed almost all of them, are dramatic poets. *Spence.*

§ 40. Of LIVIUS, NÆVIUS and ENNIUS:

The foremost in this list, were Livius, Nævius, and Ennius. Livius's first play (and it was the first written play that ever appeared at Rome, whence perhaps Horace calls him Livius Scriptor) was acted in the 514th year from the building of the city. He seems to have got whatever reputation he had, rather as their first, than as a good writer; for Cicero, who admired these old poets more than they were afterwards admired, is forced to give up Livius; and says, that his pieces did not deserve a second reading. He was for some time the sole writer for the stage; till Nævius rose to rival him, and proba-

bly far exceeded his master. Nævius ventured too on an epic, or rather an historical poem, on the first Carthaginian war. Ennius followed his steps in this, as well as in the dramatic way; and seems to have excelled him as much as he had excelled Livius; so much at least, that Lucretius says of him, "That he was the first of their poets who deserved a lasting crown from the Muses." These three poets were actors as well as poets; and seem all of them to have wrote whatever was wanted for the stage, rather than to have consulted their own turn or genius. Each of them published, sometimes tragedies, sometimes comedies, and sometimes a kind of dramatic satires; such satires, I suppose, as had been occasioned by the extempore poetry that had been in fashion the century before them. All the most celebrated dramatic writers of antiquity excel only in one kind. There is no tragedy of Terence, or Menander; and no comedy of Actius, or Euripides. But these first dramatic poets, among the Romans, attempted every thing indifferently; just as the present fancy, or the demand of the people, led them.

The quiet the Romans enjoyed after the second Punic war, when they had humbled their great rival Carthage; and their carrying on their conquests afterwards, without any great difficulties, into Greece, — gave them leisure and opportunities for making very great improvements in their poetry. Their dramatic writers began to act with more steadiness and judgment; they followed one point of view; they had the benefit of the excellent patterns the Greek writers had set them; and formed themselves on those models. *Spence.*

§ 41. Of PLAUTUS.

Plautus was the first that consulted his own genius, and confined himself to that species of dramatic writing, for which he was the best fitted by nature. Indeed, his comedy (like the old comedy at Athens) is of a ruder kind, and far enough from the polish that was afterwards given it among the Romans. His jests are often rough, and his wit coarse; but there is a strength and spirit in him, that makes one read him with pleasure; at least, he is much to be commended for being the first that considered what he was most capable of excelling in, and not endeavouring to shine in too many different ways at once. Cæcilius followed his example in this par-

ticular; but improved their comedy so much beyond him, that he is named by Cicero, as perhaps the best of all the comic writers they ever had. This high character of him was not for his language, which is given up by Cicero himself as faulty and incorrect; but either for the dignity of his characters, or the strength and weight of his sentiments. *Ibid.*

§ 42. Of TERENCE.

Terence made his first appearance when Cæcilius was in high reputation. It is said, that when he offered his first play to the Ediles, they sent him with it to Cæcilius for his judgment of the piece. Cæcilius was at supper when he came to him; and as Terence was dressed very meanly, he was placed on a little stool, and desired to read away; but upon his having read a very few lines only, Cæcilius altered his behaviour, and placed him next himself at the table. They all admired him as a rising genius; and the applause he received from the public, answered the compliments they had made him in private. His Eunuchus, in particular, was acted twice in one day; and he was paid more for that piece than ever had been given before for a comedy: and yet, by the way, it was not much above thirty pounds. We may see by that, and the rest of his plays which remain to us, to what a degree of exactness and elegance the Roman comedy was arrived in his time. There is a beautiful simplicity, which reigns through all his works. There is no searching after wit, and no ostentation of ornament in him. All his speakers seem to say just what they should say, and no more. The story is always going on; and goes on just as it ought. This whole age, long before Terence, and long after, is rather remarkable for strength than beauty in writing. Were we to compare it with the following age, the compositions of this would appear to those of the Augustan, as the Doric order in building if compared with the Corinthian; but Terence's work is to those of the Augustan age, as the Ionic is to the Corinthian order; it is not so ornamented, or so rich; but nothing can be more exact and pleasing. The Roman language itself, in his hands, seems to be improved beyond what one could ever expect, and to be advanced almost a hundred years forwarder than the times he lived in. There are some who look upon this as one of the strangest phænomen-

na in the learned world: but it is a phænomenon which may be well enough explained from Cicero. He says, "that in several families the Roman language was spoken in perfection, even in those times;" and instances particularly in the families of the Lælij and the Scipio's. Every one knows that Terence was extremely intimate in both these families: and as the language of his pieces is that of familiar conversation, he had indeed little more to do, than to write as they talked at their tables. Perhaps, too, he was obliged to Scipio and Lælius, for more than their bare conversations. That is not at all impossible; and indeed the Romans themselves seem generally to have imagined, that he was assisted by them in the writing part too. If it was really so, that will account still better for the elegance of the language in his plays; because Terence himself was born out of Italy; and though he was brought thither very young, he received the first part of his education in a family where they might not speak with so much correctness as Lælius and Scipio had been used to from their very infancy. Thus much for the language of Terence's plays: as for the rest, it seems, from what he says himself, that his most usual method was to take his plans shiefly, and his characters wholly, from the Greek comic poets. Those who say that he translated all the comedies of Menander, certainly carry the matter too far. They were probably more than Terence ever wrote. Indeed this would be more likely to be true of Afranius than Terence; though I suppose, it would scarce hold were we to take both of them together. *Spence.*

§ 43. Of AFRANIUS.

We have a very great loss in the works of Afranius: for he was regarded, even in the Augustan age, as the most exact imitator of Menander. He owns himself, that he had no restraint in copying him; or any other of the Greek comic writers, wherever they set him a good example. Afranius's stories and persons were Roman, as Terence's were Grecian. This was looked upon as so material a point in those days, that it made two different species of comedy. Those on a Greek story were called, *Palliatae*: and those on a Roman, *Togatae*. Terence excelled all the Roman poets in the former, and Afranius in the latter. *Ibid.*

§ 44. Of PACUVIUS and ACTIUS.

About the same time that comedy was improved so considerably, Pacuvius and Actius (one a contemporary of Terence, and the other of Afranius) carried tragedy as far towards perfection as it ever arrived in Roman hands. The step from Ennius to Pacuvius was a very great one; so great, that he was reckoned, in Cicero's time, the best of all their tragic poets. Pacuvius, as well as Terence, enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of Lælius and Scipio: but he did not profit so much by it, as to the improvement of his language. Indeed his style was not to be the common conversation style, as Terence's was; and all the stiffenings given to it, might take just as much from its elegance, as they added to its dignity. What is remarkable in him, is that he was almost as eminent for painting as he was for poetry. He made the decorations for his own plays; and Pliny speaks of some paintings by him, in a temple of Hercules, as the most celebrated work of their kind, done by any Roman of condition after Fabius Pictor. Actius began to publish when Pacuvius was leaving off: his language was not so fine, nor his verses so well turned, even as those of his predecessor. There is a remarkable story of him in an old critic, which, as it may give some light into their different manners of writing, may be worth relating. Pacuvius, in his old age, retired to Tarentum, to enjoy the soft air and mild winters of that place. As Actius was obliged, on some affairs, to make a journey into Asia, he took Tarentum in his way, and staid there some days with Pacuvius. It was in his visit that he read his tragedy of Atreus to him, and desired his opinion of it. Old Pacuvius, after hearing it out, told him very honestly, that the poetry was sonorous and majestic, but that it seemed to him too stiff and harsh. Actius replied, that he was himself very sensible of that fault in his writings; but that he was not at all sorry for it: "for," says he, "I have always been of opinion, that it is the same with writers as with fruits; among which those that are most soft and palatable, decay the soonest; whereas those of a rough taste last the longer, and have the finer relish, when once they come to be mellowed by time."—Whether this style ever came to be thus mellowed, I very much doubt; however

that was, it is a point that seems generally allowed, that he and Pacuvius were the two best tragic poets the Romans ever had.

Spence.

§ 45. *Of the Rise of Satire: Of LUCILIUS, LUCRETIVS, and CATULLUS.*

All this while, that is, for above one hundred years, the stage, as you see, was almost solely in possession of the Roman poets. It was now time for the other kinds of poetry to have their turn; however, the first that sprung up and flourished to any degree, was still a scyon from the same root. What I mean, is Satire; the produce of the old comedy. This kind of poetry had been attempted in a different manner by some of the former writers, and in particular by Ennius: but it was so altered and so improved by Lucilius, that he was called the inventor of it. This was a kind of poetry wholly of the Roman growth; and the only one they had that was so; and even as to this, Lucilius improved a good deal by the side lights he borrowed from the old comedy at Athens. Not long after, Lucretius brought their poetry acquainted with philosophy: and Catullus began to shew the Romans something of the excellence of the Greek lyric poets. Lucretius discovers a great deal of spirit wherever his subject will give him leave; and the first moment he steps a little aside from it, in all his digressions he is fuller of life and fire, and appears to have been of a more poetical turn, than Virgil himself; which is partly acknowledged in the fine compliment the latter seems to pay him in his *Georgics*. His subject often obliges him to go on heavily for an hundred lines together; but wherever he breaks out, he breaks out like lightning from a dark cloud; all at once, with force and brightness. His character in this agrees with what is said of him: that a philtre he took had given him a frenzy, and that he wrote in his lucid intervals. He and Catullus wrote, when letters in general began to flourish at Rome much more than ever they had done. Catullus was too wise to rival him; and was the most admired of all his cotemporaries, in all the different ways of writing he attempted. His odes perhaps are the least valuable part of his works. The strokes of satire in his epigrams are very severe; and the descriptions in his *Idylliums*, very full and picturesque. He paints strongly;

but all his paintings have more of force than elegance, and put one more in mind of Homer than Virgil.

With these I shall choose to close the first age of the Roman poetry: an age more remarkable for strength than for refinement in writing. I have dwelt longer on it perhaps than I ought; but the order and succession of these poets wanted much to be settled: and I was obliged to say something of each of them, because I may have recourse to each on some occasion or another, in shewing you my collection. All that remains to us of the poetical works of this age, are the miscellaneous poems of Catullus; the philosophical poem of Lucretius; six comedies by Terence; and twenty by Plautus. Of all the rest, there is nothing left us, except some passages from their works as happened to be quoted by the ancient writers, and particularly by Cicero and the old critics.

Ibid.

§ 46. *Of the Criticisms of CICERO, HORACE, and QUINCTILIAN on the above Writers.*

The best way to settle the characters and merits of these poets of the first age, where so little of their own works remains, is by considering what is said of them by the other Roman writers, who were well acquainted with their works. The best of the Roman critics we can consult now, and perhaps the best they ever had, are Cicero, Horace, and Quinctilian. If we compare their sentiments of these poets together, we shall find a disagreement in them; but a disagreement which I think may be accounted for, without any great difficulty. Cicero, (as he lived before the Roman Poetry was brought to perfection, and possibly as no very good judge of poetry himself) seems to think more highly of them than the others. He gives up Livius indeed; but then he makes it up in commending Nævius. All the other comic poets he quotes often with respect; and as to the tragic, he carries it so far as to seem strongly inclined to oppose old Ennius to Æschylus, Pacuvius to Sophocles, and Actius to Euripides.—This high notion of the old poets was probably the general fashion in his time; and it continued afterwards (especially among the more elderly sort of people) in the Augustan age; and indeed much longer. Horace, in his epistle to Augustus, combats it as a vulgar error in

his time; and perhaps it was an error from which that prince himself was not wholly free. However that be, Horace, on this occasion, enters into the question very fully, and with a good deal of warmth. The character he gives of the old dramatic poets (which indeed includes all the poets I have been speaking of, except Lucilius, Lucretius, and Catullus), is perhaps rather too severe. He says, "That their language was in a great degree superannuated, even in his time; that they are often negligent and incorrect; and that there is generally a stiffness in their compositions: that people indeed might pardon these things in them, as the fault of the times they lived in; but that it was provoking they should think of commending them for those very faults." In another piece of his, which turns pretty much on the same subject, he gives Lucilius's character much in the same manner. He owns, "that he had a good deal of wit; but then it is rather of the farce kind, than true genteel wit. He is a rapid writer, and has a great many good things in him; but is often very superfluous and incorrect; his language is dashed affectedly with Greek; and his verses are hard and unharmonious."—Quintilian steers the middle way between both. Cicero perhaps was a little misled by his nearness to their times; and Horace by his subject, which was professedly to speak against the old writers. Quintilian, therefore, does not commend them so generally as Cicero, nor speak against them so strongly as Horace; and is perhaps more to be depended upon, in this case, than either of them. He compares the works of Ennius to some sacred grove, in which the old oaks look rather venerable than pleasing. He commends Pacuvius and Actius, for the strength of their language and the force of their sentiments; but says, "they wanted that polish which was set on the Roman poetry afterwards." He speaks of Plautus and Cæcilius, as applauded writers: of Terence, as a most elegant, and of Afranius, as an excellent one; but they all, says he, fall infinitely short of the grace and beauty which is to be found in the Attic writers of comedy, and which is perhaps peculiar to the dialect they wrote in. To conclude: According to him, Lucilius is too much cried up by many, and too much run down by Horace; Lucretius is more to be read for his matter than for his style; and Catullus is remark-

able in the satirical part of his works, but scarce so in the rest of his lyric poetry.

Spence.

§ 47. *Of the flourishing State of Poetry among the ROMANS.*

The first age was only as the dawning of the Roman poetry, in comparison of the clear full light that opened all at once afterwards, under Augustus Cæsar. The state which had been so long tending towards a monarchy, was quite settled down to that form by this prince. When he had no longer any dangerous opponents, he grew mild, or at least concealed the cruelty of his temper. He gave peace and quiet to the people that were fallen into his hands; and looked kindly on the improvement of all the arts and elegancies of life among them. He had a minister, too, under him, who (though a very bad writer himself) knew how to encourage the best; and who admitted the best poets, in particular, into a very great share of friendship and intimacy with him. Virgil was one of the foremost in his list; who, at his first setting out, grew soon their most applauded writer for genteel pastorals; then gave them the most beautiful and most correct poem that ever was wrote in the Roman language, in his rules of agriculture (so beautiful, that some of the ancients seem to accuse Virgil of having studied beauty too much in that piece); and last of all, undertook a political poem, in support of the new establishment. I have thought this to be the intent of the *Æneid*, ever since I first read Bossu; and the more one considers it, the more I think one is confirmed in that opinion. Virgil is said to have begun this poem the very year that Augustus was freed from his great rival Antony: the government of the Roman empire was to be wholly in him: and though he chose to be called their father, he was, in every thing but the name, their king. This monarchical form of government must naturally be apt to displease the people. Virgil seems to have laid the plan of his poem to reconcile them to it. He takes advantage of their religious turn; and of some old prophecies that must have been very flattering to the Roman people, as promising them the empire of the whole world: he weaves this in with the most probable account of their origin, that of their being descended from the Trojans. To be a little more particular: Virgil, in his *Æneid*, shews that

Æneas was called into their country by the express order of the gods; that he was made a king of it, by the will of heaven, and by all the human rights that could be; that there was an uninterrupted succession of kings from him to Romulus; that his heirs were to reign there for ever; and that the Romans, under them, were to obtain the monarchy of the world. It appears from Virgil, and the other Roman writers, that Julius Cæsar was of the royal race, and that Augustus was his sole heir. The natural result of all this is, that the promises made to the Roman people, in and through this race, terminating in Augustus, the Romans, if they would obey the gods, and be masters of the world, were to yield obedience to the new establishment under that prince. As odd a scheme as this may seem now, it is scarce so odd as that of some people among us, who persuaded themselves, that an absolute obedience was owing to our kings, on their supposed descent from some unknown patriarch: and yet that had its effects with many, about a century ago; and seems not to have quite lost all its influence, even in our remembrance. However that be, I think it appears plain enough, that the two great points aimed at by Virgil in his Æneid, were to maintain their old religious tenets, and to support the new form of government in the family of the Cæsars. That poem therefore may very well be considered as a religious and political work, or rather (as the vulgar religion with them was scarce any thing more than an engine of state) it may fairly enough be considered as a work merely political. If this was the case, Virgil was not so highly encouraged by Augustus and Mæcenas for nothing. To speak a little more plainly: He wrote in the service of the new usurpation on the state: and all that can be offered in vindication of him in this light is, that the usurper he wrote for, was grown a tame one; and that the temper and bent of their constitution, at that time, was such, that the reins of government must have fallen into the hands of some one person or another; and might probably, on any new revolution, have fallen into the hands of some one less mild and indulgent than Augustus was, at the time when Virgil wrote this poem in his service. But whatever may be said of his reasons for writing it, the poem itself has been highly applauded in all ages, from its first appearance to this day; and though

left unfinished by its author, has been always reckoned as much superior to all the other epic poems among the Romans, as Homer's is among the Greeks.

Spence.

§ 48. *Observations on the ÆNEID, and the Author's Genius.*

It preserves more to us of the religion of the Romans, than all the other Latin poets (excepting only Ovid) put together: and gives us the forms and appearances of their deities, as strongly as if we had so many pictures of them preserved to us, done by some of the best hands in the Augustan age. It is remarkable that he is commended by some of the ancients themselves, for the strength of his imagination as to this particular, though in general that is not his character, so much as exactness. He was certainly the most correct poet even of his time; in which all false thoughts and idle ornaments in writing were discouraged: and it is as certain, that there is but little of invention in his Æneid; much less, I believe, than is generally imagined. Almost all the little facts in it are built on history; and even as to the particular lines, no one perhaps ever borrowed more from the poets that preceded him, than he did. He goes so far back as to old Ennius: and often inserts whole verses from him, and some other of their earliest writers. The obscurity of their style, did not hinder him much in this: for he was a particular lover of their old language; and no doubt inserted many more antiquated words in his poem than we can discover at present. Judgment is his distinguishing character; and his great excellence consisted in choosing and ranging things aright. Whatever he borrowed, he had the skill of making his own, by weaving it so well into his work, that it looks all of a piece; even those parts of his poems, where this may be most practised, resembling a fine piece of Mosaic, in which all the parts, though of such different marbles, unite together; and the various shades and colours are so artfully disposed as to melt off insensibly into one another.

One of the greatest beauties in Virgil's private characters was, his modesty and good-nature. He was apt to think humbly of himself, and handsomely of others: and was ready to shew his love of merit, even where it might seem to clash with

his own. He was the first who recommended Horace to Mæcenas. *Spence.*

§ 49. *Of HORACE.*

Horace was the fittest man in the world for a court where wit was so particularly encouraged. No man seems to have had more, and all of the genteel sort; or to have been better acquainted with mankind. His gaiety, and even his debauchery, made him still the more agreeable to Mæcenas: so that it is no wonder that his acquaintance with that Minister grew up to so high a degree of friendship, as is very uncommon between a first Minister and a poet; and which had possibly such an effect on the latter, as one shall scarce ever hear of between any two friends the most on a level: for there is some room to conjecture, that he hastened himself out of this world to accompany his great friend in the next. Horace has been most generally celebrated for his lyric poems; in which he far excelled all the Roman poets, and perhaps was no unworthy rival of several of the Greek: which seems to have been the height of his ambition. His next point of merit, as it has been usually reckoned, was his refining satire; and bringing it from the coarseness and harshness of Lucilius to that genteel, easy manner, which he, and perhaps nobody but he and one person more in all the ages since, has ever possessed.—I do not remember that any one of the ancients says any thing of his Epistles: and this has made me sometimes imagine, that his Epistles and Satires might originally have passed under one and the same name; perhaps that of Sermons. They are generally written in a style approaching to that of conversation; and are so much alike, that several of the satires might just as well be called epistles, as several of his epistles have the spirit of satire in them. This latter part of his works, by whatever name you please to call them (whether satires and epistles, or discourses in verse on moral and familiar subjects) is what, I must own, I love much better, even than the lyric part of his works. It is in these that he shews that talent for criticism, in which he so very much excelled; especially in his long epistle to Augustus; and that other to the Piso's, commonly called his Art of Poetry. They abound in strokes which shew his great knowledge of mankind, and in that pleasing way he had of teaching philosophy, of laughing away vice, and insinuating virtue,

into the minds of his readers. They may serve, as much as almost any writings can, to make men wiser and better: for he has the most agreeable way of preaching that ever was. He was, in general, an honest good man himself: at least he does not seem to have had any one ill-natured vice about him. Other poets we admire; but there is not any of the ancient poets that I could wish to have been acquainted with, so much as Horace. One cannot be very conversant with his writings, without having a friendship for the man; and longing to have just such another as he was, for one's friend. *Ibid.*

§ 50. *Of TIBULLUS, PROPERTIUS, and OVID.*

In that happy age, and in the same court, flourished Tibullus. He enjoyed the acquaintance of Horace, who mentions him in a kind and friendly manner, both in his Odes and in his Epistles. Tibullus is evidently the most exact and most beautiful writer of love-verses among the Romans, and was esteemed so by their best judges; though there were some, it seems, even in their better ages of writing and judging, who preferred Propertius to him. Tibullus's talent seems to have been only for elegiac verse: at least his compliment on Messala (which is his only poem out of it) shews, I think, too plainly that he was neither designed for heroic verse, nor panegyric. Elegance is as much his distinguishing character, among the elegiac writers of this age, as it is Terence's among the comic writers of the former; and if his subject will never let him be sublime, his judgment at least always keeps him from being faulty. His rival and contemporary, Propertius, seems to have set himself too many different models, to copy either of them so well as he might otherwise have done. In one place, he calls himself the Roman Callimachus; in another, he talks of rivalling Philetas: and he is said to have studied Mimnermus, and some other of the Greek lyric writers, with the same view. You may see by this, and the practice of all their poets in general, that it was the constant method of the Romans (whenever they endeavoured to excel) to set some great Greek pattern or other before them. Propertius, perhaps, might have succeeded better, had he fixed on any one of these; and not endeavoured to improve by all of them indifferently.—Ovid makes up the triumvirate of the ele-

giac writers of this age; and is more loose and incorrect than either of the other. As Propertius followed too many masters, Ovid endeavoured to shine in too many different kinds of writing at the same time. Besides, he had a redundant genius; and almost always chose rather to indulge, than to give any restraint to it. If one was to give any opinion of the different merits of his several works, one should not perhaps be much beside the truth, in saying, that he excels most in his *Fasti*; then perhaps in his love-verses; next in his heroic epistles; and lastly in his *Metamorphoses*. As for the verses he wrote after his misfortunes, he has quite lost his spirit in them; and though you may discover some difference in his manner after his banishment came to sit a little lighter on him, his genius never shines out fairly after that fatal stroke. His very love of being witty had forsaken him; though before it seems to have grown upon him when it was least becoming, towards his old age: for his *Metamorphoses* (which was the last poem he wrote at Rome, and which indeed was not quite finished when he was sent into banishment) has more instances of false wit in it, than perhaps all his former writings put together. One of the things I have heard him most cried up for, in that piece, is his transitions from one story to another. The ancients thought differently of this point; and Quinctilian, where he is speaking of them, endeavours rather to excuse than to commend him on that head. We have a considerable loss in the latter half of this *Fasti*; and in his *Medea* which is much commended. Dramatic poetry seems not to have flourished, in proportion to the other sorts of poetry, in the Augustan age. We scarce hear any thing of the comic poets of that time; and if tragedy had been much cultivated then, the Roman writers would certainly produce some names from it, to oppose to the Greeks, without going so far back as to those of Actius and Pacuvius. Indeed their own critics, in speaking of the dramatic writings of this age, boast rather of single pieces, than of authors: and the two particular tragedies, which they talk of in the highest strain, are the *Medea* of Ovid, and Varius's *Thyestes*. However, if it was not the age for plays, it was certainly the age in which almost all the other kinds of poetry were in their greatest excellence at Rome.

Spence.

§ 51. Of PHÆDRUS.

Under this period of the best writing, I should be inclined to insert Phædrus. For though he published after the good manner of writing was in general on the decline, he flourished and formed his style under Augustus: and his book, though it did not appear until the reign of Tiberius, deserves, on all accounts, to be reckoned among the works of the Augustan age. *Fabulæ Æsopæ*, was probably the title which he gave his fables. He professedly follows Æsop in them: and declares, that he keeps to his own manner, even where the subject is of his own invention. By this it appears, that Æsop's way of telling stories was very short and plain: for the distinguishing beauty of Phædrus's fables is, their conciseness and simplicity. The taste was so much fallen, at the time when he published them, that both these were objected to him as faults. He used those critics as they deserved. He tells a long, tedious story to those who objected against the conciseness of his style; and answers some others, who condemned the plainness of it, with a run of bombast verses, that have a great many noisy elevated words in them, without any sense at the bottom. *Ibid.*

§ 52. Of MANILIUS.

Manilius can scarce be allowed a place in this list of the Augustan poets; his poetry is inferior to a great many of the Latin poets, who have wrote in these lower ages, so long since Latin has ceased to be a living Language. There is at least, I believe, no instance in any one poet of the flourishing ages, of such language, of such versification, as we meet with in Manilius; and there is not any one ancient writer that speaks one word of any such poet about those times. I doubt not there were bad poets enough in the Augustan age; but I question whether Manilius may deserve the honour of being reckoned even among the bad poets of that time. What must be said, then, to the many passages in the poem, which relate to the times in which the author lived, and which all have a regard to the Augustan age? If the whole be not a modern forgery, I do not see how one can deny his being of that age; and if it be a modern forgery, it is very lucky that it should agree so exactly, in so many little particulars, with the ancient globe of the heavens, in the Farnese Palace. Al-

lowing Manilius's poem to pass for what it pretends to be, there is nothing remains to us of the poetical works of this Augustan age, besides what I have mentioned: except the garden poem of Columella; the little hunting piece of Grattius; and, perhaps, an elegy or two of Gallus.

Spence.

§ 53. *Of the Poets whose Works have not come down to us.*

These are but small remains for an age in which poetry was so well cultivated and followed by very great numbers, taking the good and the bad together. It is probable, most of the best have come down to us. As for the others, we only hear of the elegies of Capella and Montanus: that Proculus imitated Callimachus; and Rufus, Pindar: that Fontanus wrote a sort of piscatory eclogues; and Macer, a poem on the nature of birds, beasts, and plants. That the same Macer, and Rabirinus, and Marsus, and Ponticus, and Peto Albino-vanus, and several others, were epic writers in that time, (which, by the way, seems to have signified little more, than that they wrote in hexameter verse): that Fundanius was the best comic poet then, and Melissus no bad one: that Varius was the most esteemed for epic poetry, before the *Æneid* appeared; and one of the most esteemed for tragedy always: that Pollio (besides his other excellencies at the bar, in the camp, and in affairs of state) is much commended for tragedy; and Varius, either for tragedy or epic poetry; for it does not quite appear which of the two he wrote. These last are great names; but there remain some of still higher dignity, who are, or at least desired to be thought poets in that time. In the former part of Augustus's reign, his first minister for home affairs, Mæcenas; and in the latter part, his grandson Germanicus, were of this number. Germanicus in particular translated Aratus; and there are some (I do not well know on what grounds) who pretend to have met with a considerable part of his translation. The emperor himself seems to have been both a good critic, and a good author. He wrote chiefly in prose; but some things in verse too; and particularly good part of a tragedy, called Ajax.

It is no wonder, under such encouragements, and so great examples, that poetry should arise to a higher pitch than it had ever done among the Romans. They had

been gradually improving it for above two centuries; and in Augustus found a prince, whose own inclinations, the temper of whose reign, and whose very politics, led him to nurse all the arts; and poetry, in a more particular manner. The wonder is, when they had got so far toward perfection, that they should fall as it were all at once; and from their greatest purity and simplicity, should degenerate so immediately into a lower and more affected manner of writing, than had been ever known among them. *Ibid.*

§ 54. *Of the Fall of Poetry among the Romans.*

There are some who assert, that the great age of the Roman eloquence I have been speaking of, began to decline a little even in the latter part of Augustus's reign. It certainly fell very much under Tiberius; and grew every day weaker and weaker, till it was wholly changed under Caligula. Hence therefore we may date the third age, or the fall of the Roman poetry. Augustus, whatever his natural temper was, put on at least a mildness, that gave a calm to the state during his time: the succeeding emperors flung off the mask; and not only were, but openly appeared to be, rather monsters than men. We need not go to their historians for proofs of their prodigious vileness: it is enough to mention the bare names of Tiberius, Caligula, Nero. Under such heads, every thing that was good run to ruin. All discipline in war, all domestic virtues, the very love of liberty, and all the taste for sound eloquence and good poetry, sunk gradually; and faded away, as they had flourished, together. Instead of the sensible, chaste, and manly way of writing, that had been in use in the former age, there now rose up a desire of writing smartly, and an affectation of shining in every thing they said. A certain prettiness and glitter, and luxuriance of ornaments, was what distinguished their most applauded writers in prose; and their poetry was quite lost in high flights and obscurity. Seneca, the favourite prose writer of those times; and Petronius Arbiter, so great a favourite with many of our own; afford too many proofs of this. As to the prose in Nero's time; and as to the poets, it is enough to say, that they had then Lucan and Persius, instead of Virgil and Horace.

Ibid.

§ 55. *Of LUCAN.*

Persius and Lucan, who were the most celebrated poets under the reign of Nero, may very well serve for examples of the faults I just mentioned, one of the swelling, and the other of the obscure style, then in fashion. Lucan's manner in general runs too much into fustian and bombast. His muse was a kind of Dropsey, and looks like the soldier described in his own *Pharsalia*, who in passing the desert sands of Africa, was bit by a serpent, and swelled to such an immoderate size, "that he was lost (as he expresses it) in the tumours of his own body." Some critics have been in too great haste to make Quinctilian say some good things of Lucan, which he never meant to do. What this poet has been admired for, and what he will ever deserve to be admired for, are the several philosophical passages that abound in his works; and his generous sentiments, particularly on the love of liberty and the contempt of death. In his calm hours, he is very wise; but he is often in his rants, and never more so than when he is got into a battle, or a storm at sea; but it is remarkable, that even on those occasions, it is not so much a violence of rage, as a madness of affectation, that appears most strongly in him. To give a few instances of it, out of many: In the very beginning of Lucan's storm, when Cæsar ventured to cross the sea in so small a vessel: "the fixt stars themselves seem to be put in motion." Then "the waves rise over the mountains, and carry away the tops of them." Their next step is to heaven; where they catch the rain "in the clouds:" I suppose to increase their force. The sea opens in several places, and leaves its bottom dry land. All the foundations of the universe are shaken; and nature is afraid of a second chaos. His little skiff, in the mean time, sometimes cuts along the clouds with her sails; and sometimes seems in danger of being stranded on the sands at the bottom of the sea; and must inevitably have been lost, had not the storm (by good fortune) been so strong from every quarter, that she did not know on which side to bulge first.

When the two armies are going to join battle in the plains of *Pharsalia*, we are told, that all the soldiers were incapable of any fear for themselves, because they were wholly taken up with their concern for the danger which threatened Pompey

and the commonwealth. On this great occasion, the hills about them, according to his account, seem to be more afraid than the men; for some of the mountains looked as if they would thrust their heads into the clouds; and others, as if they wanted to hide themselves under the vallies at their feet. And these disturbances in nature were universal: for that day, every single Roman, in whatever part of the world he was, felt a strange gloom spread all over his mind, on a sudden; and was ready to cry, though he did not know why or wherefore. *Spence.*

§ 56. *His Description of the Sea-fight off Marseilles.*

The sea-fight of Marseilles, is a thing that might divert one, full as well as Erasmus's *Naufragium Jocularè*; and what is still stranger, the poet chooses to be most diverting in the wounds he gives the poor soldier. The first person killed in it is pierced at the same instant by two spears; one in his back, and the other in his breast; so nicely, that both their points meet together in the middle of his body. They each, I suppose, had a right to kill him; and his soul was for some time doubtful which it should obey. At last, it compounds the matter; drives out each of the spears before it, at the same instant; and whips out of his body, half at one wound, and half at the other.—A little after this, there is an honest Greek, who has his right hand cut off, and fights on with his left, till he can leap into the sea to recover the former; but there (as misfortunes seldom come single) he has his left arm chopt off too: after which, like the hero in one of our ancient ballads, he fights on with the trunk of his body, and performs actions greater than any Witherington that ever was.—When the battle grows warmer, there are many who have the same misfortune with this Greek. In endeavouring to climb up the enemies' ships, several have their arms struck off; fall into the sea; leave their hands behind them! Some of these swimming combatants encounter their enemies in the water; some supply their friends' ships with arms; some that had no arms, entangle themselves with their enemies; cling to them, and sink together to the bottom of the sea; others stick their bodies against the beaks of their enemies' ships, and scarce a man of them flung away the use of his carcass, even when he should be dead.

But among all the contrivances of these posthumous warriors, the thing most to

be admired, is the sagacity of the great Tyrrhenus. Tyrrhenus was standing at the head of one of the vessels, when a ball of lead flung by an artful slinger, struck out both his eyes. The violent dash of the blow, and the deep darkness that was spread over him all at once, made him at first conclude that he was dead: but when he had recovered his senses a little, and found he could advance one foot before the other, he desired his fellow-soldiers to plant him just as they plant their Balistæ: he hopes he can still fight as well as a machine: and seems mightily pleased to think how he shall cheat the enemy, who will fling away darts at him, that might have killed people who were alive.

Such strange things as these, make me always wonder the more, how Lucan can be so wise as he is in some parts of his poem. Indeed his sentences are more solid than one could otherwise expect from so young a writer, had he wanted such an uncle as Seneca, and such a master as Cornutus. The swellings in the other parts of his poem may be partly accounted for, perhaps, from his being born in Spain, and in that part of it which was the farthest removed from Greece and Rome; nay, of that very city, which is marked by Cicero as particularly overrun with a bad taste. After all, what I most dislike him for, is a blot in his moral character. He was at first pretty high in the favour of Nero. On the discovery of his being concerned in a plot against him, this philosopher (who had written so much and so gallantly, about the pleasure of dying) behaved himself in the most despicable manner. He named his own mother as guilty of the conspiracy, in hopes of saving himself. After this, he added several of his friends to his former confession; and thus continued labouring for a pardon, by making sacrifices to the tyrant of such lives, as any one, much less of a philosopher than he seems to have been, ought to think dearer than their own. All this baseness was of no use to him: for in the end, Nero ordered him to execution too. His veins were opened: and the last words he spoke, were some verses of his own.

Spence.

§ 57. Of PERSIUS.

Persius is said to have been Lucan's school-fellow under Cornutus; and, like him, was bred up more a philosopher than a poet. He has the character of a good man: but scarce deserves that of a good

writer, in any other than the moral sense of the word: for his writings are very virtuous; but not very poetical. His great fault is obscurity. Several have endeavoured to excuse or palliate this fault with him, from the danger of the times he lived in; and the necessity a satirist then lay under, of writing so, for his own security. This may hold as to some passages in him; but to say the truth he seems to have a tendency and love to obscurity in himself: for it is not only to be found where he may speak of the emperor or the state; but in the general course of his satires. So that in my conscience, I must give him up for an obscure writer; as I should Lucan for a tumid and swelling one.

Such was the Roman poetry under Nero. The three emperors after him were made in an hurry, and had short tumultuous reigns. Then the Flavian family came in. Vespasian, the first emperor of that line, endeavoured to recover something of the good taste that had formerly flourished in Rome; his son Titus, the delight of mankind, in his short reign, encouraged poetry by his example, as well as by his liberalities; and even Domitian loved to be thought a patron of the muses. After him, there was a succession of good emperors, from Nerva to the Antonines. And this extraordinary good fortune (for indeed, if one considers the general run of the Roman emperors, it would have been such, to have had any two good ones only together) gave a new spirit to the arts, that had long been in so languishing a condition, and made poetry revive, and raise up its head again, once more among them. Not that there were very good poets even now: but they were better, at least, than they had been under the reign of Nero.

Ibid.

§ 58. Of SILIUS, STATIUS, and VALERIUS FLACCUS.

This period produced three epic poets, whose works remain to us; Silius, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Silius, as if he had been frightened at the high flight of Lucan, keeps almost always on the ground, and scarce once attempts to soar throughout his whole work. It is plain, however, though it is low; and if he has but little of the spirit of poetry, he is free at least from the affectation, and obscurity, and bombast, which prevailed so much among his immediate predecessors. Silius was honoured with the consulate; and lived to

see his son in the same high office. He was a great lover and collector of pictures and statues; some of which he worshipped; especially one he had of Virgil. He used to offer sacrifices too at his tomb near Naples. It is a pity that he could not get more of his spirit in his writings: for he had scarce enough to make his offerings acceptable to the genius of that great poet. — Statius had more of spirit, with a less share of prudence: for his *Thebaid* is certainly ill-conducted, and scarcely well written. By the little we have of his *Achilleid*, that would probably have been a much better poem, at least as to the writing part, had he lived to finish it. As it is, his description of Achilles's behaviour at the feast which Lycomedes makes for the Grecian ambassadors, and some other parts of it, read more pleasingly to me than any part of the *Thebaid*. I cannot help thinking, that the passage quoted so often from Juvenal, as an encomium on Statius, was meant as a satire on him. Martial seems to strike at him too, under the borrowed name of Sabellus. As he did not finish his *Achilleid*, he may deserve more reputation perhaps as a miscellaneous than as an epic-writer; for though the odes and the other copies of verses in his *Sylvæ* are not without their faults, they are not so faulty as his *Thebaid*. The chief faults of Statius, in his *Sylvæ* and *Thebaid*, are said to have proceeded from very different causes: the former, from their having been written incorrectly and in a great deal of haste; and the other, from its being over corrected and hard. Perhaps his greatest fault of all or rather the greatest sign of his bad judgment, is his admiring Lucan so extravagantly as he does. It is remarkable, that poetry run more lineally in Statius's family, than perhaps in any other. He received it from his father; who had been an eminent poet in his time, and lived to see his son obtain the laurel-crown at the Alban games: as he had formerly done himself. — Valerius Flaccus wrote a little before Statius. He died young, and left his poem unfinished. We have but seven books of his *Argonauts*, and part of the eighth, in which the *Argonauts* are left on the sea, in their return homewards. Several of the modern critics, who have been some way or other concerned in publishing Flaccus's works, make no scruple of placing him next to Virgil, of all the Roman epic poets; and I own I am a good deal inclined to be seriously of their opinion:

for he seems to me to have more fire than Silius, and to be more correct than Statius; and as for Lucan, I cannot help looking upon him as quite out of the question. He imitates Virgil's language much better than Silius, or even Statius; and his plan, or rather his story, is certainly less embarrassed and confused than the *Thebaid*. Some of the ancients themselves speak of Flaccus with a great deal of respect; and particularly Quinctilian; who says nothing at all of Silius or Statius; unless the latter is to be included in that general expression of 'several others,' whom he leaves to be celebrated by posterity.

As to the dramatic writers of this time, we have not any one comedy, and only ten tragedies, all published under the name of Lucius Annæus Seneca. They are probably the work of different hands; and might be a collection of favourite plays, put together by some bad grammarian; for either the Roman tragedies of this age were very indifferent, or these are not their best. They have been attributed to authors as far distant as the reigns of Augustus and Trajan. It is true, the person who is so positive that one of them in particular must be of the Augustan age, says this of a piece that he seems resolved to cry up at all rates: and I believe one should do no injury to any one of them, in supposing them all to have been written in this third age, under the decline of the Roman poetry.

Of all the other poets under this period there are none whose works remain to us, except Martial and Juvenal. The former flourished under Domitian; and the latter under Nerva, Trajan, and Adrian. *Spence*.

§ 59. Of MARTIAL.

Martial is a dealer only in a little kind of writing: for Epigram is certainly (what it is called by Dryden) the lowest step of poetry. He is at the very bottom of the hill; but he diverts himself there, in gathering flowers and playing with insects, prettily enough. If Martial made a new-year's gift, he was sure to send a distich with it: if a friend died, he made a few verses to put on his tomb-stone: if a statue was set up, they came to him for an inscription. These were the common offices of his muse. If he struck a fault in life, he marked it down in a few lines; and if he had a mind to please a friend, or to get the favour of the great, his style was turned to panegyric: and these were his highest employments. He was, how-

ever, a good writer in his way; and there are instances even of his writing with some dignity on higher occasions. *Spence.*

§ 60. Of JUVENAL.

Juvenal began to write after all I have mentioned; and, I do not know by what good fortune, writes with a greater spirit of poetry than any of them. He has scarce any thing of the gentility of Horace: yet he is not without humour, and exceeds all the satirists in severity. To say the truth, he flashes too much like an angry executioner; but the depravity of the times, and the vices then in fashion, may often excuse some degree of rage in him. It is said he did not write till he was elderly; and after he had been too much used to declaiming. However, his satires have a great deal of spirit in them; and shew a strong hatred of vice, with some very fine and high sentiments of virtue. They are indeed so animated, that I do not know any poem of this age, which one can read with near so much pleasure as his satires.

Juvenal may very well be called the last of the Roman poets. After his time, poetry continued decaying more and more, quite down to the time of Constantine; when all the arts were so far lost and extinguished among the Romans, that from that time they themselves may very well be called by the name they used to give to all the world, except the Greeks; for the Romans then had scarce any thing to distinguish them from the Barbarians.

There are, therefore, but three ages of the Roman poetry, that can carry any weight with them in an inquiry of this nature. The first age, from the first Punic war to the time of Augustus, is more remarkable for strength, than any great degree of beauty in writing. The second age, or the Augustan, is the time when they wrote with a due mixture of beauty and strength. And the third, from the beginning of Nero's reign to the end of Adrian's, when they endeavoured after beauty more than strength; when they lost much of their vigour, and run too much into affectation. Their poetry, in its youth, was strong and nervous; in its middle age, it was manly and polite; in its latter days it grew tawdry and feeble; and endeavoured to hide the decays of its former beauty and strength, in false ornaments of dress, and a borrowed flush on the face; which did not so much render

it pleasing, as it shewed that its natural complexion was faded and lost. *Ibid.*

§ 61. On the Literary Character of JULIUS CÆSAR.

Julius Cæsar, like the greater part of men distinguished by genius, began to display his inventive powers in the pleasant walks of poesy. In early youth he wrote a Tragedy called *Œdipus*, and the Praise of Hercules, which I imagine was a kind of epic poem; but Augustus prohibited the publication of them both, lest they should expose any marks of juvenile imperfection, and disgrace the imperial family. It should be mentioned also, as an instance of Julius Cæsar's industry, that he compiled a volume, to which he gave the name of *Dicta collectanea*, consisting of the remarkable apophthegms of remarkable men, Augustus suppressed this also, from a scrupulous regard for the honour of the house of Cæsar.

One cannot help wishing that the juvenile productions of so distinguishing a man, had been preserved as curiosities. Though they might not have been exempt from the defects of immature judgment, there is every reason to conjecture that they abounded in elegance,

At a later period, this great man wrote a poem, entitled *Iter*, or the *Itinerary*. It gave an account of his expeditious progress from Rome to Hispania ulterior; and was probably in the style and manner of Horace's *Iter Brundisium*.

I am the rather induced to believe that Cæsar wrote in the Horatian manner *sermoni propria*, because the little specimen which remains of Cæsar's poetry is in that style. It is the well-known fragment on Terence, preserved by Donatus.

Tu quoque, tu in summis, O dimidiatæ Menander, &c.

In the dialogue of an admirable author on the causes of the corruption of eloquence, there is a passage which reflects but little honour on Cæsar as a poet. Cæsar and Brutus, says he, wrote verses and deposited them in libraries; they did not make better verses than Cicero, but yet more happily, since fewer knew that they made them at all. *Non melius quam Cicero, at felicius, quia illos fecisse pauciores sciunt.*

Cæsar's verses, it is probable, were not very striking, as may be collected from an

anecdote recorded of them by Plutarch. When Cæsar was taken by pirates, he so-laced himself in his disagreeable situation, by composing orations and verses. He read his verses to his captors, hoping to receive the flattering tribute of their applause; but the hardy adventurers had no ear for verse. Cæsar gave way to a momentary resentment, called them stupid barbarians, and affirmed that they deserved crucifixion. It cannot be supposed that he revenged the mortification his pride received, in a manner so tyrannical; but it is said that, as soon as he was liberated, he ordered the poor pirates to be nailed to the cross. Crucifixion, it is to be hoped, was a punishment for the want of honesty, and not of taste.

Notwithstanding this vindictive spirit, it would have been happy if this ambition had been poetical rather than political. It might have saved the deluge of blood through which he waded to empire. According to his own confession, the conquest of Gaul occasioned the loss of *one million two hundred thousand lives*; and it is supposed, that the civil wars in which he was engaged, destroyed an equal number. Dreadful effects of pride! Two millions four hundred thousand lives destroyed by one man! Remarkable instance of the instability of human grandeur! for he enjoyed the peaceable possession of his power only five months!

But the present business is to consider Cæsar in the light of a scholar, not as a soldier. If his character as a poet is disputable, his talents as an orator, and his learning and sagacity as a philosopher, are highly and justly esteemed. By a rare union of different abilities he excelled at once in the elegance of polite letters, and in the severer department of recondite science.

As an orator, Cicero places him in the first rank; and Quintilian thinks he would have rivalled Cicero, had he devoted his abilities to the rostrum or tribunal. The elegance of his language was the peculiar excellence which distinguished him as an orator. He was more attic than Cicero; and if he had transmitted his best orations down to posterity, Cicero would not have stood alone at the head of Roman orators. Cicero himself generously extols him, and thinks him equal to those who had made the study of eloquence the business of their lives.

But eloquence was cultivated by Cæsar

only in subservience to his ambition. He knew that the Triumviri, in the plentitude of their usurping power, could cut off the heads and hands of mere orators, and nail them to the rostrum. He knew, that though Cicero inculcated the doctrine that arms should yield to the gown, and the laurel to the tongue, it was the sword and the axe which, in his time carried all before it.

Amidst all the turbulence of ambition, so extensive was his capacity, that he found both time and inclination to write two books, addressed to Cicero, on the cool and dispassionate subjects grammatical analogy. In the dedication, he paid Cicero the great compliment, though, if we may judge from his own conduct, it was insincere. He congratulated the orator on having obtained a laurel more honourable than all military triumph, as it was more glorious to extend the limits of the Roman genius, than of the empire.

Cæsar wrote two books in opposition to Cicero's *Laus Catonis*, in which Cato Uticensis had been celebrated with all the warmth of panegyric. Cæsar considered the praise of Cato as a reflection on himself, and published his answer in two orations, to which he gave the name, *Anti-Catonæ*.

The speeches were in the form of accusations before a judge; and, I believe, they were conducted with temper, for Cæsar praises Cato in the midst of his invective. He was too much master of his temper to suffer it to be indecently disturbed by critical controversy, and he was sufficiently politic to know, that to deny a merit which was become notorious, would injure the cause of which he had undertaken the defence.

One of the principal topics of Cæsar's satire was Cato's ebriety. But he relates an anecdote of it which redounds to the honour of Cato's general character. Cato returning one morning from a convivial meeting, in a state of inebriation, was met by some young men, who were determined to see whom they had encountered. They uncovered his face, and found it Cato. They no sooner saw him than they blushed on their own account, for having taken such a liberty with so great a man. You would have imagined that they had been detected in an improper state by Cato, and not Cato by them; so great was their confusion: and hence it is evident, that in the midst of drunkenness,

Cato's character was respectable, and retained the dignity of superior virtue. Cæsar could not have paid Cato a greater compliment, or allowed him more personal authority, than by relating this story, in which Cato, even when divested of his reason by excess, was yet an awful character.

I imagine Cæsar, in the liberality and urbanity of a cultivated mind, conducted this controversy in a good-humoured manner, and rather more for the pleasure and amusement of it, than from a resentful desire to detract from Cato, whom his enemies allowed to be a good man and a good citizen. Every one knows that he was fond of wine; and Horace seems to think that his virtue, by which is meant his *manly* spirit, acquired warmth from the juice of the grape.

Narratur et prisce Catonis
Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.

The effect of Cæsar's knowledge in astronomy is felt at this hour, in the reformation in the Calendar. Cæsar is represented in Lucan, as saying of himself,

—————media inter prælia semper
Stellarum cœlique plagis superisque vacavi.

He was a lover of the science, and excelled in it; but there is reason to believe, that, in the Julian Calendar, he was assisted or directed by Sosigenes, the astronomer, who had derived his knowledge from the banks of the Nile. It is probable that superstition, and not ignorance only, prevented the reformation from taking place, before Cæsar gave it the sanction of his authority, and received, in return, the whole honour of the invention.

Cæsar's Commentaries are too well known to admit of much animadversion upon them. They are evidently formed on the model of Xenophon's *Anabasis*. Their language is pure, and flows with that ease and perspicuity, which has induced readers unanimsly to compare it to a gentle and beautiful river, whose surface is smooth, and waters pellucid. They who lament the want of political observations in them, and of masterly strokes of animated eloquence, should remember, that Cæsar

professed only to write commentaries, and not a just and legitimate* history.

There is not much remaining of this great man's composition†; but there is enough to induce us to lament that he did not use the pen more than the sword. Poggius maintains, with great force of argument, that in military merit, his first object, he was greatly inferior to Scipio.

Pliny the elder seems to think vigour of mind the distinguishing character of Cæsar. He means not firmness and resolution only; but a peculiar celerity and irresistible force, which can be compared to nothing more aptly than to fire. He could, at the same time, read and write, and listen with attention. He has been known to dictate to his amanuenses six or seven letters at once. Who but must lament that ambition stole him from the Muses? He might have spent all his fire, and acquired immortal fame, in composing an epic poem, or the history of his country, without shedding a drop of blood, or breaking one widow's or orphan's heart; and with the praise and delight of all posterity. *Knox's Winter Evenings.*

§ 62. On the Character and Style of
PLINY the YOUNGER.

The character of PLINY the younger, in whatever light it is viewed, is pleasing. The elegance of his writings resulted from the habitual elegance of his mind and manners. Considered as a man of letters, and a man of the world, he may be said, more than any of the ancients, to deserve the epithet of *All accomplished*.

It has, indeed, been objected, that his letters are too elaborate. Ease, the characteristic of the epistolary style, is said to be sacrificed to studied ornament: but it should be remembered by the censurers of Pliny, that there are beauties of art as well as of nature; and that art, even when misplaced, as it usually is in familiar letters, may produce an agreeable work, as nature may bring forth something anomalous, which, though termed a monster by the naturalists, may yet be beautiful. The perusal of Pliny's letters excites a pleasure more similar to that which arises from a view of an elegant

* *Justum legitimamque* historiam: a classical mode of expression; but naturalized by Bishop Warburton and Bishop Hurd.

† Besides those already mentioned, Cæsar wrote the following works, which are lost—Nine capital Orations, besides some smaller ones, on particular occasions; several books of Epistles, at least sixteen; *Libri Auspiciorum*; *Auguralia*, and some affirm that he translated Aratus's *Phænomena*. Other things are attributed to him, but, it is supposed, erroneously.

parterre, the formal gardening of the old school, than to that which is derived from contemplating the ruder beauties of uncultivated nature, or the ornamented landscape.

Pliny is among those few ancient authors, who have been translated into English without losing much of their original grace. Lord Orrery and Mr. Melmoth seem to have resembled him in their manners, as well as in their style. The task was natural to them; for, while they expressed the author's idea they appear to have expressed their own. Both the translations have uncommon merit; and, if a preference be given to Melmoth's, it must, at the same time, be acknowledged, that a very great share of praise is due to that of Lord Orrery.

The panegyric of Trajan has, like the epistles, been censured as stiff, laboured, and affected; but if the beauties of the composition can excuse the appearance of labour in the epistles, with much greater reason ought they to justify it in a formal oration. At an advanced period of literature, when taste becomes too capricious and depraved to endure the graces of nature and simplicity, there is no resource left for an author who would acquire popularity, but to labour in the invention of ingenious thoughts and new conceits, and in bestowing on his productions the nicest polish of art. Panegyric pieces of eloquence are commonly of all others the most difficult, because their subjects are of all others the most barren. What may be said in very high praise of any man, may usually be comprehended in few words, if truth only and unembellished facts are plainly represented. Whenever, therefore, it is required, by the ceremonies of a public solemnity, to expatiate on the virtues of particular persons, and those persons not the most meritorious, the orator soon finds himself under a necessity of supplying the deficiency of matter by ingenious turns and laboured ornaments.

The compositions of Pliny, whether epistolary or oratorical, are not likely to please the common or superficial reader. Sounding periods, and animated expressions, are required by the vulgar, rather than the less obvious beauties of correctness, refinement, or delicacy. The passions and the imagination of those whose intellects and judgment are weak, are often strong and lively. Their mental appetite, like their corporeal, unaccustomed

to niceties, learns to prefer coarse viands to the dainties of luxury. An uncultivated mind perhaps feels, from the rude ballad of an itinerant singer, as much pleasure as that which arises to an improved taste from the polished pieces of an Horace or a Pindar. It is, therefore, no derogation from the merits of Pliny, that he is not universally admired. His elegance is too subtle and refined for the vulgar eye.

Though great genius may be displayed in hewing even a rough statue, or in sketching an imperfect picture, yet the judicious connoisseur will always feel a pleasure in examining those works of sculpture or painting which have received the highest polish, and have been finished with the nicest traits of the pencil. Such writers as Homer and Shakspeare I must admire with all their imperfections on their heads; but yet, as imperfections are not of themselves laudable, it is surely consistent with reason to admire those also, who, like Pliny, are even painfully solicitous to avoid them. Longinus, with all the ardour of genius, prefers faulty eminence to faultless mediocrity; but neither he, nor any other sensible critic, has pronounced correctness a fault.

It is possible that the judgment may approve, while the heart and imagination remain unaffected. But we read to be moved, to be entertained, to be delighted. Mere approbation is a frigid sentiment. An animated work, therefore, which excites warm emotions, attended with occasional disgust, is read in preference to another, which is insipid though correct, and dull though judicious. But where genius is united with correct taste, the judgment, the heart, and the imagination, are at once fully satisfied. Such a combination existed in the minds of Pliny and Addison. It must, indeed, be remarked, to the honour of Addison, that he is far more natural than Pliny. He has all the elegance of the polite Roman, without the affectation.

"The elegance of Pliny's manners," says Melmoth, "adds force to the most interesting, at the same time that it enlivens the commonest, subjects. But the polite and spirited turn of his epistles is, by no means, their principal recommendation: they receive a much higher value, as they exhibit one of the most amiable and animating characters in all antiquity. Pliny's whole life seems to

have been employed in the exercise of every generous and social affection." Who then, I ask, will not forgive the blemishes of his writings, especially as the blemishes are blended with so much beauty?

Knox's Essays.

§ 63. *Of the Introduction, Improvement, and Fall of the Arts at Rome.*

The city of Rome, as well as its inhabitants, was in the beginning rude and unadorned. Those old rough soldiers looked on the effects of the politer arts as things fit only for an effeminate people; as too apt to soften and unnerve men; and to take from that martial temper and ferocity, which they encouraged so much and so universally in the infancy of their state. Their houses were (what the name they gave them signified) only a covering for them, and a defence against bad weather. These sheds of theirs were more like the caves of wild beasts, than the habitations of men; and were rather flung together as chance led them, than formed into regular streets and openings: their walls were half mud, and their roofs, pieces of wood stuck together; nay, even this was an after improvement; for in Romulus's time, their houses were only covered with straw. If they had any thing that was finer than ordinary, that was chiefly taken up in setting off the temples of their gods; and when these began to be furnished with statues (for they had none till long after Numa's time) they were probably more fit to give terror than delight; and seemed rather formed so as to be horrible enough to strike an awe into those who worshipped them, than handsome enough to invite any one to look upon them for pleasure. Their design, I suppose, was answerable to the materials they were made of: and if their gods were of earthen ware, they were reckoned better than ordinary; for many of them were chopt out of wood. One of the chief ornaments in those times, both of the temples and private houses, consisted in their ancient trophies: which were trunks of trees cleared of their branches, and so formed into a rough kind of posts. These were loaded with the arms they had taken in war, and you may easily perceive what sort of ornaments these posts must make, when half decayed by time, and hung about with old rusty arms, besmeared with the blood of their enemies. Rome was not then that beautiful Rome, whose very ruins at this day are sought after with

so much pleasure; it was a town, which carried an air of terror in its appearance; and which made people shudder, whenever they first entered within its gates.

Spence.

§ 64. *The Condition of the ROMANS in the Second PUNIC War.*

Such was the state of this imperial city, when its citizens had made so great a progress in arms as to have conquered the better part of Italy, and to be able to engage in a war with the Carthaginians; the strongest power then by land, and the absolute masters by sea. The Romans, in the first Punic war, added Sicily to their dominions. In the second, they greatly increased their strength, both by sea and land; and acquired a taste of the arts and elegancies of life, with which till then they had been totally unacquainted. For though before this they were masters of Sicily (which in the old Roman geography made a part of Greece) and of several cities in the eastern parts of Italy, which were inhabited by colonies from Greece, and were adorned with the pictures, and statues, and other works, in which that nation delighted, and excelled the rest of the world so much; they had hitherto looked upon them with so careless an eye, that they had felt little or nothing of their beauty. This insensibility they preserved so long, either from the grossness of their minds, or perhaps from their superstition, and a dread of reverencing foreign deities as much as their own; or (which is the most likely of all) out of mere politics, and the desire of keeping up their martial spirit and natural roughness, which they thought the arts and elegancies of the Grecians would be but too apt to destroy. However that was, they generally preserved themselves from even the least suspicion of taste for the polite arts, pretty far into the second Punic war; as appears by the behaviour of Fabius Maximus in that war, even after the scales were turned on their side. When that general took Tarentum, he found it full of riches, and extremely adorned with pictures and statues. Among others, there were some very fine colossal figures of the gods, represented as fighting against the rebel giants. These were made by some of the most eminent masters in Greece; and the Jupiter, not improbably, by Lysippus. When Fabius was disposing of the spoil, he ordered the money and plate to be sent to the treasury at Rome, but the

statues and pictures to be left behind. The secretary who attended him in his survey was somewhat struck with the largeness and noble air of the figures just mentioned; and asked, Whether they too must be left with the rest? "Yes," replied Fabius, "leave their angry gods to the Tarentines; we will have nothing to do with them."

Spence.

§ 65. MARCELLUS attacks SYRACUSE, and sends all its Pictures and Statues to ROME.

Marcellus had indeed behaved himself very differently in Sicily, a year or two before this happened. As he was to carry on the war in that province, he bent the whole force of it against Syracuse. There was at that time no one city which belonged to the Greeks, more elegant, or better adorned, than the city of Syracuse; it abounded in the works of the best masters. Marcellus, when he took the city, cleared it entirely, and sent all their statues and pictures to Rome. When I say all, I use the language of the people of Syracuse; who soon after laid a complaint against Marcellus before the Roman senate, in which they charged him with stripping all their houses and temples, and leaving nothing but bare walls throughout the city. Marcellus himself did not at all disown it, but fairly confessed what he had done: and used to declare that he had done so, in order to adorn Rome, and to introduce a taste for the fine arts among his countrymen.

Such a difference of behaviour in their two greatest leaders, soon occasioned two different parties in Rome. The old people in general joined in crying up Fabius. — Fabius was not rapacious, as some others were; but temperate in his conquests. In what he had done, he had acted, not only with that moderation which becomes a Roman general, but with much prudence and foresight. "These fineries," they cried, "are a pretty diversion for an idle effeminate people: let us leave them to the Greeks. The Romans desire no other ornaments of life, than a simplicity of manners at home, and fortitude against our enemies abroad. It is by these arts that we have raised our name so high, and spread our dominions so far: and shall we suffer them now to be exchanged for a fine taste, and what they call elegance of living? No, great Jupiter, who presidest over the capitol! let

the Greeks keep their arts to themselves, and let the Romans learn only how to conquer and to govern mankind."—Another set, and particularly the younger people, who were extremely delighted with the noble works of the Grecian artists that had been set up for some time in the temples and porticos, and all the most public places in the city, and who used frequently to spend the greatest part of the day in contemplating the beauties of them, extolled Marcellus as much for the pleasure he had given them. "We shall now," said they, "no longer be reckoned among the Barbarians. That rust, which we have been so long contracting, will soon be worn off. Other generals have conquered our enemies, but Marcellus has conquered our ignorance. We begin to see with new eyes, and have a new world of beauties opening before us. Let the Romans be polite, as well as victorious; and let us learn to excel the nations in taste, as well as to conquer them with our arms."

Whichever side was in the right, the party for Marcellus was the successful one; for, from this point of time we may date the introduction of the arts into Rome. The Romans by this means began to be fond of them; and the love of the arts is a passion, which grows very fast in any breast wherever it is once entertained.

We may see how fast and how greatly it prevailed in Rome, by a speech which old Cato the censor made in the senate, not above seventeen years after the taking of Syracuse. He complains, in it, that their people began to run into Greece and Asia; and to be infected with a desire of playing with their fine things: that as to such spoils, there was less honour in taking them, than there was danger of their being taken by them: that the gods brought from Syracuse, had revenged the cause of its citizens, in spreading this taste among the Romans: that he heard but too many daily crying up the ornaments of Corinth and Athens; and ridiculing the poor old Roman gods; who had hitherto been propitious to them: and who, he hoped, would still continue so, if they would but let their statues remain in peace upon their pedestals.

Spence.

§ 66. The ROMAN Generals, in their several Conquests, convey great Numbers of Pictures and Statues to ROME.

It was in vain too that Cato spoke

against it; for the love of the arts prevailed every day more and more; and from henceforward the Roman generals, in their several conquests, seem to have strove who should bring away the greatest number of statues and pictures, to set off their triumphs, and to adorn the city of Rome. It is surprising what accessions of this kind were made in the compass of a little more than half a century after Marcellus had set the example. The elder Scipio Africanus brought in a great number of wrought vases from Spain and Africa, toward the end of the second Punic war; and the very year after that was finished, the Romans entered into a war with Greece, the great school of all the arts, and the chief repository of most of the finest works that ever were produced by them. It would be endless to mention all their acquisitions from hence; I shall only put you in mind of some of the most considerable. Flaminius made a great shew both of statues and vases in his triumph over Philip king of Macedon; but he was much exceeded by Æmilius, who reduced that kingdom into a province. Æmilius's triumph lasted three days; the first of which was wholly taken up in bringing in the fine statues he had selected in his expedition; as the chief ornament of the second consisted of vases and sculptured vessels of all sorts, by the most eminent hands. These were all the most chosen things, culled from the collection of that successor of Alexander the Great; for as to the inferior spoils of no less than seventy Grecian cities, Æmilius had left them all to his soldiery, as not worthy to appear among the ornaments of his triumph. Not many years after this, the young Scipio Africanus (the person who is most celebrated for his polite taste of all the Romans hitherto, and who was scarce exceeded by any one of them in all the succeeding ages) destroyed Carthage, and transferred many of the chief ornaments of that city, which had so long bid fair for being the seat of empire, to Rome, which soon became undoubtedly so. This must have been a vast accession: though that great man, who was as just in his actions as he was elegant in his taste, did not bring all the finest of his spoils to Rome, but left a great part of them in Sicily, from whence they had formerly been taken by the Carthaginians. The very same year that Scipio freed Rome from its most dangerous rival, Carthage, Mummius (who was as remarkable

for his rusticity, as Scipio was for elegance and taste) added Achaia to the Roman state; and sacked, among several others, the famous city of Corinth, which had been long looked upon as one of the principal reservoirs of the finest works of art. He cleared it of all its beauties, without knowing anything of them: even without knowing, that an old Grecian statue was better than a new Roman one. He used, however, the surest method of not being mistaken; for he took all indifferently as they came in his way: and brought them off in such quantities, that he alone is said to have filled Rome with statues and pictures. Thus, partly from the taste, and partly from the vanity of their generals, in less than seventy years' time (reckoning from Marcellus's taking of Syracuse to the year in which Carthage was destroyed) Italy was furnished with the noblest productions of the ancient artists, that before lay scattered all over Spain, Africa, Sicily, and the rest of Greece. Sylla, beside many others, added vastly to them afterwards; particularly by his taking of Athens, and by his conquests in Asia; where, by his too great indulgence to his armies, he made taste and rapine a general thing, even among the common soldiers, as it had been, for a long time, among their leaders.

In this manner, the first considerable acquisitions were made by their conquering armies; and they were carried on by the persons sent out to govern their provinces when conquered. As the behaviour of these in their governments, in general, was one of the greatest blots on the Roman nation, we must not expect a full account of their transactions in the old historians, who treat particularly of the Roman affairs; for such of these that remain to us, are either Romans themselves, or else Greeks, who were too much attached to the Roman interest, to speak out the whole truth in this affair. But what we cannot have fully from their own historians, may be pretty well supplied from other hands. A poet of their own, who seems to have been a very honest man, has set the rapaciousness of their governors in general in a very strong light; as Cicero hath set forth that of Verres in particular, as strongly. If we may judge of their general behaviour by that of this governor of Sicily, they were more like monsters and harpies, than men. For that public robber (as Cicero calls him, more than once) hunted over every corner of his island, with a couple of finders (one a

Greek painter, and the other a statuary of the same nation) to get together his collection; and was so curious and so rapacious in that search, that Cicero says, there was not a gem, or statue, or relievo, or picture, in all Sicily, which he did not see; nor any one he liked, which he did not take away from its owner. What he thus got, he sent into Italy. Rome was the centre both of their spoils in war, and of their rapines in peace: and if many of their prætors and proconsuls acted but in half so abandoned a manner as this Verres appears to have done, it is very probable that Rome was more enriched in all these sort of things secretly by their governors, than it had been openly by their generals. *Spence.*

§ 67. *The Methods made use of in drawing the Works of the best ancient Artists into ITALY.*

There was another method of augmenting these treasures at Rome not so infamous as this, and not so glorious as the former. What I mean was the custom of the Ædiles, when they exhibited their public games, of adorning the theatres and other places where they were performed, with great numbers of statues and pictures, which they bought up or borrowed, for that purpose, all over Greece, and sometimes even from Asia. Scaurus, in particular, in his ædileship, had no less than three thousand statues and relievos for the mere ornamenting of the stage, in a theatre built only for four or five days. This was the same Scaurus who (whilst he was in the same office too) brought to Rome all the pictures of Sicyon, which had been so long one of the most eminent schools in Greece for painting; in lieu of debts owing, or pretended to be owing, from that city to the Roman people.

From these public methods of drawing the works of the best ancient artists into Italy, it grew at length to be a part of private luxury, affected by almost every body that could afford it, to adorn their houses, their porticos, and their gardens, with the best statues and pictures they could procure out of Greece or Asia. None went earlier into this taste, than the family of the Luculli, and particularly Lucius Lucullus, who carried on the war against Mithridates. He was remarkable for his love of the arts and polite learning even from a child; and in the latter part of his life gave himself up so much to collections of this kind, that Plutarch reckons it among

his follies. "As I am speaking of his faults, (says that historian in his life) I should not omit his vast baths, and piazzas for walking; or his gardens, which were much more magnificent than any in his time at Rome, and equal to any in the luxurious ages that followed: nor his excessive fondness for statues and pictures, which he got from all parts, to adorn his works and gardens, at an immense expence; and with the vast riches he had heaped together in the Mithridatic war." There were several other families which fell about that time into the same sort of excess; and, among the rest, the Julian. The first emperor, who was of that family, was a great collector; and, in particular, was as fond of old gems, as his successor, Augustus, was of Corinthian vases.

This may be called the first age of the flourishing of the politer arts at Rome; or rather the age in which they were introduced there: for the people in this period were chiefly taken up in getting fine things, and bringing them together. There were perhaps some particular persons in it of a very good taste: but in general one may say, there was rather a love, than any great knowledge of their beauties, during this age, among the Romans. They were brought to Rome in the first part of it, in greater numbers than can be easily conceived; and in some time, every body began to look upon them with pleasure. The collection was continually augmenting afterwards, from the several methods I have mentioned: and I doubt not but a good taste would have been a general thing among them much earlier than it was, had it not been for the frequent convulsions in their state, and the perpetual struggles of some great man or other to get the reins of government into his hands. These continued quite from Sylla's time to the establishment of the state under Augustus. The peaceful times that then succeeded, and the encouragement which was given by that emperor to all the arts, afforded the Romans full leisure to contemplate the fine works that were got together at Rome in the age before, and to perfect their taste in all the elegancies of life. The artists, who were then much invited to Rome, worked in a style greatly superior to what they had done even in Julius Cæsar's time: so that it is under Augustus that we may begin the second, and most perfect age of sculpture and painting, as well as of poetry. Augustus changed the whole appearance

of Rome itself; he found it ill built, and left it a city of marble. He adorned it with buildings, extremely finer than any it could boast before his time, and set off all those buildings, and even the common streets, with an addition of some of the finest statues in the world. *Spence.*

§ 68. *On the Decline of the Arts, Eloquence, and Poetry, upon the Death of Augustus.*

On the death of Augustus, though the arts, and the taste for them, did not suffer so great a change, as appeared immediately in the taste of eloquence and poetry, yet they must have suffered a good deal. There is a secret union, a certain kind of sympathy between all the polite arts, which makes them languish and flourish together. The same circumstances are either kind or unfriendly to all of them. The favour of Augustus, and the tranquillity of his reign, was as a gentle dew from heaven, in a favourable season, that made them bud forth and flourish: and the sour reign of Tiberius, was as a sudden frost that checked their growth, and at last killed all their beauties. The vanity, and tyranny, and disturbances of the times that followed, gave the finishing stroke to sculpture as well as eloquence, and to painting as well as poetry. The Greek artists at Rome were not so soon or so much infected by the bad taste of the court, as the Roman writers were: but it reached them too, though by slower and more imperceptible degrees. Indeed what else could be expected from such a run of monsters as Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero? For these were the emperors under whose reigns the arts began to languish; and they suffered so much from their baleful influence, that the Roman writers soon after them speak of all the arts as being brought to a very low ebb. They talk of their being extremely fallen in general; and as to painting, in particular, they represent it as in a most feeble and dying condition. The series of so many good emperors, which happened after Domitian, gave some spirit again to the arts; but soon after the Antonines, they all declined apace, and, by the time of the thirty tyrants, were quite fallen, so as never to rise again under any future Roman emperor.

You may see by these two accounts I have given you of the Roman poetry, and of the other arts, that the great periods of

their rise, their flourishing, and their decline, agree very well; and, as it were, tally with one another. Their style was prepared, and a vast collection of fine works laid in, under the first period, or in the times of the republic; in the second, or the Augustan age, their writers and artists were both in their highest perfection; and in the third, from Tiberius to the Antonines, they both began to languish; and then revived a little; and at last sunk totally together.

In comparing the descriptions of their poets with the works of art, I should therefore choose to omit all the Roman poets after the Antonines. Among them all, there is perhaps no one whose omission need be regretted, except that of Claudian; and even as to him it may be considered, that he wrote when the true knowledge of the arts was no more; and when the true taste of poetry was strangely corrupted and lost; even if we were to judge of it by his own writings only, which are extremely better than any of the poets long before and long after him. It is therefore much better to confine one's self to the three great ages, than to run so far out of one's way for a single poet or two: whose authorities, after all, must be very disputable, and indeed scarce of any weight. *Ibid.*

§ 69. *On DEMOSTHENES.*

I shall not spend any time upon the circumstances of Demosthenes's life; they are well known. The strong ambition which he discovered to excel in the art of speaking; the unsuccessfulness of his first attempts; his unwearied perseverance in surmounting all the disadvantages that arose from his person and address; his shutting himself up in a cave, that he might study with less distraction; his declaiming by the sea-shore, that he might accustom himself to the noise of a tumultuous assembly, and with pebbles in his mouth, that he might correct a defect in his speech; his practising at home with a naked sword hanging over his shoulder, that he might check an ungraceful motion, to which he was subject; all those circumstances, which we learn from Plutarch, are very encouraging to such as study Eloquence, as they show how far art and application may avail, for acquiring an excellence which nature seemed unwilling to grant us. *Blair.*

§ 70. *DEMOSTHENES imitated the manly Eloquence of PERICLES.*

Despising the affected and florid man-

ner which the rhetoricians of that age followed, Demosthenes returned to the forcible and manly eloquence of Pericles; and strength and vehemence form the principal characteristics of his style. Never had orator a finer field than Demosthenes in his Olynthiacs and Philippics, which are his capital orations; and, no doubt, to the nobleness of the subject, and to that integrity and public spirit which eminently breathe in them, they are indebted for much of their merit. The subject is, to rouse the indignation of his countrymen against Philip of Macedon, the public enemy of the liberties of Greece; and to guard them against the insidious measures, by which that crafty prince endeavoured to lay them asleep to danger. In the prosecution of this end, we see him taking every proper method to animate a people, renewed for justice, humanity and valour, but in many instances become corrupt and degenerate. He boldly taxes them with their venality, their indolence, and indifference to the public cause; while at the same time, with all the art of an orator, he recalls the glory of their ancestors to their thoughts, shews them that they are still a flourishing and a powerful people, the natural protectors of the liberty of Greece, and who wanted only the inclination to exert themselves, in order to make Philip tremble. With his cotemporary orators, who were in Philip's interest, and who persuaded the people to peace, he keeps no measures, but plainly reproaches them as the betrayers of their country. He not only prompts to vigorous conduct, but he lays down the plan of that conduct, he enters into particulars; and points out, with great exactness, the measures of execution. This is the strain of those orations. They are strongly animated; and full of the impetuosity and fire of public spirit. They proceed in a continued strain of inductions, consequences, and demonstrations, founded on sound reason. The figures which he uses, are never sought after; but always rise from the subject. He employs them sparingly indeed; for splendour and ornament are not the distinctions of this orator's composition. It is an energy of thought, peculiar to himself, which forms his character, and sets him above all others. He appears to attend much more to things than to words. We forget the orator, and think of the business. He warms the mind, and impels to action. He has no parade and ostentation; no

methods of insinuation; no laboured introductions; but is like a man full of his subject, who, after preparing his audience, by a sentence or two, for hearing plain truths, enters directly on business.

Blair.

§ 71. DEMOSTHENES contrasted with ÆSCHINES.

Demosthenes appears to great advantage, when contrasted with Æschines, in the celebrated oration "Pro Corona." Æschines was his rival in business, and personal enemy; and one of the most distinguished orators of that age. But when we read the two orations, Æschines is feeble in comparison of Demosthenes, and makes much less impression on the mind. His reasonings concerning the law that was in question, are indeed very subtle; but his invective against Demosthenes is general, and ill supported. Whereas, Demosthenes is a torrent, that nothing can resist. He bears down his antagonist with violence; he draws his character in the strongest colours; and the particular merit of that oration is, that all the descriptions in it are highly picturesque. There runs through it a strain of magnanimity and high honour: the orator speaks with that strength and conscious dignity which great actions and public spirit alone inspire. Both orators use great liberties with one another; and, in general, that unrestrained licence which ancient manners permitted, even to the length of abusive names and downright scurrility, as appears both here and in Cicero's Philippics, hurts and offends a modern ear. What those ancient orators gained by such a manner in point of freedom and boldness, is more than compensated by want of dignity: which seems to give an advantage, in this respect, to the greater decency of modern speaking.

Ibid.

§ 72. On the Style of DEMOSTHENES.

The Style of Demosthenes is strong and concise, though sometimes, it must not be dissembled, harsh and abrupt. His words are very expressive; his arrangement is firm and manly; and though far from being unmusical, yet it seems difficult to find in him that studied, but concealed number, and rhythmus, which some of the ancient critics are fond of attributing to him. Negligent of those lesser graces, one would rather conceive him to have aimed at that sublime which lies in sentiment. His ac-

tions and pronunciation are recorded to have been uncommonly vehement and ardent; which, from the manner of his composition, we are naturally led to believe. The character which one forms of him, from reading his works, is of the austere, rather than the gentle kind. He is, on every occasion, grave, serious, passionate; takes every thing on a high tone; never lets himself down, nor attempts any thing like pleasantry. If any fault can be found in his admirable eloquence, it is, that he sometimes borders on the hard and dry. He may be thought to want smoothness and grace; which Dionysius of Halicarnassus attributes to his imitating too closely the manner of Thucydides, who was his great model for Style, and whose history he is said to have written eight times over with his own hand. But these defects are far more than compensated, by that admirable and masterly force of masculine eloquence, which, as it overpowered all who heard it, cannot, at this day, be read without emotion.

After the days of Demosthenes, Greece lost her liberty, eloquence of course languished, and relapsed again into the feeble manner introduced by the Rhetoricians and Sophists. Demetrius Phalereus, who lived in the next age to Demosthenes, attained indeed some character, but he is represented to us as a flowery, rather than a persuasive speaker, who aimed at grace rather than substance. "Delectabat Athenienses," says Cicero, "magis quam inflammabat." "He amused the Athenians, rather than warmed them." And after this time, we hear of no more Grecian orators of any note. *Blair.*

§ 73. On CICERO.

The object in this period most worthy to draw our attention, is Cicero himself; whose name alone suggests every thing that is splendid in oratory. With the history of his life, and with his character, as a man and a politician, we have not at present any direct concern. We consider him only as an eloquent speaker; and, in this view, it is our business to remark both his virtues, and his defects, if he has any. His virtues are, beyond controversy, eminently great. In all his orations there is high art. He begins, generally, with a regular exordium; and with much preparation and insinuation prepossesses the hearers, and studies to gain their affections. His method is clear; and his arguments are

arranged with great propriety. His method is indeed more clear than that of Demosthenes; and this is one advantage which he has over him. We find every thing in its proper place; he never attempts to move till he has endeavoured to convince; and in moving, especially the softer passions, he is very successful. No man, that ever wrote, knew the power and force of words better than Cicero. He rolls them along with the greatest beauty and pomp; and in the structure of his sentences, is curious and exact to the highest degree. He is always full and flowing, never abrupt. He is a great amplifier of every subject; magnificent, and in his sentiments highly moral. His manner is on the whole diffuse, yet it is often happily varied, and suited to the subject. In his four orations, for instance, against Catiline, the tone and style of each of them, particularly the first and last, is very different, and accommodated with a great deal of judgment to the occasion, and the situation in which they were spoken. When a great public object roused his mind, and demanded indignation and force, he departs considerably from that loose and declamatory manner to which he inclines at other times, and becomes exceedingly cogent and vehement. This is the case in his orations against Antony, and in those too against Verres and Catiline. *Ibid.*

§ 74. Defects of CICERO.

Together with those high qualities which Cicero possesses, he is not exempt from certain defects, of which it is necessary to take notice. For the Ciceronian Eloquence is a pattern so dazzling in its beauties, that, if not examined with accuracy and judgment, it is apt to betray the unwary into a faulty imitation; and I am of opinion, that it has sometimes produced this effect. In most of his orations, especially those composed in the earlier part of his life, there is too much art; even carried the length of ostentation. There is too visible a parade of eloquence. He seems often to aim at obtaining admiration, rather than at operating conviction, by what he says. Hence, on some occasions, he is showy, rather than solid; and diffuse, where he ought to have been pressing. His sentences are, at all times, round and sonorous; they cannot be accused of monotony, for they possess variety of cadence; but, from too great a study of magnificence, he is sometimes

deficient in strength. On all occasions where there is the least room for it, he is full of himself. His great actions, and the real services which he had performed to his country, apologize for this in part; ancient manners, too, imposed fewer restraints from the side of decorum; but, even after these allowances made, Cicero's ostentation of himself cannot be wholly palliated; and his orations, indeed all his works, leave on our minds the impression of a good man, but withal, of a vain man.

The defects which we have now taken notice of in Cicero's eloquence, were not unobserved by his own contemporaries. This we learn from Quintilian, and from the author of the dialogue, "de Causis Corruptæ Eloquentiæ." Brutus we are informed called him, "fractum et elumbem," broken and enervated. "Suorum temporum homines," says Quintilian, "incessere audebant eum et tumidiorem & Asianum, et redundantem, et in repetitionibus nimium, et in salibus aliquandò frigidum, & in compositione fractum et exultantem, & penè viro molliorem*." These censures were undoubtedly carried too far; and savour of malignity and personal enmity. They saw his defects, but they aggravated them; and the source of these aggravations can be traced to the difference which prevailed in Rome, in Cicero's days, between two great parties, with respect to eloquence, the "Attici," and the "Asi-ani." The former, who called themselves the Attics, were the patrons of what they conceived to be the chaste, simple, and natural style of eloquence; from which they accused Cicero as having departed, and as leaning to the florid Asiatic manner. In several of his rhetorical works, particularly in his "Orator ad Brutum," Cicero, in his turn, endeavours to expose this sect, as substituting a frigid and jejune manner in place of the true Attic eloquence; and contends, that his own composition was formed upon the real Attic Style. In the tenth Chapter of the last Book of Quintilian's Institutions, a full account is given of the disputes between

these two parties; and of the Rhodian, or middle manner between the Attics and the Asiatics. Quintilian himself declares on Cicero's side; and, whether it be Attic or Asiatic, prefers the full, the copious, and the amplifying style. He concludes with this very just observation: "Plures sunt eloquentiæ facies; sed stultissimum est querere, ad quam recturus se sit orator; cum omnis species, quæ modò recta est, habeat usum.—Utetur enim, ut res exiget, omnibus; nec pro causa modò, sed pro partibus causat."

Blair.

§ 75. Comparison of CICERO and DEMOSTHENES.

On the subject of comparing Cicero and Demosthenes, much has been said by critical writers. The different manners of these two princes of eloquence, and the distinguishing characters of each, are so strongly marked in their writings, that the comparison is, in many respects, obvious and easy. The character of Demosthenes is vigour and austerity; that of Cicero is gentleness and insinuation. In the one, you find more manliness; in the other more ornament. The one is more harsh, but more spirited and cogent; the other more agreeable, but withal, looser and weaker.

To account for this difference, without any prejudice to Cicero, it has been said, that we must look to the nature of their different auditories; that the refined Athenians followed with ease the concise and convincing eloquence of Demosthenes; but that a manner more popular, more flowery, and declamatory, was requisite in speaking to the Romans, a people less acute, and less acquainted with the arts of speech. But this is not satisfactory. For we must observe, that the Greek orator spoke much oftener before a mixed multitude, than the Roman. Almost all the public business of Athens was transacted in popular assemblies. The common people were his hearers, and his judges. Whereas Cicero generally addressed himself to the "Patres Conscripti," or, in criminal trials, to

* "His contemporaries ventured to reproach him as swelling, redundant, and Asiatic; too frequent in repetitions; in his attempts towards wit sometimes cold; and, in the strain of his composition, feeble, desultory, and more effeminate than became a man."

† "Eloquence admits of many different forms; and nothing can be more foolish than to inquire by which of them an orator is to regulate his composition; since every form, which is in itself just, has its own place and use. The Orator, according as circumstances require, will employ them all; suiting them not only to the cause or subject of which he treats, but to the different parts of that subject."

the Prætor, and the Select Judges; and it cannot be imagined, that the persons of highest rank and best education in Rome, required a more diffuse manner of pleading than the common citizens of Athens, in order to make them understand the cause, or relish the speaker. Perhaps we shall come nearer the truth, by observing, that to unite together all the qualities, without the least exception, that form a perfect orator, and to excel equally in each of those qualities, is not to be expected from the limited powers of human genius. The highest degree of strength is, I suspect, never found united with the highest degree of smoothness and ornament: equal attentions to both are incompatible; and the genius that carries ornament to its utmost length, is not of such a kind, as can excel as much in vigour. For there plainly lies the characteristic difference between these two celebrated orators.

It is a disadvantage to Demosthenes, that, besides his conciseness, which sometimes produces obscurity, the language, in which he writes, is less familiar to most of us than the Latin, and that we are less acquainted with the Greek antiquities than we are with the Roman. We read Cicero with more ease, and of course with more pleasure. Independent of this circumstance too, he is no doubt, in himself, a more agreeable writer than the other. But notwithstanding this advantage, I am of opinion, that were the state in danger, or some great public interest at stake, which drew the serious attention of men, an oration in the spirit and strain of Demosthenes would have more weight, and produce greater effects, than one in the Ciceronian manner. Were Demosthenes's Philippics spoken in a British assembly, in a similar conjuncture of affairs, they would convince and persuade at this day. The rapid style, the vehement reasoning, the disdain, anger, boldness, freedom, which perpetually animate them, would render their success infallible over any modern assembly.

I question whether the same can be said of Cicero's orations; whose eloquence, however beautiful, and however well suited to the Roman taste, yet borders oftener on declamation, and is more remote from the manner in which we now expect to hear real business and causes of importance treated*.

In comparing Demosthenes and Cicero, most of the French critics incline to give the preference to the latter. P. Rapin the Jesuit, in the parallels which he has drawn between some of the most eminent Greek and Roman writers, uniformly decides in favour of the Roman. For the preference which he gives to Cicero, he assigns, and lays stress on one reason of a pretty extraordinary nature; viz. that Demosthenes could not possibly have so complete an insight as Cicero into the manners and passions of men; Why?—Because he had not the advantage of perusing Aristotle's treatise of Rhetoric, wherein, says our critic, he has fully laid open that mystery; and, to support this weighty argument, he enters into a controversy with A. Gellius, in order to prove that Aristotle's Rhetoric was not published till after Demosthenes had spoken, at least, his most considerable orations. Nothing can be more childish. Such orators as Cicero and Demosthenes derived their knowledge of the human passions and their power of moving them, from higher motives than any treatise of rhetoric. One French critic has indeed departed from the common track; and, after bestowing on Cicero those just praises, to which the consent of so many ages shews him to be entitled, concludes, however, with giving the palm to Demosthenes. This is Fenelon, the famous archbishop of Cambray, and author of *Telemachus*; himself, surely, no enemy to all the graces and flowers of composition. It is in his *Reflections on Rhetoric and Poetry*, that he gives this judgment; a small tract, commonly published along with his *Dialogues on Eloquence*†. These dialogues and reflections are particularly

* In this judgment I concur with Mr. David Hume, in his *Essay upon Eloquence*. He gives it as his opinion, that of all human productions, the Orations of Demosthenes present to us the models which approach the nearest to perfection.

† As his expressions are remarkably happy and beautiful, the passage here referred to deserves to be inserted. "Je ne crains pas dire, que Demosthene me paroît supérieur à Cicéron. Je proteste que personne n'admire plus Cicéron que je fais. Il embellit tout ce qu'il touche. Il fait honneur à la parole. Il fait des mots ce qu'un autre n'en sauroit faire. Il a je ne sais combien de sortes d'esprits. Il est même court, et vehement, toutes les fois qu'il veut l'estre; contre Catiline, contre Verres, contre Antoine. Mais on remarque quelque parrue dans son discours. L'art y est merveilleux; mais on l'entrevoit. L'orateur en pensant au salut de la république, ne s'oublie pas, et ne se laisse pas oublier. Demosthene paroît sortir de soi, et ne voir que la

worthy of perusal, as containing, I think, the justest ideas on the subject, that are to be met with in any modern critical writer.

Blair.

§ 76. *On the Means of improving ELOQUENCE.*

Next to moral qualifications, what, in the second place, is most necessary to an orator, is a fund of knowledge. Much is this inculcated by Cicero and Quintilian: "Quod omnibus disciplinis et artibus debet esse instructus Orator." By which they mean, that he ought to have what we call a Liberal Education; and to be formed by a regular study of philosophy, and the polite arts. We must never forget that,

Scribendi rectè, sapere est et principium et fons.

Good sense and knowledge are the foundation of all good speaking. There is no art that can teach one to be eloquent, in any sphere, without a sufficient acquaintance with what belongs to that sphere; or if there were an art that made such pretensions, it would be mere quackery, like the pretensions of the sophists of old, to teach their disciples to speak for and against every subject; and would be deservedly exploded by all wise men. Attention to style, to composition, and all the arts of speech, can only assist an orator in setting off, to advantage, the stock of materials which he possesses; but the stock, the materials themselves, must be brought from other quarters than from rhetoric. He who is to plead at the bar, must make himself thoroughly master of the knowledge of the law; of all the learning and experience that can be useful in his profession, for supporting a cause, or convincing a judge. He who is to speak from the pulpit must apply himself closely to the study of divinity, of practical religion, of morals, of human nature; that he may be rich in all the topics both of instruction and of persuasion. He who would fit himself for

being a member of the supreme council of the nation, or of any public assembly, must be thoroughly acquainted with the business that belongs to such assembly; he must study the forms of court, the course of procedure; and must attend minutely to all the facts that may be the subject of question or deliberation.

Besides the knowledge that properly belongs to that profession to which he ad-dicts himself, a public speaker, if ever he expects to be eminent, must make himself acquainted, as far as his necessary occupations allow, with the general circle of polite literature. The study of poetry may be useful to him on many occasions, for embellishing his style, for suggesting lively images, or agreeable allusions. The study of history may be still more useful to him; as the knowledge of facts, of eminent characters, and of the course of human affairs, finds place on many occasions*. There are few great occasions of public speaking in which one will not derive assistance from cultivated taste, and extensive knowledge. They will often yield him materials for proper ornament; sometimes for argument and real use. A deficiency of knowledge, even in subjects that belong not directly to his own profession, will expose him to many disadvantages, and give better qualified rivals a great superiority over him. *Ibid.*

§ 77. *A Habit of Industry recommended to the intended Speaker.*

Allow me to recommend, in the third place, not only the attainment of useful knowledge, but a habit of application and industry. Without this, it is impossible to excel in any thing. We must not imagine that it is by a sort of mushroom growth, that one can rise to be a distinguished pleader, or preacher, or speaker in any assembly. It is not by starts of application, or by a few years' preparation of study afterwards discontinued, that emi-

"patrie. Il ne cherche point le beau; il le fait, sans y penser. Il est au-dessus de l'admiration. Il se sert de la parole, comme un homme modeste de son habit, pour se couvrir. Il tonne; il foudroye. C'est un torrent qui entraîne tout. On ne peut le critiquer, parcequ'on est saisi. On pense aux choses qu'il dit, et non à ses paroles. On le perd de vue. On n'est occupé que de Philippe qui envahit tout. Je suis charmé de ces deux orateurs: mais j'avoue que je suis moins touché de l'art infini, et de la magnifique éloquence de Cicéron, que de la rapide simplicité de Demosthène."

* "Imprimis verò, abundare debet Orator exemplorum copiâ, cum veterum, tum etiam novorum; aded ut non modò quæ conscripta sunt historiis, aut sermionibus velut per manus tradita, quæque quotidie aguntur, debeat nôsse; verùm ne ea quidem quæ a clarioribus poetis sunt ficta negligere." *Quinct. L. xii. Cap. 4.*

nence can be attained. No; it can be attained only by means of regular industry, grown up into a habit, and ready to be exerted on every occasion that calls for industry. This is the fixed law of our nature; and he must have a very high opinion of his own genius indeed, that can believe himself an exception to it. A very wise law of our nature it is; for industry is, in truth, the great "Condimentum," the seasoning of every pleasure; without which life is doomed to languish. Nothing is so great an enemy both to honourable attainments, and to the real, to the brisk, and spirited enjoyment of life, as that relaxed state of mind which arises from indolence and dissipation. One that is destined to excel in any art, especially in the arts of speaking and writing, will be known by this more than by any other mark whatever,—an enthusiasm for that art; an enthusiasm, which, firing his mind with the object he has in view, will dispose him to relish every labour which the means require. It was this that characterised the great men of antiquity; it is this, which must distinguish the moderns who would tread their steps. This honourable enthusiasm, it is highly necessary for such as are studying oratory to cultivate. If youth wants it, manhood will flag miserably.

Blair.

§ 78. *Attention to the best Models recommended to the Student in Eloquence.*

Attention to the best models will contribute greatly towards improvement. Every one who speaks or writes should, indeed, endeavour to have somewhat that is his own, that is peculiar to himself, and that characterises his composition and style. Slavish imitation depresses genius, or rather betrays the want of it. But without, there is no genius so original, but may be profited and assisted by the aid of proper examples in style, composition, and delivery. They always open some new ideas; they serve to enlarge and correct our own. They quicken the current of thought, and excite emulation.

Ibid.

§ 79. *Caution necessary in choosing Models.*

Much, indeed, will depend upon the right choice of models which we purpose to imitate; and supposing them rightly chosen, a farther care is requisite, of not being seduced by a blind universal admiration. For, "decipit exemplar, vitii imi-

"tabile." Even in the most finished models we can select, it must not be forgotten, that there are always some things improper for imitation. We should study to acquire a just conception of the peculiar characteristic beauties of any writer, or public speaker, and imitate these only. One ought never to attach himself too closely to any single model: for he who does so, is almost sure of being seduced into a faulty and affected imitation. His business should be, to draw from several the proper ideas of perfection.

Ibid.

§ 80. *On the Style of BOLINGBROKE and SWIFT.*

Some authors there are, whose manner of writing approaches nearer to the style of speaking than others; and who, therefore, can be imitated with more safety. In this class, among the English authors, are Dean Swift, and Lord Bolingbroke. The Dean, throughout all his writings, in the midst of much correctness, maintains the easy natural manner of an unaffected speaker: and this is one of his chief excellencies. Lord Bolingbroke's style is more splendid, and more declamatory than Dean Swift's; but still it is the style of one who speaks, or rather who harangues. Indeed, all his political writings (for it is to them only, and not to his philosophical ones, that this observation can be applied) carry much more the appearance of one declaiming with warmth in a great assembly, than of one writing in a closet, in order to be read by others. They have all the copiousness, the fervour, the inculcating method, that is allowable and graceful in an orator; perhaps too much of it for a writer: and it is to be regretted, as I have formerly observed, that the matter contained in them should have been so trivial or so false; for, from the manner and style, considerable advantage might be reaped.

Ibid.

§ 81. *Frequent Exercise in composing and speaking necessary for Improvement in Eloquence.*

Besides attention to the best models, frequent exercise, both in composing and speaking, will be admitted to be a necessary mean of improvement. That sort of composition is, doubtless, most useful, which relates to the profession, or kind of public speaking, to which persons addict themselves. This they should keep ever in their eye, and be gradually inuring

themselves to it. But let me also advise them, not to allow themselves in negligent composition of any kind. He who has it for his aim to write; or to speak correctly, should, in the most trivial kind of composition, in writing a letter, nay even in common discourse, study to acquit himself with propriety. I do not at all mean, that he is never to write, or to speak a word, but in elaborate and artificial language. This would form him to a stiffness and affectation, worse, by ten thousand degrees, than the greatest negligence. But it is to be observed, that there is, in every thing, a manner which is becoming, and has propriety; and opposite to it, there is a clumsy and faulty performance of the same thing. The becoming manner is very often the most light, and seemingly careless manner; but it requires taste and attention to seize the just idea of it. That idea, when acquired, we should keep in our eye, and form upon it whatever we write or say. *Blair.*

§ 82. *Of what Use the Study of critical and rhetorical Writers may be.*

It now only remains to inquire, of what use may the study of critical and rhetorical writers be, for improving one in the practice of eloquence? These are certainly not to be neglected; and yet I dare not say that much is to be expected from them. For professed writers on public speaking, we must look chiefly among the ancients. In modern times, for reasons which were before given, popular eloquence, as an art, has never been very much the object of study; it has not the same powerful effect among us that it had in more democratical states; and therefore has not been cultivated with the same care. Among the moderns, though there has been a great deal of good criticism on the different kinds of writing, yet much has not been attempted on the subject of eloquence, or public discourse; and what has been given us of that kind has been drawn mostly from the ancients. Such a writer as Joannes Gerardus Vossius, who has gathered into one heap of ponderous lumber, all the trifling, as well as the useful things that are to be found in the Greek and Roman writers, is enough to disgust one with the study of eloquence. Among the French, there has been more attempted on this subject, than among the English. The Bishop of Cambray's writings on eloquence, I before mentioned with honour. Rollin, Batteux, Crevier, Gibert, and several other French critics, have

also written on oratory; but though some of them may be useful, none of them are so considerable as to deserve particular recommendation.

Ibid.

§ 83. *Recourse must chiefly be had to the original Writers.*

It is to the original ancient writers that we must chiefly have recourse; and it is a reproach to any one, whose profession calls him to speak in public, to be unacquainted with them. In all the ancient rhetorical writers, there is, indeed, this defect, that they are too systematical, as I formerly shewed; they aim at doing too much; at reducing rhetoric to a complete and perfect art, which may even supply invention with materials on every subject; insomuch that one would imagine they expected to form an orator by rule, in as mechanical a manner as one would form a carpenter. Whereas, all that can in truth be done, is to give openings for assisting and enlightening taste, and for pointing out to genius the course it ought to hold.

Aristotle laid the foundation for all that was afterwards written on the subject. That amazing and comprehensive genius, which does honour to human nature, and which gave light into so many different sciences, has investigated the principles of rhetoric with great penetration. Aristotle appears to have been the first who took rhetoric out of the hands of the sophists, and introduced reasoning and good sense into the art. Some of the profoundest things which have been written on the passions and manners of men, are to be found in his *Treatise on Rhetoric*: though in this, as in all his writings, his great brevity often renders him obscure. Succeeding Greek rhetoricians, most of whom are now lost, improved on the foundation which Aristotle had laid. Two of them still remain, Demetrius Phalereus, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus; both write on the construction of sentences, and deserve to be perused; especially Dionysius, who is a very accurate and judicious critic.

I need scarcely recommend the rhetorical writings of Cicero. Whatever, on the subject of eloquence, comes from so great an orator, must be worthy of attention. His most considerable work on this subject is that *De Oratore*, in three books. None of Cicero's writings are more highly finished than this treatise. The dialogue is polite; the characters are well supported, and the conduct of the whole is beautiful and agreeable. It is, indeed, full of

digressions, and his rules and observations may be thought sometimes too vague and general. Useful things, however, may be learned from it; and it is no small benefit to be made acquainted with Cicero's own idea of eloquence. The "Orator ad M. Brutum," is also a considerable treatise; and, in general, throughout all Cicero's rhetorical works there run those high and sublime ideas of eloquence which are fitted both for forming a just taste, and for creating that enthusiasm for the art, which is of the greatest consequence for excelling in it.

But, of all the ancient writers on the subject of oratory, the most instructive, and most useful, is Quintilian. I know few books which abound more with good sense, and discover a greater degree of just and accurate taste, than Quintilian's Institutions. Almost all the principles of good criticism are to be found in them. He has digested into excellent order all the ancient ideas concerning rhetoric, and is, at the same time, himself an eloquent writer. Though some parts of his work contain too much of the technical and artificial system then in vogue, and for that reason may be thought dry and tedious, yet I would not advise the omitting to read any part of his Institutions. To pleaders at the bar, even these technical parts may prove of some use. Seldom has any person, of more sound and distinct judgment than Quintilian, applied himself to the study of the art of oratory. *Blair.*

§ 84. *On the Necessity of a Classical Education.*

The fairest diamonds are rough till they are polished, and the purest gold must be run and washed, and sifted in the ore. We are untaught by nature, and the finest qualities will grow wild and degenerate if the mind is not formed by discipline, and cultivated with an early care. In some persons, who have run up to men without a liberal education, we may observe many great qualities darkened and eclipsed; their minds are crusted over like diamonds in the rock; they flash out sometimes into an irregular greatness of thought, and betray in their actions an unguided force, and unmanaged virtue; something very great and very noble may be discerned, but it looks cumbersome and awkward, and is alone of all things the worse for being natural. Nature is undoubtedly the best mistress and aptest scholar; but nature her-

self must be civilized, or she will look savage, as she appears in the Indian princes, who are vested with a native majesty, a surprising greatness and generosity of soul, and discover what we always regret, fine parts, and excellent natural endowments, without improvement. In those countries, which we call barbarous, where art and politeness are not understood, nature hath the greater advantage in this, that simplicity of manners often secures the innocence of the mind; and as virtue is not, so neither is vice, civilized and refined: but in these politer parts of the world, where virtue excels by rules and discipline, vice also is more instructed, and with us good qualities will not spring up alone: many hurtful weeds will rise with them, and choke them in their growth, unless removed by some skilful hand: nor will the mind be brought to a just perfection without cherishing every hopeful seed, and repressing every superfluous humour: the mind is like the body in this regard, which cannot fall into a decent and easy carriage, unless it be fashioned in time: an untaught behaviour is like the people that use it, truly rustic, forced and uncouth, and art must be applied to make it natural.

Felton.

§ 85. *On the Entrance to Knowledge.*

Knowledge will not be won without pains and application: some parts of it are easier, some more difficult of access: we must proceed at once by sap and battery: and when the breach is practicable, you have nothing to do, but to press boldly on, and enter: it is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters, but when once you come to the spring, they rise and meet you: the entrance into knowledge is oftentimes very narrow, dark and tiresome, but the rooms are spacious, and gloriously furnished: the country is admirable, and every prospect entertaining. You need not wonder that fine countries have strait avenues, when the regions of happiness, like those of knowledge, are impervious and shut to lazy travellers; and the way to heaven itself is narrow.

Common things are easily attained, and nobody values what lies in every body's way: what is excellent is placed out of ordinary reach, and you will easily be persuaded to put forth your hand to the utmost stretch, and reach whatever you aspire at.

Ibid.

§ 86. *Classics recommended.*

Many are the subjects which will invite

and deserve the steadiest application from those who would excel, and be distinguished in them. Human learning in general; natural philosophy, mathematics, and the whole circle of science. But there is no necessity of leading you through these several fields of knowledge: it will be most commendable for you to gather some of the fairest fruit from them all, and to lay up a store of good sense, and sound reason, of great probity, and solid virtue. This is the true use of knowledge, to make it subservient to the great duties of our most holy religion, that as you are daily grounded in the true and saving knowledge of a Christian, you may use the helps of human learning, and direct them to their proper end. You will meet with great and wonderful examples of an irregular and mistaken virtue in the Greeks and Romans, with many instances of greatness of mind, of unshaken fidelity, contempt of human grandeur, a most passionate love of their country, prodigality of life, disdain of servitude, inviolable truth, and the most public disinterested souls, that ever threw off all regards in comparison with their country's good: you will discern the flaws and blemishes of their fairest actions, see the wrong apprehensions they had of virtue, and be able to point them right, and keep them within their proper bounds. Under this correction you may extract a generous and noble spirit from the writings and histories of the ancients. And I would in a particular manner recommend the classic authors to your favour, and they will recommend themselves to your approbation.

If you would resolve to master the Greek as well as the Latin tongue, you will find that the one is the source and original of all that is most excellent in the other: I do not mean so much for expression, as thought, though some of the most beautiful strokes of the Latin tongue are drawn from the lines of the Grecian orators and poets; but for thought and fancy, for the very foundation and embellishment of their works, you will see, the Latins have ransacked the Grecian store, and, as Horace advises all who would succeed in writing well, had their authors night and morning in their hands.

And they have been such happy imitators, that the copies have proved more exact than the originals; and Rome has triumphed over Athens, as well in wit as arms; for though Greece may have the honour of invention, yet it is easier to strike

out a new course of thought than to equal old originals: and therefore it is more honour to surpass, than to invent anew. Verrio is a great man from his own designs; but if he had attempted upon the Cartoons, and outdone Raphael Urbin in life and colours, he had been acknowledged greater than that celebrated master, but now we must think him less. *Felton.*

§ 87. *A Comparison of the Greek and Roman Writers.*

If I may detain you with a short comparison of the Greek and Roman authors, I must own the last have the preference in my thoughts; and I am not singular in my opinion. It must be confessed, the Romans have left no tragedies behind them, that may compare with the majesty of the Grecian stage; the best comedies of Rome were written on the Grecian plan, but Menander is too far lost to be compared with Terence; only if we may judge by the method Terence used in forming two Greek plays into one, we shall naturally conclude, since his are perfect upon that model, that they are more perfect than Menander's were. I shall make no great difficulty in preferring Plautus to Aristophanes, for wit and humour, variety of characters, plot, and contrivance in his plays, though Horace has censured him for low wit.

Virgil has been so often compared with Homer, and the merits of those poets so often canvassed, that I shall only say, that if the Roman shines not in the Grecian's flame and fire, it is the coolness of his judgment, rather than the want of heat. You will generally find the force of a poet's genius, and the strength of his fancy, display themselves in the descriptions they give of battles, storms, prodigies, &c. and Homer's fire breaks out on these occasions in more dread and terror; but Virgil mixes compassion with his terror, and, by throwing water on the flame, makes it burn the brighter; so in the storm; so in his battles on the fall of Pallas and Camilla; and that scene of horror, which his hero opens in the second book; the burning of Troy; the ghost of Hector; the murder of the king; the massacre of the people; the sudden surprise, and the dead of night, are so relieved by the piety and pity that is every where intermixed, that we forget our fears, and join in the lamentation. All the world acknowledges the *Æneid* to be most perfect in its kind; and considering the dis-

advantage of the language, and the severity of the Roman muse, the poem is still more wonderful, since, without the liberty of the Grecian poets, the diction is so great and noble, so clear, so forcible and expressive, so chaste and pure, that even all the strength and compass of the Greek tongue, joined to Homer's fire, cannot give us stronger and clearer ideas, than the great Virgil has set before our eyes; some few instances excepted, in which Homer, through the force of genius, has excelled.

I have argued hitherto for Virgil; and it will be no wonder that his poem should be more correct in the rules of writing, if that strange opinion prevails, that Homer writ without any view or design at all; that his poems are loose independent pieces tacked together, and were originally only so many songs or ballads upon the gods and heroes, and the siege of Troy. If this be true, they are the completest string of ballads I ever met with, and whoever collected them, and put them in the method we now read them in, whether it were Pisistratus, or any other, has placed them in such order, that the *Iliad* and the *Odysseys* seem to have been composed with one view and design, one scheme and intention, which are carried on from the beginning to the end, all along uniform and consistent with themselves. Some have argued, the world was made by a wise Being, and not jumbled together by chance, from the very absurdity of such a supposition; and they have illustrated their argument, from the impossibility that such a poem as Homer's and Virgil's should rise in such beautiful order out of millions of letters eternally shaken together; but this argument is half spoiled, if we allow, that the poems of Homer, in each of which appears one continued formed design from one end to the other, were written in loose scraps on no settled premeditated scheme. Horace, we are sure, was of another opinion, and so was Virgil too, who built his *Æneid* upon the model of the *Iliad* and the *Odysseys*. After all, Tully, whose relation of this passage has given some colour to this suggestion, says no more, than that Pisistratus (whom he commends for his learning, and condemns for his tyranny) observing the books of Homer to lie confused and out of order, placed them in the method the great author, no doubt, had first formed them in: but all this Tully gives us only as report. And it would be very strange, that Aristotle should form his rules on

Homer's poems; that Horace should follow his example, and propose Homer for the standard of epic writing, with this bright testimony, that he "never undertook any thing inconsiderately, nor ever made any foolish attempts;" if indeed this celebrated poet did not intend to form his poems in the order and design we see them in. If we look upon the fabric and construction of those great works, we shall find an admirable proportion in all the parts, a perpetual coincidence, and independence of one upon another; I will venture an appeal to any learned critic in this cause; and if it be a sufficient reason to alter the common readings in a letter, a word, or a phrase, from the consideration of the context, or propriety of the language, and call it the restoring of the text, is it not a demonstration that these poems were made in the same course of lines, and upon the same plan we read them in at present, from all the arguments that connexion, dependence, and regularity can give us? If those critics, who maintain this odd fancy of Homer's writings, had found them loose and undigested, and restored them to the order they stand in now, I believe they would have gloried in their art, and maintained it with more uncontested reasons, than they are able to bring for the discovery of a word or a syllable hitherto falsely printed in the text of any author. But, if any learned men of singular fancies and opinions will not allow those buildings to have been originally designed after the present model, let them at least allow us one poetical supposition on our side, That Homer's harp was as powerful to command his scattered incoherent pieces into the beautiful structure of a poem, as Amphion's was to summon the stones into a wall, or Orpheus's to lead the trees a dance. For certainly, however it happens, the parts are so justly disposed, that you cannot change any book into the place of another, without spoiling the proportion, and confounding the order of the whole.

The *Georgics* are above all controversy with Hesiod; but the *Idylliums* of Theocritus have something so inimitably sweet in the verse and thoughts, such a native simplicity, and are so genuine, so natural a result of the rural life, that I must, in my poor judgment, allow him the honour of the pastoral.

In *Lyrics* the Grecians may seem to have excelled, as undoubtedly they are su-

perior in the number of their poets, and variety of their verse. Orpheus, Alcæus, Sappho, Simonides, and Stesichorus are almost entirely lost. Here and there a fragment of some of them is remaining, which, like some broken parts of ancient statues, preserve an imperfect monument of the delicacy, strength, and skill of the great master's hand.

Pindar is sublime, but obscure, impetuous in his course, and unfathomable in the depth and loftiness of his thoughts. Anacreon flows soft and easy, every where diffusing the joy and indolence of his mind through his verse, and tuning his harp to the smooth and pleasant temper of his soul. Horace alone may be compared to both; in whom are reconciled the loftiness and majesty of Pindar, and the gay, careless, jovial temper of Anacreon: and, I suppose, however Pindar may be admired for greatness, and Anacreon for delicateness of thought; Horace, who rivals one in his triumphs, and the other in his mirth and love, surpasses them both in justness, elegance, and happiness of expression. Anacreon has another follower among the choicest wits of Rome, and that is Catullus, whom, though his lines be rough, and his numbers inharmonious, I could recommend for the softness and delicacy, but must decline for the looseness of his thoughts, too immodest for chaste ears to bear.

I will go no farther in the poets; only, for the honour of our country, let me observe to you, that while Rome has been contented to produce some single rivals to the Grecian poetry, England hath brought forth the wonderful Cowley's wit, who was beloved by every muse he courted, and has rivalled the Greek and Latin poets in every kind but tragedy.

I will not trouble you with the historians any farther, than to inform you, that the contest lies chiefly between Thucydides and Sallust, Herodotus and Livy: though I think Thucydides and Livy may on many accounts more justly be compared: the critics have been very free in their censures, but I shall be glad to suspend any farther judgment, till you shall be able to read them, and give me your opinion.

Oratory and philosophy are the next disputed prizes; and whatever praises may be justly given to Aristotle, Plato, Xenophon and Demosthenes, I will venture to say, that the divine Tully is all the Grecian orators and philosophers in one.

Fellon.

§ 88. *A short Commendation of the Latin Language.*

And now, having possibly given you some prejudice in favour of the Romans, I must beg leave to assure you, that if you have not leisure to master both, you will find your pains well rewarded in the Latin tongue, when once you enter into the elegancies and beauties of it. It is the peculiar felicity of that language to speak good sense in suitable expressions; to give the finest thoughts in the happiest words, and in an easy majesty of style, to write up to the subject. "And in this lies the great secret of writing well. It is that elegant simplicity, that ornamental plainness of speech, which every common genius thinks so plain, that any body may reach it, and findeth so very elegant, that all his sweat, and pains, and study, fail him in the attempt."

In reading the excellent authors of the Roman tongue, whether you converse with poets, orators, or historians, you will meet with all that is admirable in human composition. And though life and spirit, propriety and force of style, be common to them all, you will see that nevertheless every writer shines in his peculiar excellencies; and that wit, like beauty, is diversified into a thousand graces of feature and complexion.

I need not trouble you with a particular character of these celebrated writers. What I have said already, and what I shall say farther of them as I go along, renders it less necessary at present, and I would not pre-engage your opinion implicitly to my side. It will be a pleasant exercise of your judgment to distinguish them yourself, and when you and I shall be able to depart from the common received opinions of the critics and commentators, I may take some other occasion of laying them before you, and submitting what I shall then say of them to your approbation. *Ibid.*

§ 89. *Directions in reading the Classics.*

In the mean time, I shall only give you two or three cautions and directions for your reading them, which to some people will look a little odd, but with me they are of great moment, and very necessary to be observed.

The first is, that you would never be persuaded into what they call *Common-places*; which is a way of taking an author to pieces, and ranging him under pro-

per heads, that you may readily find what he has said upon any point, by consulting an alphabet. This practice is of no use but in circumstantials of time and place, custom and antiquity, and in such instances where facts are to be remembered, not where the brain is to be exercised. In these cases it is of great use: it helps the memory, and serves to keep those things in a sort of order and succession. But, common-placing the sense of an author is such a stupid undertaking, that if I may be indulged in saying it, they want common sense that practise it. What heaps of this rubbish have I seen! O the pains and labour to record what other people have said, that is taken by those who have nothing to say themselves! You may depend upon it, the writings of these men are never worth the reading; the fancy is cramped, the invention spoiled, their thoughts on every thing are prevented, if they think at all; but it is the peculiar happiness of these collectors of sense, that they can write without thinking.

I do most readily agree, that all the bright sparkling thoughts of the ancients, their finest expressions, and noblest sentiments, are to be met with in these transcribers; but how wretchedly are they brought in, how miserably put together! indeed, I can compare such productions to nothing but rich pieces of patch-work, sewed together with packthread.

When I see a beautiful building of exact order and proportion taken down, and the different materials laid together by themselves, it puts me in mind of these commonplace men. The materials are certainly very good, but they understand not the rules of architecture so well as to form them into just and masterly proportions any more: and yet how beautiful would they stand in another model upon another plan!

For, we must confess the truth: We can say nothing new, at least we can say nothing better than has been said before; but we may nevertheless make what we say our own. And this is done when we do not trouble ourselves to remember in what page or what book we have read such a passage: but it falls in naturally with the course of our own thoughts, and takes its place in our writings with as much ease, and looks with as good a grace as it appeared in two thousand years ago.

This is the best way of remembering the ancient authors, when you relish their way of writing, enter into their thoughts,

and imbibe their sense. There is no need of tying ourselves up to an imitation of any of them: much less to copy or transcribe them. For there is room for vast variety of thought and style; as nature is various in her works, and is nature still. Good authors, like the celebrated masters in the several schools of painting, are originals in their way, and different in their manner. And when we can make the same use of the Romans as they did of the Grecians, and habituate ourselves to their way of thinking and writing, we may be equal in rank, though different from them all, and be esteemed as originals as well as they.

And this is what I would have you do. Mix and incorporate with those ancient streams; and though your own wit will be improved and heightened by such a strong infusion, yet the spirit, the thought, the fancy, the expression, which shall flow from your pen, will be entirely your own.

Felton.

§ 90. *Commendation of Schools.*

I am very far from having any mean thoughts of those great men who preside in our chiefest and most celebrated schools; it is my happiness to be known to the most eminent of them in a particular manner, and they will acquit me of any disrespect, where they know I have the greatest veneration; for with them the genius of classic learning dwells, and from them it is derived. And I think myself honoured in the acquaintance of some masters in the country, who are not less polite than they are learned, and to the exact knowledge of the Greek and Roman tongues, have joined a true taste, and delicate relish of the classic authors. But should you ever light into some formal hands, though your sense is too fine to relish those pedantries I have been remonstrating against, when you come to understand them, yet for the present they may impose upon you with a grave appearance; and, as learning is commonly managed by such persons, you may think them very learned, because they are very dull: and if you should receive the tincture while you are young, it may sink too deep for all the waters of Helicon to take out. You may be sensible of it, as we are of ill habits, which we regret, but cannot break, and so it may mix with your studies for ever, and give bad colours to every thing you design, whether in speech or writing.

For these meaner critics dress up their

entertainment so very ill, that they will spoil your palate, and bring you to a vicious taste. With them, as with distempered stomachs, the finest food and noblest juices turn to nothing but crudities and indigestion. You will have no notion of delicacies, if you table with them; they are all for rank and foul feeding; and spoil the best provisions in the cooking; you must be content to be taught parsimony in sense, and for your most inoffensive food to live upon dry meat and insipid stuff, without any poignancy or relish.

So then these gentlemen will never be able to form your taste or your style: and those who cannot give you a true relish of the best writers in the world, can never instruct you to write like them. *Fellon.*

§ 91. *On forming a Style.*

Give me leave to touch this subject, and draw out, for your use, some of the chief strokes, some of the principal lineaments, and fairest features of a just and beautiful style. There is no necessity of being methodical, and I will not entertain you with a dry system upon the matter, but with what you will read with more pleasure, and, I hope, with equal profit, some desultory thoughts in their native order, as they rise in my mind, without being reduced to rules, and marshalled according to art.

To assist you, therefore, as far as art may be an help to nature, I shall proceed to say something of what is required in a finished piece, to make it complete in all its parts, and masterly in the whole.

I would not lay down any impracticable schemes, nor trouble you with a dry formal method: the rule of writing, like that of our duty, is perfect in its kind: but we must make allowances for the infirmities of nature; and since none is without his faults, the most that can be said is, That he is the best writer, against whom the fewest can be alleged.

“A composition is then perfect, when
 “the matter rises out of the subject;
 “when the thoughts are agreeable to the
 “matter, and the expressions suitable to
 “the thoughts; where there is no incon-
 “sistency from the beginning to the end;
 “when the whole is perspicuous in the
 “beautiful order of its parts, and formed
 “in due symmetry and proportion.”

Ibid.

§ 92. *Expression suited to the Thought.*

In every sprightly genius, the expression

will be ever lively as the thoughts. All the danger is, that a wit too fruitful should run out into unnecessary branches; but when it is matured by age, and corrected by judgment, the writer will prune the luxuriant boughs, and cut off the superfluous shoots of fancy, thereby giving both strength and beauty to his work.

Perhaps this piece of discipline is to young writers the greatest self-denial in the world: to confine the fancy, to stifle the birth, much more to throw away the beautiful offspring of the brain, is a trial, that none but the most delicate and lively wits can be put to. It is their praise, that they are obliged to retrench more wit than others have to lavish: the chippings and filings of these jewels, could they be preserved, are of more value than the whole mass of ordinary authors; and it is a maxim with me, that he has not wit enough who has not a great deal to spare.

It is by no means necessary for me to run out into the several sorts of writing: we have general rules to judge of all, without being particular upon any, though the style of an orator be different from that of an historian, and a poet's from both.

Ibid.

§ 93. *On Embellishments of Style.*

The design of expression is to convey our thoughts truly and clearly to the world, in such a manner as is most probable to attain the end we propose, in communicating what we have conceived to the public; and therefore men have not thought it enough to write plainly, unless they wrote agreeably, so as to engage the attention, and work upon the affections, as well as inform the understanding of their readers: for which reason, all arts have been invented to make their writings pleasing, as well as profitable; and those arts are very commendable and honest; they are no trick, no delusion, or imposition on the senses and understanding of mankind; for they are found in nature, and formed upon observing her operations in all the various passions and workings of our minds.

To this we owe all the beauties and embellishments of Style; all figures and schemes of speech, and those several decorations that are used in writing to enliven and adorn the work. The flourishes of fancy resemble the flourishes of the pen in mechanic writers; and the illuminators of manuscripts, and of the press, borrowed their title perhaps from the illu-

mination which a bright genius every where gives to his work, and disperses through his composition.

The commendation of this art of enlightening and adorning a subject, lies in a right distribution of the shades and light. It is in writing, as in a picture, in which the art is to observe where the lights will fall, to produce the most beautiful parts to the day, and cast in shades what we cannot hope will shine to advantage.

It were endless to pursue this subject through all the ornaments and illustrations of speech; and yet I would not dismiss it, without pointing at the general rules and necessary qualifications required in those who would attempt to shine in the productions of their pen. And therefore you must pardon me if I seem to go back, for we cannot raise any regular and durable pile of building, without laying a firm foundation.

Felton.

§ 94. *On the first Requisite, a Mastery of Language.*

The first thing requisite to a just style, is a perfect mastery in the language we write in; this is not so easily attained as is commonly imagined, and depends upon a competent knowledge of the force and propriety of words, a good natural taste of strength and delicacy, and all the beauties of expression. It is my own opinion, that all the rules and critical observations in the world will never bring a man to a just style, who has not of himself a natural easy way of writing; but they will improve a good genius, where nature leads the way, provided he is not too scrupulous, and does not make himself a slave to his rules; for that will introduce a stiffness and affectation, which are utterly abhorrent from all good writing.

By a perfect mastery in any language, I understand not only a ready command of words, upon every occasion, not only the force and propriety of words as to their sense and signification, but more especially the purity and idiom of the language; for in this a perfect mastery does consist. It is to know what is English, and what is Latin, what is French, Spanish, or Italian; to be able to mark the bounds of each language we write in; to point out the distinguishing characters, and the peculiar phrases of each tongue; what expressions or manner of expressing is common to any language besides our own, and what is properly and peculiarly

our phrase, and way of speaking. For this is to speak or write English in purity and perfection, to let the streams run clear and unmixed, without taking in other languages in the course; in English, therefore, I would have all Gallicisms (for instance) avoided, that our tongue may be sincere, that we may keep to our own language, and not follow the French mode in our speech, as we do in our clothes. It is convenient and profitable sometimes to import a foreign word, and naturalize the phrase of another nation, but this is very sparingly to be allowed; and every syllable of foreign growth ought immediately to be discarded, if its use and ornament to our language be not very evident.

Ibid.

§ 95. *On the Purity and Idiom of Language.*

While the Romans studied and used the Greek tongue, only to improve and adorn their own, the Latin flourished, and grew every year more copious, more elegant, and expressive: but in a few years after the ladies and beaux of Rome affected to speak Greek, and regarding nothing but the softness and effeminacy of that noble language, they weakened and corrupted their native tongue: and the monstrous affectation of our travelled ladies and gentlemen to speak in the French air, French tone, French terms, to dress, to cook, to write, to court in French, corrupted at once our language and our manners, and introduced an abominable gallimaufry of French and English mixed together, that made the innovators ridiculous to all men of sense. The French tongue hath undoubtedly its graces and beauties, and I am not against any real improvement of our own language from that or any other: but we are always so foolish, or unfortunate, as never to make any advantage of our neighbours. We affect nothing of theirs, but what is silly and ridiculous; and by neglecting the substantial use of their language, we only enervate and spoil our own.

Languages, like our bodies, are in a perpetual flux, and stand in need of recruits to supply the place of those words that are continually falling off through disuse: and since it is so, I think 'tis better to raise them at home than abroad. We had better rely on our own troops than foreign forces, and I believe we have sufficient strength and numbers within ourselves:

there is a vast treasure, an inexhaustible fund in the old English, from whence authors may draw constant supplies, as our officers make their surest recruits from the coal-works, and the mines. The weight, the strength and significancy of many antiquated words, should recommend them to use again. 'Tis only wiping off the rust they have contracted, and separating them from the dross they lie mingled with, and both in value and beauty they will rise above the standard, rather than fall below it.

Perhaps our tongue is not so musical to the ear, nor so abundant in multiplicity of words; but its strength is real, and its words are therefore the more expressive: the peculiar character of our language is, that it is close, compact, and full: and our writings (if you will excuse two Latin words) come nearest to what Tully means by his *Pressa Oratio*. They are all weight and substance, good measure pressed together, and running over in a redundancy of sense, and not of words. And therefore the purity of our language consists in preserving this character, in writing with the English strength and spirit: let us not envy others, that they are more soft, and diffuse, and rarefied; be it our commendation to write as we pay, in true Sterling; if we want supplies, we had better revive old words, than create new ones. I look upon our language as good bullion, if we do not debase it with too much alloy; and let me leave this censure with you, That he who corrupteth the purity of the English tongue with the most specious foreign words and phrases, is just as wise as those modish ladies that change their plate for china; for which I think the laudable traffic of old clothes is much the fairest barter.

Fellon.

§ 96. On Plainness and Perspicuity.

After this regard to the purity of our language, the next quality of a just style, is its plainness and perspicuity. This is the greatest commendation we can give an author, and the best argument that he is master of the language he writes in, and the subject he writes upon, when we understand him, and see into the scope and tendency of his thoughts, as we read him. All obscurity of expression, and darkness of sense, do arise from the confusion of the writer's thoughts, and his want of proper words. If a man hath not a clear perception of the matter he undertakes to treat of,

be his style never so plain as to the words he uses, it never can be clear; and if his thoughts upon this subject be never so just and distinct, unless he has a ready command of words, and a faculty of easy writing in plain obvious expressions, the words will perplex the sense, and cloud the clearness of his thoughts.

It is the unhappiness of some, that they are not able to express themselves clearly: their heads are crowded with a multiplicity of undigested knowledge, which lies confused in the brain, without any order or distinction. It is the vice of others, to affect obscurity in their thoughts and language, to write in a difficult crabbed style, and perplex the reader with an intricate meaning in more intricate words.

The common way of offending against plainness and perspicuity of style, is an affectation of hard unusual words, and of close contracted periods: the faults of pedants and sententious writers, that are vainly ostentatious of their learning, or their wisdom. Hard words and quaint expressions are abominable: wherever you meet such a writer throw him aside for a coxcomb. Some authors of reputation have used a short and concise way of expression, I must own; and if they are not so clear as others, the fault is to be laid on the brevity they labour after: for while we study to be concise, we can hardly avoid being obscure. We crowd our thoughts into too small a compass, and are so sparing of our words, that we will not afford enow to express our meaning.

There is another extreme in obscure writers, not much taken notice of, which some empty conceited heads are apt to run into out of a prodigality of words, and a want of sense. This is the extravagance of your copious writers, who lose their meaning in a multitude of words, and bury their sense under heaps of phrases. Their understanding is rather rarefied than condensed: their meaning, we cannot say, is dark and thick; it is too light and subtle to be discerned: it is spread so thin, and diffused so wide, that it is hard to be collected. Two lines would express all they say in two pages: 'tis nothing but whipt syllabub and froth, a little varnish and gilding, without any solidity or substance.

Ibid.

§ 97. On the Decorations and Ornaments of Style.

The deepest rivers have the plainest

surface, and the purest waters are always clearest. Crystal is not the less solid for being transparent: the value of a style rises like the value of precious stones. If it be dark and cloudy, it is in vain to polish it: it bears its worth in its native looks, and the same art which enhances its price when it is clear, only debases it if it be dull.

You see I have borrowed some metaphors to explain my thoughts; and it is, I believe, impossible to describe the plainness and clearness of style, without some expressions clearer than the terms I am otherwise bound up to use.

You must give me leave to go on with you to the decorations and ornaments of style; there is no inconsistency between the plainness and perspicuity, and the ornament of writing. A style resembleth beauty, where the face is clear and plain as to symmetry and proportion, but is capable of wonderful improvements as to features and complexion. If I may transgress in too frequent allusions, because I would make every thing plain to you, I would pass on from painters to statuaries, whose excellence it is at first to form true and just proportions, and afterwards to give them that softness, that expression, that strength and delicacy, which make them almost breathe and live.

The decorations of style are formed out of those several schemes and figures, which are contrived to express the passions and motions of our minds in our speech; to give life and ornament, grace and beauty, to our expressions. I shall not undertake the rhetorician's province, in giving you an account of all the figures they have invented, and those several ornaments of writing, whose grace and commendation lie in being used with judgment and propriety. It were endless to pursue this subject through all the schemes and illustrations of speech: but there are some common forms, which every writer upon every subject may use, to enliven and adorn his work.

These are metaphor and similitude: and those images and representations, that are drawn in the strongest and most lively colours, to imprint what the writer would have his readers conceive, more deeply on their minds. In the choice, and in the use of these, your ordinary writers are most apt to offend. Images are very sparingly to be introduced: their proper place is in poems and orations; and their use is to move pity or terror, admiration, compas-

sion, anger, and resentment, by representing something very affectionate or very dreadful, very astonishing, very miserable, or very provoking, to our thoughts. They give a wonderful force and beauty to the subject, where they are painted by a masterly hand; but if they are either weakly drawn, or unskillfully placed, they raise no passion but indignation in the reader.

Felton.

§ 98. On Metaphors and Similitudes.

The most common ornaments are Metaphor and Similitude. One is an allusion to words, the other to things; and both have their beauties, if properly applied.

Similitudes ought to be drawn from the most familiar and best known particulars in the world: if any thing is dark and obscure in them, the purpose of using them is defeated; and that which is not clear itself, can never give light to any thing that wants it. It is the idle fancy of some poor brains, to run out perpetually into a course of similitudes, confounding their subject by the multitude of likenesses; and making it like so many things, that it is like nothing at all. This trifling humour is good for nothing, but to convince us, that the author is in the dark himself; and while he is likening his subject to every thing, he knoweth not what it is like.

There is another tedious fault in some simile men: which is, drawing their comparisons into a great length and minute particulars, where it is of no importance whether the resemblance holds or not. But the true art of illustrating any subject by similitude; is, first to pitch on such a resemblance as all the world will agree in: and then, without being careful to have it run on all four, to touch it only in the strongest lines, and the nearest likeness. And this will secure us from all stiffness and formality in similitude, and deliver us from the nauseous repetition of *as* and *so*, which some so-so writers, if I may beg leave to call them so, are continually sounding in our ears.

I have nothing to say to those gentlemen who bring similitudes and forget the resemblance: All the pleasure we can take when we meet these promising sparks, is in the disappointment, where we find their fancy is so like their subject, that it is not like at all.

Ibid.

§ 99. On Metaphors.

Metaphors require great judgment and

consideration in the use of them. They are a shorter similitude, where the likeness is rather implied than expressed. The signification of one word, in metaphors, is transferred to another, and we talk of one thing in the terms and propriety of another. But there must be a common resemblance, some original likeness in nature, some correspondence and easy transition, or metaphors are shocking and confused.

The beauty of them displays itself in their easiness and propriety, where they are naturally introduced; but where they are forced and crowded, too frequent and various, and do not rise out of the course of thought, but are constrained and pressed into the service, instead of making the discourse more lively and cheerful, they make it sullen, dull, and gloomy.

You must form your judgment upon the best models and the most celebrated pens, where you will find the metaphor in all its grace and strength, shedding a lustre and beauty on the work. For it ought never to be used but when it gives greater force to the sentence, an illustration to the thought, and insinuates a silent argument in the allusion. The use of metaphors is not only to convey the thought in a more pleasing manner, but to give it a stronger impression, and enforce it on the mind. Where this is not regarded, they are vain and trifling trash; and in a due observance of this, in a pure, chaste, natural expression, consist the justness, beauty, and delicacy of style. *Felton.*

§ 100. *On Epithets.*

I have said nothing of Epithets. Their business is to express the nature of the things they are applied to: and the choice of them depends upon a good judgment, to distinguish what are the most proper titles to be given on all occasions, and a complete knowledge in the accidents, qualities, and affections of every thing in the world. They are of most ornament when they are of use: they are to determine the character of every person, and decide the merits of every cause; conscience and justice are to be regarded, and great skill and exactness are required in the use of them. For it is of great importance to call things by their right names: the points of satire, and strains of compliment, depend upon it: otherwise we may make an ass of a lion, commend a man in satire, and lampoon him in panegyric. Here also there is room for genius: common justice and

judgment should direct us to say what is proper at least; but it is parts and fire that will prompt us to the most lively and most forcible epithets that can be applied; and 'tis in their energy and propriety their beauty lies. *Ibid.*

§ 101. *On Allegories.*

Allegories I need not mention, because they are not so much any ornament of style, as an artful way of recommending truth to the world in a borrowed shape, and a dress more agreeable to the fancy, than naked truth herself can be. Truth is ever most beautiful and evident in her native dress: and the arts that are used to convey her to our minds, are no argument that she is deficient, but so many testimonies of the corruption of our nature, when truth, of all things the plainest and sincerest, is forced to gain admittance to us in disguise, and court us in masquerade. *Ibid.*

§ 102. *On the Sublime.*

There is one ingredient more required to the perfection of style, which I have partly mentioned already, in speaking of the suitableness of the thoughts to the subject, and of the words to the thoughts; but you will give me leave to consider it in another light, with regard to the majesty and dignity of the subject.

It is fit, as we have said already, that the thoughts and expressions should be suited to the matter on all occasions; but in nobler and greater subjects, especially where the theme is sacred and divine, it must be our care to think and write up to the dignity and majesty of the things we presume to treat of: nothing little, mean, or low, no childish thoughts, or boyish expressions, will be endured: all must be awful and grave, and great and solemn. The noblest sentiments must be conveyed in the weightiest words: all ornaments and illustrations must be borrowed from the richest parts of universal nature; and in divine subjects, especially when we attempt to speak of God, of his wisdom, goodness, and power, of his mercy and justice, of his dispensations and providence (by all which he is pleased to manifest himself to the sons of men) we must raise our thoughts, and enlarge our minds, and search all the treasures of knowledge for every thing that is great, wonderful, and magnificent; we can only express our thoughts of the Creator in the works of

his creation; and the brightest of these can only give us some faint shadows of his greatness and his glory. The strongest figures are too weak, the most exalted language too low, to express his ineffable excellence. No hyperbole can be brought to heighten our thoughts; for in so sublime a theme, nothing can be hyperbolic.

The riches of imagination are poor, and all the rivers of eloquence are dry, in supplying thought on an infinite subject. How poor and mean, how base and grovelling, are the Heathen conceptions of the Deity! something sublime and noble must needs be said on so great an occasion; but in this great article, the most celebrated of the Heathen pens seem to flag and sink; they bear up in no proportion to the dignity of the theme, as if they were depressed by the weight, and dazzled with the splendour of the subject.

We have no instances to produce of any writers that rise at all to the majesty and dignity of the Divine Attributes, except the sacred penmen. No less than Divine Inspiration could enable men to write worthily of God, and none but the Spirit of God knew how to express his greatness, and display his glory: in comparison of these divine writers, the greatest geniuses, the noblest wits of the Heathen world, are low and dull. The sublime majesty and royal magnificence of the scripture poems are above the reach and beyond the power of all mortal wit. Take the best and liveliest poems of antiquity, and read them as we do the scriptures, in a prose translation, and they are flat and poor. Horace, and Virgil, and Homer, lose their spirits and their strength in the transfusion, to that degree, that we have hardly patience to read them. But the sacred writings, even in our translation, preserve their majesty and their glory, and very far surpass the brightest and noblest compositions of Greece and Rome. And this is not owing to the richness and solemnity of the eastern eloquence (for it holds in no other instance) but to the divine direction and assistance of the holy writers. For, let me only make this remark, that the most literal translation of the scriptures, in the most natural signification of the words, is generally the best; and the same punctualness, which debases other writings, preserves the spirit and majesty of the sacred text: it can suffer no improvement from human wit; and we may observe that those who have presumed

to heighten the expressions by a poetical translation or paraphrase, have sunk in the attempt; and all the decorations of their verse, whether Greek or Latin, have not been able to reach the dignity, the majesty, and solemnity of our prose: so that the prose of scripture cannot be improved by verse, and even the divine poetry is most like itself in prose. One observation more I would leave with you: Milton himself, as great a genius as he was, owes his superiority over Homer and Virgil, in majesty of thought and splendour of expression, to the scriptures; they are the fountain from which he derived his light; the sacred treasure that enriched his fancy, and furnished him with all the truth and wonders of God and his creation, of angels and men, which no mortal brain was ever able to discover or conceive: and in him, of all human writers, you will meet all his sentiments and words raised and suited to the greatness and dignity of the subject.

I have detained you the longer on this majesty of style, being perhaps myself carried away with the greatness and pleasure of the contemplation. What I have dwelt so much on with respect to divine subjects, is more easily to be observed with reference to human: for in all things below divinity, we are rather able to exceed than fall short; and in adorning all other subjects, our words and sentiments may rise in a just proportion to them: nothing is above the reach of man, but heaven; and the same wit can raise a human subject, that only debases a divine. *Felton.*

§ 103. *Rules of Order and Proportion.*

After all these excellencies of style, in purity, in plainness and perspicuity, in ornament and majesty, are considered, a finished piece of what kind soever must shine in the order and proportion of the whole; for light rises out of order, and beauty from proportion. In architecture and painting, these fill and relieve the eye. A just disposition gives us a clear view of the whole at once; and the due symmetry and proportion of every part of itself, and of all together, leave no vacancy in our thoughts or eyes; nothing is wanting, every thing is complete, and we are satisfied in beholding.

But when I speak of order and proportion, I do not intend any stiff and formal method, but only a proper distribution of

the parts in general, where they follow in a natural course, and are not confounded with one another. Laying down a scheme, and marking out the divisions and subdivisions of a discourse, are only necessary in systems, and some pieces of controversy and argumentation; you see, however, that I have ventured to write without any declared order; and this is allowable where the method opens as you read, and the order discovers itself, in the progress of the subject; but certainly, of all pieces that were ever written in a professed and stated method, and distinguished by the number and succession of their parts, our English sermons are the completest in order and proportion; the method is so easy and natural, the parts bear so just a proportion to one another, that among many others, this may pass for a peculiar commendation of them; for those divisions and particulars which obscure and perplex other writings, give a clearer light to ours. All that I would insinuate, therefore, is only this, that it is not necessary to lay the method we use before the reader, only to write, and then he will read, in order.

But it requires a full command of the subject, a distinct view, to keep it always in sight, or else, without some method first designed, we should be in danger of losing it, and wandering after it, till we have lost ourselves, and bewildered the reader.

A prescribed method is necessary for weaker heads, but the beauty of order is its freedom and unconstraint: it must be dispersed and shine in all the parts through the whole performance; but there is no necessity of writing in trammels, when we can move more at ease without them: neither is the proportion of writing to be measured out like the proportions of a horse, where every part must be drawn in the minutest respect to the size and bigness of the rest; but it is to be taken by the mind, and formed upon a general view and consideration of the whole. The statuary that carves Hercules in stone, or casts him in brass, may be obliged to take his dimensions from his foot; but the poet that describes him is not bound up to the geometer's rule: nor is an author under any obligation to write by the scale.

These hints will serve to give you some notion of order and proportion: and I must not dwell too long upon them, lest I transgress the rules I am laying down.

Felton.

§ 104. *A Recapitulation.*

I shall make no formal recapitulation of what I have delivered. Out of all these rules together, rises a just style, and a perfect composition. All the latitude that can be admitted, is in the ornament of writing; we do not require every author to shine in gold and jewels; there is a moderation to be used in the pomp and trappings of a discourse: it is not necessary that every part should be embellished and adorned; but the decoration should be skilfully distributed through the whole: too full and glaring a light is offensive, and confounds the eyes: in heaven itself there are vacancies and spaces between the stars; and the day is not less beautiful for being interspersed with clouds; they only moderate the brightness of the sun, and, without diminishing from his splendour, gild and adorn themselves with his rays. But to descend from the skies: It is in writing as in dress; the richest habits are not always the completest, and a gentleman may make a better figure in a plain suit, than in an embroidered coat; the dress depends upon the imagination, but must be adjusted by the judgment, contrary to the opinion of the ladies, who value nothing but a good fancy in the choice of their clothes. The first excellence is to write in purity, plainly, and clearly; there is no dispensation from these: but afterwards you have your choice of colours, and may enliven, adorn, and paint your subject as you please.

In writing, the rules have a relation and dependence on one another. They are held in one social bond, and joined, like the moral virtues and liberal arts, in a sort of harmony and concord. He that cannot write pure, plain English, must never pretend to write at all; it is in vain for him to dress and adorn his discourse; the finer he endeavours to make it, he makes it only the more ridiculous. And on the other side, let a man write in the exactest purity and propriety of language, if he has not life and fire, to give his work some force and spirit, it is nothing but a mere corpse, and a lumpish, unwieldy mass of matter. But every true genius, who is perfect master of the language he writes in, will let no fitting ornaments and decorations be wanting. His fancy flows in the richest vein, and gives his pieces such lively colours, and so beautiful a complexion, that you would almost say his

own blood and spirits were transfused into the work. *Felton.*

§ 105. *How to form a right Taste.*

A perfect mastery and elegance of style is to be learned from the common rules, but must be improved by reading the orators, and poets, and the celebrated masters in every kind; this will give you a right taste, and a true relish; and when you can distinguish the beauties of every finished piece, you will write yourself with equal commendation.

I do not assert that every good writer must have a genius for poetry; I know Tully is an undeniable exception; but I will venture to affirm, that a soul that is not moved with poetry, and has no taste that way, is too dull and lumpish ever to write with any prospect of being read. It is a fatal mistake, and simple superstition, to discourage youth from poetry, and endeavour to prejudice them against it; if they are of a poetical genius, there is no restraining them: Ovid, you know, was deaf to his father's frequent admonitions. But if they are not quite smitten and bewitched with love of verse, they should be trained to it, to make them masters of every kind of poetry, that by learning to imitate the originals, they may arrive at a right conception and a true taste of their authors: and being able to write in verse upon occasion, I can assure you is no disadvantage to prose: for without relishing the one, a man must never pretend to any taste for the other.

Taste is a metaphor, borrowed from the palate, by which we approve or dislike what we eat or drink, from the agreeableness or disagreeableness of the relish in our mouth. Nature directs us in the common use, and every body can tell sweet from bitter, what is sharp, or sour, or vapid, or nauseous; but it requires senses more refined and exercised, to discover every taste that is more perfect in its kind; every palate is not to judge of that, and yet drinking is more used than reading. All that I pretend to know of the matter, is, that wine should be, like a style, clear, deep, bright, and strong, sincere and pure, sound and dry, (as our advertisements do well express it) which last is a commendable term, that contains the juice of the richest spirits, and only keeps out all cold and dampness.

It is common to commend a man for an ear to music, and a taste of painting: which

are nothing but a just discernment of what is excellent and most perfect in them. The first depends entirely on the ear; a man can never expect to be a master, that has not an ear tuned and set to music; and you can no more sing an ode without an ear, than without a genius you can write one. Painting, we should think, requires some understanding in the art, and exact knowledge of the best masters' manner, to be a judge of it; but this faculty, like the rest, is founded in nature: knowledge in the art, and frequent conversation with the best originals, will certainly perfect a man's judgment; but if there is not a natural sagacity and aptness, experience will be of no great service. A good taste is an argument of a great soul, as well as a lively wit. It is the infirmity of poor spirits to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled by every thing that sparkles: but to pass by what the generality of the world admires, and to be detained with nothing but what is most perfect and excellent in its kind, speaks a superior genius, and a true discernment; a new picture by some meaner hand, where the colours are fresh and lively, will engage the eye, but the pleasure goes off with looking, and what we ran to at first with eagerness, we presently leave with indifference: but the old pieces of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Tintoret, and Titian, though not so inviting at first, open to the eye by degrees; and the longer and oftener we look, we still discover new beauties, and find new pleasure. I am not a man of so much severity in my temper as to allow you to be pleased with nothing but what is in the last perfection; for then, possibly, so many are the infirmities of writing, beyond other arts, you could never be pleased. There is a wide difference in being nice to judge of every degree of perfection, and rigid in refusing whatever is deficient in any point. This would only be weakness of stomach, not any commendation of a good palate; a true taste judges of defects as well as perfections, and the best judges are always the persons of the greatest candour. They will find none but real faults, and whatever they commend, the praise is justly due.

I have intimated already, that a good taste is to be formed by reading the best authors: and when you shall be able to point out their beauties, to discern the brightest passages, the strength and elegance of their language, you will always

write yourself, and read others, by that standard, and must therefore necessarily excel.

Felton.

§ 106. *Taste to be improved by Imitation.*

In Rome there were some popular orators, who, with a false eloquence and violent action, carried away the applause of the people: and with us we have some popular men, who are followed and admired for the loudness of their voice, and a false pathos both in utterance and writing. I have been sometimes in some confusion to hear such persons commended by those of superior sense, who could distinguish, one would think, between empty, pompous, specious harangues, and those pieces in which all the beauties of writing are combined. A natural taste must therefore be improved, like fine parts, and a great genius; it must be assisted by art, or it will be easily vitiated and corrupted. False eloquence passes only where true is not understood; and nobody will commend bad writers, that is acquainted with good.

These are only some cursory thoughts on a subject that will not be reduced to rules. To treat of a true taste in a formal method, would be very insipid; it is best collected from the beauties and laws of writing, and must rise from every man's own apprehension and notion of what he hears and reads.

It may be therefore of farther use, and most advantage to you, as well as a relief and entertainment to refresh your spirits in the end of a tedious discourse, if, besides mentioning the classic authors 'as they fall in my way, I lay before you some of the correctest writers of this age and the last, in several faculties, upon different subjects: Not that you should be drawn into a servile imitation of any of them: but that you may see into the spirit, force, and beauty of them all, and form your pen from those general notions of life and delicacy, of fine thoughts and happy words, which rise to your mind upon reading the great masters of style in their several ways, and manner of excelling.

I must beg leave, therefore, to defer a little the entertainment I promised, while I endeavour to lead you into the true way of imitation, if ever you shall propose any original for your copy; or, which is infinitely preferable, into a perfect mastery of the spirit and perfections of every

celebrated writer, whether ancient or modern.

Felton.

§ 107. *On the Historical Style.*

History will not admit those decorations other subjects are capable of; the passions and affections are not to be moved with any thing, but the truth of the narration. All the force and beauty must lie in the order and expression. To relate every event with clearness and perspicuity, in such words as best express the nature of the subject, is the chief commendation of an historian's style. History gives us a draught of facts and transactions in the world. The colours these are painted in; the strength and significance of the several faces; the regular confusion of a battle; the destructions of tumult sensibly depicted; every object and every occurrence so presented to your view, that while you read, you seem indeed to see them; this is the art and perfection of an historical style. And you will observe, that those who have excelled in history, have excelled in this especially; and what has made them the standards of that style, is the clearness, the life and vigour of their expression, every where properly varied, according to the variety of the subjects they write on: for history and narration are nothing but just and lively descriptions of remarkable events and accidents.

Ibid.

§ 108. *Of HERODOTUS and THUCYDIDES.*

For this reason we praise Herodotus and Thucydides among the Greeks, for I will mention no more of them; and upon this account we commend Sallust and Livy among the Romans. For though they all differ in their style, yet they all agree in these common excellencies. Herodotus displays a natural oratory in the beauty and clearness of a numerous and solemn diction; he flows with a sedate and majestic pace, with an easy current, and pleasant stream. Thucydides does sometimes write in a style so close, that almost every word is a sentence, and every sentence almost acquaints us with something new; so that from the multitude of causes, and variety of matter crowded together, we should suspect him to be obscure: but yet so happy, so admirable a master is he in the art of expression, so proper and so full, that we cannot say whether his diction does more illustrate the things he speaks of, or whether

his words themselves are not illustrated by his matter, so mutual a light do his expressions and subject reflect on each other. His diction, though it be pressed and close, is nevertheless great and magnificent, equal to the dignity and importance of his subject. He first, after Herodotus, ventured to adorn the historian's style, to make the narration more pleasing, by leaving the flatness and nakedness of former ages. This is most observable in his battles, where he does not only relate the mere fight, but writes with a martial spirit, as if he stood in the hottest of the engagement; and what is most excellent as well as remarkable in so close a style, is, that it is numerous and harmonious, that his words are not laboured nor forced, but fall into their places in a natural order, as into their most proper situation. *Felton.*

§ 109. *Of SALLUST and LIVY.*

Sallust and Livy, you will read, I hope, with so much pleasure, as to make a thorough and intimate acquaintance with them. Thucydides and Sallust are generally compared, as Livy is with Herodotus; and, since I am fallen upon their characters, I cannot help touching the comparison. Sallust is represented as a concise, a strong, and nervous writer; and so far he agrees with Thucydides's manner: but he is also charged with being obscure, as concise writers very often are, without any reason. For, if I may judge by my own apprehensions, as I read him, no writer can be more clear, more obvious and intelligible. He has not, indeed, as far as I can observe, one redundant expression; but his words are all weighed and chosen, so expressive and significant, that I will challenge any critic to take a sentence of his, and express it clearer or better; his contraction seems wrought and laboured. To me he appears as a man that considered and studied perspicuity and brevity to that degree, that he would not retrench a word which might help him to express his meaning, nor suffer one to stand, if his sense was clear without it. Being more diffuse, would have weakened his language, and have made it obscurer rather than clearer; for a multitude of words only serve to cloud or dissipate the sense; and though a copious style in a master's hand is clear and beautiful, yet where conciseness and perspicuity are once reconciled, any attempt to

enlarge the expressions, if it does not darken, does certainly make the light much feebler. Sallust is all life and spirit, yet grave and majestic in his diction: his use of old words is perfectly right: there is no affectation, but more weight and significance in them: the boldness of his metaphors are among his greatest beauties; they are chosen with great judgment, and shew the force of his genius; the colouring is strong, and the strokes are bold; and in my opinion he chose them for the sake of the brevity he loved, to express more clearly and more forcibly, what otherwise he must have written in looser characters with less strength and beauty. And no fault can be objected to the justest and exactest of the Roman writers.

Livy is the most considerable of the Roman historians, if to the perfection of his style we join the compass of his subject; in which he has the advantage over all that wrote before him, in any nation but the Jewish, especially over Thucydides; whose history, however drawn out into length, is confined to the shortest period of any, except what remains of Sallust. No historian could be happier in the greatness and dignity of his subject, and none was better qualified to adorn it; for his genius was equal to the majesty of the Roman empire, and every way capable of the mighty undertaking. He is not so copious in words, as abundant in matter, rich in his expression, grave, majestic, and lively: and if I may have liberty to enlarge on the old commendation, I would say his style flows with milk and honey, in such abundance, such pleasure and sweetness, that when once you are proficient enough to read him readily, you will go on with unwearied delight, and never lay him out of your hands without impatience to resume him. We may resemble him to Herodotus, in the manner of his diction; but he is more like Thucydides in the grandeur and majesty of expression; and if we observe the multitude of clauses in the length of the periods, perhaps Thucydides himself is not more crowded; only the length of his periods is apt to deceive us; and great men among the ancients, as well as moderns, have been induced to think this writer was copious, because his sentences were long. Copious he is indeed, and forcible in his descriptions, not lavish in the number, but exuberant in the richness

and significancy of his words. You will observe, for I speak upon my own observation, that Livy is not so easy and obvious to be understood as Sallust; the experiment is made every where in reading five or six pages of each author together. The shortness of Sallust's sentences, as long as they are clear, shews his sense and meaning all the way in an instant: the progress is quick and plain, and every three lines gives us a new and complete idea; we are carried from one thing to another with so swift a pace, that we run as we read, and yet cannot, if we read distinctly, run faster than we understand him. This is the brightest testimony that can be given of a clear and obvious style. In Livy we cannot pass on so readily; we are forced to wait for his meaning till we come to the end of the sentence, and have so many clauses to sort and refer to their proper places in the way, that I must own I cannot read him so readily at sight as I can Sallust; though with attention and consideration I understand him as well. He is not so easy, nor so well adapted to young proficients, as the other: and is ever plainest, when his sentences are shortest; which I think is a demonstration. Some, perhaps, will be apt to conclude, that in this I differ from Quintilian; but I do not conceive so myself; for Quintilian recommends Livy before Sallust rather for his candour, and the larger compass of his history; for he owns a good proficiency is required to understand him; and I can only refer to the experience of young proficients, which of them is more open to their apprehension. Distinction of sentences, in few words, provided the words be plain and expressive, ever gives light to the author, and carries his meaning uppermost; but long periods, and a multiplicity of clauses, however they abound with the most obvious and significant words, do necessarily make the meaning more retired, less forward and obvious to the view: and in this Livy may seem as crowded as Thucydides, if not in the number of periods, certainly in the multitude of clauses, which, so disposed, do rather obscure than illuminate his writings. But in so rich, so majestic, so flowing a writer, we may wait with patience to the end of the sentence, for the pleasure still increases as we read. The elegance and purity, the greatness, the nobleness of his diction, his happiness in narration, and his wonderful eloquence, are above all commendation; and his

style, if we were to decide, is certainly the standard of Roman history. For Sallust, I must own, is too impetuous in his course; he hurries his reader on too fast, and hardly ever allows him the pleasure of expectation, which in reading history, where it is justly raised on important events, is the greatest of all others. *Fellon.*

§ 110. *Their Use in Style.*

Reading these celebrated authors will give you a true taste of good writing, and form you to a just and correct style upon every occasion that shall demand your pen. I would not recommend any of them to a strict imitation; that is servile and mean; and you cannot propose an exact copy of a pattern without falling short of the original: but if you once read them with a true relish and discernment of their beauties, you may lay them aside, and be secure of writing with all the graces of them all, without owing your perfection to any. Your style and manner will be your own, and even your letters upon the most ordinary subjects, will have a native beauty and elegance in the composition, which will equal them with the best originals, and set them far above the common standard.

Upon this occasion, I cannot pass by your favourite author, the grave and facetious Tatler, who has drawn mankind in every dress, and every disguise of nature, in a style ever varying with the humours, fancies, and follies he describes. He has shewn himself a master in every turn of his pen, whether his subject be light or serious, and has laid down the rules of common life with so much judgment, in such agreeable, such lively and elegant language, that from him you at once may form your manners and your style. *Ibid.*

§ 111. *On SPENSER and SHAKSPEARE.*

I may add some poets of more ancient date; and though their style is out of the standard now, there are in them still some lines so extremely beautiful, that our modern language cannot reach them. Chaucer is too old, I fear; but Spenser, though he be antiquated too, hath still charms remaining to make you enamoured of him. His antique verse has music in it to ravish any ears, that can be sensible of the softest, sweetest numbers, that ever flowed from a poet's pen.

Shakspeare is a wonderful genius, a single instance of the force of nature and the strength of wit. Nothing can be greater

and more lively than his thoughts; nothing nobler and more forcible than his expression. The fire of his fancy breaks out into his words, and sets his reader on a flame: he makes the blood run cold or warm; and is so admirable a master of the passions, that he raises your courage, your pity, and your fear at his pleasure; but he delights most in terror. *Felton.*

§ 112. *On MILTON and PHILIPS.*

Milton is the assertor of poetic liberty, and would have freed us from the bondage of rhyme, but, like sinners, and like lovers, we hug our chain, and are pleased in being slaves. Some indeed have made some faint attempts to break it, but their verse had all the softness and effeminacy of rhyme without the music; and Dryden himself, who sometimes struggled to get loose, always relapsed, and was faster bound than ever: but rhyme was his province, and he could make the tinkling of his chains harmonious. Mr. Philips has trod the nearest in his great master's steps, and has equalled him in his verse more than he falls below him in the compass and dignity of his subject. The Shilling is truly splendid in his lines, and his poems will live longer than the unfinished castle, as long as Blenheim is remembered, or Cyder drank in England. But I have digressed from Milton; and that I may return, and say all in a word; his style, his thoughts, his verse, are as superior to the generality of other poets, as his subject.

Ibid.

§ 113. *Great Men have usually appeared at the same time.*

It is a remarkable phænomenon, and one which has often employed the speculations of curious men, that writers and artists, most distinguished for their parts and genius, have generally appeared in considerable numbers at a time. Some ages have been remarkably barren in them; while, at other periods, Nature seems to have exerted herself with a more than ordinary effort, and to have poured them forth with a profuse fertility. Various reasons have been assigned for this. Some of the moral causes lie obvious; such as favourable circumstances of government and of manners; encouragement from great men; emulation excited among the men of genius. But as these have been thought inadequate to the whole effect, physical causes have been also assigned; and the

Abbè du Bos, in his Reflections on Poetry and Painting, has collected a great many observations on the influence which the air, the climate, and other such natural causes, may be supposed to have upon genius. But whatever the causes be, the fact is certain, that there have been certain periods or ages of the world much more distinguished than others, for the extraordinary productions of genius. *Blair.*

§ 114. *Four of these Ages marked out by the Learned.*

Learned men have marked out four of these happy ages. The first is the Grecian age, which commenced near the time of the Peloponnesian war, and extended till the time of Alexander the Great; within which period, we have Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Æschines, Lysias, Isocrates, Pindar, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Menander, Anacreon, Theocritus, Lysippus, Apelles, Phidias, Praxiteles. The second is the Roman age, included nearly within the days of Julius Cæsar and Augustus; affording us, Catullus, Lucretius, Terence, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid, Phædrus, Cæsar, Cicero, Livy, Sallust, Varro, and Vitruvius. The third age is that of the restoration of learning, under the Popes Julius II. and Leo X.; when flourished Ariosto, Tasso, Sannazarius, Vida, Machiavel, Guicciardini, Davila, Erasmus, Paul Jovius, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian. The fourth, comprehends the age of Louis XIV. and Queen Anne; when flourished in France, Corneille, Racine, De Retz, Moliere, Boileau, Fontaine, Baptiste, Rousseau, Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, Pascal, Malebranche, Massillon, Bruyere, Bayle, Fontenelle, Vertot; and in England, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Prior, Swift, Parnell, Congreve, Otway, Young, Rowe, Atterbury, Shaftsbury, Bolingbroke, Tillotson, Temple, Boyle, Locke, Newton, Clarke. *Ibid.*

§ 115. *The reputation of the Ancients established too firmly to be shaken.*

If any one, at this day, in the eighteenth century, takes upon him to decry the ancient Classics; if he pretends to have discovered that Homer and Virgil are poets of inconsiderable merit, and that Demosthenes and Cicero are not great orators, we may boldly venture to tell such a man, that he is come too late with his discovery.

The reputation of such writers is established upon a foundation too solid to be now shaken by any arguments whatever; for it is established upon the almost universal taste of mankind, proved and tried throughout the succession of so many ages. Imperfections in their works he may indeed point out; passages that are faulty, he may shew; for where is the human work that is perfect? But if he attempts to discredit their works in general, or to prove that the reputation which they have gained is on the whole unjust, there is an argument against him, which is equal to full demonstration. He must be in the wrong: for human nature is against him. In matters of taste, such as poetry and oratory, to whom does the appeal lie? where is the standard? and where the authority of the last decision? where is it to be looked for, but, as I formerly shewed, in those feelings and sentiments that are found, on the most extensive examination, to be the common sentiments and feelings of men? These have been fully consulted on this head. The Public, the unprejudiced Public, has been tried and appealed to for many centuries, and throughout almost all civilized nations. It has pronounced its verdict; it has given its sanction to these writers; and from this tribunal there lies no farther appeal.

In matters of mere reasoning, the world may be long in an error; and may be convinced of the error by stronger reasonings, when produced. Positions that depend upon science, upon knowledge, and matters of fact, may be overturned according as science and knowledge are enlarged, and new matters of fact are brought to light. For this reason, a system of philosophy receives no sufficient sanction from its antiquity, or long currency. The world, as it grows older, may be justly expected to become, if not wiser, at least more knowing; and supposing it doubtful whether Aristotle, or Newton, were the greater genius, yet Newton's philosophy may prevail over Aristotle's by means of later discoveries, to which Aristotle was a stranger. But nothing of this kind holds as to matters of Taste; which depend not on the progress of knowledge and science, but upon sentiment and feeling. It is in vain to think of undeceiving mankind,

with respect to errors committed here, as in Philosophy. For the universal feeling of mankind is the natural feeling; and because it is the natural, it is, for that reason, the right feeling. The reputation of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* must therefore stand upon sure ground, because it has stood so long; though that of the Aristotelian or Platonic philosophy, every one is at liberty to call in question. *Blair*.

§ 116. *The Reputation of the Ancients not owing to Pedantry.*

It is in vain also to allege, that the reputation of the ancient poets and orators, is owing to authority, to pedantry, and to the prejudices of education, transmitted from age to age. These, it is true, are the authors put into our hands at schools and colleges, and by that means we have now an early prepossession in their favour; but how came they to gain the possession of colleges and schools? Plainly, by the high fame which these authors had among their own contemporaries. For the Greek and Latin were not always dead languages. There was a time, when Homer, and Virgil, and Horace, were viewed in the same light as we now view Dryden, Pope, and Addison. It is not to commentators and universities, that the classics are indebted for their fame. They became classics and school-books in consequence of the high admiration which was paid them by the best judges in their own country and nation. As early as the days of Juvenal, who wrote under the reign of Domitian, we find Virgil and Horace become the standard books in the education of youth.

Quod stabant pueri, cum totus decolor esset
Flaccus, & hæeret nigro fuligo Maroni.

SAT. 7.*

From this general principle, then, of the reputation of great ancient Classics being so early, so lasting, so extensive, among all the most polished nations, we may justly and boldly infer, that their reputation cannot be wholly unjust, but must have a solid foundation in the merit of their writings. *Ibid.*

§ 117. *In what Respects the Moderns excel the Ancients.*

Let us guard, however, against a blind

* "Then thou art bound to smell, on either hand,
"As many stinking lamps as school-boys stand,
"When Horace could not read in his own sully'd book,
"And Virgil's sacred page was all besmear'd with smoke."

DRYDEN.

and implicit veneration for the Ancients in every thing. I have opened the general principle which must go far in instituting a fair comparison between them and the Moderns. Whatever superiority the Ancients may have had in point of genius, yet in all arts, where the natural progress of knowledge has had room to produce any considerable effects, the Moderns cannot but have some advantage. The world may, in certain respects, be considered as a person, who must needs gain somewhat by advancing in years. Its improvements have not, I confess, been always in proportion to the centuries that have passed over it; for, during the course of some ages, it has sunk as into a total lethargy. Yet when roused from that lethargy, it has generally been able to avail itself, more or less, of former discoveries. At intervals, there arose some happy genius, who could both improve on what had gone before, and invent something new. With the advantage of a proper stock of materials, an inferior genius can make greater progress than a much superior one, to whom these materials are wanting.

Hence, in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, and other sciences that depend on an extensive knowledge and observation of facts, modern philosophers have an unquestionable superiority over the ancient. I am inclined also to think, that in matters of pure reasoning, there is more precision among the moderns, than in some instances there was among the ancients; owing perhaps to a more extensive literary intercourse, which has improved and sharpened the faculties of men. In some studies too, that relate to taste and fine writing, which is our object, the progress of society must, in equity, be admitted to have given us some advantages. For instance, in history: there is certainly more political knowledge in several European nations at present, than there was in ancient Greece and Rome. We are better acquainted with the nature of government, because we have seen it under a greater variety of forms and revolutions. The world is more laid open than it was in former times; commerce is greatly enlarged; more countries are civilized; posts are every where established; intercourse is become more easy; and the knowledge of facts, by consequence, more attainable. All these are great advantages to historians; of which, in some measure, as I shall afterwards shew, they have availed themselves. In

the more complex kinds of poetry, likewise, we may have gained somewhat, perhaps, in point of regularity and accuracy. In dramatic performances, having the advantage of the ancient models, we may be allowed to have made some improvements in the variety of the characters, the conduct of the plot, attentions to probability, and to decorums. Blair.

§ 118. *We must look to the Ancients for elegant Composition, and to the Moderns for accurate Philosophy.*

From whatever cause it happens, so it is, that among some of the ancient writers, we must look for the highest models in most of the kinds of elegant composition. For accurate thinking and enlarged ideas, in several parts of philosophy, to the moderns we ought chiefly to have recourse. Of correct and finished writing in some works of taste, they may afford useful patterns; but for all that belongs to original genius, to spirited, masterly, and high execution, our best and most happy ideas are, generally speaking, drawn from the ancients. In epic poetry, for instance, Homer and Virgil, to this day, stand not within many degrees of any rival. Orators, such as Cicero and Demosthenes, we have none. In history, notwithstanding some defects, which I am afterwards to mention in the ancient historical plans, it may be safely asserted, that we have no such historical narration, so elegant, so picturesque, so animated, and interesting as that of Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Tacitus, and Sallust. Although the conduct of the drama may be admitted to have received some improvements, yet for poetry and sentiment, we have nothing to equal Sophocles and Euripides: nor any dialogue in comedy, that comes up to the correct, graceful, and elegant simplicity of Terence. We have no such love-elegies as those of Tibullus: no such pastorals as some of Theocritus's: and for lyric poetry, Horace stands quite unrivalled. The name of Horace cannot be mentioned without a particular encomium. That "curiosa felicitas," which Petronius has remarked in his expression; the sweetness, elegance, and spirit of many of his odes, the thorough knowledge of the world, the excellent sentiments, and natural easy manner which distinguish his Satires and Epistles, all contribute to render him one of those very few authors whom one never tires of reading; and from whom alone,

were every other monument destroyed, we should be led to form a very high idea of the taste and genius of the Augustan age. *Blair.*

§ 119. *The assiduous Study of the Greek and Roman Classics recommended.*

To all such then, as wish to form their taste, and nourish their genius, let me warmly recommend the assiduous study of the ancient classics, both Greek and Roman.

Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ*.

Without a considerable acquaintance with them, no man can be reckoned a polite scholar; and he will want many assistances for writing and speaking well, which the knowledge of such authors would afford him. Any one has great reason to suspect his own taste, who receives little or no pleasure from the perusal of writings, which so many ages and nations have consented in holding up as subjects of admiration. And I am persuaded, it will be found, that in proportion as the ancients are generally studied and admired, or are unknown and disregarded in any country, good taste and good composition will flourish, or decline. They are commonly none but the ignorant or superficial, who undervalue them. *Ibid.*

§ 120. *The ancient Historians excel in picturesque Narration.*

In all the virtues of narration, particularly in that of picturesque descriptive narration, several of the ancient historians eminently excel. Hence, the pleasure that is found in reading Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus. They are all conspicuous for the art of narration. Herodotus is, at all times, an agreeable writer, and relates every thing with that *naïveté* and simplicity of manner, which never fails to interest the reader. Though the manner of Thucydides be more dry and harsh, yet, on great occasions, as when he is giving an account of the plague of Athens, the siege of Plataea, the sedition in Corcyra, the defeat of the Athenians in Sicily, he displays a very strong and masterly power of description. Xenophon's *Cyropædia*, and his *Anabasis*, or retreat of the ten thousand, are extremely beautiful. The circumstances are finely selected, and the narration is easy and en-

gaging; but his *Hellenics*, or continuation of the history of Thucydides, is a much inferior work. Sallust's art of historical painting in his *Catilinarian*, but, more especially, in his *Jugurthine* war, is well known, though his style is liable to censure, as too studied and affected. *Ibid.*

§ 121. *LIVY remarkable for Historical Painting.*

Livy is more unexceptionable in his manner; and is excelled by no historian whatever in the art of narration: several remarkable examples might be given from him. His account, for instance, of the famous defeat of the Roman army by the Samnites, at the *Furæ Caudinæ*, in the beginning of the ninth book, affords one of the most beautiful exemplifications of historical painting, that is any where to be met with. We have first, an exact description of the narrow pass between two mountains, into which the enemy had decoyed the Romans. When they find themselves caught, and no hope of escape left, we are made to see, first, their astonishment, next, their indignation, and then, their dejection, painted in the most lively manner, by such circumstances and actions as were natural to persons in their situation. The restless and unquiet manner in which they pass the night; the consultations of the Samnites; the various measures proposed to be taken; the messages between the two armies, all heighten the scene. At length, in the morning, the consuls return to the camp, and inform them that they could receive no other terms but that of surrendering their arms, and passing under the yoke, which was considered as the last mark of ignominy for a conquered army. *Ibid.*

§ 122. *TACITUS remarkable for Historical Painting.*

Tacitus is another author eminent for historical painting, though in a manner altogether different from that of Livy. Livy's descriptions are more full, more plain, and natural; those of Tacitus consist in a few bold strokes. He selects one or two remarkable circumstances, and sets them before us in a strong, and, generally, in a new and uncommon light. Such is the following picture of the situation of Rome, and of the Emperor Galba, when

* "Read them by day and study them by night."

Otho was advancing against him: "Age-
 " batur huc illuc Galba, vario turbæ fluc-
 " tantis impulsu, completis undique ba-
 " silicis et templis lugubri prospectu.
 " Neque populi aut plebis ulla vox; sed
 " attoniti vultus, et conversæ ad omnia
 " aures. Non tumultus, non quies; sed
 " quale magni metus, et magnæ iræ, si-
 " lentium est*." No image in any poet is more strong and expressive than this last stroke of the description: "Non tumultus, " non quies, sed quale," &c. This is a conception of the sublime kind, and discovers high genius. Indeed, throughout all his works, Tacitus shews the hand of a master. As he is profound in reflection, so he is striking in description, and pathetic in sentiment. The philosopher, the poet, and the historian, all meet in him. Though the period of which he writes may be reckoned unfortunate for an historian, he has made it afford us many interesting exhibitions of human nature. The relations which he gives of the deaths of several eminent personages, are as affecting as the deepest tragedies. He paints with a glowing pencil; and possesses beyond all writers, the talent of painting, not to the imagination merely, but to the heart. With many of the most distinguished beauties, he is, at the same time, not a perfect model for history; and such as have formed themselves upon him, have seldom been successful. He is to be admired, rather than imitated. In his reflections he is too refined; in his style too concise, sometimes quaint and affected, often abrupt and obscure. History seems to require a more natural, flowing, and popular manner. *Blair.*

§ 123. *On the Beauty of Epistolary Writings.*

Its first and fundamental requisite is, to be natural and simple; for a stiff and laboured manner is as bad in a letter as it is in conversation. This does not banish sprightliness and wit. These are graceful in letters, just as they are in conversation; when they flow easily, and without being studied; when employed so as to season, not to cloy. One who, either in conversation or in letters, affects to shine and to sparkle always, will not please long. The

style of letters should not be too highly polished. It ought to be neat and correct, but no more. All nicety about words, betrays study; and hence musical periods, and appearances of number and harmony in arrangement, should be carefully avoided in letters. The best letters are commonly such as the authors have written with most facility. What the heart or the imagination dictates, always flows readily; but where there is no subject to warm or interest these, constraint appears; and hence those letters of mere compliment, congratulation, or affected condolence, which have cost the authors most labour in composing, and which, for that reason, they perhaps consider as their master-pieces, never fail of being the most disagreeable and insipid to the readers. *Ibid.*

§ 124. *Ease in writing Letters must not degenerate to carelessness.*

It ought, at the same time, to be remembered, that the ease and simplicity which I have recommended in epistolary correspondence, are not to be understood as importing entire carelessness. In writing to the most intimate friend, a certain degree of attention, both to the subject and the style, is requisite and becoming. It is no more than what we owe both to ourselves, and to the friend with whom we correspond. A slovenly and negligent manner of writing, is a disobliging mark of want of respect. The liberty, besides, of writing letters with too careless a hand, is apt to betray persons into imprudence in what they write. The first requisite, both in conversation and correspondence, is to attend to all the proper decorums which our own character, and that of others demand. An imprudent expression in conversation may be forgotten and pass away; but when we take the pen into our hand, we must remember, that "*Litera scripta manet.*" *Ibid.*

§ 125. *On PLINY'S Letters.*

Pliny's Letters are one of the most celebrated collections which the ancients have given us, in the epistolary way. They are elegant and polite; and exhibit a very pleasing and amiable view of the author.

* "Galba was driven to and fro by the tide of the multitude, shoving him from place to place. The temples and public buildings were filled with crowds, of a dismal appearance. No clamours were heard, either from the citizens; or from the rabble. Their countenances were filled with consternation; their ears were employed in listening with anxiety. It was not a tumult; it was not quietness; it was the silence of terror, and of wrath."

But, according to the vulgar phrase, they smell too much of the lamp. They are too elegant and fine; and it is not easy to avoid thinking, that the author is casting an eye towards the Public, when he is appearing to write only for his friends. Nothing indeed is more difficult, than for an author, who publishes his own letters, to divest himself altogether of attention to the opinion of the world in what he says; by which means, he becomes much less agreeable than a man of parts would be, if, without any constraint of this sort, he were writing to his intimate friend. *Blair.*

§ 126. *On CICERO'S Letters.*

Cicero's Epistles, though not so showy as those of Pliny, are, on several accounts, a far more valuable collection; indeed, the most valuable collection of letters extant in any language. They are letters of real business, written to the wisest men of the age, composed with purity and elegance, but without the least affectation; and, what adds greatly to their merit, written without any intention of being published to the world. For it appears that Cicero never kept copies of his own letters; and we are wholly indebted to the care of his freedman Tyro, for the large collection that was made after his death, of those which are now extant, amounting to near a thousand*. They contain the most authentic materials of the history of that age; and are the last monuments which remain of Rome in its free state; the greatest part of them being written during that important crisis, when the republic was on the point of ruin; the most interesting situation, perhaps, which is to be found in the affairs of mankind. To his intimate friends, especially to Atticus, Cicero lays open himself and his heart with entire freedom. In the course of his correspondence with others, we are introduced into acquaintance with several of the principal personages of Rome; and it is remarkable that most of Cicero's correspondents, as well as himself, are elegant and polite writers; which serves to heighten our idea of the taste and manners of that age. *Ibid.*

§ 127. *On POPE'S and SWIFT'S Letters.*

The most distinguished collection of letters in the English language, is that of Mr. Pope, Dean Swift, and their friends; partly

published in Mr. Pope's works, and partly in those of Dean Swift. This collection is, on the whole, an entertaining and agreeable one; and contains much wit and ingenuity. It is not, however, altogether free of the fault which I imputed to Pliny's Epistles, of too much study and refinement. In the variety of letters from different persons, contained in that collection, we find many that are written with ease, and a beautiful simplicity. Those of Dr. Arbuthnot, in particular, always deserve that praise. Dean Swift's also are unaffected; and as a proof of their being so, they exhibit his character fully, with all its defects; though it were to be wished, for the honour of his memory, that his epistolary correspondence had not been drained to the dregs, by so many successive publications, as have been given to the world. Several of Lord Bolingbroke's, and of Bishop Atterbury's Letters, are masterly. The censure of writing letters in too artificial a manner, falls heaviest on Mr. Pope himself. There is visibly more study and less of nature and the heart in his letters, than in those of some of his correspondents. He had formed himself on the manner of Voiture, and is too fond of writing like a wit. His letters to ladies are full of affectation. Even in writing to his friends, how forced an introduction is the following, of a letter to Mr. Addison: "I am more joyed at your return, than I should be at that of the Sun, as much as I wish for him in this melancholy wet season; but it is his fate too, like yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre." How stiff a compliment is it, which he pays to Bishop Atterbury: "Though the noise and daily bustle for the public be now over, I dare say, you are still tendering its welfare; as the Sun in winter, when seeming to retire from the world, is preparing warmth and benedictions for a better season." This sentence might be tolerated in an harangue; but is very unsuitable to the style of one friend corresponding with another. *Ibid.*

§ 128. *On the Letters of BALZAC, VOITURE, SEVIGNE; and Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.*

The gaiety and vivacity of the French genius appear to much advantage in their

* See his letter to Atticus, which was written a year or two before his death, in which he tells him, in answer to some enquiries concerning his epistles, that he had no collection of them, and that Tyro had only about seventy of them.—*Ad ATT. 16. 5.*

letters, and have given birth to several agreeable publications. In the last age, Balzac and Voiture were the two most celebrated epistolary writers. Balzac's reputation indeed soon declined, on account of his swelling periods and pompous style. But Voiture continued long a favourite author. His composition is extremely sparkling; he shews a great deal of wit, and can trifle in the most entertaining manner. His only fault is, that he is too open and professed a wit, to be thoroughly agreeable as a letter-writer. The letters of Madame de Sevigné are now esteemed the most accomplished model of a familiar correspondence. They turn indeed very much upon trifles, the incidents of the day, and the news of the town; and they are overloaded with extravagant compliments, and expressions of fondness, to her favourite daughter; but withal, they shew such perpetual sprightliness, they contain such easy and varied narration, and so many strokes of the most lively and beautiful painting, and perfectly free from affectation, that they are justly entitled to high praise. The letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague are not unworthy of being named after those of Mad. de Sevigné. They have much of the French ease and vivacity, and retain more the character of agreeable epistolary style, than perhaps any letters which have appeared in the English language.

Blair.

§ 129. *Lyric Poetry. On PINDAR.*

Pindar, the great father of lyric poetry, has been the occasion of leading his imitators into some defects. His genius was sublime; his expressions are beautiful and happy; his descriptions picturesque. But finding it a very barren subject to sing the praises of those who had gained the prize in the public games, he is perpetually digressive, and fills up his poems with fables of the gods and heroes, that have little connection either with his subject, or with one another. The ancients admired him greatly; but as many of the histories of particular families and cities, to which he alludes, are not unknown to us, he is so obscure, partly from his subjects, and partly from his rapid, abrupt manner of treating

them, that, notwithstanding the beauty of his expression, our pleasure in reading him is much diminished. One would imagine, that many of his modern imitators thought the best way to catch his spirit, was to imitate his disorder and obscurity. In several of the choruses of Euripides and Sophocles, we have the same kind of lyric poetry as in Pindar, carried on with more clearness and connection, and at the same time with much sublimity.

Ibid.

§ 130. *On HORACE, as a Lyric Poet.*

Of all the writers of odes, ancient or modern, there is none that, in point of correctness, harmony, and happy expression, can vie with Horace. He has descended from the Pindaric rapture to a more moderate degree of elevation; and joins connected thought, and good sense, with the highest beauties of poetry. He does not often aspire beyond that middle region, which I mentioned as belonging to the ode; and those odes, in which he attempts the sublime, are perhaps not always his best*. The peculiar character, in which he excels, is grace and elegance; and in this style of composition, no poet has ever attained to a greater perfection than Horace. No poet supports a moral sentiment with more dignity, touches a gay one more happily, or possesses the art of trifling more agreeably, when he chooses to trifle. His language is so fortunate, that with a single word or epithet, he often conveys a whole description to the fancy. Hence he has ever been, and ever will continue to be, a favourite author with all persons of taste.

Ibid.

§ 131. *On CASIMIR, and other modern Lyric Poets.*

Among the Latin poets of later ages, there have been many imitators of Horace. One of the most distinguished is Casimir, a Polish poet of the last century, who wrote four books of odes. In graceful ease of expression, he is far inferior to the Roman. He oftener affects the sublime; and in the attempt, like other lyric writers, frequently becomes harsh and unnatural. But, on several occasions, he discovers a considerable degree of original genius, and

* There is no ode whatever of Horace's, without great beauties. But though I may be singular in my opinion, I cannot help thinking that in some of those odes which have been much admired for sublimity (such as Ode iv. Lib. iv. "Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.") there appears somewhat of a strained and forced effort to be lofty. The genius of this amiable poet shews itself according to my judgment, to greater advantage, in themes of a more temperate kind.

poetical fire. Buchanan, in some of his lyric compositions, is very elegant and classical.

Among the French, the odes of Jean Baptiste Rousseau have been much and justly celebrated. They possess great beauty, both of sentiment and expression. They are animated, without being rhapsodical; and are not inferior to any poetical productions in the French language.

In our own language, we have several lyric compositions of considerable merit. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia, is well known. Mr. Gray is distinguished in some of his odes, both for tenderness and sublimity; and in Dodsley's Miscellanies, several very beautiful lyric poems are to be found. As to professed Pindaric odes, they are, with a few exceptions, so incoherent, as seldom to be intelligible. Cowley, at all times harsh, is doubly so in his Pindaric compositions. In his Anacreontic odes, he is much happier. They are smooth and elegant; and, indeed, the most agreeable and the most perfect, in their kind, of all Mr. Cowley's poems. *Blair.*

§ 132. On POLITIAN and MURETUS, two elegant Writers of modern Latin. [*In a Letter in answer to Inquiries concerning their Characters.*]

One of the brightest luminaries which shone forth at the revival of learning was Politian. A slight knowledge of the Greek was in his age a great and rare attainment. He not only understood the language so as to read it, but to compose in it. As a grammarian, as an orator, as a poet, he has been an object of general admiration. Genius he undoubtedly possessed in a degree superior to the laborious scholars of his times; but his poetry is, notwithstanding, greatly defective. In fire he abounds; but he is wanting in judgment and in art. There are many fine lines in his *Rusticus*; and the diction is throughout remarkably splendid, though not always purely classical. The Latin poets of this period were not, indeed, so careful of the classical purity of their style as of harmony and brilliancy. Several of the poems of Politian are florid to excess, and far beyond that boundary which Augustan taste so finely delineates.

When we consider the state of literature at this early season, we must allow that great applause which has been paid to such writers as Politian justly due. They were under the necessity of breaking

through a thick cloud of ignorance; and they had to contend with the rude taste of their age before their writings could gain attention. Under every difficulty, they arrived, by the extraordinary efforts of emulation and genius, at a degree of excellence which greatly resembled that of the models selected by them for imitation.

The Greek verses which he wrote at a very early age are highly commended. He prefixed the age at which he wrote them. Scaliger says he need not have done this; for they are so excellent, that even his Latin verses, which he wrote when a man, are by no means equal to his juvenile compositions in the Greek language.

The Letters of Politian are indisputably elegant; but they are not without their faults. The style is sometimes too elevated and oratorical. For the sake of introducing a favourite phrase, he often goes too far out of his way, and overburthens the sense and the expression by a redundancy of words.

With all his faults, I must confess I have read him with great pleasure. There is a charm in true genius which compensates defects, and often conceals them.

Politian's real name was Bassus. The adoption of names entirely new, was, at one time, not uncommon. Thus the real name of Erasmus was Gerard. There was, perhaps, some degree of blameable ostentation in assuming the appellations of Desiderius and Erasmus, both of which, according to their respective etymology, signify the amiable or the desirable. Politian's adopted name was also chosen with a view to convey a favourable idea of his character. It is not improbable that it was thought to express, what, indeed, its derivation may intimate, a *polished* taste and understanding.

It is remarkable of Muretus, another elegant Latinist of Modern ages, that he acquired a perfect knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, in the latter of which he wrote most elegantly, without an instructor.

He composed various critical and poetical works; but his orations have always been celebrated as his best productions. They are, indeed, formed on the pattern of Cicero; they are written in a rapid and flowing style, and are not destitute of judicious observations. But, with respect to his diction, it must be said of him, that

he is less careful in the selection than in the disposition of words. This defect arose from a blameable precipitation, of which authors have sometimes been vain.

We are told that Muretus never transcribed any of his writings; that he scarcely ever read his productions twice; that he seldom made a change of interpolation, and still less frequently a blot. This may account for his faults, but it cannot excuse them. It is an insult on mankind to present them with a work less perfect than the author might have rendered it. Haste and carelessness have often been avowed by writers who wished to exalt the general opinion of their abilities; but they have usually, and as they deserved, lost that lasting and undiminished reputation which they might have enjoyed. While an author lives, prejudice and party may support his fame; but when he is dead, these soon subside, and his real merit alone can preserve him from oblivion. Muretus has been justly and severely censured for having bestowed praises on the execrable massacre at Paris on St. Bartholomew's day.

He imitates Cicero; but, like a servile imitator, he imitates that which was least beautiful in his model. The very diffuse style of the Roman is still more diffuse in the orations of Muretus. The Asiatic manner, even in its best state, is not agreeable to a correct taste. It prevented the works of the greatest orator whom the world ever saw from being universally admired; and, when it is presented to the reader with aggravated deformity, it can scarcely be rendered tolerable by any concomitant beauties.

The Epistles of Muretus, though often elegant, are improperly written in the oratorical rather than in the epistolary style. He seems to have studied and admired the Orations of Cicero more than his Epistles.

Muretus has been greatly commended for his poetry. Scævola Sammarthanus says of him, that Catullus is not more like himself, than he to Catullus. I have not been able to discover any peculiar grace, either of sentiment or style, in the few little poems which remain on sacred subjects. But there are several on other occasions which are very pleasing, and far surpass, in classical purity and in sentiment, most of the Latin compositions of the age of Muretus. In the very pretty epitaph on Raphael there is a manifest

impropriety in representing the painter as praising himself in the highest style of commendation.

The verses entitled Tibur are pleasing. The prologue to Terence's *Phormio* is easy and elegant. The *Institutio Puerilis* was intended to be no more than useful. The whole collection will furnish entertainment to him who has formed a taste for modern as well as ancient Latin poetry. Catullus and Tibullus were evidently his patterns; but Rapiu thinks, that by an excessive affectation of fine latinity, his odes are rendered stiff and unnatural.

It is true that there are many succeeding writers who have excelled Muretus both in verse and prose; but his real excellencies, and the great reputation he has possessed, will justly render him an object of attention to him who, from his love of letters, becomes interested in the works of all who have contributed to advance their progress. *Knox's Essays.*

§ 133. On PHILELPHUS and THEODORE GAZA, *polite Scholars of the Fifteenth Century.*

Though the admirer of elegant letters will find his sweetest, most solid, and most constant pleasures of the learned kind, in the writings of the Augustan age; yet he will often feel his curiosity powerfully excited, and amply rewarded, by those among the revivers of learning who are distinguished by the politeness of their literary accomplishments. I was lately amusing myself in this pleasant walk of classical literature, when I accidentally met with the Epistles of Philelphus. Though they were not without a few expressions which mark the barbarism of his times, they possess a considerable share of elegance, and partake much of the graces which shine so agreeably in the epistles of Pliny and Cicero.

Philelphus was born at Tolentino, in Italy, in the year 1398; a very early period for so uncommon an instance of proficiency. He died at Florence in 1480, after having filled a long life with the most laborious application. Let it be remembered, that printing was unknown at that time, and that not only the books which were composed, but which were also read, were often painfully transcribed by the student.

Philelphus was no inconsiderable poet, and was crowned with laurel, according

to the fashion of the times, by Alphonso king of Naples. He wrote five different works in verse; and, according to his own account in one of his letters, they consisted of ten books of satires, five books of miscellaneous poems, the *Sfortiad* in eight books, ten books of epigrams, and three of Greek poems. The number of verses in the whole, as calculated by himself, amounted to thirty-three thousand eight hundred. He has omitted in this computation, his *Nicholaus*, a poem in two books, and in sapphic verse, which he composed in honour of Pope Nicholas the Fifth, by whom he was greatly esteemed, and who had invited him, by a large present, to undertake the translation of Homer into Latin. He was scarcely less voluminous in prose, but less original, as his prosaic works consist chiefly of translations from *Lysias*, *Aristotle*, *Xenophon*, *Hippocrates*, and *Plutarch*; though he has also written two books of *Convivia*, three entitled *Commentationes Florentinæ*, five on *Moral Discipline*, and the *Life and Exploits of Francis Sfortia*, in compliment to whom the *Sfortiad*, which has been mentioned already, was composed. There are also *Orations*, of which *Erasmus* speaks rather unfavourably in his *Ciceronianus*.

But the only work of *Philelphus* which I have had an opportunity of inspecting, is the *Epistles*, of which this prolific author, in the course of a long life, has written no fewer than thirty-seven books. These abound with eloquence, and with such literary anecdotes and particulars, as cannot but afford amusement to the curious scholar. Though *Morhoff* rather slights them, yet *Erasmus*, a much better judge, acknowledges that they resemble *Cicero*.

I present the reader with an extract from one of them, which I happen to be reading at the time I am writing, and which characterizes the spirit of the author, and the great attachment which he had to books. *Cardinal Bessario*, the patriarch of *Constantinople*, had applied to him, desiring him to sell his copy of *Homer's Iliad*; to which request *Philelphus* thus replies: "That copy of *Homer's Iliad* which the very learned *Theodore Gaza* has written out for me, I value so much, that I would not part with it to any man, for all the treasures of *Cæsus*. I am really surprised that you should think that I, who always had

the character of generosity, should be so much changed as to be capable of avarice. I have learned to give away many things, but to sell nothing; particularly books; than which I esteem nothing of greater value. But this book of *Homer* is so dear to my heart, and affords me so much pleasure, that life itself can furnish nothing more delightful. Therefore pardon me in this one thing. If I can gratify you in any thing else, you may command me, and shall not be disappointed." My paper will not admit a number of citations, and I will therefore content myself with referring the lover of elegant latinity and literary anecdotes to the original collection.

It is a circumstance which adds to our surprise in contemplating this example of literary industry, that *Philelphus* was very much engaged in wars and in embassies; so true is it, that the greatest exertions of mind are compatible with the most active life. His writings are not free from faults, or from that inaccuracy which proceeds from haste; but he is still a stupendous instance of diligence and excellence. Who but must lament, that, after having done so much to enlighten a dark age, and enjoyed the friendship of princes and pontiffs, he should die in his eighty-second year so poor, that his bed, and the utensils of his kitchen, were sold to pay the expences of his funeral? But few men of real genius love money; and of the liberality of *Philelphus*, the fragment which I have inserted is an ample testimony.

I hope it will not be tedious or disagreeable to the reader, if I mention a few circumstances relative to the friend and contemporary of *Philelphus*, *Theodore Gaza*, of whom he speaks in his epistle, as having transcribed for him a very fine copy of *Homer's Iliad*.

Theodore Gaza was born at *Thessalonica*, but received part of his education in *Italy*. He was an elegant writer both in the Greek and the Latin languages; but he displayed his abilities chiefly in translation; a most useful labour when the learned languages were imperfectly understood. His translated parts of *Aristotle*, *Theophrastus*, and *Hippocrates*, into Latin; and the treatise of *Cicero* on *Old Age* into Greek. He wrote also a treatise on *Grammar* in four books, which has been greatly celebrated. Greek learning, and indeed all ancient learning, is greatly indebted to this distinguished reviver of it, *Theodore Gaza*.

But he also was unfortunate, and adds to the number of those whom Providence has exhibited to prove, that the rewards of virtuous and useful labour do not consist in riches, honours, or any thing else which the rulers of this world are able to bestow. Poor Gaza had dedicated his Translation and Commentaries on Aristotle's Book on Animals to Pope Sixtus the Fourth, in hopes of procuring from his patronage a little provision for his old age. The Pope gave him only a purse with a few pieces in it, and accompanied his gift with a manner which induced Gaza to conclude that it was the last favour he should receive. Gaza received it in silence; and as he walked home, all melancholy and indignant, along the banks of the Tiber, he threw the purse into the stream, and soon after died of vexation and disappointment.

I have introduced these examples with a view to animate the student to industry; and at the same time, to teach him to seek his reward in his own heart, in the approbation of Heaven, in the private satisfactions of study; and not to depend too much on princes, pontiffs, or even popular favour. *Knox's Essays.*

§ 134. *On the different Kinds of Poetical Composition in the Sacred Books; and of the distinguishing Characters of the chief Writers. 1st. of the Didactic.*

The several kinds of poetical composition which we find in scripture, are chiefly the didactic, elegiac, pastoral, and lyric. Of the didactic species of poetry, the Book of Proverbs is the principal instance. The nine first chapters of that book are highly poetical, adorned with many distinguished graces, and figures of expression. At the 10th chapter, the style is sensibly altered, and descends into a lower strain, which is continued to the end; retaining however that sententious, pointed manner, and that artful construction of period, which distinguishes all the Hebrew poetry. The Book of Ecclesiastes comes likewise under this head; and some of the Psalms, as the 119th in particular. *Blair.*

§ 135. *Of the Elegiac and Pastoral Poetry of Scripture.*

Of elegiac poetry, many very beautiful specimens occur in scripture; such as the lamentation of David over his friend Jonathan; several passages in the prophetic books; and several of David's Psalms,

composed on occasions of distress and mourning. The 42d Psalm, in particular, is, in the highest degree, tender and plaintive. But the most regular and perfect elegiac composition in the Scripture, perhaps in the whole world, is the book, entitled the Lamentations of Jeremiah. As the prophet mourns in that book over the destruction of the temple, and the Holy City, and the overthrow of the whole state, he assembles all the affecting images which a subject so melancholy could suggest. The composition is uncommonly artificial. By turns the prophet, and the city of Jerusalem, are introduced, as pouring forth their sorrows; and in the end, a chorus of the people send up the most earnest and plaintive supplications to God. The lines of the original too, as may, in part, appear from our translation, are longer than is usual in the other kinds of Hebrew poetry; and the melody is rendered thereby more flowing, and better adapted to the querimonious strain of elegy.

The Song of Solomon affords us a high exemplification of pastoral poetry. Considered with respect to its spiritual meaning, it is undoubtedly, a mystical allegory; in its form, it is a dramatic pastoral, or a perpetual dialogue between personages in the character of shepherds; and, suitably to that form, it is full of rural and pastoral images, from beginning to end. *Ibid.*

§ 136. *On the Lyric Poetry of Scripture.*

Of lyric poetry, or that which is intended to be accompanied with music, the Old Testament is full. Besides a great number of hymns and songs, which we find scattered in the historical and prophetic books, such as the song of Moses, the song of Deborah, and many others of like nature, the whole book of Psalms is to be considered as a collection of sacred odes. In these, we find the ode exhibited in all the varieties of its form, and supported with the highest spirit of lyric poetry; sometimes sprightly, cheerful, and triumphant; sometimes solemn and magnificent; sometimes tender and soft. From these instances, it clearly appears, that there are contained in the holy scriptures full exemplifications of several of the chief kinds of poetical writing. *Ibid.*

§ 137. *A Diversity of Style and Manner in the different Composers of the Sacred Books. On JOB, DAVID, and ISAIAH.*

Among the different composers of the

sacred books, there is an evident diversity of style and manner; and to trace their different characters in this view, will contribute not a little towards our reading their writings with greater advantage. The most eminent of the sacred poets are, the author of the Book of Job, David, and Isaiah. As the compositions of David are of the lyric kind, there is a greater variety of style and manner in his works, than in those of the other two. The manner in which, considered merely as a poet, David chiefly excels, is the pleasing, the soft, and the tender. In his Psalms, there are many lofty and sublime passages; but, in strength of description, he yields to Job: in sublimity, he yields to Isaiah. It is a sort of a temperate grandeur, for which David is chiefly distinguished; and to this he always soon returns, when, upon some occasions, he rises above it. The psalms in which he touches us most, are those in which he describes the happiness of the righteous, or the goodness of God; expresses the tender breathings of a devout mind, or sends up moving and affectionate supplications to heaven. Isaiah is, without exception, the most sublime of all poets. This is abundantly visible in our translation; and, what is a material circumstance, none of the books of scripture appear to have been more happily translated than the writings of this prophet. Majesty is his reigning character; a majesty more commanding and more uniformly supported, than is to be found among the rest of the Old Testament poets. He possesses, indeed, a dignity and grandeur, both in his conceptions and expressions, which are altogether unparalleled, and peculiar to himself. There is more clearness and order too, and a more visible distribution of parts, in his book, than in any other of the prophetic writings. *Blair.*

§ 138. On JEREMIAH.

When we compare him with the rest of the poetical prophets, we immediately see in Jeremiah a very different genius. Isaiah employs himself generally on magnificent subjects. Jeremiah seldom discovers any disposition to be sublime, and inclines always to the tender and elegiac. Ezekiel, in poetical grace and elegance, is much inferior to them both; but he is distinguished by a character of uncommon force and ardour. To use the elegant expressions of Bishop Lowth, with regard to this Prophet:—"Est atrox, vehemens, tragi-

"cus; in sensibus, fervidus, acerbus, indignabundus; in imaginibus, fecundus, truculentus, et nonnunquam ponè deformis; in dictione, grandiloquus, gravis, austerus, et interdum incultus; frequens in repetitionibus, non decoris aut gratiæ causa, sed ex indignatione et violentia. Quicquid suscepit tractandum id sedulo persequitur; in eo unice hæret defixus; a proposito raro deflectens. In cæteris, a plerisque vatibus fortassè superatus; sed in eo genere, ad quod videtur a natura unice comparatus, nimirum, vi, pondere, impetu, granditate, nemo unquam eum superavit." The same learned writer compares Isaiah to Homer, Jeremiah to Simonides, and Ezekiel to Æschylus. Most of the book of Isaiah is strictly poetical; of Jeremiah and Ezekiel, not above one half can be held to belong to poetry. Among the minor prophets, Hosea, Joel, Micah, Habakkuk, and especially Nahum, are distinguished for poetical spirit. In the prophecies of Daniel and Jonah, there is no poetry.

Ibid.

§ 139. On the Book of Job.

It only now remains to speak of the book of Job. It is known to be extremely ancient; generally reputed the most ancient of all the poetical books; the author uncertain. It is remarkable, that this book has no connection with the affairs or manners of the Jews, or Hebrews. The scene is laid in the land of Uz, or Idumæa, which is a part of Arabia; and the imagery employed is generally of a different kind from what I before showed to be peculiar to the Hebrew poets. We meet with no allusions to the great events of sacred history, to the religious rites of the Jews, to Lebanon or to Carmel, or any of the peculiarities of the climate of Judæa. We find few comparisons founded on rivers or torrents; these were not familiar objects in Arabia. But the longest comparison that occurs in the book, is to an object frequent and well known in that region; a brook that fails in the season of heat, and disappoints the expectation of the traveller.

The poetry, however, of the book of Job, is not only equal to that of any other of the sacred writings, but is superior to them all, except those of Isaiah alone. As Isaiah is the most sublime, David the most pleasing and tender, so Job is the most descriptive of all the inspired poets. A peculiar glow of fancy, and strength of de-

scription characterise the author. No writer whatever abounds so much in metaphors. He may be said, not to describe, but to render visible, whatever he treats of. A variety of instances might be given. Let us remark only those strong and lively colours, with which, in the following passages, taken from the 18th and 20th chapters of his book, he paints the condition of the wicked: observe how rapidly his figures rise before us: and what a deep impression, at the same time, they leave on the imagination. "Knowest thou not this of old, since man was placed upon the earth, that the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite, but for a moment? Though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach the clouds, yet he shall perish for ever. He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found; yea, he shall be chased away, as a vision of the night. The eye also which saw him, shall see him no more; they which have seen him, shall say, where is he?—He shall suck the poison of asps, the viper's tongue shall slay him. In the fullness of his sufficiency, he shall be in straits; every hand shall come upon him. He shall flee from the iron weapon, and the bow of steel shall strike him through, all darkness shall be hid in his secret places. A fire not blown shall consume him. The heaven shall reveal his iniquity, and the earth shall rise up against him. The increase of his house shall depart. His goods shall flow away in the day of wrath. The light of the wicked shall be put out; the light shall be dark in his tabernacle. The steps of his strength shall be straitened, and his own counsel shall cast him down. For he is cast into a net, by his own feet. He walketh upon a snare. Terror shall make him afraid on every side; and the robber shall prevail against him. Brimstone shall be scattered upon his habitation. His remembrance shall perish from the earth, and he shall have no name in the street. He shall be driven from light into darkness. They that come after him shall be astonished at his day. He shall drink of the wrath of the Almighty."

Blair.

§ 140. *On the Iliad of HOMER.*

The subject of the Iliad must unquestionably be admitted to be, in the main, happily chosen. In the days of Homer,

no object could be more splendid and dignified than the Trojan war. So great a confederacy of the Grecian states, under one leader, and the ten years' siege which they carried on against Troy, must have spread far abroad the renown of many military exploits, and interested all Greece in the traditions concerning the heroes who had most eminently signalized themselves. Upon these traditions, Homer grounded his poem; and though he lived, as is generally believed, only two or three centuries after the Trojan war, yet, through the want of written records, tradition must, by his time, have fallen into the degree of obscurity most proper for poetry; and have left him at full liberty to mix as much fable as he pleased, with the remains of true history. He has not chosen, for his subject, the whole Trojan war; but, with great judgment, he has selected one part of it, the quarrel betwixt Achilles and Agamemnon, and the events to which that quarrel gave rise; which, though they take up forty-seven days only, yet include the most interesting and most critical period of the war. By this management, he has given greater unity to what would have otherwise been an unconnected history of battles. He has gained one hero, or principal character, Achilles, who reigns throughout the work; and he has shewn the pernicious effect of discord among confederated princes. At the same time, I admit that Homer is less fortunate in his subject than Virgil. The plan of the *Æneid* includes a greater compass and a more agreeable diversity of events: whereas the *Iliad* is almost entirely filled with battles.

The praise of high invention has in every age been given to Homer, with the greatest reason. The prodigious number of incidents, of speeches, of characters divine and human, with which he abounds; the surprising variety with which he has diversified his battles, in the wounds and deaths, and little history-pieces of almost all the persons slain, discover an invention next to boundless. But the praise of judgment is, in my opinion, no less due to Homer, than that of invention. His story is all along conducted with great art. He rises upon us gradually; his heroes are brought out, one after another, to be objects of our attention. The distress thickens as the poem advances; and every thing is so contrived as to aggrandize Achilles, and to render him, as the poet intended he should be, the capital figure.

But that wherein Homer excels all writers, is the characteristic part. Here he is without a rival. His lively and spirited exhibition of characters, is, in a great measure, owing to his being so dramatic a writer, abounding every where with dialogue and conversation. There is much more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil; or, indeed, than in any other poet. *Blair.*

§ 141. *On the Odyssey of HOMER.*

My observations, hitherto, have been made upon the Iliad only. It is necessary to take some notice of the Odyssey also. Longinus's criticism upon it is not without foundation, that Homer may, in this poem, be compared to the setting sun, whose grandeur still remains, without the heat of his meridian beams. It wants the vigour and sublimity of the Iliad; yet, at the same time, possesses so many beauties, as to be justly entitled to high praise. It is a very amusing poem, and has much greater variety than the Iliad; it contains many interesting stories, and beautiful descriptions. We see every where the same descriptive and dramatic genius, and the same fertility of invention, that appears in the other work. It descends indeed from the dignity of gods and heroes, and warlike achievements; but in recompense, we have more pleasing pictures of ancient manners. Instead of that ferocity which reigns in the Iliad, the Odyssey presents us with the most amiable images of hospitality and humanity; entertains us with many a wonderful adventure, and many a landscape of nature; and instructs us by a constant vein of morality and virtue, which runs through the poem. *Ibid.*

§ 142. *On the Beauties of VIRGIL.*

Virgil possesses beauties which have justly drawn the admiration of ages, and which, to this day, hold the balance in equilibrium between his fame and that of Homer. The principal and distinguishing excellency of Virgil, and which, in my opinion, he possesses beyond all poets, is tenderness. Nature had endowed him with exquisite sensibility; he felt every affecting circumstance in the scenes he describes; and by a single stroke, he knows how to reach the heart. This, in an epic poem, is the merit next to sublimity; and puts it in author's power to render his composition extremely interesting to all readers.

The chief beauty of this kind, in the Iliad, is the interview of Hector with An-

dromache. But, in the Æneid, there are many such. The second book is one of the greatest master-pieces that ever was executed by any hand: and Virgil seems to have put forth there the whole strength of his genius, as the subject afforded a variety of scenes, both of the awful and tender kind. The images of horror, presented by a city burned and sacked in the night, are finally mixed with pathetic and affecting incidents. Nothing, in any poet, is more beautifully described than the death of old Priam; and the family-pieces of Æneas, Anchises, and Creusa, are as tender as can be conceived. In many passages of the Æneid, the same pathetic spirit shines, and they have been always the favourite passages in that work. The fourth book, for instance, relating the unhappy passion and death of Dido, has been always most justly admired, and abounds with beauties of the highest kind. The interview of Æneas with Andromache and Helenus, in the third book; the episodes of Pallas and Evander, of Nisus and Euryalus, of Lausus and Mezentius, in the Italian wars, are all striking instances of the poet's power of raising the tender emotions. For we must observe, that though the Æneid be an unequal poem, and, in some places, languid, yet there are beauties scattered through it all; and not a few, even in the last six books. The best and most finished books, upon the whole, are the first, the second, the fourth, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, and the twelfth. *Ibid.*

§ 143. *On the comparative Merit of HOMER and VIRGIL.*

Upon the whole, as to the comparative merit of those two great princes of epic poetry, Homer and Virgil; the former must undoubtedly be admitted to be the greater genius; the latter, to be the more correct writer. Homer was an original in his art, and discovers both the beauties and the defects, which are to be expected in an original author, compared with those who succeed him; more boldness, more nature and ease, more sublimity and force; but greater irregularities and negligences in composition. Virgil has, all along, kept his eye upon Homer; in many places he has not so much imitated, as he has literally translated him. The description of the storm, for instance, in the first Æneid, and Æneas's speech upon that occasion, are translations from the fifth book of the

Odyssey; not to mention almost all the similes of Virgil, which are no other than copies of those of Homer. The pre-eminence in invention, therefore, must, beyond doubt, be ascribed to Homer. As to the pre-eminence in judgment, though many critics are disposed to give it to Virgil, yet, in my opinion, it hangs doubtful. In Homer, we discern all the Greek vivacity; in Virgil, all the Roman stateliness. Homer's imagination is by much the most rich and copious; Virgil's the most chaste and correct. The strength of the former lies, in his power of warming the fancy; that of the latter, in his power of touching the heart. Homer's style is more simple and animated; Virgil's more elegant and uniform. The first has, on many occasions, a sublimity to which the latter never attains; but the latter, in return, never sinks below a certain degree of epic dignity, which cannot so clearly be pronounced of the former. Not, however, to detract from the admiration due to both these great poets, most of Homer's defects may reasonably be imputed, not to his genius, but to the manners of the age in which he lived; and for the feeble passages of the *Æneid*, this excuse ought to be admitted, that the *Æneid* was left an unfinished work.

Blair.

To the admirers of polite learning the *Lectures of Dr. Blair*, at large, are strongly recommended. The Extracts in this book are designed only as specimens of that elegant and useful work, and for the use of *School-boys*. It would be unjust, and indeed impracticable, to give any more Extracts, consistently with the necessary limits prescribed to this book.

§ 144. *On the ancient Writers; and on the Labour with which the Ancients composed.*

The Ancients (of whom we speak) had good natural parts, and applied them right; they understood their own strength, and were masters of the subjects they undertook; they had a rich genius carefully cultivated; in their writings you have nature without wildness, and art without ostentation. For it is vain to talk of nature and genius, without care and diligent application to refine and improve them. The finest paradise will run wild, and lose both its pleasure and usefulness, without a skilful hand constantly to tend and prune it. Though these generous spirits were inspired with the love of true praise, and had a modest assurance of their own abilities; yet

they were not so self-sufficient, as to imagine their first thoughts were above their own review and correction, or their last above the judgment of their friends. They submitted their compositions to the censure of private persons and public assemblies. They reviewed, altered, and polished, till they had good hopes they could present the world with a finished piece. And so great and happy was their judgment, that they understood when they had done well, and knew the critical season of laying aside the file.

For as those excellent masters, Pliny and Quintilian, observe, there may be an intemperance in correction; when an ingenious man has such an excess of modesty and faulty distrust of himself, that he wears off some of the necessary and ornamental parts of his discourse, instead of polishing the rough, and taking off the superfluous.

These immortal wits did not preposterously resolve first to be authors, and then immediately fall to writing without study and experience; but took care to furnish themselves with knowledge by close thought, select conversation, and reading; and to gain all the information and light that was necessary to qualify them to do justice to their subject. Then, after they had begun to write, they did not hurry on their pen with speed and impatience to appear in the view of the world; but they took times and pains to give every part of their discourse all possible strength and ornament, and to make the whole composition uniform and beautiful. They wisely considered, that productions which come before their due time into the world, are seldom perfect or long-lived; and that an author who designs to write for posterity, as well as the present generation, cannot study a work with too deep care and resolute industry.

Varus tells us of his incomparable friend Virgil, that he composed but very few verses in a day. That consummate philosopher, critic, and poet, regarded the value, not number of his lines; and never thought too much pains could be bestowed on a poem, that he might reasonably expect would be the wonder of all ages, and last out the whole duration of time. Quintilian assures us, that Sallust wrote with abundance of deliberation and prudent caution; and indeed that fully appears from his complete and exquisite writings. Demosthenes laboured night and day, out-

watched the poor mechanic in Athens (that was forced to perpetual drudgery to support himself and his family) till he had acquired such a mastery in his noble profession, such a rational and over-ruling vehemence, such a perfect habit of nervous and convincing eloquence, as enabled him to defy the strongest opposition, and to triumph over envy and time.

Plato, when he was eighty years old, was busily employed in the review and amendment of his divine dialogues: and some people are severe upon Cicero, that in imitation of Plato, he was so scrupulous whether he ought to write *ad Piræa* or *in Piræa*, *Piræum*, or *in Piræum*, that now in the sixtieth year of his age, in the fury of the civil wars, when he knew not how to dispose of his family, and scarce expected safety, he earnestly intreated his noble and learned friend Atticus to resolve that difficulty, and ease him of the perplexity which it created him. Whatever raillery or reflection some humorsome wits may make upon that great man's exactness and nicety in that respect, and at such a time; 'tis a plain proof of his wonderful care and diligence in his composition, and the strict regard he had to the purity and propriety of his language. The ancients so accurately understood, and so indefatigably studied their subject, that they scarce ever fail to finish and adorn every part with strong sense, and lively expression.

Blackwall.

§ 145. *On HOMER.*

'Tis no romantic commendation of Homer, to say, that no man understood persons and things better than he; or had a deeper insight into the humours and passions of human nature. He represents great things with such sublimity, and little ones with such propriety, that he always makes the one admirable, and the other pleasant.

He is a perfect master of all the lofty graces of the figurative style, and all the purity and easiness of the plain. Strabo, the excellent geographer and historian, assures us, that Homer has described the places and countries of which he gives account, with that accuracy that no man can imagine who has not seen them; and no man but must admire and be astonished who has. His poems may justly be compared with that shield of divine workmanship so inimitably represented in the eighteenth book of the *Iliad*. You have

there exact images of all the actions of war, and employments of peace; and are entertained with the delightful view of the universe. Homer has all the beauties of every dialect and style scattered through his writings; he is scarce inferior to any other poet, in the poet's own way and excellency; but excels all others in force and comprehension of genius, elevation of fancy, and immense copiousness of invention. Such a sovereignty of genius reigns all over his works, that the ancients esteemed and admired him as the great High Priest of nature, who was admitted into her inmost choir, and acquainted with her most solemn mysteries.

The great men of former ages, with one voice, celebrate the praises of Homer; and old Zoilus has only a few followers in these later times, who detract from him either for want of Greek, or from a spirit of conceit and contradiction.

These gentlemen tell us, that the divine Plato himself banished him out of his commonwealth; which, say they, must be granted to be a blemish upon the poet's reputation. The reason why Plato would not let Homer's poems be in the hands of the subjects of that government, was because he did not esteem ordinary men capable readers of them. They would be apt to pervert his meaning, and have wrong notions of God and religion, by taking his bold and beautiful allegories in too literal a sense. Plato frequently declares that he loves and admires him as the best, the most pleasant, and the divinest of all the poets; and studiously imitates his figurative and mystical way of writing. Though he forbid his works to be read in public, yet he would never be without them in his own closet. Though the philosopher pretends, that for reasons of state he must remove him out of his city; yet he declares he would treat him with all possible respect while he staid; and dismiss him laden with presents, and adorned with garlands (as the priests and supplicants of their gods used to be); by which marks of honour, all people wherever he came might be warned and induced to esteem his person sacred, and receive him with due veneration.

Ibid.

§ 146. *On THEOCRITUS.*

If we mention Theocritus, he will be another bright instance of the happy abilities and various accomplishments of the ancients. He has writ in several sorts of

poetry, and succeeded in all. It seems unnecessary to praise the native simplicity and easy freedom of his pastorals; when Virgil himself sometimes invokes the muse of Syracuse; when he imitates him through all his own poems of that kind, and in several passages translates him. Quintilian says of our Sicilian bard, that he is admirable in his kind; but when he adds, that his muse is not only shy of appearing at the bar, but in the city too, 'tis evident this remark must be confined to his pastorals. In several of his other poenis, he shews such strength of reason and politeness, as would qualify him to plead among the orators, and make him acceptable in the courts of princes. In his smaller poems of Cupid stung, Adonis killed by the boar, &c. you have the vigour and delicacy of Anacreon; in his Hylas, and Combat of Pollux and Amycus, he is much more pathetic, clear and pleasant, than Apollonius on the same, or any other subject. In his conversation of Alcmæna and Tiresias, of Hercules and the old servant of Augeas, in Cynicea and Thyonichus, and the women going to the ceremonies of Adonis, there is all the easiness and engaging familiarity of humour and dialogue, which reign in the *Odysseys*; and in Hercules destroying the lion of Nephæa, the spirit and majesty of the *Iliad*. The panegyric upon king Ptolemy is justly esteemed an original and model of perfection in that way of writing. But in that excellent poem, and the noble-hymn upon Castor and Pollux, he has praised his gods and his hero with that delicacy and dexterity of address, with those sublime and graceful expressions of devotion and respect, that in politeness, smoothness of turn, and a refined art of praising without offence, or appearance of flattery, he has equalled Callimachus: and in loftiness and flight of thought, scarce yields to Pindar or Homer. *Blackwall.*

§ 147. On HERODOTUS.

Herodotus had gained experience by travelling over all his own country, Thrace and Scythia; he travelled likewise to Arabia, Palestine, and Egypt; where he carefully viewed the chief curiosities and most remarkable places, and conversed with the Egyptian priests, who informed him of their ancient history, and acquainted him with their customs, sacred and civil. Indeed

he speaks of their religious rites with such plainness and clearness in some cases, and such reserve and reverence in others, that I am apt to believe he was initiated into their ceremonies, and consecrated a priest of some of their orders*.

Thus, being acquainted with the most famous countries, and valuable things, and knowing the most considerable persons of the age, he applied himself to write the history of the Greeks and Barbarians: and performed the noble work with that judgment, faithfulness, and eloquence, that gained him the approbation and applause of the most august assembly in the world at that time, the flower of all Greece, met together at the Olympic games.

His history opens to the reader all the antiquities of Greece, and gives light to all her authors. *Ibid.*

§ 148. On the Style of Xenophon and Plato.

Writers who have displayed any of that uniform peculiarity in their style which renders it easily imitable, however popular they may become at their first appearance, by gratifying the passion for novelty, are by no means the most perfect writers; but are to be classed with those artists of the pencil, whom the painters distinguish by the appellation of Mannerists. Simplicity of diction, as it is one of the most engaging beauties, is also one of the most difficult to imitate. It exhibits no prominence of feature, but displays one whole, properly embellished with a thousand little graces, no one of which obtrudes itself in such a manner as to destroy the appearance of a perfect symmetry. In this species of excellence, Xenophon is confessedly a model. He has been called the Attic Muse and the Attic Bee. It has been said, that the Muses would express themselves in his language, that his style is sweeter than honey, that the Graces themselves appear to have assisted in its formation; but though all this praise is justly due, yet it would be difficult to point out any one beauty which recurs so often in the same form as to characterize his composition.

But the numerous writers who have imitated the Rambler and Adventurer, are discovered in their affectation before

* See Herodot. Gale's Edition, lib. ii. sect. 3. p. 21. sect. 65. p. 114. sect. 171. p. 156.

the reader has perused a single page. The very peculiar manner of those excellent performances has been easily imitated by inferior writers, and more easily caricatured. Addison is simple and natural, and, consequently, has not often been mimicked with equal success. Indeed, the nearer we approach to the manner of Addison, the more agreeable is our style; but, I believe, none ever admired the style of the Rambler but in the hands of the original author. The satirical writer of *Lexiphanes* easily rendered it ridiculous; and though, in some of Aiken's prosaic pieces, there is a very serious and good imitation of it, yet we are rather disposed to smile than admire. Affectation always borders on burlesque, but a manner, which derives its graces from nature, cannot be rendered ridiculous. The style of Xenophon, like the philosopher whom he records, is proof against the sportive and malignant buffoonery of an *Aristophanes*.

It is, however, certain, that every beauty cannot be combined under one form. If the style of Xenophon displays grace, ease, and sweetness, it is deficient in magnificence, in weight, in authority, and in dignity. But it should be remembered that the *Venus of Medici* is not to be censured because it wants the nerves and muscles of the *Farnesian Hercules*. It appears to me, however, that though some of the most popular writers of England yield to Xenophon in the softer graces, they greatly excel him in masculine beauty. The authors of the *Rambler*, of the *Adventurer*, and some of their imitators, will be found to possess a superiority in this respect, on a fair comparison. Indeed, if there were more singularities and deviations from simplicity than are to be found in those volumes, their excellent sense and fine morality ought to exalt their authors to a degree of honour far superior to any which can be derived from a skill in composition.

According to the opinions of the best judges, ancient and modern, the greatest master of the beauties of style whom the world ever saw, was the divine Plato. The ancients hesitated not to assert, in the zeal of their admiration, that if Jupiter were to speak in the language of Greece, he would infallibly express himself in the diction of Plato. He possessed the art of combining austerity with

grace, and sweetness with grandeur; and to him we owe a similar combination in the great orator and philosopher of Rome, who formed his style on the model of Plato, and has given us a resemblance scarcely less exact than that of the bust to its mould, or the waxen seal to the sculptured gem.

The introductions to the dialogues of Cicero are always peculiarly beautiful; so also are those of Plato. It is agreeable to call to mind the sweet spot which Plato represents as the place where his dialogues passed, in language no less delightful than the scene.

The river *Ilissus* glided over the pebbles in a clear stream, so shallow that you might have walked through it without any great inconvenience. At a small distance rose a tall plane tree, spreading its broad foliage to a considerable distance, and flourishing in all the mature luxuriance of summer beauty. At the root of the tree issued a spring, dedicated to *Achelous* and the *Nymphs*, and remarkable for its cool and limpid water. The softest herbage grew round its little banks, the verdure of which was rendered perpetual by the refreshing moisture of the spring, as it flowed down a gentle declivity. A sweet and cooling breeze generally breathed along the shade, and great numbers of *cicadae*, taking shelter from the sun, resorted to the covert, and made, with their little chirpings, an agreeable kind of natural music. Plato adds several other agreeable heightenings of the scene, where moral and philosophical beauty was taught to emulate the surrounding beauties of nature. The language of Plato adds charms to the whole as variegated colours illuminate and embellish the plain sketches of the penciled outline.

It is no wonder that philosophy, recommended by such graces as these, was found to render her votaries enamoured. Virtue and public spirit can scarcely ever want their admirers and followers, when they are decorated in a manner which sets off their own loveliness to the greatest advantage. It is to be lamented, for the sake of virtue, that lord *Shaftsbury* was a sceptic. His style was a fine imitation of Plato, and displays such beauties as might conceal the ugliness of a deformed system. Mr. *Harris* has also exhibited some of the Platonic graces; and I cannot help considering it as a mark

of defective taste that he is not more popular. His style, where it successfully imitates Plato, appears to be one of the most elegant, classical, and judiciously ornamented among all the English writers of the present century. They who have raised their taste so as to perceive its beauties, will consider the style of many writers whom they once admired, as comparatively barbarous. He who never tasted the pine-apple, the peach, and the nectarine, may probably suppose that he enjoys the most exquisite flavour of the fruit-garden while he is feasting on a pippin; as he, who never partook of the pippin, may devour a crab, and admire it as a delicacy.

A critic of antiquity, Dionysius the Halicarnassian, has discovered many and great faults in the style of Plato. He seems to think the epithets too poetical, the metaphors too bold, the matter too allegorical. Pompey the Great disputed the point with him; and there is a curious letter extant on the subject, from the critic to the statesman. It is, indeed, obvious to remark, that though Plato would not admit Homer into his republic, he has admitted many of his beauties into his style; and has often written with an enthusiastic warmth, which they who have not partaken of the *afflatus* to which he somewhere pretended, cannot entirely approve. A cold critic, like Dionysius, would naturally be disgusted with it; but we cannot listen to his censures of a noble genius, who snatched graces beyond the reach of art, whom Pompey approved, and whom Tully almost idolized. When specimens of perfect composition were to be pointed out, the choice has fallen on the Georgics of Virgil, and the Menæxenus of Plato.

Both Xenophon and Plato display what is more valuable than all verbal elegance, a fine system of morality, which long diffused over the world a light unequalled, till the sun of revelation arose. If Xenophon's memoirs were divested of a few superfluities and a few absurdities, I should not fear to assert, that they approach very nearly to the Gospel, in the exhibition of instructive lessons, and a sublime, yet encouraging example, of all human excellence; for, with respect to they calumnies advanced against Socrates, they undoubtedly originated from the father of lies. And those writers are to be esteemed the enemies to human virtue and

happiness, who employ their ingenuity in detracting from illustrious and established reputation, like his who taught the lessons of reason and virtue, and practised what he taught, and sealed it by death.

Knox's Essays.

§ 149. On XENOPHON'S *Memoirs of SOCRATES, and the Inferiority of Translations to the Originals.*

A person who should walk about the streets of a great city like Athens or London, and give his opinion on all subjects to those whom he might happen to meet, would be thought, in the present age, a ridiculous enthusiast, or a pitiable madman. Yet it is certain, that he whom the world has long revered, as the wisest of mortals, dispensed his advice in this manner, and was, while alive, the object of envy rather than of contempt, as he has been, since his death, of admiration.

Socrates committed not the philosophy which he thus disseminated, to writing; and the world would have been deprived of the inestimable treasure, if his grateful scholars, Xenophon and Plato, had not preserved it.

Xenophon's *Memorabilia* or *Memoirs* of him, abound with a most admirable morality; yet I hope the admirers of ancient wisdom will pardon me, when I presume to say, that many of the conversations are tediously protracted, and that the great Socrates, in the abundance of his good-humour, trifles egregiously. It is however equitable to suppose that, to insinuate his important advice with success, it was necessary to avoid alarming the minds of his hearers, and that the beginning of his conversations should have an air of alluring levity. This levity was probably in unison with the minds of those careless passengers whom he addressed. It drew their attention. They would have shut their ears against every thing which he had to offer, if he had begun by professing a design to reclaim them from vice and folly, in a formal and severe harangue. They would have hastened from him, and turned his attempts to ridicule. But his jocularly detained them, and his good sense, in the conclusion, pointed out their errors, and taught them the expediency of a reformation. Yet though this may apologise for levity and trifling, in the actual conversations of the living Socrates, it

cannot render them entirely agreeable to a judicious reader of modern times, for whom the artifice is not necessary.

I read Xenophon's *Memorabilia* in Greek, while at school, and I was delighted with them. I read them afterwards in an English translation, and I found them in many places tedious and insipid. The translation was apparently performed with sufficient fidelity; but it did not affect or strike with any peculiar force. I have experienced effects exactly similar to this in the perusal of other books in the most celebrated translations. To what shall I attribute them? Are there such charms in the Greek language, as are able to give a value to sentiments which of themselves have no recommendation? Certainly not: But there is a conciseness, and, at the same time, a force and comprehension of expression in the Greek language besides its harmony, which, I think, the English cannot equal. On the mind of a reader, who completely understands the language of a Greek author, the ideas are impressed with more vivacity and perspicuity by the original, than by any translation into modern languages. The ancient Greek authors, it is acknowledged, paid great attention to the art of composition, to the choice and arrangement of words, and to the structure of periods; so as to communicate the idea, or raise the sentiment intended, with peculiar force and precision. Xenophon is known to have been one of the most successful cultivators of the art of composition; and it cannot be supposed, that all who have undertaken to translate his works, though they might understand the matter, could have equalled him in style and expression, for which his country and himself were remarkably celebrated. To represent him adequately they must have possessed a style in English equal to his style in Greek.

The pleasure which a reader feels in the perusal of a Greek author, has been attributed to the pride of conscious superiority, over those who are not able to unlock the treasures of which he keeps a key. This opinion has owed its origin to the poor appearance which some of the most celebrated authors of antiquity have made, when presented to the public in the dress of a modern language. The English reader has read translations of the classics, without being able to discover any excellence adequate to the univer-

sal reputation of the authors. The translator, though he comprehended his author, and was faithful as to the *meaning*, was perhaps a *poor writer*, unable to communicate properly the thoughts which he conceived with a sufficient degree of accuracy. The blame unjustly fell on the original author, and on his admirers. *He* was supposed to have written poorly, and *they* to have admired him only from motives of pride and pedantical affectation. Some, whose ignorance prevented them from deciding fairly, rejoiced to see that ancient learning, which they possessed not, despised; and eagerly joined in attributing to arrogance and pedantry, all praise of Greek and Latin, to which they were inveterate enemies, as well as perfect strangers. Thus Greek and Latin studies fell into disrepute.

But the supposition that the pleasure which men feel in reading authors in the ancient languages, arises solely, or chiefly, from the pride of possessing a skill in those languages, is too unreasonable to be generally admitted. Of the many thousand admirers of the ancients, who, in every part of their conduct and studies, displayed great judgment and love of truth, must we suppose the greater part, either deceived in the estimate of the authors whom they read, or actuated by pride, and mistaking the self-complacency of conscious learning and ability, for the pleasure naturally arising from the study of a fine author? Why is not a man, who understands Welsh, German, Dutch, or any other language not remarkable for literary productions, as much inclined to extol the writers in those languages, as the reader of Greek and Latin, if the motive for praise consists only in possessing a knowledge of a language unknown to the majority of his countrymen or companions?

In accounting for the great esteem in which the Greek and Latin authors are held, much must be attributed to the **LANGUAGES SOLELY**, exclusively of thought, doctrine, or method. Many mere English readers, who are but poorly qualified to give an opinion on the subject, will impute it to pedantry, when I say, that those languages possess inherent beauties, and an aptitude for elegant and expressive composition, to which the best among modern languages can make no just pretension. Till, therefore, an ancient Greek author can be translated into a language

equal to his own, it will be unjust and unreasonable to form a final judgment of him from the best translation. It is better to read a good author in a translation, than not to read him at all. I only contend against the injustice of condemning original authors in consequence of the unavoidable imperfections of all translations into the modern languages of Europe.

But, to return to Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, with the consideration of which I began this paper. It has been usual, among the admirers of Socratic morality, to compare it with the evangelical. I am ready to acknowledge the great excellence of it; but I see clearly, that it is no more to be compared to the gospel, than the river Nile to the Pacific Ocean. It seems not to flow from the heart, and it cannot reach its recesses. It knows little of universal charity. It taught not the golden rule of doing to others as we wish they should do unto us.

I cannot, however, avoid recommending the *Socraticæ Chartæ*, or the fine *Ethics* of Socrates, as preserved by Xenophon and Plato, to every student who is designed for the sacred profession. He will there find a store of fine observations, maxims, and precepts, which he may recommend with authority and success to his people, under the sanction, and with the improvements, of Christianity*.

Dr. Edwards's attempt to discover a system in the *Memorabilia* of Socrates, notwithstanding its ingenuity, seems to be unsuccessful. It resembles the ingenious efforts of many critics to reduce Horace's *Epistle ad Pisones* on the art of poetry, to the methodical regularity of a technical recipe for making poems. Some critics, like the old gardeners, have no idea of beauty, unless every thing is laid out by the line and rule, the level and the square. But mathematical precision is not required in moral disquisition.

Knox's Winter Evenings.

§ 150. *On the Characters of THEOPHRASTUS and other Writers of Characters.*

If the artist whose pencil represents the features with fidelity is greatly esteemed, it is surely reasonable to appre-

ciate highly the skill of him who can paint the manners to the life. The moral painter must be furnished with a taste equal to that of any manual artist, and he must also possess a peculiar penetration. He must know mankind, not only in a theoretical view, but also from actual experience, and in the common transactions of human intercourse. He must be accustomed to watch those minute circumstances of conversation and behaviour, which escape the notice of a superficial observer. He must trace words and actions to their motives. He must, in a word, possess a sagacity with which few are distinguished; and he must have had many opportunities for its exertion.

The ancient critics refer every thing to Homer. They affirm that Homer was the first who wrote characters, and that the characteristical writers derived the idea of their works from him. Casaubon introduces in his preface a fine quotation from the thirteenth book of the *Iliad* †; a specimen which seems to justify the opinion. It is a very lively picture of the coward and of the brave man. But Homer every where discriminates his characters, and blends beautiful epithets, which mark his heroes with peculiar distinction. It is on all sides confessed, that, in this respect, he is greatly superior to Virgil.

Theophrastus is the earliest author extant who has professedly written characters. Varro wrote a book *περι χαρακτηρων*, or concerning characters, but his work is not preserved, and it is imagined that he treated on the characters, or discriminating marks of style and composition. Others think it was on the different kinds of eloquence.

Theophrastus flourished in the time of Alexander the Great, and about three hundred years before the Christian æra. His name was Tyrtamus; but Aristotle changed it to Theophrastus; because his elocution had something in it of divine, and the word expresses that idea ‡. He was celebrated as a natural philosopher, and his school was frequented by four thousand scholars. He lived to the age of one hundred and seven, and wrote a multitude of treatises.

But I must not deviate from the pre-

* *Socraticæ Chartæ quem non fecere disertum?* HOR.
Socratic lore with eloquence inspires.

† *Lib. xiii. ver. 278.*

‡ Θεοφραστος προτερον ἐκαλετο Τυρταμος. Δια δε το θειως φραζειν, ὑπο Αριστοτελους ἐκλήθη Ευφραστος, ἔπειτα Θεοφραστος. ΣΟΥΔΑΣ.

sent object, which is the consideration of Theophrastus as the delineator of moral characters.

His book contains twenty-six chapters, in each of which a character is delineated. There is no doubt but that much of the work is lost, something interpolated, and a great deal transposed. It is but a fragment; yet, like the fragment of a diamond, curious and valuable.

Menander is said to have been the scholar of Theophrastus; and Theophrastus has been therefore called the Father of Comedy. The characters certainly contain many touches of such comic humour as might adorn the stage.

They begin with a formality which would induce one to expect rather a dry and philosophical treatise on the subjects proposed, than a comic picture. The definition of the abstract and concrete resembles the dry and methodical style of Aristotle; but the reader is agreeably surprised to find the careless ease and lively painting of Horace.

It must be owned that Theophrastus appears not to have been possessed of any great delicacy. He pursues his subject so far, as frequently to lead his readers to uncleanly scenes. But the ancients, with all their improvements, were inferior to the moderns in that purity of taste, which excludes whatever is offensive to the senses or imagination. What can be more indelicate than the writings of Aristophanes, which the refined Athenians greatly admired?

To judge of Theophrastus, a reader must divest himself of that narrowness of mind which leads to suppose no state of manners right or tolerable but its own. The French have often displayed that fastidious delicacy which has prevented them from perceiving pleasure in the most celebrated works of antiquity. Even Homer was once too gross for the literary beaue of Paris.

Theophrastus, there is little doubt, represented the Athenians as he found them; and it is a very curious set of pictures which he has bequeathed to posterity. We find, what indeed might reasonably be expected, that men's manners were, three hundred years before the Christian æra, much like those in our own century. Men were then dissemblers, they were misers, they were triflers, they were lovers of novelty to excess; they had a thousand other failings, in every respect resembling

those of modern times in modern Europe.

He must possess good sense, and some knowledge of the world, who can relish Theophrastus. To a mere scholar, the work must appear defective and disgustful. It has nothing in it of system. The method in each character is often confused, probably from the injuries of time, and possibly from the age of the author; for Theophrastus was no less than ninety-nine years when he composed it, as he informs us himself, though Laertius and some of the critics pretend to know better. One might naturally have expected more regularity in a disciple of the Stagirite.

Casaubon published a most excellent edition of Theophrastus. Casaubon being an admirable scholar, his notes are very instructive and entertaining. That he fully entered into the spirit of his author, I much doubt. I am certain he often misunderstood him; but, at the same time, his notes are valuable. Theophrastus requires not a profusion of learned notes; but, nevertheless, he has had commentators remarkably prolix. Needham's edition is tediously dull, and in no great estimation. Newton's is, I think, the best adapted to young persons. Newton has made the author easy to be understood, and has explained many passages and many single expressions with great ingenuity.

But I must not enter into the extensive subject of editions. I mean rather to point out the merits of the authors themselves, or to mention any little circumstances respecting them which may interest the student of polite letters.

Bruyere stands next in general estimation to the ancient Theophrastus. His work has been much admired, and consequently produced many bad imitators. The characters which he draws are supposed to be personal; yet most of them are capable of general application. There is a great deal of singular sagacity in them, and much knowledge of the world may be derived from them. Whatever knowledge of the world can be acquired without mixing too much in its follies, is certainly desirable; but the wisdom bought by actual experience usually costs too high a price. The translation of Theophrastus, which Bruyere has prefixed, is by no means masterly. Indeed, I rather consider the addition of Theophrastus, as a screen to hide the persona-

lities included in the author's own characters. He wished to have his work introduced to the reader's notice as an imitation of Theophrastus. But it is not so; it is a work greatly superior. It has exactness and force. It has wit and satire. It has elegance. But, with all its excellencies, there are few books which sooner tire the reader. The mind loves a connexion of thought, at least for a page or two, when its attention is once secured. It delights in roving for a short time; but it soon grows weary, and seeks satisfaction in confining its attention to a more regular series of ideas.

Chesterfield has strongly recommended Bruyere, and indeed his book conduces greatly to the good purpose of habituating young minds to make observations on men and manners. The substance of much of the more valuable part of Chesterfield's advice will be found in Bruyere.

Bruyere well describes the effects of the external graces in the following passage: "La politesse n'inspire pas tous les jours la bonté, l'équité, la complaisance, la gratitude; elle en donne du moins les apparences, et fait paroître l'homme au dehors comme il devrait être intérieurement."

I think I can discover a similarity of style, as well as sentiment, in the writings of Chesterfield and Bruyere; and there is every reason to believe that Chesterfield had been an attentive student of Bruyere.

An author of our own country, in a book entitled *Maxims and Characters*, has imitated Bruyere with good success. It is lively and witty. There is at the same time an inequality in the work, and several of the descriptions are already antiquated.

Pope is an admirable delineator of characters; nothing was ever more highly finished than his character of Atticus. Addison is also particularly distinguished for his talent of moral painting. Fielding yields to few in the description of manners; and if Smollett had tempered his fertile genius with a regard to decorum, there is no doubt but he would have been one of the first in this kind of excellence.

If the knowledge of human nature is valuable, the power of delineating manners with fidelity is justly held in high esteem. Nothing can contribute more to communicate a knowledge of the human heart, and of the sentiments and conduct

probable in any given situation, than such representations faithfully exhibited. One circumstance has prevented so much good from being derived from the paintings of characters as might have been, and has even caused it to be productive of evil. This is no other than a proneness to personal satire and invective. Moral paintings have too often been little else but severe caricatures of excellent persons whose virtues excited envy.

Knox's Winter Evenings.

§ 151. *On CICERO.*

If among the Latin Classics we name Tully, upon every subject he equally shews the strength of his reason, and the brightness of his style. Whether he addresses his friend in the most graceful negligence of a familiar letter, or moves his auditors with laboured periods, and passionate strains of manly oratory; whether he proves the majesty of God, and immortality of human souls, in a more sublime and pompous eloquence; or lays down the rules of prudence and virtue, in a more calm and even way of writing; he always expresses good sense in pure and proper language: he is learned and easy, richly plain, and neat without affectation. He is always copious, but never runs into a faulty luxuriance, nor tires his reader; and though he says almost every thing that can be said upon his subject, yet you will scarce ever think he says too much.

Blackwall.

§ 152. *On several Advantages which the Classics enjoyed.*

It was among the advantages which the chief classics enjoyed, that most of them were placed in prosperous and plentiful circumstances of life, raised above anxious cares, want and abject dependence. They were persons of quality and fortune, courtiers and statesmen, great travellers, and generals of armies, possessed of the highest dignities and posts of peace and war. Their riches and plenty furnished them with leisure and means of study; and their employments improved them in knowledge and experience. How lively must they describe those countries, and remarkable places which they had attentively viewed with their own eyes! What faithful and emphatical relations were they enabled to make of those councils, in which they presided; of those actions in which they were present and commanded!

Herodotus, the father of history, be-

sides the advantages of his travels and general knowledge, was so considerable in power and interest, that he bore a chief part in expelling the tyrant Lygdamis, who had usurped upon the liberties of his native country.

Thucydides and Xenophon were of distinguished eminence and abilities, both in civil and military affairs; were rich and noble; had strong parts, and a careful education in their youth, completed by severe study in their advanced years: in short they had all the advantages and accomplishments both of the retired and active life.

Sophocles bore great offices in Athens; led their armies, and in strength of parts, and nobleness of thought and expression, was not unequal to his colleague Pericles; who, by his commanding wisdom and eloquence, influenced all Greece, and was said to thunder and lighten in his harangues.

Euripides, famous for the purity of the Attic style, and his power in moving the passions, especially the softer ones of grief and pity, was invited to, and generously entertained in, the court of Archelaus king of Macedon. The smoothness of his composition, his excellency in dramatic poetry, the soundness of his morals, conveyed in the sweetest numbers, were so universally admired, and his glory so far spread, that the Athenians, who were taken prisoners in the fatal overthrow under Nicias, were preserved from perpetual exile and ruin, by the astonishing respect that the Sicilians, enemies and strangers, paid to the wit and fame of their illustrious countryman. As many as could repeat any of Euripides's verses, were rewarded with their liberty, and generously sent home with marks of honour.

Plato, by his father's side sprung from Codrus, the celebrated king of Athens; and by his mother's from Solon, their no less celebrated law-giver. To gain experience, and enlarge his knowledge, he travelled into Italy, Sicily, and Egypt. He was courted and honoured by the greatest men of the age wherein he lived; and will be studied and admired by men of taste and judgment in all succeeding ages. In his works, are inestimable treasures of the best learning. In short, as a learned gentleman says, he writ with all the strength of human reason, and all the charm of human eloquence.

Anacreon lived familiarly with Polycrates king of Samos: and his sprightly muse, naturally flowing with innumerable pleasures and graces, must improve in delicacy and sweetness by the gaiety and refined conversation of that flourishing court.

The bold and exalted genius of Pindar was encouraged and heightened by the honours he received from the champions and princes of his age; and his conversation with the heroes qualified him to sing their praises with more advantage. The conquerors at the Olympic games scarce valued their garlands of honour, and wreaths of victory, if they were not crowned with his never-fading laurels, and immortalized by his celestial song. The noble Hiero of Syracuse was his generous friend and patron; and the most powerful and polite state of all Greece esteemed a line of his in praise of their glorious city, worth public acknowledgments, and a statue. Most of the genuine and valuable Latin Classics had the same advantages of fortune and improving conversation, the same encouragements with these and the other celebrated Grecians.

Terence gained such a wonderful insight into the characters and manners of mankind, such an elegant choice of words, and fluency of style, such judgment in the conduct of his plot, and such delicate and charming turns, chiefly by the conversation of Scipio and Lælius, the greatest men, and most refined wits, of their age. So much did this judicious writer, and clean scholar, improve by his diligent application to study, and their genteel and learned conversation, that it was charged upon him by those who envied his superior excellencies, that he published their compositions under his own name. His enemies had a mind that the world should believe those noblemen wrote his plays, but scarce believed it themselves; and the poet very prudently and genteelly slighted their malice, and made his great patrons the finest compliment in the world, by esteeming the accusation as an honour, rather than making any formal defence against it*.

Sallust, so famous for his neat expressive brevity, and quick turns, for truth of fact and clearness of style, for the accuracy of his characters, and his piercing view into the mysteries of policy and motives of action, cultivated his rich abilities, and made his acquired learning so useful to the world,

* See Prologue to *Adelphi*, v. 15—22.

and so honourable to himself, by bearing the chief offices in the Roman government, and sharing in the important councils and debates of the senate.

Cæsar had a prodigious wit, and universal learning; was noble by birth, a consummate statesman, a brave and wise general, and a most heroic prince. His prudence and modesty in speaking of himself, the truth and clearness of his descriptions, the inimitable purity and perspicuity of his style, distinguish him with advantage from all other writers. None bears a nearer resemblance to him in more instances than the admirable Xenophon. What useful and entertaining accounts might reasonably be expected from such a writer, who gives you the geography and history of those countries and nations, which he himself conquered, and the description of those military engines, bridges, and encampments, which he himself contrived and marked out.

The best authors in the reign of Augustus, as Horace, Virgil, Tibullus, Propertius, &c. enjoyed happy times, and plentiful circumstances. That was the golden age of learning. They flourished under the favours and bounty of the richest and most generous court in the world; and the beams of majesty shone bright and propitious on them.

What could be too great to expect from such poets as Horace and Virgil, beloved and munificently encouraged by such patrons as Mæcenas and Augustus?

A chief reason why Tacitus writes with such skill and authority, that he makes such deep searches into the nature of things, and designs of men, that he so exquisitely understands the secrets and intrigues of courts, was, that he himself was admitted into the highest places of trust, and employed in the most public and important affairs. The statesman brightens the scholar, and the consul improves and elevates the historian.

Blackwall.

§ 153. *Thoughts on the Œdipus Tyrannus of SOPHOCLES, and several circumstances respecting the Grecian Drama.*

Of the three Greek dramatic poets, Sophocles is the most celebrated; and of the productions of Sophocles, the Œdipus Tyrannus is the most excellent. It has stood the test of the severest criticism. The unities of time, place, and action are inviolably preserved in it: and while it satisfies the critic who judges by the laws of Aristotle, it pleases the common reader

and spectator, who forms his opinion from the feelings of his nature. Never was there a tale more affecting than that of Œdipus, and never was any tale told more pathetically than this is by Sophocles. Many a tear has it excited among the Athenians, whose hearts were ever finely susceptible of the sentiments of humanity: but the best translation of it would not equally please in a modern theatre. Many other causes of its failure may be assigned, besides that simplicity, artlessness, and incomplexity of fable, which the taste of the moderns is too much vitiated to relish.

In the first place, it must be considered, that every original composition must lose something of its beauty from the best translation. It is a common remark, that the spirit of an author, like that of some essences, evaporates by transfusion. Foreign manners, and foreign customs, are seldom understood by a common audience, and as seldom approved. The majority of an English audience are unacquainted with ancient learning, and can take no pleasure in the representation of men and things which have not fallen under their notice. Add to this, that they love to see tragedies formed on their own histories, or on histories in which they are in some measure nearly interested. When Shakspeare's historical dramas are represented, they feel as Englishmen in every event; they take part with their Edwards and Henries, as friends and fellow-countrymen; they glory in their successes, and sympathize with their misfortunes. To a similar circumstance may be attributed part of the applause which the Athenians bestowed on this tragedy of Sophocles; for Œdipus was king of a neighbouring country, with which the Athenians were always intimately connected either in war or peace.

These considerations should teach us to content ourselves with admiring Sophocles in the closet, without attempting to obtrude him on the stage, which must always accommodate itself to the taste of the times, whether unreasonable or just, consistent or capricious.

In truth, the warmest admirer of ancient Greek poetry must acknowledge a barrenness of invention in the choice of subjects. The Trojan war, and the misfortunes of the Theban king, are almost the only sources from which those great masters of composition, Homer, Æschylus,

Euripides, and Sophocles, have derived their subject-matter. They have, indeed, embellished these little parts of history with all the fire of imagination and melody of poetry; but is it not strange, that in a country like Greece, where the restless spirit of military virtue was continually forming noble designs, and achieving glorious exploits, the poets could discover no illustrious deed worthy of being painted in never-fading colours, but the worn-out stories of a wooden horse, and a sphinx's riddle? It is difficult for an age like the present, which hungers and thirsts after novelty, to conceive that an audience could sit with patience during the recital of a story which all must have heard a thousand times; especially as it was unadorned with the meretricious artifices of players, with the tricks of the stage, with thunder and lightning, hail and rain, tolling bells, and tinsel garments.

But the sameness of the story in the Grecian poets became agreeable to the audience, through that veneration which every record of ancient history demands; and it was a kind of poetical fashion to select the stories from the Trojan war. That the tale on which a dramatic poem is founded should not be of modern date, has, I think, been laid down as a rule. Nor is it the precept of an arbitrary critic, but is justified by nature and reason. Imagination always exceeds reality. The vulgar could never prevail upon themselves to look on scenes, to the reality of which they have been eye-witnesses, with the same ardour as on those which they have received from their ancestors, and have painted with the strongest colours on their fancy. In obedience to this rule, the Greek poets borrowed their subjects from ancient facts universally known, believed, and admired; and the audience entered the theatre to behold a lively representation of the picture already formed in their own imagination.

A modern reader has not a preparatory disposition of mind necessary to receive all that pleasure from these compositions which transported an ancient Greek. He does not glow with that patriotic ardour which he would feel on reading glorious deeds of a fellow-countryman, when Homer represents a hero breaking the Trojan phalanx and encountering a Hector. He does not consider an ancient Theban or Athenian involved in the guilt of undesignated parricide or incest, nearly enough

connected with him to excite his sympathy in a violent degree; but all these feelings in a Grecian audience, occasioned by a Grecian sufferer, account for that uncommon delight which they took in their dramatic representations, and for their freedom from that satiety which might otherwise have been occasioned by the reiteration of a simple tale. After all, I think, if pedantry is to be imputed to the admirers of Grecian literature, it is when they prefer the dramatic compositions of Greece to those of England; and I must reluctantly confess, that the minute students of Greek quantity in the Greek tragedians, who assume great merit in their frivolous studies and discoveries, are both puerile and pedantic.

An English audience has lately shown itself not so averse from the ancient tragedy as was expected, by its favourable reception of *Elfrida* and *Caractacus*, written on the Grecian model: but, perhaps, this event is not so much to be attributed to the revival of the fine taste of an Attic audience, as to the insatiable avidity of something new. The English are as fond of the *κavορτι*, in literature, as the Athenians were in politics: but whether caprice or reason, whether taste or fashion, gave them a favourable reception on the English stage, it is certain that *Elfrida* and *Caractacus* are elegant dramas, formed on the ancient model, and may be read with great advantage by those who wish to entertain a just idea of the Greek tragedy without a knowledge of the language. Yet what are they to *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*? *Knox's Essays.*

§ 154. *Cursory and unconnected Remarks on some of the Minor Greek Poets.*

The intrinsic graces of the classic writers have charmed every mind which was susceptible of the beauties of spirit, taste, and elegance. Since the revival of learning, innumerable critics have employed themselves in displaying the beauties which they felt, or in removing the difficulties and obstructions which retarded their progress in the perusal of the ancients. At present, there is scarcely any room for criticism on them; and the most laborious commentator finds, with regret, his profoundest researches, and his acutest remarks, anticipated by the lucubrations of former critics; but as there is scarcely a greater difference between the features of the face, than between the faculties of the mind in different men,

and as objects must strike various feelings in various manners, the works of taste and genius may, on different reviews, furnish inexhaustible matter for critical observation. Upon this principle, authors of the present age venture to add to the labours of their predecessors, without fearing or incurring the imputation of vanity or impertinence.

The present remarks shall be confined to some of the Greek Minor Poets, without minutely attending to chronological, or any other order.

In the union of dignity with sweetness, of melody with strength, the Greek is better adapted to beautiful composition than any modern language. The Italian has all its softness, but wants its force. The French possesses elegance and expression, but is deficient in sound and dignity. The English is strong, nervous, flowery, fit for animated oratory and enthusiastic poetry, but abounds with Saxon or Gothic monosyllables, ill adapted to express the music of mellifluous cadence. To compare the Dutch and the German with the language of Athens, were to compare the jarring noise of grating iron with the soft warblings of the flute. The other languages of Europe are equally unfit for harmonious modulation, and indeed cannot properly be examined in this place, as the people who speak them have not yet distinguished themselves by any writings truly classical.

The Greek Epigram naturally falls first under our present consideration. Of these little compositions, which owe their origin to Greece, none can be insensible of the beauty, whose taste is not vitiated by the less delicate wit of the modern Epigrammatist. Indeed, to relish the simple graces of the Greek Epigram, the taste must not be formed upon the model even of the celebrated Martial. Among the Latin poets, Catullus approaches nearest to the Greeks in this species of composition.

The Anthologia, still extant, are written by various authors, and there are scarcely sufficient epigrams of any one, to discriminate his manner from that of others. Suffice it to remark, in general, that their beauty does not often consist in a point, or witty conceit, but in a simplicity of thought, and a sweetness of language. I suspect that many of them are no better than our common church-yard inscriptions, of which the authors have

often been the imitators of Sternhold and Hopkins, that venerable order of minstrels and parish clerks. But Greek gives a charm to the poorest thoughts of the most puerile epigram. In plain English, the clerks and sextons of an English village often surpass the poetry of the Anthologia, in which Sternhold himself is often *ousterholded*.

The golden verses of Pythagoras, though not remarkable for splendour of diction or flowing versification, are yet highly beautiful in the concise and forcible mode of inculcating morality, and virtues almost Christian. The earlier philosophers of Greece conveyed their tenets in verse, not so much because they aspired to the character of poets, as because precepts delivered in metre were more easily retained in the memory of their disciples. Pythagoras has comprised every necessary rule for the conduct of life in this little poem, and he that commits it to memory will not want a guide to direct his behaviour under any event: but though the morality of these is their more valuable beauty, yet are they by no means destitute of poetical merit.

That generosity of soul which ever accompanies true genius, has induced the poets and philosophers of all ages to stand forth in the cause of liberty. Alcæus, of whose merits from the monuments of antiquity we may form the most exalted idea; first raised himself to eminence by a poem entitled Stasiotica, in a violent invective against tyrants in general at Pittacus, at that time the tyrant of Athens. It has not escaped the general wreck, and we have only a few broken specimens of this celebrated writer's works preserved by the ancient grammarians. We must, therefore, be content to learn his character from the judicious Quintilian, and the learned Dionysius of Halicarnassus: the former of whom asserts, that he was concise, sublime, accurate, and in many respects resembled Homer: the latter, that he had a grandeur, brevity, and sweetness equally blended throughout all his compositions.

Stesichorus, according to Quintilian, was remarkable for strength of genius. He gave to lyric poetry all the solemnity of the Epopeæ. Had he known how to restrain the impetuosity of his genius, it is said he would have rivalled Homer: but, unfortunately, the noble warmth of his temper urged him beyond the bounds

of just writing, and he seems to have failed of excellence by a redundancy of beauties.

The fragments of Menander are sufficiently excellent to induce every votary of learning to regret the loss of his works. Some indeed have thought, that time never gave a greater blow to polite literature, than in the destruction of the Comedies of Menander; but as Terence has preserved his spirit and his style, perhaps the want of the original is compensated by the exact copyings of that elegant author. Quinctilian, from whose judgment there is scarcely an appeal, has represented Menander as alone sufficient to form our taste and style. The few remains, preserved by Stobæus, whether the beauty of the sentiments or the purity of the diction be regarded, must be pronounced uncommonly excellent. They are, however, too generally known to require illustration.

Simonides is characterised by Longinus as a poet remarkable for the pathetic. Of his writings very few have survived the injuries of time. The little poem on Danaë is, however, sufficient to justify the judgment of Longinus. Nothing can be more delicately tender, or more exquisitely pathetic. There is something inexpressibly pleasing to the mind, in the representation of a mother addressing a sleeping infant unconscious of its danger, with all the endearing blandishments of maternal fondness.

The other remarkable poem of this author, which time has spared, is of a very different kind. It is a Satire on Women, and is well known by a prosaic translation of it inserted in the *Essays* of a celebrated modern writer.

Alcman of Laconia is another melancholy instance of the depredations which the hand of time has made on the most valuable works of antiquity. Of this author, once celebrated throughout Greece, quoted by the learned and repeated by the fair, scarcely the name is known in the present age. Athenæus, Hephæstion, the scholiast on Pindar, Eustathius, and Plutarch, have vindicated him from absolute oblivion, by preserving a few of his fragments. Love verses, which since his time have employed some of the greatest writers, and have been admired by the most sensible readers, say the critics, were of his invention. All who preceded him had invariably written in Hexameter.

He subjoined the elegiac verse, and may justly claim the honour of having introduced that species of poetry, which Ovid and the other Latin elegiac writers have since advanced to a most pleasing species of composition. I rather think nature invented them.

Archilochus wrote iambics and elegiacs; the former satirical; the latter, amorous. That he succeeded in his attempts, we have sufficient reason to conclude from the testimony of Horace. There is not enough of him remaining, to enable us to form a judgement of the impartiality of his decision, and we must be contented to acquiesce in his authority.

Lucian says, in one of his dialogues, that the poets have given Jupiter many of the most pompous epithets, merely for the sake of a sonorous word to fill up a verse. The hymns of Orpheus abound with these expletives; and the reader is often disgusted with sounding verse almost destitute of sense. If, however, they were composed for music, they may pass uncensured by some: for it seems to have been generally and most absurdly agreed, and it is observable at this day, that very little attention is to be paid to the words of Operas, Odes, and Songs, which are written merely for music. The poems of Orpheus, if those which are extant are like all his productions, would certainly move no stones. What has been said of the hymns of this poet, may be extended to many other Greek compositions of the same species. General censure, will, however, seldom be just; and it must be confessed, that there are some among them, particularly those of Callimachus, truly sublime and beautiful.

There was a species of poetry among the Athenians, which, in some measure, resembled many of our English ballads. At the approach of a war, or after a victory or defeat, the poets and statesmen usually dispersed among the people some short composition, which tended to animate them with courage, or to inspire them with joy. Solon, the wise legislator of Athens, was too well acquainted with the power of poetry over the human heart, to neglect this efficacious method of enforcing his laws, and propagating his institutions among the lower ranks of the Athenians. There are still extant some of his pieces, which bear internal marks of having been purposely written to give the people a passion for liberty, to inspire them with a

love of virtue, and to teach them obedience to the laws. They are, indeed, written in the elegiac measure, but have nothing of the soft amorous strain which distinguishes the Ovidian elegy. They are manly, moral, and severe. By these, it is a well-known fact, the Athenians were animated to resume a war which they had dropt in despair; and, in consequence of the ardour which these inspired, they obtained a complete victory over their enemies. There are several in the English language equally good as poems, and, as it is said, productive of similar effects.

Tyrtæus wrote in a similar style, but entirely confined himself to martial subjects. So strongly is military valour, and the love of liberty, enforced in his little compositions, that it would by no means be absurd to attribute the victories of the Grecians over the Persians, as much to a Tyrtæus, as to a Miltiades or Themistocles. The effects of such political ballads have been frequently seen among the English in time of war. Every one has heard of Lillabullero.—Many a poor fellow has been tempted to quit the plough and the loom for the sword, on hearing a song in praise of Hawke or Wolfe roared by his obstreperous companions. These verses are too deficient in point of elegance to admit of quotations, and the frequent opportunities of hearing them from the mouths of the vulgar render repetition in this place unnecessary. The bards of Grub-street are commonly the authors of our martial ballads; but at Athens they were written by poets, statesmen, and philosophers. We may judge of the influence of their productions, by the powerful effect of our rude and even nonsensical rhymes. The more nonsensical the more popular.

Few ancient authors have been less read than Lycophron. His obscurity not only retards but disgusts the reader; yet, perhaps, his want of perspicuity, though highly disagreeable to the student, is an excellence in a work consisting of predictions. Prophecies and oracles have ever been purposely obscure, and almost unintelligible. The mind that attends to these uninspired predictions of paganism, voluntarily renounces reason, and believes the more as it understands the less; but, whether Lycophron is to be praised or censured for obscurity, certain it is, that on this account he will never become a favourite author. Notwithstanding the

labours of the great Potter, he is still difficult, and will probably continue to repose in dust and darkness, amidst the dull collections of antiquated museums. If he were sacrificed to the genius of dullness, none need bewail the loss of Lycophron.

The poems of Bacchylides, however he is neglected by the moderns, were highly honoured by an ancient, who was esteemed a complete judge of literary merit. Hiero hesitated not to pronounce them superior to the odes of Pindar, which have been generally celebrated as the utmost efforts of human genius. The opinion of Hiero may, however, be questioned, with an appearance of justice, when it is considered that his character, as a critic, was established by his courtiers, who, to gain his favour, might not scruple to violate the truth.

The gay, the sprightly, the voluptuous Anacreon is known to every reader. His subjects and his manner of treating them have captivated all who are susceptible either of pleasure or of poetry. There is, indeed, an exquisite tenderness, delicacy, and taste in the sentiments; but I have always thought he derived no small share of his beauty from the choice of expressions, and the peculiar harmony of his verses. It has been objected to him by rigid moralists, that his writings tend to promote drunkenness and debauchery. But this objection might in some degree be extended to a great part of the finest writers in the lyric and epigrammatic line, ancient and modern. A man of sense and judgment will admire the beauties of a composition, without suffering its sentiments to influence his principles or his conduct. He will look upon the more licentious sallies of Anacreontic writers as little *jeux d'esprit*, designed to please in the hour of convivial festivity, but not to regulate his thoughts and actions in the serious concerns of life. Whatever may be the moral tendency of the writings, it is certain that as a poet he is unrivalled in that species of composition which he adopted. Many have been the imitations of him, but few have succeeded. The joys of love and wine have indeed been described by his followers; but their touches are more like the daubings of an unskilful painter, than the exquisite traits of a masterly hand. Cowley, whose genius certainly partook more of the Anacreontic than of the Pindaric, has been

one of his happiest imitators, for he is rather to be called an imitator than a translator: but the English reader will not form a just idea of the merits of Anacreon from those Bacchanalian songs which so frequently appear under the title of Anacreontic. Indeed there is no good translation of Anacreon: neither is it desirable that there should be. Dissolute and unprincipled persons may wish to turn a penny by exciting the libidinous passions, or recommending drunkenness, under the name of Anacreon; but they deserve the contempt of all who regard the happiness of society. The passions and tendencies to voluptuousness and intemperance are sufficiently strong without the *stimuli* of licentious rhyme.

The passion of love was never more strongly felt or described than by the sensible Sappho. The little Greek ode preserved by Longinus, the metre of which derives its name from her, has been translated by Mr. Philips with all the air of an original. The Latin translation of Catullus appears much inferior to that of our countryman. The Greek indeed is much corrupted, and, as it now stands, is less pleasing than the English. Every one, who on reading it recollects its occasion, must lament that so warm a passion, so feelingly represented, was excited by an improper object. She wrote also a tender hymn to Venus. But her works are happily lost.

Scaliger, whose judgment, though sometimes called in question, ought certainly to have great weight, bestowed very extraordinary praises on the writings of Oppian; a poet who, though he has been compared to Virgil in his *Georgics*, is only perused by the curious in Grecian literature, and is known only by name to the common reader. The emperor Caracalla, under whom he flourished, is said to have been so charmed with his poems, as to have ordered him a *stater* for each verse. Modern critics will, however, dare to call in question the taste of Caracalla. The works of Oppian consisted of *halieutics*, *cynogetics*, and *ixeutics*, the latter of which have perished by the injuries of time. He was a grammarian, which, in the idea of the Greeks, meant a professed scholar; and, in every age, the poems of men who professed literature have been less admired than the vigorous and wild productions of uncultivated genius. The former are contented to avoid faults, but

genius labours after beauties only. Apollonius is more correct than Homer, and Jonson than Shakspeare; but Apollonius and Jonson are coldly approved, while Homer and Shakspeare are beheld with astonishment almost equal to idolatry. It should, however, be remarked to the honour of Apollonius, that the judicious Virgil borrowed several of his most celebrated similes from him; and perhaps he is not to be ranked among the *poëta minores*. Oppian has met with the usual fate of grammarians, and has scarcely been read; but the reader of taste will yet find many passages, which, if they are not sublime, he must confess to be beautiful.

Tryphiodorus has been introduced to the English reader by the excellent translation of the ingenious Mr. Merrick. Homer he certainly imitated, and has succeeded in the imitation. Copies taken by great masters, though inferior in general, yet in some parts commonly rival their original. Tryphiodorus reaches not the sublimer flights of the Mæonian bard, but he sometimes follows his less daring excursions at no distant interval. It is enough to recommend him to general approbation, that with a moderate portion of Homer's fire he has more correctness. He may be read with advantage not only in a poetical, but in an historical view. Where Homer discontinued the thread of his story, Tryphiodorus has taken it up. Indeed this poem is a necessary supplement to the *Iliad*, without which the reader is left unsatisfied. Tryphiodorus is said to have written another poem, called *Ὀδυσσεῖα λειπογραμμάτη*, in which he has omitted, through each book, the letter which marked the number of it. Such a kind of composition is trifling and beneath a man of genius; but it must be allowed to be a work of great difficulty, and consequently a proof of great application. Not ought it to injure the character of Tryphiodorus as a poet, but to be viewed as the wanton production of an ingenious, but ill-employed grammarian. If Homer wrote the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, and Virgil descanted on the *Gnat*, without losing the dignity of their characters, inferior writers may indulge the inoffensive sallies of whim, without the imputation of folly or puerility.

In the perusal of some of these, and other of the minor poets whose works are extant, the lover of the Grecian muse finds

a pleasing variety, after reading the more sublime and beautiful productions of Homer. But I think it would be, upon the whole, a benefit to literature, if there could be a general clearance of rubbish; and if the minor poets, like the stars at sun-rise, could be made to disappear entirely on the effulgence of a Homer, a Virgil, and a Milton. Life is too short to be consumed in the study of mediocrity.

Knox's Essays.

§ 159. *The Classics exhibit a beautiful System of Morals.*

Another great advantage of studying the Classics is, that from a few of the best of them may be drawn a good system and beautiful collection of sound morals. There the precepts of a virtuous and happy life are set off in the light and gracefulness of clear and moving expression; and eloquence is meritoriously employed in vindicating and adorning religion. This makes deep impressions on the minds of young gentlemen, and charms them with the love of goodness, so engagingly dressed and so beautifully commended. The Offices, Cato Major, Tusculan Questions, &c. of Tully, want not much of Epictetus and Antonine in morality, and are much superior in language. Pindar writes in an excellent strain of piety as well as poetry; he carefully wipes off all the aspersions that old fables had thrown upon the deities; and never speaks of things or persons sacred, but with the tenderest caution and reverence. He praises virtue and religion with a generous warmth; and speaks of its eternal rewards with a pious assurance. A notable critic has observed, on the perpetual scandal of this poet, that his chief, if not only excellency, lies in his moral sentences. Indeed Pindar is a great master of this excellency, for which all men of sense will admire him; and at the same time be astonished at that man's honesty who slights such an excellency; and that man's understanding, who cannot discover many more excellencies in him. I remember, in one of his Olympic Odes, in a noble confidence of his own genius, and a just contempt of his vile and malicious adversaries, he compares himself to an eagle, and them to crows: and indeed he soars far above the reach and out of the view of noisy fluttering cavillers. The famous Greek professor, Dupont, has made an entertaining and useful collection of Homer's divine

and moral sayings, and has with great dexterity compared them with parallel passages out of the inspired writers*: by which it appears, that there is no book in the world so like the style of the Holy Bible as Homer. The noble historians abound with moral reflections upon the conduct of human life; and powerfully instruct both by precepts and examples. They paint vice and villany in horrid colours; and employ all their reason and eloquence to pay due honours to virtue, and render undissembled goodness amiable in the eye of mankind. They express a true reverence for the established religion, and a hearty concern for the prosperous state of their native country.

Blackwall.

§ 160. *On the Morality of JUVENAL.*

I do not wonder when I hear that some prelates of the church have recommended the serious study of Juvenal's moral parts to their clergy. That manly and vigorous author, so perfect a master in the serious and sublime way of satire, is not unacquainted with any of the excellencies of good writing; but is especially to be admired and valued for his exalted morals. He dissuades from wickedness, and exhorts to goodness, with vehemence of zeal that can scarce be dissembled, and strength of reason that cannot easily be resisted. He does not praise virtue and condemn vice, as one has a favourable, and the other a malignant aspect upon a man's fortune in this world only; but he establishes the unalterable distinctions of good and evil; and builds his doctrine upon the immovable foundations of God and infinite Providence.

His morals are suited to the nature and dignity of an immortal soul; and, like it, derive their original from heaven.

How sound and serviceable is that wonderful notion in the thirteenth satire†, That an inward inclination to do an ill thing is criminal: that a wicked thought stains the mind with guilt, and exposes the offender to the punishment of Heaven, though it never ripen into action! A suitable practice would effectually crush the serpent's head, and banish a long and black train of mischiefs and miseries out of the world. What a scene of horror does he disclose, when in the same satire‡, he opens to our view the wounds and

* *Gnomologia Homerica*, Cantab. 1660.

† V. 208, &c. ‡ V. 192, &c. 210, &c.

gashes of a wicked conscience! The guilty reader is not only terrified at dreadful cracks and flashes of the heavens, but looks pale and trembles at the thunder and lightning of the poet's awful verse. The notion of true fortitude cannot be better stated than it is in the eighth satire*, where he pressingly exhorts his reader always to prefer his conscience and principles before his life; and not be restrained from doing his duty, or to be awed into a compliance with a villanous proposal, even by the presence and command of a barbarous tyrant, or the nearest prospect of death in all the circumstances of cruelty and terror. Must not a professor of Christianity be ashamed of himself for harbouring uncharitable and bloody resentments in his breast, when he reads and considers that invaluable passage against revenge in the above-mentioned thirteenth satire? where he argues against that fierce and fatal passion, from the ignorance and littleness of that mind which is possessed with it; from the honour and generosity of passing by and forgiving injuries; from the example of those wise and mild men, Chrysippus and Thales, and especially that of Socrates, that undaunted champion and martyr of natural religion; who was so great a proficient in the best philosophy, that he was assured his malicious prosecutors and murderers could do him no hurt; and had not himself the least inclination or rising wish to do them any; who discoursed with that cheerful gravity, and graceful composure, a few moments before he was going to die, as if he had been going to take possession of a kingdom; and drank off the poisonous bowl, as a potion of Immortality. *Blackwall.*

§ 161. *Directions for reading the Classics.*

Those excellencies of the Ancients, which I have accounted for, seem to be sufficient to recommend them to the esteem and study of all lovers of good and polite learning: and that the young scholar may study them with suitable success and improvement, a few directions may be proper to be observed; which I shall lay down in this chapter. 'Tis in my opinion a right method to begin with the best and most approved Classics; and to read those authors first, which must often be read over. Besides, that the best authors are easiest to be understood, their noble sense and animated expression will make strong impres-

sions upon the young scholar's mind, and train him up to the early love and imitation of their excellencies.

Plautus, Catullus, Terence, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, Tibullus, Propertius, cannot be studied too much, or gone over too often. One reading may suffice for Lucan, Statius, Valerius Flaccus, Silius Italicus, Claudian; though there will be frequent occasions to consult some of their particular passages. The same may be said with respect to the Greek poets: Homer, Pindar, Anacreon, Aristophanes, Euripides, Sophocles, Theocritus, Callimachus, must never be entirely laid aside; and will recompense as many repetitions as a man's time and affairs will allow. Hesiod, Orpheus, Theognis, Æschylus, Lycophron, Apollonius Rhodius, Nicander, Aratus, Oppian, Quintus Calaber, Dionysius Periegetes, and Nonnus, will amply reward the labour of one careful perusal. Sallust, Livy, Cicero, Cæsar, and Tacitus, deserve to be read several times; and read them as oft as you please, they will always afford fresh pleasure and improvement. I cannot but place the two Plinies after these illustrious writers, who flourished, indeed, when the Roman language was a little upon the declension: but by the vigour of a great genius, and wondrous industry, raised themselves in a great measure above the discouragements and disadvantages of the age they lived in. In quality and learning, in experience of the world, and employments of importance in the government, they were equal to the greatest of the Latin writers, though excelled by some of them in language.

The elder Pliny's natural history is a work learned and copious, that entertains you with all the variety of nature itself, and is one of the greatest monuments of universal knowledge, and unwearied application, now extant in the world. His geography, and description of herbs, trees and animals, are of great use to the understanding of all the authors of Rome and Greece.

Pliny the younger is one of the finest wits that Italy has produced; he is correct and elegant, has a florid and gay fancy, tempered with maturity and soundness of judgment. Every thing in him is exquisitely studied; and yet, in general speaking, every thing is natural

and easy. In his incomparable oration in honour of Trajan, he has frequent and surprising turns of wit, without playing and tinkling upon sounds. He has exhausted the subject of panegyric, using every topic, and every delicacy of praise. Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Plutarch, Demosthenes, are of the same merit among the Greeks: to which, I think, I may add Polybius, Lucian, and Plutarch. Polybius was nobly born, a man of deep thought, and perfect master of his subject: he discovers all the mysteries of policy, and presents to your view the inmost springs of those actions which he describes: his remarks and maxims have been regarded, by the greatest men both in civil and military affairs, as oracles of prudence: Scipio was his friend and admirer; Cicero, Strabo, and Plutarch, have honoured him with high commendations; Constantine the Great was his diligent reader; and Brutus abridged him for his own constant use. Lucian is an universal scholar, and a prodigious wit: he is Attic and neat in his style, clear in his narration, and wonderfully facetious in his repartees; he furnishes you with almost all the poetical history in such a diverting manner, that you will not easily forget it; and supplies the most dry and barren wit with a rich plenty of materials. Plutarch is an author of deep sense and vast learning; though he does not reach his illustrious predecessors in the graces of his language, his morals are sound and noble, illustrated with a perpetual variety of beautiful metaphors and comparisons, and enforced with very remarkable stories, and pertinent examples: in his lives there is a complete account of all the Roman and Grecian antiquities, of their customs, and affairs of peace and war; those writings will furnish a capable and inquisitive reader with a curious variety of characters, with a very valuable store of wise remarks and sound politics. The surface is a little rough, but under lie vast quantities of precious ore.

Blackwall.

§ 162. *The subordinate Classics not to be neglected.*

Every repetition of these authors will bring the reader fresh profit and satisfaction. The rest of the Classics must by no means be neglected; but ought once to be carefully read over, and may ever after be occasionally consulted with much advan-

tage. The Grecian Classics next in value to those we have named, are, Diodorus Siculus, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Strabo, Ælian, Arrian's Expedition of Alexander the Great, Polyænus, Herodian; the Latin are, Hirtius, Justin, Quintus Curtius, Florus, Nepos, and Suetonius. We may, with a little allowance, admit that observation to be just, that he who would completely understand one Classic must diligently read all. When a young gentleman is entered upon a course of these studies, I would not have him to be discouraged at the checks and difficulties he will sometimes meet with: if upon close and due consideration he cannot entirely master any passage, let him proceed by constant and regular reading, he will either find in that author he is upon, or some other on the same subject, a parallel place that will clear the doubt.

The Greek authors wonderfully explain and illustrate the Roman. Learning came late to Rome, and all the Latin writers follow the plans that were laid out before them by the great masters of Greece.

They every where imitate the Greeks, and in many places translate 'em. Compare 'em together, and they will be a comment to one another; you will by this means be enabled to pass a more certain judgment upon the humour and idiom of both languages; and both the pleasure and advantage of your reading will be double.

Ibid.

§ 163. *On the Study of the New Testament.*

The classic scholar must by no means be so much wanting to his own duty, pleasure and improvement, as to neglect the study of the New Testament, but must be perpetually conversant in those inestimable writings which have all the treasures of divine wisdom, and the words of eternal life in them. The best way will be to make them the first and last of all your studies, to open and close the day with that sacred book, wherein you have a faithful and most entertaining history of that blessed and miraculous work of the redemption of the world; and sure directions how to qualify and entitle yourself for the great salvation purchased by Jesus.

This exercise will compose your thoughts into the sweetest serenity and cheerfulness; and happily consecrate all your time and studies to God. After you have read the Greek Testament once over with care and

deliberation, I humbly recommend to your frequent and attentive perusal, these following chapters:

St. Matthew 5. 6. 7. 25. 26. 27. 28.—
St. Mark 1. 13.—St. Luke 2. 9. 15. 16.
23. 24.—St. John 1. 11. 14. 15. 16. 17.
19. 20.—Acts 26. 27.—Romans 2. 8.
12.—1 Cor. 3. 9. 13. 15.—2 Cor. 4.
6. 11.—Ephes. 4. 5. 6.—Philipp. 1.
2. 3.—Coloss. 1. 3.—1 Thess. 2. 5.
—1 Tim. 1. 6.—2 Tim. 2. 3.—
Philemon.—Heb. 1. 4. 6. 11. 12.—
1 St. Peter all.—2 St. Peter all.—St.
Jude.—1 St. John 1. 3.—Revel. 1.
18. 19. 20.

In this collection you will find the Book of God, written by the evangelists, and apostles, comprised in a most admirable and comprehensive epitome. A true critic will discover numerous instances of every style in perfection; every grace and ornament of speech more chaste and beautiful than the most admired and shining passages of the secular writers.

In particular, the description of God, and the future state of heavenly glory, in St. Paul and St. Peter, St. James and St. John, as far transcend the descriptions of Jupiter and Olympus, which Homer, and Pindar, and Virgil, give us, as the thunder and lightning of the heavens do the rattling and flashes of a Salmoeneus; or the eternal Jehovah is superior to the Pagan deities. In all the New Testament, especially these select passages, God delivers to mankind laws of mercy, mysteries of wisdom, and rules of happiness, which fools and madmen stupidly neglect, or impiously scorn; while all the best and brightest beings in the universe regard them with sacred attention, and contemplate them with wonder and transporting delight. These studies, with a suitable Christian practice (which they so loudly call for, and so pathetically press) will raise you above all vexatious fears, and deluding hopes; and keep you from putting an undue value upon either the eloquence or enjoyments of this world. *Blackwall.*

§ 164. *The old Critics to be studied.*

That we may still qualify ourselves the better to read and relish the Classics, we must seriously study the old Greek and Latin critics. Of the first are Aristotle, Dionysius Longinus, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus: of the latter are Tully, Horace, and Quintilian. These are excellent authors, which lead their readers to the foun-

tain-head of true sense and sublimity; teach them the first and infallible principles of convincing and moving eloquence; and reveal all the mystery and delicacy of good writing. While they judiciously discover the excellencies of other authors, they successfully shew their own; and are glorious examples of that sublime they praise. They take off the general distastefulness of precepts; and rules, by their dexterous management, have beauty as well as usefulness. They were, what every true critic must be, persons of great reading and happy memory, of a piercing sagacity and elegant taste. They praise without flattery or partial favour; and censure without pride or envy. We shall still have a completer notion of the perfections and beauties of the ancients, if we read the choicest authors in our own tongue, and some of the best writers of our neighbour nations, who always have the Ancients in view, and write with their spirit and judgment. We have a glorious set of poets, of whom I shall only mention a few, which are the chief; Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Waller, Denham, Cowley, Dryden, Prior, Addison, Pope; who are inspired with the true spirit of their predecessors of Greece and Rome; and by whose immortal works the reputation of the English poetry is raised much above that of any language in Europe. Then we have prose writers of all professions and degrees, and upon a great variety of subjects, true admirers and great masters of the old Classics and Critics; who observe their rules, and write after their models. We have Raleigh, Clarendon, Temple, Taylor, Tillotson, Sharp, Sprat, South—with a great many others, both dead and living, that I have not time to name, though I esteem them not inferior to the illustrious few I have mentioned; who are in high esteem with all readers of taste and distinction, and will be long quoted as bright examples of good sense and fine writing. Horace and Aristotle will be read with greater delight and improvement, if we join with them the Duke of Buckingham's Essay on Poetry, Roscommon's Translation of Horace's Art of Poetry, and Essay on Translated Verse, Mr. Pope's Essay on Criticism, and Discourses before Homer, Dryden's Critical Prefaces and Discourses, all the Spectators that treat upon Classical Learning, particularly the justly admired and celebrated critique upon Milton's Paradise Lost, Dacier upon Aristotle's Poetics, Bos-

su on Epic Poetry, Boileau's Art of Poetry, and Reflections on Longinus, Dr. Felton's Dissertation on the Classics, and Mr. Trapp's Poetical Prelections. These gentlemen make a true judgment and use of the Ancients: they esteem it a reputation to own they admire them, and borrow from them; and make a grateful return, by doing honour to their memories, and defending them against the attacks of some over-forward wits, who furiously envy their fame, and infinitely fall short of their merit.

Backwall.

§ 165. *The Rise and Progress of Philosophical Criticism.*

Ancient Greece, in its happy days, was the seat of Liberty, of Sciences, and of Arts. In this fair region, fertile of wit, the Epic writers came first; then the Lyric; then the Tragic; and, lastly, the Historians, the Comic Writers, and the Orators; each in their turns delighting whole multitudes, and commanding the attention and admiration of all. Now, when wise and thinking men, the subtle investigators of principles and causes, observed the wonderful effect of these works upon the human mind, they were prompted to inquire whence this should proceed; for that it should happen merely from Chance, they could not well believe.

Here therefore we have the rise and origin of Criticism, which in its beginning was "a deep and philosophical search into the primary laws and elements of good writing, as far as they could be collected from the most approved performances."

In this contemplation of authors, the first critics not only attended to the powers and different species of words; the force of numerous composition, whether in prose or verse; the aptitude of its various kinds to different subjects; but they farther considered that, which is the basis of all, that is to say, in other words, the meaning of the sense. This led them at once into the most curious of subjects; the nature of man in general, the different characters of men, as they differ in rank or age; their reason and their passions; how the one was to be persuaded, the others to be raised or calmed; the places or repositories to which we may recur, when we want proper matter for any of these purposes. Besides all this, they studied sentiments and manners; what constitutes a work; what,

a whole and parts; what, the essence of probable, and even of natural fiction, as contributing to constitute a just dramatic fable.

Harris.

§ 166. *PLATO, ARISTOTLE, THEOPHRASTUS, and other GREEK Authors of Philosophical Criticism.*

Much of this kind may be found in different parts of Plato. But Aristotle, his disciple, who may be called the systematizer of his master's doctrines, has, in his two treatises of poetry and rhetoric, with such wonderful penetration developed every part of the subject, that he may be justly called the Father of Criticism, both from the age when he lived, and from his truly transcendent genius. The criticism which this capital writer taught, has so intimate a correspondence and alliance with philosophy, that we can call it by no other name, than that of Philosophical Criticism.

To Aristotle succeeded his disciple Theophrastus, who followed his master's example in the study of criticism, as may be seen in the catalogue of his writings, preserved by Diogenes Laertius. But all the critical works of Theophrastus, as well as of many others, are now lost. The principal authors of the kind now remaining in Greek, are Demetrius of Phalera, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Dionysius Longinus, together with Hermogenes, Aphthonius, and a few others.

Of these the most masterly seems to be Demetrius, who was the earliest, and who appears to follow the precepts, and even the text of Aristotle, with far greater attention than any of the rest. His examples, it must be confessed, are sometimes obscure, but this we rather impute to the destructive hand of time, which has prevented us from seeing many of the original authors,

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the next in order, may be said to have written with judgment upon the force of numerous composition, not to mention other tracts on the subject of oratory, and those also critical as well as historical. Longinus, who was in time far later than these, seems principally to have had in view the passions and the imagination, in the treating of which he has acquired a just applause, and expressed himself with a dignity suitable to the subject. The rest of the Greek critics, though they have said many useful

things, have yet so minutely multiplied the rules of art, and so much confined themselves to the oratory of the tribunal, that they appear of no great service, as to good writing in general. *Harris.*

§ 167. *On some Passages in ARISTOTLE'S Rhetoric: with miscellaneous Remarks on his Style, Genius, and Works.*

Aristotle established an intellectual empire, more glorious and universal than the conquests of his pupil on this terrestrial globe. But he is a remarkable instance of the caprice of human judgment, and the revolutions of taste. After having been idolized with a veneration almost blasphemous, he is now most undeservedly neglected. And yet his works, though unentertaining and obscure to the reader who peruses them with the same attention which he gives to a novel and a newspaper, abound with matter which cannot fail to enrich the mind, and to delight a philosophical taste by its beautiful truth and accuracy. In his three books on the rhetorical art, are many passages, which describe human nature in the most curious manner, and with the greatest fidelity of delineation. He characterizes the peculiarities of different ages in the life of man, no less scientifically than a Hunter would describe an anatomical subject, or a Linnæus a plant. The fine pictures of the manners of young and old men in the second book, are such as Horace has imitated but not equalled; such as might have richly fertilized the imagination of a Shakspeare. The celebrated speech of Jaques, is not equal to the accurate and complete descriptions of the different characters which mark the progressive stages of human existence as portrayed by the neglected Aristotle.

The close, yet comprehensive language of Aristotle, will scarcely admit of a literal translation. I shall not then attempt to deliver his sentiments in English, since I should not satisfy myself; but I will refer the young student to the admirable original, where, in the fourteenth, and a few subsequent chapters of the second book of Rhetoric, he will be able to acquire a very accurate knowledge of human nature.

I have pointed out these passages as a specimen of Aristotle, with an intention to obviate the prepossessions of those who imagine that every part of his works is abstruse and difficult of comprehension. A good translation would be the best

commentary that could be given on them: but few men are equal to the task of translating Aristotle. We certainly have no translations of him in our language, but such as add to his obscurity, misrepresent him greatly, and bring his name into disgrace.

I cannot help remarking, that though this is an age in which many ingenious authors delight in metaphysical researches, yet few attend to the writings of Aristotle. Indeed many of the modern philosophers, who have done all they can to obscure the light of nature, common sense, and revelation, by the clouds of metaphysics, have not been sufficiently acquainted with Greek, or with ancient learning, to be able to improve themselves by the fine philosophy of the polished ages of Greece and Rome. Like spiders in a dark and dirty corner, they have drawn flimsy cobwebs from themselves, with which they cruelly endeavour to ensnare the giddy and unwary.

It is indeed my misfortune, if it be a misfortune, to have no great idea of the utility of metaphysical disquisition. And though Aristotle's logic and metaphysics principally contributed, in the middle ages, to render him the idol of the world, I cannot help considering them as the least useful parts of his various lucubrations. They are indeed valuable curiosities, and illustrious monuments of human ingenuity; but at the same time, when compared to his rhetorical, ethical, and political books, they are as the husk and the shell to the pulp and the kernel. It was these, however, together with his erroneous physics, which induced the bigoted theologians to number Aristotle among the saints in the calendar, and to publish a history of his life and death; which concluded with asserting that Aristotle was the forerunner of Christ in philosophy, as John the Baptist had been in grace. Images of him and of the Founder of Christianity were beheld at one time with equal veneration. It is said, that some sects taught their disciples the categories instead of the catechism, and read in the church a section of the ethics instead of a chapter in the Gospel.

If the exclamation which he is related to have made at his death be true, he appears to have possessed very rational ideas on the subject of religion.

A Christian might have said, as it is reported he said just before his dissolu-

tion, "In sin and shame was I born, in sorrow have I lived, in trouble I depart; O! thou Cause of causes, have mercy upon me!"—I found this anecdote of Aristotle in the Centuries of Camerarius, but I am not certain of its authenticity.

The style of Aristotle has been censured as harsh and inellegant; but it must be remembered, that few works, of which so much remains, are supposed to have suffered more from the carelessness or presumption of transcribers, and the injuries of long duration, than the works of the great legislator of taste and philosophy. We may fairly attribute any chasms and roughnesses in the style to some rude hand, or to accident. Strabo, indeed, relates, that the copies of Aristotle's works were greatly injured by damps, as they were buried in the earth a long time after the death of their writer. When they were brought to Rome, and transcribed, they were again injured by the hand of ignorance. It is not credible that so accurate a writer should have neglected those graces of style which the nature of his subjects admitted. The style of his best works is truly pure and Attic; and Quintilian, whose judgment ought to decide, expresses a doubt whether he should pronounce him more illustrious for his knowledge, his copiousness, his acumen, his variety, or the sweetness of his style.

Knox's Essays.

§ 168. *Philosophical Critics among the ROMANS.*

Among the Romans, the first critic of note was Cicero; who, though far below Aristotle in depth of philosophy, may be said, like him, to have exceeded all his countrymen. As his celebrated treatise concerning the Orator is written in dialogue, where the speakers introduced are the greatest men of his nation, we have incidentally an elegant sample of those manners, and that politeness, which were peculiar to the leading characters during the Roman commonwealth. There we may see the behaviour of free and accomplished men, before a baser address had set that standard, which has been too often taken for good breeding ever since.

Next to Cicero came Horace; who often, in other parts of his writings, acts the critic and scholar, but whose Art of Poetry is a standard of its kind, and too well known to need any encomium. After Horace arose Quintilian, Cicero's admirer

and follower, who appears, by his works, not only learned and ingenious, but, what is still more, an honest and a worthy man. He likewise dwells too much upon the oratory of the tribunal, a fact no way surprising, when we consider the age in which he lived: an age when tyrannic government being the fashion of the times, that nobler species of eloquence, I mean the popular and deliberative, was, with all things truly liberal, degenerated and sunk. The later Latin rhetoricians there is no need to mention, as they little help to illustrate the subject in hand. I would only repeat that the species of criticism here mentioned, as far at least as handled by the more able masters, is that which we have denominated Criticism Philosophical.

Harris.

§ 169. *Concerning the Progress of Criticism in its second Species, the Historical—GREEK and ROMAN Critics, by whom this species of Criticism was cultivated.*

As to the Criticism already treated, we find it not confined to any one particular author, but containing general rules of art, either for judging or writing, confirmed by the example not of one author, but of many. But we know from experience, that, in process of time, languages, customs, manners, laws, governments, and religions, insensibly change. The Macedonian tyranny, after the fatal battle of Chæronea, wrought much of this kind in Greece; and the Roman tyranny, after the fatal battles of Pharsalia and Philippi, carried it throughout the known world. Hence, therefore, of things obsolete the names became obsolete also; and authors, who in their own age were intelligible and easy, in after days grew difficult and obscure. Here then we beheld the rise of a second race of critics, the tribe of scholiasts, commentators, and explainers.

These naturally attached themselves to particular authors. Aristarchus, Didymus, Enstathius, and many others, bestowed their labours upon Homer; Proclus and Tzetzes upon Hesiod; the same Proclus and Olympiodorus upon Plato; Simplicius, Ammonius, and Philoponus, upon Aristotle; Ulpian upon Demosthenes; Macrobius and Asconius upon Cicero; Calliergus upon Theocritus; Donatus upon Terence; Servius upon Virgil; Aero and Porphyrio upon Horace; and so with respect to others, as well philosophers as poets and orators. To these scholiasts

may be added the several composers of Lexicons; such as Hesychius, Philoxenus, Suidas, &c. also the writers upon Grammar, such as Apollonius, Priscian, Sospater, Charisius, &c. Now all these painstaking men, considered together, may be said to have completed another species of criticism, a species which, in distinction to the former, we call Criticism Historical.

And thus things continued, though in a declining way, till, after many a severe and unsuccessful plunge, the Roman empire sunk through the west of Europe. Latin then soon lost its purity; Greek they hardly knew; Classics, and their Scholiasts, were no longer studied; and an age succeeded of legends and crusades.

Harris.

§ 170. *Moderns eminent in the two Species of Criticism before mentioned, the Philosophical and the Historical—the last sort of Critics more numerous—those, mentioned in this Section, confined to the GREEK and LATIN Languages.*

At length, after a long and barbarous period, when the shades of monkery began to retire, and the light of humanity once again to dawn, the arts also of criticism insensibly revived. 'Tis true, indeed, the authors of the philosophical sort (I mean that which respects the causes and principles of good writing in general) were not many in number. However, of this rank, among the Italians, were Vida, and the elder Scaliger; among the French were Rapin, Bouhours, Boileau, together with Bossu, the most methodic and accurate of them all. In our own country, our nobility may be said to have distinguished themselves; Lord Roscommon, in his Essay upon Translated Verse; the Duke of Buckingham, in his Essay on Poetry; and Lord Shaftsbury, in his treatise called Advice to an Author: to whom may be added, our late admired genius, Pope, in his truly elegant Poem, the Essay upon Criticism.

The Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds upon painting have, after a philosophical manner, investigated the principles of an art, which no one in practice has better verified than himself.

We have mentioned these discourses, not only from their merit, but as they incidentally teach us that to write well upon a liberal art, we must write philosophically—that all the liberal arts in their princi-

ples are congenial—and that these principles, when traced to their common source, are found all to terminate in the first philosophy.

But to pursue our subject—However small among moderns may be the number of these Philosophical Critics, the writers of historical or explanatory criticism have been in a manner innumerable. To name, out of many, only a few—of Italy were Beroaldus, Ficinus, Victorius, and Robertellus; of the Higher and Lower Germany were Erasmus, Sylburgius, Le Clerc, and Fabricius; of France were Lambin, Duvall, Harduin, Capperonierus; of England were Stanley (editor of Æschylus), Gataker, Davies, Clark (editor of Homer), together with multitudes more from every region and quarter,

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the
brooks
In Vallombrosa.—

But I fear I have given a strange catalogue, where we seek in vain for such illustrious personages as Sesostris, Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, Attila, Tortila, Tamerlane, &c. The heroes of this work (if I may be pardoned for calling them so) have only aimed in retirement to present us with knowledge. Knowledge only was their object, not havoc, nor destruction. *Ibid.*

§ 171. *Compilers of Lexicons and Dictionaries, and Authors upon Grammar.*

After Commentators and Editors, we must not forget the compilers of Lexicons and Dictionaries, such as Charles and Henry Stevens, Favorinus, Constantine, Budæus, Cooper, Faber, Vossius, and others. To these also we may add the authors upon Grammar; in which subject the learned Greeks, when they quitted the East, led the way, Maschopulus, Chrysoloras, Lascaris, Theodore Gaza; then in Italy, Laurentius Valla; in England, Grocin and Linacer; in Spain, Sanctius; in the Low Countries, Vossius; in France, Cæsar Scaliger by his residence, though by birth an Italian, together with those able writers Mess. de Port Royal. Nor ought we to omit the writers of Philological Epistles, such as Emanuel Martin; nor the writers of Literary Catalogues (in French called Catalogues Raisonnées,) such as the account of the manuscripts in the imperial library at Vienna by Lambecius; or of the Arabic manuscripts in the Escorial library by Michæel Casiri. *Ibid.*

§ 172. *Modern Critics of the Explanatory Kind, commenting modern Writers--Lexicographers--Grammarians--Translators.*

Though much historical explanation has been bestowed on the ancient Classics, yet have the authors of our own country by no means been forgotten, having exercised many critics of learning and ingenuity.

Mr. Thomas Warton (besides his fine edition of Theocritus) has given a curious history of English Poetry during the middle centuries; Mr. Tyrwhitt, much accurate and diversified erudition upon Chaucer; Mr. Upton, a learned Comment on the Fairy Queen of Spenser; Mr. Addison, many polite and elegant Spectators on the Conduct and Beauties of the Paradise Lost; Dr. Warton, an Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, a work filled with speculations, in a taste perfectly pure. The lovers of literature would not forgive me, were I to omit that ornament of her sex and country, the critic and patroness of our illustrious Shakspeare, Mrs. Montague. For the honour of criticism, not only the divines already mentioned, but others also, of rank still superior, have bestowed their labours upon our capital poets (Shakspeare, Milton, Cowley, Pope) suspending for a while their severer studies, to relax in these regions of genius and imagination.

The Dictionaries of Minshew, Skinner, Spelman, Sumner, Junius, and Johnson, are all well known, and justly esteemed. Such is the merit of the last, that our language does not possess a more copious, learned, and valuable work. For grammatical knowledge we ought to mention with distinction the learned prelate, Dr. Lowth, bishop of London; whose admirable tract on the Grammar of the English language, every lover of that language ought to study and understand, if he would write, or even speak it, with purity and precision.

Let my countrymen too reflect, that in studying a work upon this subject, they are not only studying a language in which it becomes them to be knowing, but a language which can boast of as many good books as any among the living or modern languages of Europe. The writers, born and educated in a free country, have been left for years to their native freedom. Their pages have never been defiled with an index expurgatorius, nor their genius

ever shackled with the terrors of an inquisition.

May this invaluable privilege never be impaired either by the hand of power, or by licentious abuse! *Harris.*

§ 173. *On Translators.*

Perhaps, with the critics just described, I ought to arrange Translators, if it be true that translation is a species of explanation, which differs no otherwise from explanatory comments, than that these attend to parts, while translation goes to the whole.

Now as translators are infinite, and many of them (to borrow a phrase from sportsmen) unqualified persons, I shall enumerate only a few, and those such as for their merits have been deservedly esteemed.

Of this number I may very truly reckon Meric Casaubon, the translator of Marcus Antoninus; Mrs. Carter, the translator of Epictetus; and Mr. Sydenham, the translator of many of Plato's Dialogues. All these seem to have accurately understood the original language from which they translated. But that is not all. The authors translated being philosophers, the translators appear to have studied the style of their philosophy, well knowing that in ancient Greece every sect of philosophy, like every science and art, had a language of its own*.

To these may be added the respectable names of Melmoth and of Hampton, of Franklin and of Potter; nor should I omit a few others, whose labours have been similar, did I not recollect the trite, though elegant admonition:

—fugit irreparabile tempus,
Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore. *VIRG.*
Ibid.

§ 174. *Rise of the third Species of Criticism, the Corrective—practised by the Ancients, but much more by the Moderns; and why.*

But we are now to inquire after another species of Criticism. All ancient books, having been preserved by transcription, were liable, through ignorance, negligence, or fraud, to be corrupted in three different ways, that is to say, by retrenchings, by additions, and by alterations.

To remedy these evils, a third sort of criticism arose, and that was Criticism

* See *Hermes*, p. 269, 270.

Corrective. The business of this at first was painfully to collate all the various copies of authority, and then, from amidst the variety of readings thus collected, to establish, by good reasons, either the true, or the most probable. In this sense we may call such criticism not only corrective but authoritative.

As the number of these corruptions must needs have increased by length of time, hence it has happened that corrective criticism has become much more necessary in these later ages, than it was in others more ancient. Not but that even in ancient days various readings have been noted. Of this kind there are a multitude in the text of Homer; a fact not singular, when we consider his great antiquity. In the comments of Ammonius and Philoponus upon Aristotle, there is mention made of several in the text of that philosopher, which these his commentators compare and examine.

We find the same in Aulus Gellius, as to the Roman authors; where it is withal remarkable, that, even in that early period, much stress is laid upon the authority of ancient manuscripts, a reading in Cicero being justified from a copy made by his learned freed-man, Tiro: and a reading in Virgil's Georgics, from a book which had once belonged to Virgil's family.

But since the revival of literature, to correct has been a business of much more latitude, having continually employed, for two centuries and a half, both the pains of the most laborious, and the wits of the most acute. Many of the learned men before enumerated were not only famous as historical critics, but as corrective also. Such were the two Scaligers (of whom one has been already mentioned, § 170.) the two Casaubons, Salmasius, the Heinsii, Grævius, the Gronovii, Burman, Kuster, Wasse, Bentley, Pearce, and Markland. In the same class, in a rank highly eminent, I place Mr. Toupe, of Cornwall, who, in his emendations upon Suidas, and his edition of Longinus, has shewn a critical acumen, and a compass of learning, that may justly arrange him with the most distinguished scholars. Nor must I forget Dr. Taylor, residentiary of St. Paul's, nor Mr. Upton, prebendary of Rochester. The former by his edition of Demosthenes, (as far as he lived to carry it) by his Lysias, by his Comment on the Marmor Sandvicense, and other critical pieces; the latter, by his correct and elegant edition,

in Greek and Latin, of Arrian's Epictetus (the first of the kind that had any pretensions to be called complete) having rendered themselves, as scholars, lasting ornaments of their country. These two valuable men were the friends of my youth; the companions of my social, as well as my literary hours. I admired them for their erudition; I loved them for their virtues; they are now no more—

His saltem accumulæ donis, et fungar inani
Munere——
VIRG.
Harris.

§ 175. *Criticism may have been abused—yet defended, as of the last Importance to the Cause of Literature.*

But here was the misfortune of this last species of criticism. The best of things may pass into abuse. There were numerous corruptions in many of the finest authors, which neither ancient editions, nor manuscripts, could heal. What then was to be done?—Were forms so fair to remain disfigured, and be seen for ever under such apparent blemishes?—“No (says a critic), Conjecture can cure all—Conjecture, whose performances are for the most part more certain than any thing that we can exhibit from the authority of manuscripts.”—We will not ask, upon this wonderful assertion, how, if so certain, can it be called conjecture? 'Tis enough to observe (be it called as it may) that this spirit of conjecture has too often passed into an intemperate excess; and then, whatever it may have boasted, has done more mischief by far than good. Authors have been taken in hand, like anatomical subjects, only to display the skill and abilities of the artist: so that the end of many an edition seems often to have been no more than to exhibit the great sagacity and erudition of an editor. The joy of the task was the honour of mending, while corruptions were sought with a more than common attention, as each of them afforded a testimony to the editor and his art.

And here I beg leave, by way of digression, to relate a short story concerning a noted empiric. “Being once in a ball-room crowded with company, he was asked by a gentleman, what he thought of such a lady? was it not pity that she squinted?”—“Squint! Sir!” replied the doctor, “I wish every lady in the room squinted; there is not a man in Europe can cure squinting but myself.”

But to return to our subject—well indeed would it be for the cause of letters, were this bold conjectural spirit confined to works of second rate, where, let it change, expunge, or add, as happens, it may be tolerably sure to leave matters as they were; or if not much better, at least not much worse: but when the divine geniuses of higher rank, whom we not only applaud, but in a manner revere, when these come to be attempted by petulant correctors, and to be made the subject of their wanton caprice, how can we but exclaim, with a kind of religious abhorrence—

— procul! O! procul cste profani!

These sentiments may be applied even to the celebrated Bentley. It would have become that able writer, though in literature and natural abilities among the first of his age, had he been more temperate in his criticism upon the *Paradise Lost*; had he not so repeatedly and injuriously offered violence to its author, from an affected superiority, to which he had no pretence. But the rage of conjecture seems to have seized him, as that of jealousy did *Medea*: a rage which she confessed herself unable to resist, although she knew the mischiefs it would prompt her to perpetrate.

And now to obviate an unmerited censure, (as if I were an enemy to the thing, from being an enemy to its abuse) I would have it remembered, it is not either with criticism or critics that I presume to find fault. The art, and its professors, while they practise it with temper, I truly honour; and think, that were it not for their acute and learned labours, we should be in danger of degenerating into an age of dunces.

Indeed critics (if I may be allowed the metaphor) are a sort of masters of the ceremony in the court of letters, through whose assistance we are introduced into some of the first and best company. Should we ever, therefore, by idle prejudices against pedantry, verbal accuracies, and we know not what, come to slight their art, and reject them from our favour, it is well if we do not slight also those classics with whom criticism converses, becoming content to read them in translations, or (what is still worse) in translations of translations, or (what is worse even than that) not to read them at all. And I will be bold to assert, if

that should ever happen, we shall speedily return into those days of darkness, out of which we happily emerged upon the revival of ancient literature. *Harris.*

§ 176. *The Epic Writers come first.*

It appears, that not only in Greece, but in other countries more barbarous, the first writings were in metre, and of an epic cast, recording wars, battles, heroes, ghosts; the marvellous always, and often the incredible. Men seemed to have thought, that the higher they soared the more important they should appear; and that the common life, which they then lived, was a thing too contemptible to merit imitation.

Hence it followed, that it was not till this common life was rendered respectable by more refined and polished manners, that men thought it might be copied, so as to gain them applause.

Even in Greece itself, tragedy had attained its maturity many years before comedy, as may be seen by comparing the age of Sophocles and Euripides with that of Philemon and Menander.

For ourselves, we shall find most of our first poets prone to a turgid bombast, and most of our first prosaic writers to a pedantic stiffness; which rude styles gradually improved, but reached not a classical purity sooner than Tillotson, Dryden, Addison, Shaftsbury, Prior, Pope, Atterbury, &c. &c. *Ibid.*

§ 177. *Nothing excellent in literary Performances happens from Chance.*

As to what is asserted soon after upon the efficacy of causes in works of ingenuity and art, we think, in general, that the effect must always be proportioned to its cause. It is hard for him, who reasons attentively, to refer to chance any superlative production.

Effects indeed strike us, when we are not thinking about the cause; yet may we be assured, if we reflect, that a cause there is, and that too a cause intelligent, and rational. Nothing would perhaps more contribute to give us a taste truly critical, than on every occasion to investigate this cause, and to ask ourselves, upon feeling any uncommon effect, why we are thus delighted; why thus affected; why melted into pity; why made to shudder with horror?

Till this *why* is well answered, all is

darkness; and our admiration, like that of the vulgar, founded upon ignorance.

Harris.

§ 178. *The Causes or Reasons of such Excellence.*

To explain, by a few examples, that are known to all, and for that reason here alleged, because they are known.

I am struck with the night scene in Virgil's fourth Eneid—"The universal silence throughout the globe—the sweet rest of its various inhabitants, soothing their cares and forgetting their labours—the unhappy Dido alone restless; restless, agitated with impetuous passions."—En. iv. 522.

I am affected with the story of Regulus, as painted by West—"The crowd of anxious friends, persuading him not to return—his wife fainting through sensibility and fear—persons the least connected appearing to feel for him, yet himself unmoved, inexorable, and stern." Horat. Carm. L. iii. Od. 5.

Without referring to these deeply tragic scenes, what charms has music, when a masterly band pass unexpectedly from loud to soft, or from soft to loud!—When the system changes from the greater third to the less; or reciprocally, when it changes from this last to the former.

All these effects have a similar and well known cause, the amazing force which contraries acquire, either by juxta position, or by quick succession. *Ibid.*

§ 179. *Why Contraries have this Effect.*

But we ask still farther, why have contraries this force?—We answer, because, of all things which differ, none differ so widely. Sound differs from darkness, but not so much as from silence; darkness differs from sound, but not so much as from light. In the same intense manner differ repose and restlessness; felicity and misery; dubious solicitude and firm resolution; the epic and the comic; the sublime and the ludicrous.

And why differ contraries thus widely?—Because while attributes, simply different, may co-exist in the same subject, contraries cannot co-exist, but always destroy one another. Thus the same marble may be both white and hard: but the same marble cannot be both white and black. And hence it follows, that as their difference is more intense, so is our recogni-

tion of them more vivid, and our impressions more permanent.

This effect of contraries is evident even in objects of sense, where imagination and intellect are not in the least concerned. When we pass (for example) from a hot-house, we feel the common air more intensely cool; when we pass from a dark cavern, we feel the common light of the day more intensely glaring.

But to proceed to instances of another and a very different kind.

Few scenes are more affecting than the taking of Troy, as described in the second Eneid—"The apparition of Hector to Eneas, when asleep, announcing to him the commencement of that direful event—the distant lamentations, heard by Eneas as he awakes—his ascending the house-top, and viewing the city in flames—his friend Pentheus, escaped from destruction, and relating to him their wretched and deplorable condition—Eneas, with a few friends, rushing into the thickest danger—their various success till they all perish, but himself and two more—the affecting scenes of horror and pity, and Priam's palace—a son slain at his father's feet; and the immediate massacre of the old monarch himself—Eneas, on seeing this, inspired with the memory of his own father—his resolving to return home, having now lost all his companions—his seeing Helen in the way, and his design to dispatch so wicked a woman—Venus interposing, and shewing him (by removing the film from his eyes) the most sublime, though most direful of all sights: the Gods themselves busied in Troy's destruction; Neptune at one employ, Juno at another, Pallas at a third—It is not Helen (says Venus) but the gods, that are the authors of your country's ruin—it is their inclemency," &c.

Not less solemn and awful, though less leading to pity, is the commencement of the sixth Eneid—"The Sibyl's cavern—her frantic gestures and prophecy—the request of Eneas to descend to the shades—her answer, and information about the loss of one of his friends—the fate of poor Misenus—his funeral—the golden bough discovered, a preparatory circumstance for the descent—the sacrifice—the ground bellowing under their feet—the woods in motion—the dogs of Hecate howling—the actual descent, in

“all its particulars of the marvellous, and
“the terrible.”

If we pass from an ancient author to a modern, what scene more striking than the first scene in *Hamlet*?—“The solemnity
“of the time, a severe and pinching night
“—the solemnity of the place, a platform
“for a guard—the guards themselves; and
“their opposite discourse—yonder star in
“such a position; the bell then beating one
“—when description is exhausted, the
“thing itself appears, the Ghost enters.”

From Shakspeare the transition to Milton is natural. What pieces have ever met a more just, as well as universal applause, than his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*?—The first, a combination of every incident that is lively and cheerful; the second, of every incident that is melancholy and serious: the materials of each collected, according to their character, from rural life, from city life, from music, from poetry; in a word, from every part of nature, and every part of art.

To pass from poetry to painting—the Crucifixion of Polycrates by Salvator Rosa, is “a most affecting representation of various human figures, seen under different
“modes of horror and pity, as they contemplate a dreadful spectacle, the crucifixion above mentioned.” The *Aurora* of Guido, on the other side, is “one of
“those joyous exhibitions, where nothing
“is seen but youth and beauty, in every attitude of elegance and grace.” The former picture in poetry would have been a deep *Penseroso*; the latter a most pleasing and animated *Allegro*.

And to what cause are we to refer these last enumerations of striking effects?

To a very different one from the former—not to an opposition of contrary incidents, but to a concatenation or accumulation of many that are similar and congenial.

And why have concatenation and accumulation such a force?—From these most simple and obvious truths, that many things similar, when added together, will be more in quantity than any of them taken singly;—consequently, that the more things are thus added, the greater will be their effect.

We have mentioned, at the same time, both accumulation and concatenation; because in painting, the objects, by existing at once, are accumulated; in poetry, as they exist by succession, they are not accumulated but concatenated. Yet, through

memory and imagination, even these also derive an accumulative force, being preserved from passing away by those admirable faculties, till, like many pieces of metal melted together, they collectively form one common magnitude.

It must be farther remembered, there is an accumulation of things analogous, even when those things are the objects of different faculties. For example—As are passionate gestures to the eye, so are passionate tones to the ear; so are passionate ideas to the imagination. To feel the amazing force of an accumulation like this, we must see some capital actor, acting the drama of some capital poet, where all the powers of both are assembled at the same instant.

And thus have we endeavoured, by a few obvious and easy examples, to explain what we mean by the words, “seeking the cause
“or reason, as often as we feel works of
“art and ingenuity to affect us.”—See § 165. 177.

Harris.

§ 180. *Advice to a Beginner in the Art of Criticism.*

If I might advise a beginner in this elegant pursuit, it should be, as far as possible, to recur for principles to the most plain and simple truths, and to extend every theorem, as he advances, to its utmost latitude, so as to make it suit, and include, the greatest number of possible cases.

I would advise him farther, to avoid subtle and far-fetched refinement, which as it is for the most part adverse to perspicuity and truth, may serve to make an able Sophist, but never an able Critic.

A word more—I would advise a young Critic, in his contemplation, to turn his eye rather to the praise-worthy than the blameable; that is, to investigate the cause of praise, rather than the cause of blame. For though an uninformed beginner may, in a single instance, happen to blame properly, it is more than probable, that in the next he may fail, and incur the censure passed upon the criticising cobler, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

Harris.

§ 181. *On numerous Composition.*

As numerous Composition arises from a just arrangement of words, so is that arrangement just, when formed upon their verbal quantity.

Now, if we seek for this verbal quantity in Greek and Latin, we shall find that,

while those two languages were in purity, their verbal quantity was in purity also. Every syllable had a measure of time, either long or short, defined with precision either by its constituent vowel, or by the relation of that vowel to other letters adjoining. Syllables thus characterised, when combined, made a foot; and feet thus characterised, when combined, made a verse: so that while a particular harmony existed in every part, a general harmony was diffused through the whole.

Pronunciation at this period being, like other things, perfect, accent and quantity were accurately distinguished; of which distinction, familiar then, though now obscure, we venture to suggest the following explanation. We compare quantity to musical tones differing in long and short, as upon whatever line they stand, a semibrief differs from a minim. We compare accent to musical tones differing in high and low, as D upon the third line differs from G upon the first, be its length the same, or be it longer or shorter.

And thus things continued for a succession of centuries, from Homer and Hesiod to Virgil and Horace, during which interval, if we add a trifle to its end, all the truly classical poets, both Greek and Latin, flourished.

Nor was prose at the same time neglected. Penetrating wits discovered this also to be capable of numerous composition, and founded their ideas upon the following reasonings:

Though they allowed that prose should not be strictly metrical (for then it would be no longer prose, but poetry); yet at the same time they asserted, if it had no Rhythm at all, such a vague effusion would of course fatigue, and the reader would seek in vain for those returning pauses, so helpful to his reading, and so grateful to his ear. *Harris.*

§ 182. *On other Decorations of Prose besides Prosaic Feet; as Alliteration.*

Besides the decoration of Prosaic Feet, there are other decorations, admissible into English composition, such as Alliteration, and Sentences, especially the period.

First therefore for the first: I mean Alliteration.

Among the classics of old, there is no finer illustration of this figure, than Lucretius's description of those blest abodes, where his gods, detached from providen-

tial cares, ever lived in the fruition of divine serenity:

Apparet divum numen, sedesque quietæ,
Quas neque concutiunt venti, neque nubila nim-
bis

Aspergunt, neque nix acri concreta primâ
Cana cadens violat, semperque innubilis æther
Integit, et large diffuso lumine ridet.

Lucret. III. 18.

The sublime and accurate Virgil did not condemn this decoration, though he used it with such pure, unaffected simplicity, that we often feel its force without contemplating the cause. Take one instance out of infinite, with which his works abound:

Aurora interea miseris mortalibus alma
Extulerat lucem, referens opera atque labores.
Æn. XI. v. 183.

To Virgil we may add the superior authority of Homer:

Προι ο καππεδι ον τό 'Αληιον οιος 'ΑΛᾶτο,
'Ον θυμον κατέδων πάτον 'Αθρωπων 'Αλεεβων.
Il. ζ. 201.

Hermogenes, the rhetorician, when he quotes these lines, quotes them as an example of the figure here mentioned, but calls it by a Greek name, ΠΑΡΗΧΗΣΙΣ.

Cicero has translated the above verses elegantly, and given us too Alliteration, though not under the same letters.

Qui miser in campis errabat solus Alæis,
Ipse suum coredens, hominum vestigia vitans.
Cic.

Aristotle knew this figure, and called it ΠΑΡΟΜΟΙΩΣΙΣ, a name perhaps not so precise as the other, because it rather expresses resemblance in general, than that which arises from sound in particular. His example is—ΑΓΡΟΝ γὰρ ἔλαβεν, ΑΓΡΟΝ παρ' αὐτῶ.

The Latin rhetoricians styled it Annotatio, and give us examples of similar character.

But the most singular fact is, that so early in our own history, as the reign of Henry the Second, this decoration was esteemed and cultivated both by the English and the Welsh. So we are informed by Giraldus Cambrensis, a contemporary writer, who, having first given the Welsh instance, subjoins the English in the following verse—

God is together Gammen and Wisedóme,
—that is, God is at once both joy and wisdom.

He calls the figure by the Latin name

Annominatio, and adds, "that the two nations were so attached to this verbal ornament in every high-finished composition, that nothing was by them esteemed elegantly delivered, no diction considered but as rude and rustic, if it were not first amply refined with the polishing art of this figure."

'Tis perhaps from this national taste of ours, that we derive many proverbial similes, which, if we except the sound, seem to have no other merit—Fine as five-pence—Round as a Robin, &c.

Even Spenser and Shakspeare adopted the practice, but then it was in a manner suitable to such geniuses.

Spenser says—

For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake
Could save the son of Thetis from to die;
But that blind bard did him immortal make
With verses dipt in dew of Castilie.

Shakspeare says—

Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
This day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talked, &c.—*Hen. IVth, Part 2d, Act 2d.*

Milton followed them.

For eloquence, the soul; song charms the sense.
P. L. II. 556.

And again,

Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheav'd.
His vastness— *P. L. VII. 471.*

From Dryden we select one example out of many, for no one appears to have employed this figure more frequently, or, like Virgil, with greater simplicity and strength.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.
DRYD. Fables.

Pope sings in his *Dunciad*—

'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring
all;
And noise, and Norton; brangling and Brevall;
Dennis, and dissonance—

Which lines, though truly poetical and humorous, may be suspected by some to shew their art too conspicuously, and too nearly to resemble that verse of old Ennius—

O! tute, tute, tati, tibi, tanta, tyranne, tulisti.
Script. ad Herenn. I. iv. s. 18.

Gray begins a sublime Ode,

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king, &c.

We might quote also Alliterations from prose writers, but those we have alleged we think sufficient. *Harris.*

§ 183. *On the Period.*

Nor is elegance only to be found in single words, or in single feet; it may be found when we put them together, in our peculiar mode of putting them. 'Tis out of words and feet, thus compounded, that we form sentences, and among sentences none so striking, none so pleasing, as the Period. The reason is, that, while other sentences are indefinite, and (like a geometrical right line) may be produced indefinitely, the Period (like a circular line) is always circumscribed, returns, and terminates at a given point. In other words, while other sentences, by the help of common copulatives, have a sort of boundless effusion; the constituent parts of a Period have a sort of reflex union, in which union the sentence is so far complete, as neither to require, nor even to admit, a farther extension. Readers find a pleasure in this grateful circuit, which leads them so agreeably to an acquisition of knowledge.

The author, if he may be permitted, would refer, by way of illustration, to the beginnings of his *Hermes*, and his philosophical arrangements, where some attempts have been made in this periodical style. He would refer also, for much more illustrious examples, to the opening of Cicero's Offices; to that of the capital Oration of Demosthenes concerning the Crown, and to that of the celebrated Panegyric, made (if he may be so called) by the father of Periods, Isocrates.

Again—every compound sentence is compounded of other sentences more simple, which, compared to one another, have a certain proportion of length. Now it is in general a good rule, that among these constituent sentences, the last (if possible) should be equal to the first; or if not equal, then rather longer than shorter. The reason is, that without a special cause, abrupt conclusions are offensive, and the reader, like a traveller quietly pursuing his journey, finds an unexpected precipice, where he is disagreeably stopt.

Ibid.

§ 184. *On Monosyllables.*

It has been called a fault in our language, that it abounds in Monosyllables. As these, in too lengthened a suite, disgrace a composition, Lord Shaftsbury, (who studied

purity of style with great attention) limited their number to nine; and was careful, in his *Characteristics*, to conform to his own law. Even in Latin too many of them were condemned by Quintilian.

Above all, care should be had, that a sentence end not with a crowd of them, those especially of the vulgar, untunable sort, such as, "to set it up," to "get by and by at it," &c.; for these disgrace a sentence that may be otherwise laudable, and are like the rabble at the close of some pompous cavalcade. *Harris.*

§ 185. *Authorities alleged.*

'Twas by these, and other arts of similar sort, that authors in distant ages have cultivated their style. Looking upon knowledge (if I may be allowed the allusion) to pass into the mansions of the mind through language, they were careful (if I may pursue the metaphor) not to offend in the vestibule. They did not esteem it pardonable to despise the public ear, when they saw the love of numbers so universally diffused.

Nor were they discouraged, as if they thought their labour would be lost. In these more refined but yet popular arts, they knew the amazing difference between the power to execute, and the power to judge:—that to execute was the joint effort of genius and of habit: a painful acquisition, only attainable by the few;—to judge, the simple effort of that plain but common sense, imparted by Providence in some degree to every one. *Ibid.*

§ 186. *Objectors answered.*

But here methinks an objector demands—"And are authors then to compose, and form their treatises by rule?—Are they to balance periods?—To scan pæans and cretics?—To affect alliterations?—To enumerate monosyllables?" &c.

If, in answer to this objector, it should be said, They ought; the permission should at least be tempered with much caution. These arts are to be so blended with a pure but common style, that the reader, as he proceeds, may only feel their latent force. If ever they become glaring, they degenerate into affectation; an extreme more disgusting, because less natural, than even the vulgar language of an unpolished clown. 'Tis in writing, as in acting—The best writers are like our late admired Garrick—And how did that able genius employ his art?—Not by a vain ostenta-

tion of any one of his powers, but by a latent use of them all in such an exhibition of nature, that while we were present in a theatre, and only beholding an actor, we could not help thinking ourselves in Denmark with Hamlet, or in Bosworth field with Richard. *Ibid.*

§ 187. *When the Habit is once gained, nothing so easy as Practice.*

There is another objection still.—These speculations may be called minutæ; things partaking at best more of the elegant than of the solid; and attended with difficulties beyond the value of the labour.

To answer this, it may be observed, that when habit is once gained, nothing so easy as practice. When the ear is once habituated to these verbal rhythms, it forms them spontaneously, without attention or labour. If we call for instances, what more easy to every smith, to every carpenter, to every common mechanic, than the several energies of their proper arts? How little do even the rigid laws of verse obstruct a genius truly poetic? How little did they cramp a Milton, a Dryden, or a Pope? Cicero writes, that Antipater the Sidonian could pour forth Hexameters extempore, and that whenever he chose to versify, words followed him of course. We may add to Antipater the ancient Rhapsodists of the Greeks, and the modern Improvisatori of the Italians. If this then be practicable in verse, how much more so in prose? In prose, the laws of which so far differ from those of poetry, that we can at any time relax them as we find expedient? Nay more, where to relax them is not only expedient, but even necessary, because, though numerous composition may be a requisite, yet regularly returning rhythm is a thing we should avoid. *Ibid.*

§ 188. *In every Whole, the constituent Parts, and the facility of their Coincidence, merit our Regard.*

In every whole, whether natural or artificial, the constituent parts well merit our regard, and in nothing more than in the facility of their coincidence. If we view a landscape, how pleasing the harmony between hills and woods, between rivers and lawns! If we select from this landscape a tree, how well does the trunk correspond with its branches, and the whole of its form with its beautiful verdure! If we take an animal, for example a fine horse, what a union in his colour, his figure, and his mo-

tions! If one of human race, what more pleasingly congenial, than when virtue and genius appear to animate a graceful figure?

—pulchro veniens e corpore virtus?

The charm increases, if to a graceful figure we add a graceful elocution. Elocution too is heightened still, if it convey elegant sentiments; and these again are heightened, if clothed with graceful diction, that is, with words which are pure, precise, and well arranged. *Harris.*

§ 189. *Verbal Decorations not to be called Minutiæ.*

We must not call these verbal decorations, *minutiæ*. They are essential to the beauty, nay, to the completion of the whole. Without them the composition, though its sentiments may be just, is like a picture with good drawing, but with bad and defective colouring.

These we are assured were the sentiments of Cicero, whom we must allow to have been a master in his art, and who has amply and accurately treated verbal decoration and numerous composition, in no less than two capital treatises, (his *Orator*, and his *De Oratore*) strengthening withal his own authority with that of Aristotle and Theophrastus; to whom, if more were wanting, we might add the names of Demetrius Phalereus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Dionysius Longinus, and Quintilian.

Ibid.

§ 190. *Advice to Readers.*

Whoever reads a perfect or finished composition, whatever be the language, whatever the subject, should read it, even if alone, both audibly and distinctly.

In a composition of this character, not only precise words are admitted, but words metaphorical and ornamental. And farther—as every sentence contains a latent harmony, so is that harmony derived from the rhythm of its constituent parts.

A composition then like this, should, (as I said before) be read both distinctly and audibly; with due regard to stops and pauses; with occasional elevations and depressions of the voice, and whatever else constitutes just and accurate pronunciation. He who, despising, or neglecting, or knowing nothing of all this, reads a work of such character as he would read a sessions-paper, will not only miss many beauties of the style, but will probably miss (which is worse) a large proportion of the sense.

Ibid.

§ 191. *Every Whole should have a Beginning, a Middle, and an End. The Theory exemplified in the Georgics of Virgil.*

Let us take for an example the most highly finished performance among the Romans, and that in their most polished period, I mean the *Georgics* of Virgil.

Quid faciat lætas segetes quo sidere terram
Vertere, Mæcenas, (11) ulmisque adjungere vites
Conveniat; (111) quæ cura boum, qui cultus
habendo

Sit pecori; (iv) apibus quanta experientia parcis
Hinc canere incipiam, &c. VIRG. *Georg.* I.

In these lines, and so on (if we consult the original) for forty-two lines inclusive, we have the beginning; which beginning includes two things, the plan, and the invocation.

In the four first verses we have the plan, which plan gradually opens and becomes the whole work, as an acorn, when developed, becomes a perfect oak. After this comes the invocation, which extends to the last of the forty-two verses above mentioned. The two together give us the true character of a beginning, which, as above described, nothing can precede, and which it is necessary that something should follow.

The remaining part of the first book, together with the three books following, to verse the 458th of book the fourth, make the middle, which also has its true character, that of succeeding the beginning, where we expect something farther; and that of preceding the end, where we expect nothing more.

The eight last verses of the poem make the end, which, like the beginning, is short, and which preserves its real character, by satisfying the reader that all is complete, and that nothing is to follow. The performance is even dated. It finishes like an epistle, giving us the place and time of writing; but then giving them in such a manner, as they ought to come from Virgil.

But to open our thoughts into a farther detail.

As the poem, from its very name, respects various matters relative to land, (*Georgica*) and which are either immediately or mediately connected with it; among the variety of these matters the poem begins from the lowest, and thence advances gradually from higher to higher, till having reached the highest, it there properly stops.

The first book begins from the simple culture of the earth, and from its humblest progeny, corn, legumes, flowers, &c.

It is a nobler species of vegetables which employs the second book, where we are taught the culture of trees, and, among others, of that important pair, the olive and the vine. Yet it must be remembered, that all this is nothing more than the culture of mere vegetable and inanimate nature.

It is in the third book that the poet rises to nature sensitive and animated, when he gives us precepts about cattle, horses, sheep, &c.

At length in the fourth book, when matters draw to a conclusion, then it is he treats his subject in a moral and political way. He no longer pursues the culture of the mere brute nature; he then describes, as he tells us,

—Mores, et studia, et populos, et prælia, &c.

for such is the character of his bees, those truly social and political animals. It is here he first mentions arts, and memory, and laws, and families. It is here (their great sagacity considered) he supposes a portion imparted of a sublimer principle. It is here that every thing vegetable or merely brutal seems forgotten, while all appears at least human, and sometimes even divine:

His quidam signis, atque hæc exempla secuti,
Esse apibus partem diviniæ mentis, et haustus
Ætherios dixere; deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque tractusque maris, &c.

Georg. IV. 219.

When the subject will not permit him to proceed farther, he suddenly conveys his reader, by the fable of Aristæus, among nymphs, heroes, demi-gods, and gods, and thus leaves him in company supposed more than mortal.

This is not only a sublime conclusion to the fourth book, but naturally leads to the conclusion of the whole work; for he does no more after this than shortly recapitulate, and elegantly blend his recapitulating with a compliment to Augustus.

But even this is not all.

The dry, didactic character of the *Georgics*, made it necessary they should be enlivened by episodes and digressions. It has been the art of the poet, that these episodes and digressions should be homogeneous: that is, should so connect

with the subject, as to become, as it were, parts of it. On these principles every book has for its end, what I call an epilogue; for its beginning, an invocation; and for its middle, the several precepts relative to its subject, I mean husbandry. Having a beginning, a middle, and an end, every part itself becomes a smaller whole, though with respect to the general plan, it is nothing more than a part. Thus the human arm, with a view to its elbow, its hands, its fingers, &c. is as clearly a whole, as it is simply but a part with a view to the entire body.

The smaller wholes of this divine poem may merit some attention; by these I mean each particular book.

Each book has an invocation. The first invokes the sun, the moon, the various rural deities, and lastly Augustus; the second invokes Bacchus; the third, Pales and Apollo; the fourth his patron Mæcenas. I do not dwell on these invocations, much less on the parts which follow, for this in fact would be writing a comment upon the poem. But the epilogues, besides their own intrinsic beauty, are too much to our purpose to be passed in silence.

In the arrangement of them the poet seems to have pursued such an order, as that alternate affections should be alternately excited; and this he has done, well knowing the importance of that generally acknowledged truth, "the force derived to contraries by their juxta-position or succession*." The first book ends with those portents and prodigies, both upon earth and in the heavens, which preceded the death of the dictator Cæsar. To these direful scenes the epilogue of the second book opposes the tranquillity and felicity of the rural life which (as he informs us) faction and civil discord do not usually impair—

Non res Romanæ, perituraque regna—

In the ending of the third book we read of a pestilence, and of nature in devastation; in the fourth, of nature restored, and, by help of the gods, replenished.

As this concluding epilogue (I mean the fable of Aristæus) occupies the most important place; so is it decorated accordingly with language, events, places, and personages,

No language was ever more polished and harmonious. The descent of Aris-

* See before, § 178.

tans to his mother, and of Orpheus to the shades, are events; the watery palace of the Nereides, the cavern of Proteus, and the scene of the infernal regions, are places; Aristæus, Old Proteus, Orpheus, Eurydice, Cyllene, and her nymphs, are personages; all great, all striking, all sublime.

Let us view these epilogues in the poet's order.

- I. Civil Horrors.
- II. Rural Tranquillity.
- III. Nature laid waste.
- IV. Nature restored.

Here, as we have said already, different passions are, by the subjects being alternate, alternately excited; and yet withal excited so judiciously, that when the poem concludes, and all is at an end, the reader leaves off with tranquillity and joy.

Harris.

§ 192. *Exemplified again in the Menexenus of PLATO.*

From the Georgics of Virgil, we proceed to the Menexenus of Plato; the first being the most finished form of a didactic poem, the latter the most consummate model of a panegyric oration.

The Menexenus is a funeral oration in praise of those brave Athenians who had fallen in battle by generously asserting the cause of their country. Like the Georgics, and every other just composition, this oration has a beginning, a middle, and an end.

The beginning is a solemn account of the deceased having received all the legitimate rights of burial, and of the propriety of doing them honour, not only by deeds but by words; that is, not only by funeral ceremonies, but by a speech, to perpetuate the memory of their magnanimity, and to recommend it to their posterity, as an object of imitation.

As the deceased were brave and gallant men, we are shewn by what means they came to possess their character, and what noble exploits they performed in consequence.

Hence the middle of the oration contains first their origin; next their education and form of government; and last of all, the consequence of such an origin and education; their heroic achievements from the earliest days to the time then present.

The middle part being thus complete, we come to the conclusion, which is

perhaps the most sublime piece of oratory, both for the plan and execution, which is extant, of any age, or in any language.

By an awful prosopopeia, the deceased are called up to address the living; and fathers slain in battle, to exhort their living children; the children slain in battle, to console their living fathers; and this with every idea of manly consolation, with every generous incentive to a contempt of death, and a love of their country, that the powers of nature or of art could suggest.

'Tis here this oration concludes, being (as we have shewn) a perfect whole, executed with all the strength of a sublime language, under the management of a great and a sublime genius.

If these speculations appear too dry, they may be rendered more pleasing, if the reader would peruse the two pieces criticised. His labour, he might be assured, would not be lost, as he would peruse two of the finest pieces which the two finest ages of antiquity produced.

Ibid.

§ 193. *The Theory of Whole and Parts concerns small Works as well as great.*

We cannot however quit this theory concerning whole and parts, without observing that it regards alike both small works and great; and that it descends even to an essay, to a sonnet, to an ode. These minuter efforts of genius, unless they possess (if I may be pardoned the expression) a certain character of Totality, lose a capital pleasure derived from their union; from a union which, collected in a few penitent ideas, combines them all happily under one amicable form. Without this union the production is no better than a sort of vague effusion, where sentences follow sentences, and stanzas follow stanzas, with no apparent reason why they should be two rather than twenty, or twenty rather than two.

If we want another argument for this minuter Totality, we may refer to nature, which art is said to imitate. Not only this universe is one stupendous whole, but such also is a tree, a shrub, a flower; such those beings which, without the aid of glasses, even escape our perception. And so much for Totality (I venture to familiarize the term) that common and essential character to every legitimate composition.

Ibid.

§ 194. *On Accuracy.*

There is another character left, which, though foreign to the present purpose, I venture to mention; and that is the character of Accuracy. Every work ought to be as accurate as possible. And yet, though this apply to works of every kind, there is a difference whether the work be great or small. In greater works (such as histories, epic poems, and the like) their very magnitude excuses incidental defects; and their authors, according to Horace, may be allowed to slumber. It is otherwise in smaller works, for the very reason that they are smaller. Such, through every part, both in sentiment and diction, should be perspicuous, pure, simple, and precise. *Harris.*

§ 195. *On Diction.*

As every sentiment must be expressed by words; the theory of sentiment naturally leads to that of Diction. Indeed, the connexion between them is so intimate, that the same sentiment, where the diction differs, is as different in appearance, as the same person, dressed like a peasant, or dressed like a gentleman. And hence we see how much diction merits a serious attention.

But this perhaps will be better understood by an example. Take then the following—"Don't let a lucky hit slip; if you do, belike you mayn't any more get at it." The sentiment (we must confess) is expressed clearly, but the diction surely is rather vulgar and low. Take it another way—"Opportune moments are few and fleeting; seize them with avidity, or your progression will be impeded." Here the diction, though not low, is rather obscure; the words are unusual, pedantic, and affected.—But what says Shakspeare?—

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows.—

Here the diction is elegant without being vulgar or affected; the words, though common, being taken under a metaphor, are so far estranged by this metaphorical use, that they acquire, through the change, a competent dignity, and yet, without becoming vulgar, remain intelligible and clear. *Ibid.*

§ 196. *On the Metaphor.*

Knowing the stress laid by the ancient critics on the Metaphor, and viewing its

admirable effects in the decorating of Diction, we think it may merit a farther regard.

There is not perhaps any figure of speech so pleasing as the Metaphor. It is at times the language of every individual, but above all, is peculiar to the man of genius. His sagacity discerns not only common analogies, but those others more remote, which escape the vulgar, and which, though they seldom invent, they seldom fail to recognise, when they hear them from persons more ingenious than themselves.

It has been ingeniously observed, that the Metaphor took its rise from the poverty of language. Men, not finding upon every occasion words ready made for their ideas, were compelled to have recourse to words analogous, and transfer them from their original meaning to the meaning then required. But though the Metaphor began in poverty, it did not end there. When the analogy was just (and this often happened) there was something peculiarly pleasing in what was both new, and yet familiar; so that the Metaphor was then cultivated, not out of necessity, but for ornament. It is thus that clothes were first assumed to defend us against the cold, but came afterwards to be worn for distinction and decoration.

It must be observed there is a force in the united words, *new* and *familiar*. What is new, but not familiar, is often unintelligible; what is familiar, but not new, is no better than common place. It is in the union of the two, that the obscure and the vulgar are happily removed; and it is in this union, that we view the character of a just metaphor.

But after we have so praised the Metaphor, it is fit at length we should explain what it is; and this we shall attempt, as well by a description, as by examples.

"A Metaphor is the transferring of a word from its usual meaning to an analogous meaning, and then the employing it agreeably to such transfer." For example, the usual meaning of evening is the conclusion of the day. But age too is a conclusion; the conclusion of human life. Now there being an analogy in all conclusions, we arrange in order the two we have alleged, and say, that as evening is to the day, so is age to human life. Hence, by an easy permutation, (which furnishes at once two metaphors) we say alternately, that evening is the age of the day; and that age is the evening of life.

There are other metaphors equally pleasing, but which we only mention, as their analogy cannot be mistaken. It is thus that old men have been called stubble; and the stage, or theatre, the mirror of human life.

In language of this sort there is a double satisfaction: it is strikingly clear; and yet raised, though clear, above the low and vulgar idiom. It is a praise too of such metaphors, to be quickly comprehended. The similitude and the thing illustrated are commonly dispatched in a single word, and comprehended by an immediate and instantaneous intuition.

Thus a person of wit, being dangerously ill, was told by his friends, two more physicians were called in! So many! says he—do they fire in platoons?—

Harris,

§ 197. *What Metaphors the best.*

These instances may assist us to discover what metaphors may be called the best.

They ought not, in an elegant and polite style (the style of which we are speaking) to be derived from meanings too sublime; for then the diction would be turgid and bombast. Such was the language of that poet who, describing the footman's flambeaux at the end of an opera, sung or said,

Now blaz'd a thousand flaming suns, and bade
Grim night retire—

Nor ought a metaphor to be far-fetched, for then it becomes an enigma. It was thus a gentleman once puzzled his country friend, in telling him, by way of compliment, that he was become a perfect centaur. His honest friend knew nothing of centaurs, but being fond of riding, was hardly ever off his horse.

Another extreme remains, the reverse of the too sublime, and that is, the transferring from subjects too contemptible. Such was the case of that poet quoted by Horace, who to describe winter, wrote—

Jupiter hybernas canã nive conspuit Alpes.
(*Hon. L. II. Sat. 5.*)

O'er the cold Alps Jove spits his hoary snow.

Nor was that modern poet more fortunate, whom Dryden quotes, and who, trying his genius upon the same subject, supposed winter—

To periwig with snow the baldpate woods.

With the same class of wits we may arrange that pleasant fellow, who, speaking of an old lady whom he had affronted, gave us in one short sentence no less than three choice metaphors. I perceive (said he)

her back is up;—I must curry favour—or the fat will be in the fire.

Nor can we omit that the same word, when transferred to the same subjects, produces metaphors very different, as to propriety or impropriety.

It is with propriety that we transfer the words to *embrace*, from human beings to things purely ideal. The metaphor appears just, when we say, to embrace a proposition; to embrace an offer; to embrace an opportunity. Its application perhaps was not quite so elegant, when the old steward wrote to his lord, upon the subject of his farm, that, "if he met any oxen, he would not fail to embrace them."

If then we are to avoid the turgid, the enigmatic, and the base or ridiculous, no other metaphors are left, but such as may be described by negatives; such as are neither turgid, nor enigmatic, nor base and ridiculous.

Such is the character of many metaphors already alleged; among others that of Shakspeare's, where tides are transferred to speedy and determined conduct. Nor does his Wolsey with less propriety moralize upon his fall, in the following beautiful metaphor, taken from vegetable nature:

This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—nips his root—

In such metaphors (besides their intrinsic elegance) we may say the reader is flattered; I mean, flattered by being left to discover something for himself.

There is one observation, which will at the same time shew both the extent of this figure, and how natural it is to all men.

There are metaphors so obvious, and of course so naturalized, that, ceasing to be metaphors, they become (as it were) the proper words. It is after this manner we say, a sharp fellow; a great orator; the foot of a mountain; the eye of a needle; the bed of a river: to ruminate, to ponder, to edify, &c. &c.

These we by no means reject, and yet the metaphors we require we wish to be something more, that is, to be formed under the respectable conditions here established.

We observe too, that a singular use may be made of metaphors, either to exalt or to depreciate, according to the sources, from which we derive them. In ancient story, Orestes was by some called the

murderer of his mother; by others, the avenger of his father. The reasons will appear, by referring to the fact. The poet Simonides was offered money to celebrate certain mules, that had won a race. The sum being pitiful, he said, with disdain, he should not write upon demi-asses—A more competent sum was offered; he then began,

Hail! Daughters of the generous horse,
That skims, like wind, along the course.

There are times, when, in order to exalt, we may call beggars petitioners, and pick-pockets collectors; other times, when, in order to depreciate, we may call petitioners beggars, and collectors pick-pockets.—But enough of this.

We say no more of metaphors, but that it is a general caution with regard to every species, not to mix them, and that more particularly, if taken from subjects which are contrary.

Such was the case of that orator, who once asserted in his oration, that—“ If cold water were thrown upon a certain measure, it would kindle a flame, that would obscure the lustre,” &c. *Harris*.

§ 198. *On Enigmas and Puns.*

A word remains upon Enigmas and Puns. It shall indeed be short, because, though they resemble the metaphor, it is as brass and copper resemble gold.

A pun seldom regards meaning, being chiefly confined to sound.

Horace gives a sad example of this spurious wit, where (as Dryden humorously translates it) he makes Persius the buffoon exhort the patriot Brutus to kill Mr. King, that is, Persilius Rex, because Brutus, when he slew Cæsar, had been accustomed to king-killing :

Hunc Regem occide; operum hoc mihi crede
tuorum est. Horat. Sat. Lib. I. VII.

We have a worse attempt in Homer, where Ulysses makes Polypheme believe his name was ΟΥΤΙΣ, and where the dull Cyclops, after he had lost his eye, upon being asked by his brethren, who had done him so much mischief, replies, it was done by ΟΥΤΙΣ, that is, by nobody.

Enigmas are of a more complicated nature, being involved either in pun, or metaphor, or sometimes in both :

Ἄνδρ' ἔϊδον πύρι χαλκῶν ἐπ' ἀνέρι κολλήσαντα.

I saw a man, who, unprovok'd by ire,
Struck brass upon another's back by fire.

This enigma is ingenious, and means the operation of cupping, performed in ancient days by a machine of brass.

In such fancies, contrary to the principles of good metaphor and good writing, a perplexity is caused, not by accident but by design, and the pleasure lies in the being able to resolve it. *Harris*.

§ 199. *Rules defended.*

Having mentioned Rules, and indeed this whole theory having been little more than rules developed, we cannot but remark upon a common opinion, which seems to have arisen either from prejudice or mistake.

“ Do not rules,” say they, “ cramp genius? Do they not abridge it of certain privileges?”

'Tis answered, If the obeying of rules were to induce a tyranny like this, to defend them would be absurd, and against the liberty of genius. But the truth is, rules, supposing them good, like good government, take away no privileges. They do no more than save genius from error, by shewing it, that a right to err is no privilege at all.

'Tis surely no privilege to violate in grammar the rules of syntax; in poetry, those of metre; in music, those of harmony; in logic, those of syllogism; in painting, those of perspective; in dramatic poetry, those of probable imitation.

Ibid.

§ 200. *The flattering Doctrine that Genius will suffice, fallacious.*

It must be confessed, 'tis a flattering doctrine, to tell a young beginner, that he has nothing more to do than to trust his own genius, and to contemn all rules, as the tyranny of pedants. The painful toils of accuracy by this expedient are eluded, for geniuses, like Milton's harps, (Par. Lost, Book III. v. 365, 366) are supposed to be ever tuned.

But the misfortune is, that genius is something rare; nor can he who possesses it, even then, by neglecting rules, produce what is accurate. Those, on the contrary, who, though they want genius, think rules worthy their attention, if they cannot become good authors, may still make tolerable critics; may be able to shew the difference between the creeping and the simple; the pert and the pleasing; the turgid and the sublime; in short, to sharpen, like the whetstone, that genius

in others, which Nature in her frugality has not given to themselves. *Harris.*

§ 201. *No Genius ever acted without Rules.*

Indeed I have never known, during a life of many years, and some small attention paid to letters, and literary men, that genius in any art had been ever cramped by rules. On the contrary, I have seen great geniuses miserably err by transgressing them, and, like vigorous travellers, who lose their way, only wander the wider on account of their own strength.

And yet 'tis somewhat singular in literary compositions, and perhaps more so in poetry than elsewhere, that many things have been done in the best and purest taste, long before rules were established and systematized in form. This we are certain was true with respect to Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, and other Greeks. In modern times, it appears as true of our admired Shakspeare; for who can believe that Shakspeare studied rules, or was ever versed in critical systems? *Ibid.*

§ 202. *There never was a time when Rules did not exist.*

A specious objection then occurs: "If these great writers were so excellent before rules were established, or at least were known to them, what had they to direct their genius, when rules (to them at least) did not exist?"

To this question 'tis hoped the answer will not be deemed too hardy, should we assert, that there never was a time when rules did not exist; that they always made a part of that immutable truth, the natural object of every penetrating genius; and that if, at that early Greek period, systems of rules were not established, those great and sublime authors were a rule to themselves. They may be said indeed to have excelled, not by art, but by nature; yet by a nature which gave birth to the perfection of art.

The case is nearly the same with respect to our Shakspeare. There is hardly any thing we applaud, among his innumerable beauties, which will not be found strictly conformable to the rules of sound and ancient criticism.

That this is true with respect to his characters and his sentiment, is evident, hence, that in explaining these rules, we have so often recurred to him for illustrations.

Besides quotations already alleged, we subjoin the following as to character.

When Falstaff and his suite are so ignominiously routed, and the scuffle is by Falstaff so humorously exaggerated, what can be more natural than such a narrative to such a character, distinguished for his humour, and withal for his want of veracity and courage?

The sagacity of common poets might not perhaps have suggested so good a narrative, but it certainly would have suggested something of the kind, and 'tis in this we view the essence of dramatic character, which is, when we conjecture what any one will do or say, from what he has done or said already.

If we pass from characters (that is to say, manners) to sentiment, we have already given instances, and yet we shall still give another.

When Rosincrosse and Guildenstern wait upon Hamlet, he offers them a recorder or pipe, and desires them to play—they reply they cannot—He repeats his request—they answer, they have never learnt—He assures them nothing was so easy—they still decline—"Tis then he tells them with disdain, "There is much music in this little organ; and yet you cannot make it speak—Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?" Hamlet, Act III.

This I call an elegant sample of sentiment, taken under its comprehensive sense. But we stop not here—We consider it as a complete instance of Socratic reasoning, though 'tis probable the author knew nothing how Socrates used to argue.

To explain—Xenophon makes Socrates reason as follows with an ambitious youth, by name Euthydemus.

"'Tis strange (says he) that those who desire to play upon the harp, or upon the flute, or to ride the managed horse, should not think themselves worth notice without having practised under the best masters—while there are those who aspire to the governing of a state, and can think themselves completely qualified, though it be without preparation or labour." Xenoph. Mem. IV. c. 2. s. 6.

Aristotle's Illustration is similar, in his reasoning against men chosen by lot for magistrates. "'Tis (says he) as if wrestlers were to be appointed by lot, and not those that are able to wrestle; or, as if from among sailors we were to choose a pi-

lot by lot, and that the man so elected was to navigate, and not the man who knew the business." Rhetor. L. II. c. 20. p. 94. Edit. Sylb.

Nothing can be more ingenious than this mode of reasoning. The premises are obvious and undeniable: the conclusion cogent and yet unexpected. It is a species of that argumentation, called in dialectic *Ἐπαγωγή*, or induction.

Aristotle in his Rhetoric (as above quoted) calls such reasonings *τὰ Σωκρατικά*, the Socratics; in the beginning of his Poetics, he calls them the *Σωκρατικοὶ λόγοι*, the Socratic discourses; and Horace, in his Art of Poetry, calls them the Socratica chartæ. *Harris.*

§ 203. *The Connexion between Rules and Genius.*

If truth be always the same, no wonder geniuses should coincide, and that too in philosophy, as well as in criticism.

We venture to add, returning to rules, that, if there be any things in Shakspeare objectionable (and who is hardy enough to deny it?) the very objections, as well as the beauties, are to be tried by the same rules; as the same plummet alike shews both what is out of the perpendicular, and in it; the same rules alike prove both what is crooked and what is straight.

We cannot admit that geniuses, though prior to systems, were prior also to rules, because rules from the beginning existed in their own minds, and were a part of that immutable truth, which is eternal and every where. Aristotle, we know, did not form Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides; 'twas Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides, that formed Aristotle.

And this surely should teach us to pay attention to rules, in as much as they and genius are so reciprocally connected, that 'tis genius which discovers rules; and then rules which govern genius.

'Tis by this amicable concurrence, and by this alone, that every work of art justly merits admiration, and is rendered as highly perfect, as by human power it can be made. *Ibid.*

§ 204. *We ought not to be content with knowing what we like, but what is really worth liking.*

'Tis not however improbable, that some intrepid spirit may demand again, What avail these subtleties?—Without so much

trouble, I can be full enough pleased—I know what I like.—We answer, And so does the carrion-crow, that feeds upon a carcass. The difficulty lies not in knowing what we like, but in knowing how to like, and what is worth liking. Till these ends are obtained, we may admire Durfey before Milton; a smoking boor of Hems-kirk, before an apostle of Raphael.

Now as to the knowing how to like, and then what is worth liking; the first of these, being the object of critical disquisition, has been attempted to be shewn through the course of these inquiries.

As to the second, what is worth our liking, this is best known by studying the best authors, beginning from the Greeks; then passing to the Latins; nor on any account excluding those who have excelled among the moderns.

And here, if, while we pursue some author of high rank, we perceive we don't instantly relish him, let us not be disheartened—let us ever feign a relish, till we find a relish come. A morsel perhaps pleases us—let us cherish it—Another morsel strikes us—let us cherish this also.—Let us thus proceed, and steadily persevere, till we find we can relish, not morsels, but wholes; and feel, that what began in fiction terminates in reality. The film being in this manner removed, we shall discover beauties which we never imagined; and condemn for puerilities, what we once foolishly admired.

One thing however in this process is indispensably required: we are on no account to expect that fine things should descend to us; our taste, if possible, must be made to ascend to them.

This is the labour, this the work; there is pleasure in the success, and praise even in the attempt.

This speculation applies not to literature only: it applies to music, to painting, and, as they are all congenial, to all the liberal arts. We should in each of them endeavour to investigate what is best, and there (if I may express myself) fix our abode.

By only seeking and perusing what is truly excellent, and by contemplating always this and this alone, the mind insensibly becomes accustomed to it, and finds that in this alone it can acquiesce with content. It happens indeed here, as in a subject far more important, I mean in a moral and a virtuous conduct; if we choose the best life, use will make it pleasant. *Ibid.*

§ 205. *Character of the ENGLISH, the ORIENTAL, the LATIN, and the GREEK Languages.*

We Britons in our time have been remarkable borrowers, as our multiform language may sufficiently shew. Our terms in polite literature prove, that this came from Greece; our terms in music and painting, that these came from Italy; our phrases in cookery and war, that we learnt these from the French; and our phrases in navigation, that we were taught by the Flemings and Low Dutch. These many and very different sources of our language may be the cause why it is so deficient in regularity and analogy. Yet we have this advantage to compensate the defect, that what we want in elegance, we gain in copiousness, in which last respect few languages will be found superior to our own.

Let us pass from ourselves to the nations of the East. The Eastern world, from the earliest days, has been at all times the seat of enormous monarchy; on its natives fair liberty never shed its genial influence. If at any time civil discords arose among them, (and arise there did innumerable) the contest was never about the form of their government (for this was an object of which the combatants had no conception); it was all from the poor motive of, who should be their master; whether a Cyrus or an Artaxerxes, a Mahomet or a Mustapha.

Such was their condition; and what was the consequence?—Their ideas became consonant to their servile state, and their words became consonant to their servile ideas. The great distinction for ever in their sight, was that of tyrant and slave; the most unnatural one conceivable, and the most susceptible of pomp and empty exaggeration. Hence they talked of kings as gods; and of themselves as the meanest and most abject reptiles. Nothing was either great or little in moderation, but every sentiment was heightened by incredible hyperbole. Thus, though they sometimes ascended into the great and magnificent, they as frequently degenerated into the tumid and bombast. The Greeks too of Asia became infected by their neighbours, who were often, at times, not only their neighbours, but their masters; and hence that luxuriance of the Asiatic style, unknown to the chaste eloquence and purity of Athens. But of the Greeks we forbear to speak now, as we shall speak of

them more fully, when we have first considered the nature or genius of the Romans.

And what sort of people may we pronounce the Romans?—A nation engaged in wars and commotions, some foreign, some domestic, which for seven hundred years wholly engrossed their thoughts. Hence therefore their language became, like their ideas, copious in all terms expressive of things political, and well adapted to the purposes both of history and popular eloquence. But what was their philosophy?—As a nation it was none, if we may credit their ablest writers. And hence the unfitness of their language to this subject; a defect which even Cicero is compelled to confess, and more fully makes appear, when he writes philosophy himself, from the number of terms which he is obliged to invent. Virgil seems to have judged the most truly of his countrymen, when admitting their inferiority in the more elegant arts, he concludes at last with his usual majesty:

*Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
(Hæc tibi erunt artes) pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.*

From considering the Romans, let us pass to the Greeks. The Grecian commonwealths, while they maintained their liberty, were the most heroic confederacy that ever existed. They were the politest, the bravest, and the wisest of men. In the short space of little more than a century they became such statesmen, warriors, orators, historians, physicians, poets, critics, painters, sculptors, architects, and (last of all) philosophers, that one can hardly help considering that golden period, as a providential event in honour of human nature, to shew to what perfection the species might ascend.

Now the language of these Greeks was truly like themselves; it was conformable to their transcendent and universal genius. Where matter so abounded, words followed of course, and those exquisite in every kind, as the ideas for which they stood. And hence it followed, there was not a subject to be found which could not with propriety be expressed in Greek.

Here were words and numbers for the humour of an Aristophanes; for the active elegance of a Pilemon or Menander; for the amorous strains of a Mimnermus or Sappho; for the rural lays of a Theocritus or Bion; and for the sublime con-

ceptions of a Sophocles or Homer. The same in prose. Here Isocrates was enabled to display his art, in all the accuracy of periods and the nice counterpoise of diction. Here Demosthenes found materials for that nervous composition, that manly force of unaffected eloquence, which rushed like a torrent, too impetuous to be withstood.

Who were more different in exhibiting their philosophy, than Xenophon, Plato, and his disciple Aristotle? Different, I say, in their character of composition; for as to their philosophy itself, it was in reality the same. Aristotle, strict, methodic, and orderly; subtle in thought; sparing in ornament; with little address to the passions or imagination; but exhibiting the whole with such a pregnant brevity, that in every sentence we seem to read a page. How exquisitely is this all performed in Greek! Let those, who imagine it may be done as well in another language, satisfy themselves, either by attempting to translate him, or by perusing his translations already made by men of learning. On the contrary, when we read either Xenophon or Plato, nothing of this method and strict order appears. The formal and didactic is wholly dropt. Whatever they may teach, it is without professing to be teachers; a train of dialogue and truly polite address, in which, as in a mirror, we behold human life adorned in all its colours of sentiment and manners.

And yet though these differ in this manner from the Stagyrite, how different are they likewise in character from each other!—Plato, copious, figurative, and majestic; intermixing at times the facetious and satiric; enriching his works with tales and fables, and the mystic theology of ancient times. Xenophon, the pattern of perfect simplicity; every where smooth, harmonious, and pure; declining the figurative, the marvellous, and the mystic; ascending but rarely into the sublime; nor then so much trusting to the colours of style as to the intrinsic dignity of the sentiment itself.

The language, in the mean time, in which he and Plato wrote, appears to suit so accurately with the style of both, that when we read either of the two, we cannot help thinking, that it is he alone who has hit its character, and that it could not have appeared so elegant in any other manner.

And thus is the Greek tongue, from its propriety and universality, made for all that is great and all that is beautiful, in every subject and under every form of writing:

*Graius ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui.*

It were to be wished, that those amongst us, who either write or read with a view to employ their liberal leisure, (for as to such as do either from views more sordid, we leave them, like slaves, to their destined drudgery) it were to be wished, I say, that the liberal (if they have a relish for letters) would inspect the finished models of Grecian literature; that they would not waste those hours, which they cannot recal, upon the meaner productions of the French and English press; upon that fungous growth of novels and of pamphlets, where, it is to be feared, they rarely find any rational pleasure, and more rarely still any solid improvement.

To be completely skilled in ancient learning is by no means a work of such insuperable pains. The very progress itself is attended with delight, and resembles a journey through some pleasant country; where, every mile we advance, new charms arise. It is certainly as easy to be a scholar, as a gamester, or many other characters equally illiberal and low. The same application, the same quantity of habit, will fit us for one as completely as for the other. And as to those who tell us, with an air of seeming wisdom, that it is men, and not books, we must study to become knowing; this I have always remarked, from repeated experience, to be the common consolation and language of dunces. They shelter their ignorance under a few bright examples, whose transcendent abilities, without the common helps, have been sufficient of themselves to great and important ends. But alas!

Decipit exemplar vitii imitabile—

In truth, each man's understanding, when ripened and mature, is a composite of natural capacity, and of superinduced habit. Hence the greatest men will be necessarily those who possess the best capacities, cultivated with the best habits. Hence also moderate capacities, when adorned with valuable science, will far transcend others the most acute by nature, when either neglected, or applied to low and base purposes. And thus, for the ho-

nour of culture and good learning, they are able to render a man, if he will take the pains, intrinsically more excellent than his natural superiors. *Harris.*

§ 206. *History of the Limits and Extent of the Middle Age.*

When the magnitude of the Roman empire grew enormous, and there were two imperial cities, Rome and Constantinople, then that happened which was natural; out of one empire it became two, distinguished by the different names of the Western, and the Eastern.

The Western empire soon sunk. So early as in the fifth century, Rome, once the mistress of nations, beheld herself at the feet of a Gothic sovereign. The Eastern empire lasted many centuries longer, and, though often impaired by external enemies, and weakened as often by internal factions, yet still it retained traces of its ancient splendour, resembling, in the language of Virgil, some fair but faded flower:

Cui neque fulgor adhuc, necdum, sua forma
recessit. VIRG.

At length, after various plunges and various escapes, it was totally annihilated in the fifteenth century by the victorious arms of Mahomet the Great.

The interval between the fall of these two empires (the Western or Latin in the fifth century, the Eastern or Grecian in the fifteenth) making a space of near a thousand years, constitutes what we call the Middle Age.

Dominion passed during this interval into the hands of rude, illiterate men: men who conquered more by multitude than by military skill; and who, having little or no taste either for sciences or arts, naturally despised those things from which they had reaped no advantage.

This was the age of Monkery and Legends; of Leonine verses, (that is, of bad Latin put into rhyme;) of projects, to decide truth by ploughshares and battoons; of crusades, to conquer infidels, and extirpate heretics; of princes deposed, not as Cæsus was by Cyrus, but by one who had no armies, and who did not even wear a sword.

Different portions of this age have been distinguished by different descriptions; such as *Sæculum Monotheleticum*, *Sæculum Eiconoclasticum*, *Sæculum Obscurum*, *Sæculum Ferreum*, *Sæculum Hildi-*

brandinum, &c.; strange names it must be confessed, some more obvious, others less so, yet none tending to furnish us with any high or promising ideas.

And yet we must acknowledge, for the honour of humanity and of its great and divine Author, who never forsakes it, that some sparks of intellect were at all times visible, through the whole of this dark and dreary period. It is here we must look for the taste and literature of the times.

The few who were enlightened, when arts and sciences were thus obscured, may be said to have happily maintained the continuity of knowledge; to have been (if I may use the expression) like the twilight of a summer's night; that auspicious gleam between the setting and the rising sun, which, though it cannot retain the lustre of the day, helps at least to save us from the totality of darkness. *Ibid.*

§ 207. *An Account of the Destruction of the Alexandrian Library.*

“When Alexandria was taken by the Mahometans, Amrus, their commander, found there Philoponus, whose conversation highly pleased him, as Amrus was a lover of letters, and Philoponus a learned man. On a certain day Philoponus said to him: ‘You have visited all the repositories or public warehouses in Alexandria, and you have sealed up things of every sort that are found there. As to those things that may be useful to you, I presume to say nothing; but as to things of no service to you, some of them perhaps may be more suitable to me.’ Amrus said to him: ‘And what is it you want?’ ‘The philosophical books (replied he) preserved in the royal libraries.’ ‘This (said Amrus) is a request upon which I cannot decide. You desire a thing where I can issue no orders till I have leave from Omar, the commander of the faithful.’—Letters were accordingly written to Omar, informing him of what Philoponus had said; and an answer was returned by Omar, to the following purport: ‘As to the books of which you have made mention, if there be contained in them what accords with the book of God (meaning the Alcoran) there is without them, in the book of God, all that is sufficient. But if there be any thing in them repugnant to that book, we in no respect want them. Order them therefore to be all destroyed.’ Amrus upon

“ this ordered them to be dispersed
 “ through the baths of Alexandria, and to
 “ be there burnt in making the baths
 “ warm. After this manner, in the space
 “ of six months, they were all consumed.”

The historian, having related the story, adds from his own feelings, “ Hear what
 “ was done, and wonder!”

Thus ended this noble library; and thus began, if it did not begin sooner, the age of barbarity and ignorance. *Harris.*

§ 208. *A short historical Account of ATHENS, from the time of her PERSIAN Triumphs to that of her becoming subject to the TURKS.—Sketch, during this long Interval, of her political and literary State; of her Philosophers; of her Gymnasia; of her good and bad Fortune, &c. &c.—Manners of the present Inhabitants.—Olives and Honey.*

When the Athenians had delivered themselves from the tyranny of Pisistratus, and after this had defeated the vast efforts of the Persians, and that against two successive invaders, Darius and Xerxes, they may be considered as at the summit of their national glory. For more than half a century afterwards they maintained, without controul, the sovereignty of Greece*.

As their taste was naturally good, arts of every kind soon rose among them, and flourished. Valour had given them reputation; reputation gave them an ascendant; and that ascendant produced a security, which left their minds at ease, and gave them leisure to cultivate every thing liberal or elegant.

It was then that Péricles adorned the city with temples, theatres, and other beautiful public buildings. Phidias, the great sculptor, was employed as his architect; who when he had erected edifices, adorned them himself, and added statues and basso-relievos, the admiration of every beholder. It was then that Polygnotus and Myro painted; that Sophocles and Euripides wrote; and, not long after, that they saw the divine Socrates.

Human affairs are by nature prone to change; and states, as well as individuals, are born to decay. Jealousy and ambition insensibly fomented wars; and success in these wars, as in others, was often various. The military strength of the Athenians was first impaired by the Lacedæmonians; after that, it was again humiliated,

under Epaminondas, by the Thebans; and, last of all, it was wholly crushed by the Macedonian Philip.

But though their political sovereignty was lost, yet, happily for mankind, their love of literature and arts did not sink along with it.

Just at the close of their golden days of empire, flourished Xenophon and Plato, the disciples of Socrates; and from Plato descended that race of philosophers called the Old Academy.

Aristotle, who was Plato's disciple, may be said not to have invented a new philosophy, but rather to have tempered the sublime and rapturous mysteries of his master with method, order, and a stricter mode of reasoning.

Zeno, who was himself also educated in the principles of Platonism, only differed from Plato in the comparative estimate of things, allowing nothing to be intrinsically good but virtue, nothing intrinsically bad but vice, and considering all other things to be in themselves indifferent.

He too, and Aristotle, accurately cultivated logic, but in different ways: for Aristotle chiefly dwelt upon the simple syllogism; Zeno upon that which is derived out of it, the compound or hypothetic. Both too, as well as other philosophers, cultivated rhetoric along with logic; holding a knowledge in both to be requisite for those who think of addressing mankind with all the efficacy of persuasion. Zeno elegantly illustrated the force of these two powers by a simile, taken from the hand; the close power of logic he compared to the fist, or hand compressed; the diffuse power of logic, to the palm, or hand open:

I shall mention but two sects more, the New Academy, and the Epicurean.

The New Academy, so called from the Old Academy (the name given to the school of Plato) was founded by Arcesilas, and ably maintained by Carneades. From a mistaken imitation of the great parent of philosophy, Socrates, (particularly as he appears in the dialogues of Plato) because Socrates doubted some things, therefore Arcesilas and Carneades doubted all.

Epicurus drew from another source: Democritus had taught him atoms and a void. By the fortuitous concurrence of atoms he fancied he could form a world, while by a feigned veneration he complimented away his gods, and totally denied their

* For these historical facts consult the ancient and modern authors of Grecian history.

providential care, lest the trouble of it should impair their uninterrupted state of bliss. Virtue he recommended, though not for the sake of virtue, but pleasure: pleasure, according to him, being our chief and sovereign good. It must be confessed, however, that though his principles were erroneous, and even bad, never was a man more temperate and humane; never was a man more beloved by his friends, or more cordially attached to them in affectionate esteem.

We have already mentioned the alliance between philosophy and rhetoric. This cannot be thought wonderful, if rhetoric be the art by which men are persuaded and if men cannot be persuaded without a knowledge of human nature; for what but philosophy can procure us this knowledge?

It was for this reason the ablest Greek philosophers not only taught (as we hinted before) but wrote also treatises upon rhetoric. They had a farther inducement, and that was the intrinsic beauty of their language, as it was then spoken among the learned and polite. They would have been ashamed to have delivered philosophy, as it has been too often delivered since, in compositions as clumsy as the common dialect of the mere vulgar.

The same love of elegance, which made them attend to their style, made them attend even to the places where their philosophy was taught.

Plato delivered his lectures in a place shaded with groves; on the banks of the river Ilissus; and which, as it once belonged to a person called Academus, was called after his name, the Academy. Aristotle chose another spot of a similar character, where there were trees and shade; a spot called the *Lycæum*. Zeno taught in a portico or colonnade, distinguished from other buildings of that sort (of which the Athenians had many) by the name of the *Variiegated Portico*, the walls being decorated with various paintings of *Polygnous* and *Myro*, two capital masters of that transcendent period. Epicurus addressed his hearers in those well-known gardens called, after his own name, the *gardens of Epicurus*.

Some of these places gave names to the doctrines which were taught there. Plato's philosophy took its name of *Academic*, from the Academy; that of Zeno was called the *Stoic*, from a Greek word signifying a portico.

The system indeed of Aristotle was not denominated from the place but was called *Peripatetic*, from the manner in which he taught; from his walking about at the time when he disserted. The term *Epicurean philosophy* needs no explanation.

Open air, shade, water, and pleasant walks, seem above all things to favour that exercise the best suited to contemplation, I mean gentle walking without inducing fatigue. The many agreeable walks in and about Oxford may teach my own countrymen the truth of this assertion, and best explain how Horace lived, while the student at Athens, employed (as he tells us)

— inter silvas Academi quærete verum.

These places of public institution were called among the Greeks by the name of *Gymnasia*, in which, whatever that word might have originally meant, were taught all those exercises, and all those arts, which tended to cultivate not only the body but the mind. As man was a being consisting of both, the Greeks could not consider that education as complete in which both were not regarded, and both properly formed. Hence their *Gymnasia*, with reference to this double end, were adorned with two statues, those of *Mercury* and of *Hercules*; the corporeal accomplishments being patronised (as they supposed) by the God of strength, the mental accomplishments by the God of ingenuity.

It is to be feared, that many places, now called *Academies*, scarce deserve the name upon this extensive plan, if the professors teach no more than how to dance, fence, and ride upon horses.

It was for the cultivation of every liberal accomplishment that Athens was celebrated (as we have said) during many centuries, long after her political influence was lost, and at an end.

When Alexander the Great died, many tyrants, like many hydras, immediately sprung up. Athens then, though she still maintained the form of her ancient government, was perpetually checked and humiliated by their insolence. Antipater destroyed her orators: and she was sacked by Demetrius. At length she became subject to the all-powerful Romans, and found the cruel Sylla her severest enemy.

His face (which perhaps indicated his manner,) was of a purple red, intermixed with white. This circumstance could

not escape the witty Athenians : they described him in a verse, and ridiculously said,

Sylla's face is a mulberry, sprinkled with meal.

The devastations and carnage which he caused soon after, gave them too much reason to repent their sarcasm.

The civil war between Cæsar and Pompey soon followed, and their natural love of liberty made them side with Pompey. Here again they were unfortunate, for Cæsar conquered. But Cæsar did not treat them like Sylla. With that clemency, which made so amiable a part of his character, he dismissed them, by a fine allusion to their illustrious ancestors, saying, 'that he spared the living for the sake of the dead.'

Another storm followed soon after this, the wars of Brutus and Cassius with Augustus and Antony. Their partiality for liberty did not here forsake them; they took part in the contest with the two patriot Romans, and erected their statues near their own ancient deliverers, Harmodius and Aristogiton, who had slain Hipparchus. But they were still unhappy, for their enemies triumphed.

They made their peace however with Augustus; and, having met afterwards with different treatment under different emperors, sometimes favourable, sometimes harsh, and never more severe than under Vespasian, their oppressions were at length relieved by the virtuous Nerva and Trajan.

Mankind, during the interval which began from Nerva, and which extended to the death of that best of emperors, Marcus Antoninus, felt a respite from those evils which they had so severely felt before, and which they felt so severely revived under Commodus and his wretched successors.

Athens, during the above golden period, enjoyed more than all others the general felicity, for she found in Adrian so generous a benefactor, that her citizens could hardly help esteeming him a second founder. He restored their old privileges, gave them new; repaired their ancient buildings, and added others of his own. Marcus Antoninus, although he did not do so much, still continued to shew them his benevolent attention.

If from this period we turn our eyes back, we shall find, for centuries before, that Athens was the place of education, not only for Greeks, but for Romans.

'Twas hither that Horace was sent by his father; 'twas here that Cicero put his son Marcus under Cratippus, one of the ablest philosophers then belonging to that city.

The sects of philosophers which we have already described, were still existing when St. Paul came thither. We cannot enough admire the superior eloquence of that apostle, in his manner of addressing so intelligent an audience. We cannot enough admire the sublimity of his exordium; the propriety of his mentioning an altar which he had found there, and his quotation from Aratus, one of their well-known poets. Acts xvii. 22.

Nor was Athens only celebrated for the residence of philosophers, and the institution of youth: men of rank and fortune found pleasure in a retreat which contributed so much to their liberal enjoyment.

The friend and correspondent of Cicero, T. Pomponius, from his long attachment to this city and country, had attained such a perfection in its arts and language, that he acquired to himself the additional name of Atticus. This great man may be said to have lived during times of the worst and cruellest factions. His youth was spent under Sylla and Marius; the middle of his life during all the sanguinary scenes that followed; and when he was old he saw the proscriptions of Antony and Octavius. Yet, though Cicero and a multitude more of the best men perished, he had the good fortune to survive every danger. Nor did he seek a safety for himself alone: his virtue so recommended him to the leaders of every side, that he was able to save not himself alone, but the lives and fortunes of many of his friends.

When we look to this amiable character, we may well suppose, that it was not merely for amusement that he chose to live at Athens; but rather that, by residing there, he might so far realize philosophy, as to employ it for the conduct of life, and not merely for ostentation.

Another person, during a better period (that I mean between Nerva and Marcus Antoninus), was equally celebrated for his affection to this city. By this person I mean Herodes Atticus, who acquired the last name from the same reasons for which it had formerly been given to Pomponius.

We have remarked already, that vicissitudes befall both men and cities, and changes too often happen from prosper-

ous to adverse. Such was the state of Athens, under the successors of Alexander, and so on from Sylla down to the time of Augustus. It shared the same hard fate with the Roman empire in general, upon the accession of Commodus.

At length, after a certain period, the Barbarians of the North began to pour into the South. Rome was taken by Alaric, and Athens was besieged by the same. Yet here we are informed (at least we learn so from history) that it was miraculously saved by Minerva and Achilles. The goddess, it seems, and the hero, both of them appeared, compelling the invader to raise the siege.

Harris.

§ 209. *The Account given by SYNESIUS of ATHENS, and its subsequent History.*

Synesius, who lived in the fifth century, visited Athens, and gives, in his epistles, an account of his visit. Its lustre appears at that time to have been greatly diminished. Among other things he informs us, that the celebrated portico or colonnade, the Greek name of which gave name to the sect of Stoics, had, by an oppressive pro-consul, been despoiled of its fine pictures; and that, on this devastation, it had been forsaken by those philosophers.

In the thirteenth century, when the Grecian empire was cruelly oppressed by the crusaders, and all things in confusion, Athens was besieged by one Segurus Leo, who was unable to take it; and, after that, by a Marquis of Montserrat, to whom it surrendered.

Its fortune after this was various; and it was sometimes under the Venetians, sometimes under the Catalonians, till Mahomet the Great made himself master of Constantinople. This fatal catastrophe (which happened near two thousand years after the time of Pisistratus) brought Athens, and with it all Greece, into the hands of the Turks, under whose despotic yoke it has continued ever since.

The city from this time has been occasionally visited, and descriptions of it published by different travellers. Wheeler was there along with Spon, in the time of our Charles the Second, and both of them have published curious and valuable narratives. Others, as well natives of this island as foreigners, have been there since, and some have given (as Mons. Le Roy) specious publications of what we are to suppose they saw. None however have

equalled the truth, the accuracy, and the elegance of Mr. Stuart, who, after having resided there between three and four years, has given such plans and elevations of the capital buildings now standing, together with learned comments to elucidate every part, that he seems, as far as was possible for the power of description, to have restored the city to its ancient splendour.

He has not only given us the greatest outlines and their measures, but separate measures and drawings of the minuter decorations; so that a British artist may (if he please) follow Phidias, and build in Britain as Phidias did at Athens.

Spon, speaking of Attica, says, 'that the road near Athens was pleasing, and the very peasants polished.' Speaking of the Athenians in general, he says of them — "ils ont une politesse d'esprit naturelle, et beaucoup d'adresse dans toutes les affaires, qu'ils entreprennent."

Wheeler, who was Spon's fellow-traveller, says as follows, when he and his company approached Athens: "We began now to think ourselves in a more civilized country than we had yet passed; for not a shepherd that we met, but bid us welcome, and wished us a good journey." p. 335. Speaking of the Athenians, he adds, "This must with great truth be said of them, their bad fortune hath not been able to take from them what they have by nature, that is, much subtlety or wit." p. 347. And again. "The Athenians, notwithstanding the long possession that barbarism hath had of this place, seem to be much more polished, in point of manners and conversation, than any other in these parts; being civil, and of respectful behaviour to all, and highly complimentary in their discourse." p. 356.

Stuart says of the present Athenians, what Spon and Wheeler said of their forefathers;—"he found in them the same address, the same natural acuteness, though severely curbed by their despotic masters."

One custom I cannot omit. He tells me, that frequently at their convivial meetings, one of the company takes what they now call a lyre, though it is rather a species of guitar, and after a short prelude on the instrument, as if he were waiting for inspiration, accompanies his instrumental music with his voice, suddenly chanting some extempore verses, which seldom exceed two or three distichs; that he then delivers the lyre to his neighbour, who, after he has

done the same, delivers it to another; and that so the lyre circulates, till it has past round the table.

Nor can I forget his informing me, that, notwithstanding the various fortunes of Athens, as a city, Attica was still famous for olives, and Mount Hymettus for honey. Human institutions perish, but nature is permanent.

Harris.

§ 210. *Anecdote of the Modern GREEKS.*

I shall quit the Greeks, after I have related a short narrative, a narrative, so far curious, as it helps to prove, that even among the present Greeks, in the day of servitude, the remembrance of their ancient glory is not totally extinct.

When the late Mr. Anson (Lord Anson's brother) was upon his travels in the East, he hired a vessel to visit the isle of Tenedos. His pilot, an old Greek, as they were sailing along, said with some satisfaction, "There 'twas our fleet lay." Mr. Anson demanded, "What fleet?" "What fleet!" replied the old man (a little piqued at the question) "why our Grecian fleet at the siege of Troy*."

Ibid.

§ 211. *On the different Modes of History.*

The modes indeed of history appear to be different. There is a mode which we may call historical declamation: a mode, where the author, dwelling little upon facts, indulges himself in various and copious reflections.

Whatever good (if any) may be derived from this method, it is not likely to give us much knowledge of facts.

Another mode is, that which I call general or rather public history; a mode abundant in facts, where treaties and alliances, battles and sieges, marches and retreats, are accurately detailed; together with dates, descriptions, tables, plans, and all the collateral helps both of chronology and geography.

In this, no doubt, there is utility: yet the sameness of the events resembles not a little the sameness of human bodies. One head, two shoulders, two legs, &c. seem equally to characterise an European and an African; a native of old Rome, and a native of modern.

A third species of history still behind, is that which gives a sample of sentiments and manners.

If the account of these last be faithful,

it cannot fail being instructive, since we view through these the interior of human nature. 'Tis by these we perceive what sort of animal man is: so that while not only Europeans are distinguished from Asiatics, but English from French, French from Italians, and (what is still more) every individual from his neighbour; we view at the same time one nature, which is common to them all.

Horace informs us that a drama, where the sentiments and manners are well preserved, will please the audience more than a pompous fable where they are wanting. Perhaps what is true in dramatic composition, is no less true in historical.

Plutarch, among the Greek historians, appears in a peculiar manner to have merited this praise.

Nor ought I to omit (as I shall soon refer to them) some of our best Monkish historians, though prone upon occasion to degenerate into the incredible. As they often lived during the times which they described, 'twas natural they should paint the life and the manners which they saw.

Ibid.

§ 212. *Concerning natural Beauty; its Idea the same in all times—THESSALIAN TEMPE—Taste of VIRGIL and HORACE—of MILTON, in describing Paradise—exhibited of late years first in Pictures—thence transferred to ENGLISH Gardens—not wanting to the enlightened Few of the middle Age—proved in LELAND, PETRARCH, and SANNAZARUS—Comparison between the younger CYRUS, and PHILIP LE BEL of France.*

Let us pass for a moment from the elegant works of Art, to the more elegant works of Nature. The two subjects are so nearly allied, that the same taste usually relishes them both.

Now there is nothing more certain, than that the face of inanimate nature has been at all times captivating. The vulgar, indeed, look no farther than to scenes of culture, because all their views merely terminate in utility. They only remark, that 'tis fine barley; that 'tis rich clover; as an ox or an ass, if they could speak, would inform us. But the liberal have nobler views; and though they give to culture its due praise, they can be delighted with natural beauties, where culture was never known.

* This story was told the author, Mr. Harris, by Mr. Anson himself.

Ages ago they have celebrated with enthusiastic rapture, “a deep retired vale
“with a river rushing through it; a vale
“having its sides formed by two immense
“and opposite mountains, and those sides
“diversified by woods, precipices, rocks,
“and romantic caverns.” Such was the scene produced by the river Peneus, as it ran between the mountains Olympus and Ossa, in that well known vale the Thessalian Tempè.

Virgil and Horace, the first for taste among the Romans, appear to have been enamoured with the beauties of this character. Horace prayed for a villa where there was a garden, a rivulet, and above these a little grove:

*Hortus ubi et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulùm sylvæ super his foret.*

Sat. VI. 2.

Virgil wished to enjoy rivers and woods, and to be hid under immense shade in the cool valleys of mount Hæmus—

*O! qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra?*
Georg. II. 486.

The great elements of this species of beauty, according to these principles, were water, wood, and uneven ground; to which may be added a fourth, that is to say, lawn. 'Tis the happy mixture of these four that produces every scene of natural beauty, as 'tis a more mysterious mixture of other elements (perhaps as simple, and not more in number) that produces a world or universe.

Virgil and Horace having been quoted, we may quote, with equal truth, our great countryman, Milton. Speaking of the flowers of Paradise, he calls them flowers,

— which not nice Art

In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pours forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain.

P. L. IV. 245.

Soon after this he subjoins—

— this was the place,
A happy rural seat of various view.

He explains this variety, by recounting the lawns, the flocks, the hillocks, the valleys, the grotts, the waterfalls, the lakes, &c. &c. And in another book, describing the approach of Raphael, he informs us, that this divine messenger passed

— through groves of myrrh,
And flowering odours, cassia, hard, and balm,
& wilderness of sweets; for nature here

Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss!

IV. 292.

The painters in the preceding century seem to have felt the power of these elements, and to have transferred them into their landscapes with such amazing force, that they appear not so much to have followed as to have emulated nature. Claude de Lorraine, the Poussins, Salvator Rosa, and a few more, may be called superior artists in this exquisite taste.

Our gardens in the mean time were tasteless and insipid. Those who made them thought the farther they wandered from nature, the nearer they approached the sublime. Unfortunately, where they travelled, no sublime was to be found; and the farther they went, the farther they left it behind.

But perfection, alas! was not the work of a day. Many prejudices were to be removed; many gradual ascents to be made; ascents from bad to good, and from good to better, before the delicious amenities of a Claude or a Poussin could be rivalled in a Stourhead, a Hagley, or a Stow; or the tremendous charms of a Salvator Rosa be equalled in the scenes of a Piercefield, or a Mount Edgecumb.

Not however to forget the subject of our inquiry.—Though it was not before the present century, that we established a chaster taste; though our neighbours at this instant are but learning it from us; and though to the vulgar every where it is totally incomprehensible (be they vulgar in rank, or vulgar in capacity): yet, even in the darkest periods we have been treating of, periods when taste is often thought to have been lost, we shall still discover an enlightened few, who were by no means insensible to the power of these beauties.

How warmly does Leland describe Guy's Cliff; Sannazarius his villa of Merigillina; and Petrarch, his favourite Vaucluse!

Take Guy's Cliff from Leland in his own old English, mixt with Latin—“It is
“a place meet for the Muses: there is sy-
“lence: a praty wood; antra in vivo saxo
“(grottos in the living rock;) the river
“rolling over the stones with a praty
“noyse.” His Latin is more elegant—
“Nemusculum ibidem opacum, fontes li-
“quidi et gemmei, prata, florida, antra
“muscosa, rivi levis et per saxa decursus

“nec non solitudo et quies Musis amicis—
“sima.”—Vol. iv. p. 66.

Mergillina, the villa of Sannazarius, near Naples, it thus sketched in different parts of his poems:

Exciso in scopulo, fluctus unde aurea canos
Despicens, celso se culmine Mergilline
Attollit, nautisque procul venientibus offert,
Sannaz. De partu Virgin. I. 25.

Rupis O! sacræ, pelagique custos,
Villa, Nympharum custos et propinqua
Doridos—
Tu mihi solos nemorum recessus
Das, et hærentes per opaca lauros
Saxa: Tu fontes, Aganippedumque
Antra recludis.

Ejusd. Epigr. I. 2.

—quæque in primis mihi grata ministrat
Otia, Musarumque cavas per saxa latebras,
Mergillina; novos fundunt ubi citria flores.
Citria, Medorum sacros referentia lucos.
Ejusd. De partu Virgin. III. sub fin.

De Fonte Mergillino.
Est mihi rivo vitreus perenni
Fons, arenosum prope littus, unde
Sæpè descendens sibi nauta rores.
Haurit amicos, &c.
Ejusd. Epigr. II. 36.

It would be difficult to translate these elegant morsels. It is sufficient to express what they mean collectively—“that the villa of Mergillina had solitary woods; had groves of laurel and citron; had grottos in the rock, with rivulets and springs; and that from its lofty situation it looked down upon the sea, and commanded an extensive prospect.”

It is no wonder that such a villa should enamour such an owner. So strong was his affection for it, that when, during the subsequent wars in Italy, it was demolished by the imperial troops, this unfortunate event was supposed to have hastened his end.

Vaucluse (Vallis Clausa) the favourite retreat of Petrarch, was a romantic scene, not far from Avignon.

“It is a valley, having on each hand, as you enter, immense cliffs, but closed up at one of its ends by a semicircular ridge of them; from which incident it derives its name. One of the most stupendous of these cliffs stands in the front of the semicircle, and has at its foot an opening into an immense cavern. Within the most retired and gloomy part of this cavern is a large oval bason, the production of nature, filled with pellucid and unfathomable water; and from this reservoir issues a river of respectable

“magnitude, dividing, as it runs, the meadows beneath, and winding through the precipices that impend from above.”

This is an imperfect sketch of that spot, where Petrarch spent his time with so much delight, as to say that this alone was life to him, the rest but a state of punishment.

In the two preceding narratives I seem to see an anticipation of that taste for natural beauty, which now appears to flourish through Great Britain in such perfection. It is not to be doubted that the owner of Mergillina would have been charmed with Mount Edgecumb: and the owner of Vaucluse have been delighted with Piercefield.

When we read in Xenophon, that the younger Cyrus had with his own hand planted trees for beauty, we are not surprised, though pleased with the story, as the age was polished, and Cyrus an accomplished prince. But when we read, that in the beginning of the 14th century, a king of France (Philip le Bel) should make it penal to cut down a tree, *qui a este gardè pour sa beauté*, ‘which had been preserved for its beauty;’ though we praise the law, we cannot help being surprised, that the prince should at such a period have been so far enlightened. *Harris.*

§ 213. *The Character of the Man of Business often united with, and adorned by, that of the Scholar and Philosopher.*

Philosophy, taking its name from the love of wisdom, and having for its end the investigation of truth, has an equal regard both to practice and speculation, in as much as truth of every kind is similar and congenial. Hence we find that some of the most illustrious actors upon the great theatre of the world have been engaged at times in philosophical speculation. Pericles, who governed Athens, was the disciple of Anaxagoras; Epaminondas spent his youth in the Pythagorean school; Alexander the Great had Aristotle for his preceptor; and Scipio made Polybius his companion and friend. Why need I mention Cicero, or Cato, or Brutus? The orations, the epistles, and the philosophical works of the first, shew him sufficiently conversant both in action and contemplation. So eager was Cato for knowledge, even when surrounded with business, that he used to read philosophy in the senate-house, while the senate was assembling; and as for the patriot Bru-

tus, though his life was a continued scene of the most important actions, he found time not only to study, but to compose a Treatise upon Virtue.

When these were gone, and the worst of times succeeded, Thræsea Pætus, and Helvidius Priscus, were at the same period both senators and philosophers; and appear to have supported the severest trials of tyrannic oppression, by the manly system of the Stoic moral. The best emperor whom the Romans, or perhaps any nation, ever knew, Marcus Antoninus, was involved, during his whole life, in business of the last consequence; sometimes conspiracies forming, which he was obliged to dissipate; formidable wars arising at other times, when he was obliged to take the field. Yet during none of these periods did he forsake philosophy, but still persisted in meditation, and in committing his thoughts to writing, during moments gained by stealth from the hurry of courts and campaigns.

If we descend to later ages, and search our own country, we shall find Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Milton, Algernon Sidney, Sir William Temple, and many others, to have been all of them eminent in public life, and yet at the same time conspicuous for their speculations and literature. If we look abroad, examples of like characters will occur in other countries. Grotius, the poet, the critic, the philosopher, and the divine, was employed by the court of Sweden as ambassador to France; and De Witt, that acute but unfortunate statesman, that pattern of parsimony and political accomplishments, was an able mathematician, wrote upon the elements of Curves, and applied his algebra with accuracy to the trade and commerce of his country.

And so much in defence of Philosophy, against those who may possibly undervalue her, because they have succeeded without her; those I mean (and it must be confessed there are many) who, having spent their whole lives in what Milton calls the "busy hum of men," have acquired to themselves habits of amazing efficacy, unassisted by the helps of science and erudition. To such the retired student may appear an awkward being, because they want a just standard to measure his merit.

But let them recur to the bright examples before alleged; let them remember that these were eminent in their own way; were men of action and business; men of the world; and yet did they not disdain to cultivate philosophy, nay, were many of them perhaps indebted to her for the splendour of their active character.

This reasoning has a farther end. It justifies me in the address of these philosophical arrangements, as your Lordship* has been distinguished in either character, I mean in your public one, as well as in your private. Those who know the history of our foreign transactions, know the reputation that you acquired in Germany, by negotiations of the last importance; and those who are honoured with your nearer friendship, know that you can speculate as well as act, and can employ your pen both with elegance and instruction.

It may not perhaps be unentertaining to your Lordship to see in what manner the 'Preceptor of Alexander the Great arranged his pupil's ideas, so that they might not cause confusion, for want of accurate disposition.' It may be thought also a fact worthy your notice, that he became acquainted with this method from the venerable Pythagoras, who, unless he drew it from remoter sources, to us unknown, was, perhaps, himself its inventor and original teacher. *Harris.*

§ 214. *The Progressions of Art disgusting, the Completion beautiful.*

Fables relate that Venus was wedded to Vulcan, the goddess of beauty to the god of deformity. The tale, as some explain it, gives a double representation of art; Vulcan shewing us the progressions of art, and Venus the completions. The progressions, such as the hewing of stone, the grinding of colours, the fusion of metals, these all of them are laborious, and many times disgusting; the completions, such as the temple, the palace, the picture, the statue, these all of them are beauties, and justly call for admiration.

Now if logic be one of those arts, which help to improve human reason, it must necessarily be an art of the progressive character; an art which, not ending with itself, has a view to something farther. If then, in the speculations upon

* Addressed to the right honourable Thomas Lord Hyde, chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, &c.

it, it should appear dry rather than elegant, severe rather than pleasing, let it plead, by way of defence, that, though its importance may be great, it partakes from its very nature (which cannot be changed) more of the deformed god, than of the beautiful goddess. *Harris.*

§ 215. *On Conversation.*

Conversation does not require the same merit to please that writing does. The human soul is endued with a kind of natural expression, which it does not acquire. The expression I speak of consists in the significant modulations and tones of voice, accompanied, in unaffected people, by a propriety of gesture. This native language was not intended by nature to represent the transitory ideas that come by the senses to the imagination, but the passions of the mind and its emotions only; therefore modulation and gesture give life and passion to words; their mighty force in oratory is very conspicuous: but although their effects be milder in conversation, yet they are very sensible; they agitate the soul by a variety of gentle sensations, and help to form that sweet charm that makes the most trifling subjects engaging. This fine expression, which is not learned, is not so much taken notice of as it deserves, because it is much superseded by the use of artificial and acquired language. The modern system of philosophy has also concurred to shut it out from our reflections.

It is in conversation people put on all their graces, and appear in the lustre of good-breeding. It is certain, good-breeding, that sets so great a distinction between individuals of the same species, creates nothing new, (I mean a good education) but only draws forth into prospect, with skill and address, the agreeable dispositions and sentiments that lay latent in the mind. You may call good-breeding artificial; but it is like the art of a gardener, under whose hand a barren tree puts forth its own bloom, and is enriched with its specific fruit. It is scarce possible to conceive any scene so truly agreeable, as an assembly of people elaborately educated, who assume a character superior to ordinary life, and support it with ease and familiarity.

The heart is won in conversation by its own passions. Its pride, its grandeur, its affections, lay it open to the enchantment of an insinuating address. Flattery

is a gross charm, but who is proof against a gentle and yielding disposition, that infers your superiority with a delicacy so fine, that you cannot see the lines of which it is composed? Generosity, disinterestedness, a noble of truth that will not deceive, a feeling of the distresses of others, and greatness of soul, inspires us with admiration along with love, and takes our affections as it were by storm; but, above all, we are seduced by a view of the tender and affectionate passions; they carry a soft infection, and the heart is betrayed to them by its own forces. If we are to judge from symptoms, the soul that engages us so powerfully by its reflected glances, is an object of infinite beauty. I observed before, that the modulations of the human voice that express the soul, move us powerfully; and indeed we are affected by the natural emotions of the mind expressed in the simplest language: in short, the happy art, that, in conversation and the intercourse of life, lays hold upon our affections, is but a just address to the engaging passions in the human breast. But this syren power, like beauty, is the gift of nature.

Soft pleasing speech and graceful outward show,
No arts can gain them, but the gods bestow.

POPE'S HOM.

From the various combinations of the several endearing passions, and lofty sentiments, arise the variety of pleasing characters that beautify human society.

There is a different source of pleasure in conversation from what I have spoken of, called wit; which diverts the world so much, that I cannot venture to omit it, although delicacy and a refined taste hesitate a little, and will not allow its value to be equal to its currency. Wit deals largely in allusion and whimsical similitudes; its countenance is always double, and it unites the true and the fantastic by a nice gradation of colouring that cannot be perceived. You observe that I am only speaking of the ready wit of conversation.

Wit is properly called in to support a conversation where the heart or affections are not concerned; and its proper business is to relieve the mind from solitary inattention, where there is no room to move it by passion; the mind's eye, when disengaged, is diverted by being fixed upon a vapour, that dances, as it were, on the surface of the imagination, and continually alters its aspect: the motley

image, whose comic side we had only time to survey, is too unimportant to be attentively considered, and luckily vanishes before we can view it on every side. Shallow folks expect that those who diverted them in conversation, and made happy *bon mots*, ought to write well; and imagine that they themselves were made to laugh by the force of genius: but they are generally disappointed when they see the admired character descend upon paper. The truth is, the frivolous turn and habit of a comic companion, is almost diametrically opposite to true genius, whose natural exercise is deep and slow-paced reflection. You may as well expect that a man should, like Cæsar, form consistent schemes for subduing the world, and employ the principal part of his time in catching flies. I have often heard people express a surprise, that Swift and Addison, the two greatest masters of humour of the last age, were easily put out of countenance, as if pun, mimicry, or repartee, were the offspring of genius.

Whatever similitude may be between humour in writing, and humour in conversation, they are generally found to require different talents. Humour in writing is the offspring of reflection, and is by nice touches and labour brought to wear the negligent air of nature; whereas, wit in conversation is an enemy to reflection, and glows brightest when the imagination flings off the thought the moment it arises, in its genuine new-born dress. Men a little elevated by liquor, seem to have a peculiar facility at striking out the capricious and fantastic images that raise our mirth; in fact, what we generally admire in sallies of wit, is the nicety with which they touch upon the verge of folly, indiscretion, or malice, while at the same time they preserve thought, subtlety, and good humour; and what we laugh at is the motley appearance, whose whimsical consistency we cannot account for.

People are pleased at wit for the same reason that they are fond of diversion of any kind, not for the worth of the thing, but because the mind is not able to bear an intense train of thinking; and yet the ceasing of thought is insufferable, or rather impossible. In such an uneasy dilemma, the unsteady excursions of wit give the mind its natural action, without fatigue, and relieve it delightfully, by employing the imagination without requiring any reflection. Those who have an eter-

nal appetite for wit, like those who are ever in quest of diversion, betray a frivolous minute genius, incapable of thinking.

Usher.

§ 216. *On Music.*

There are few who have not felt the charms of music, and acknowledged its expressions to be intelligible to the heart. It is a language of delightful sensations, that is far more eloquent than words: it breathes to the ear the clearest intimations; but how it was learned, to what origin we owe it, or what is the meaning of some of its most affecting strains, we know not.

We feel plainly that music touches and gently agitates the agreeable and sublime passions; that it wraps us in melancholy, and elevates in joy; that it dissolves and inflames; that it melts us in tenderness, and rouses to rage: but its strokes are so fine and delicate, that, like a tragedy, even the passions that are wounded please; its sorrows are charming, and its rage heroic and delightful; as people feel the particular passions with different degrees of force, their taste of harmony must proportionably vary. Music then is a language directed to the passions; but the rudest passions put on a new nature and become pleasing in harmony: let me add, also, that it awakens some passions which we perceive not in ordinary life. Particularly the most elevated sensation of music arises from a confused perception of ideal or visionary beauty and rapture, which is sufficiently perceivable to fire the imagination, but not clear enough to become an object of knowledge. This shadowy beauty the mind attempts, with a languishing curiosity, to collect into a distinct object of view and comprehension; but it sinks and escapes, like the dissolving ideas of a delightful dream, that are neither within the reach of the memory, nor yet totally fled. The noblest charm of music then, though real and affecting, seems too confused and fluid to be collected into a distinct idea. Harmony, is always understood by the crowd, and almost always mistaken by musicians; who are, with hardly any exception, servile followers of the taste of mode, and who, having expended much time and pains on the mechanic and practical part, lay a stress on the dexterities of hand, which yet have no real value, but as they serve to produce those collections of sound that move the passions. The pre-

sent Italian taste for music is exactly correspondent to the taste of *tragi-comedy*, that about a century ago gained ground upon the stage. The musicians of the present day are charmed at the union they form between the grave and the fantastic, and at the surprising transitions they make between extremes, while every hearer who has the least remainder of the taste of nature left, is shocked at the strange jargon. If the same taste should prevail in painting, we must soon expect to see the woman's head, a horse's body, and a fish's tail, united by soft gradations, greatly admired at our public exhibitions. Musical gentlemen should take particular care to preserve in its full vigour and sensibility their original natural taste, which alone feels and discovers the true beauty of music.

If Milton, Shakspeare, or Dryden, had been born with the same genius and inspiration for music as for poetry, and had passed through the practical part without corrupting the natural taste, or blending with it prepossession in favour of the *sights* and *dexterities* of hand, then would their notes be tuned to passions and to sentiments as natural and expressive as the tones and modulations of the voice in discourse. The music and the thought would not make different expressions; the hearers would only think impetuously; and the effect of the music would be to give the ideas a tumultuous violence and divine impulse upon the mind. Any person conversant with the classic poets, sees instantly that the passionate power of music I speak of, was perfectly understood and practised by the ancients; that the muses of the Greeks always sung, and their song was the echo of the subject, which swelled their poetry into enthusiasm and rapture. An inquiry into the nature and merits of the ancient music, and a comparison thereof with modern composition, by a person of poetic genius and an admirer of harmony, who is free from shackles of practice, and the prejudices of the mode, aided by the countenance of a few men of rank, of elevated and true taste, would probably lay the present half Gothic mode of music in ruins, like those towers of whose little laboured ornaments it is an exact picture, and restore the Grecian taste of passionate harmony once more, to the delight and wonder of mankind. But as, from the disposition of things, and the force of fashion, we can-

not hope in our time to rescue the sacred lyre, and see it put into the hands of men of genius, I can only recall you to your own natural feeling of harmony, and observe to you, that its emotions are not found in the laboured, fantastic and surprising compositions that form the modern style of music: but you meet them in some few pieces that are the growth of wild, unvitiated taste: you discover them in the swelling sounds that wrap us in imaginary grandeur; in those plaintive notes that make us in love with woe; in the tones that utter the lover's sighs, and fluctuate the breast with gentle pain; in the noble strokes that coil up the courage and fury of the soul, or that lull it in confused visions of joy: in short, in those affecting strains that find their way to the inward recesses of the heart:

Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony. MILTON.
Usher.

§ 217. *On Sculpture and Painting.*

Sculpture and painting have their standard in nature; and their principles differ only according to the different materials made use of in these arts. The variety of his colours, and the flat surface on which the painter is at liberty to raise his magic objects, give him a vast scope for ornament, variety, harmony of parts, and opposition, to please the mind, and divert it from too strict an examination. The sculptor being so much confined, has nothing to move with but beauty, passion, and force of attitude; sculpture therefore admits of no mediocrity; its works are either intolerable, or very fine. In Greece, the finishing of a single statue was often the work of many years.

Sculpture and painting take their merit from the same spirit that poetry does; a justness, a grandeur, and force of expression; and their principal objects are, the sublime, the beautiful, and the passionate. Painting, on account of its great latitude, approaches also very near to the variety of poetry; in general their principles vary only according to the different materials of each.

Poetry is capable of taking a series of successive facts, which comprehend a whole action from the beginning. It puts the passions in motion gradually, and winds them up by successive efforts, that all conduce to the intended effect; the mind could never be agitated so violently,

if the storm had not come on by degrees: besides, language, by its capacity of representing thoughts, of forming the communication of mind with mind, and describing emotions, takes in several great, awful, and passionate ideas that colours cannot represent: but the painter is confined to objects of vision, or to one point or instant of time; and is not to bring into view any events which did not, or at least might not happen, at one and the same instant. The chief art of the history-painter, is to hit upon a point of time, that unites the whole successive action in one view, and strikes out the emotion you are desirous of raising. Some painters have had the power of preserving the traces of a receding passion, or the mixed, disturbed emotions of the mind, without impairing the principal passion. The Medea of Timomachus was a miracle of this kind; her wild love, her rage, and her maternal pity, were all poured forth to the eye, in one portrait. From this mixture of passions, which is in nature, the murderess appeared dreadfully affecting.

It is very necessary, for the union of design in painting, that one principal figure appear eminently in view, and that all the rest be subordinate to it: that is, the passion or attention of that principal object should give a cast to the whole piece: for instance, if it be a wrestler, or a courser in the race, the whole scene should not only be active, but the attentions and passions of the rest of the figures should all be directed by that object. If it be a fisherman over the stream, the whole scene must be silent and meditative; if ruins, a bridge, or waterfall, even the living persons must be subordinate, and the traveller should gaze and look back with wonder. This strict union and concord is rather more necessary in painting than in poetry; the reason is, painting is almost palpably a deception, and requires the utmost skill in selecting a vicinity of probable ideas, to give it the air of reality and nature. For this reason also nothing strange, wonderful, or shocking to credulity, ought to be admitted in paintings that are designed after real life.

The principal art of the landscape-painter lies in selecting those objects of view that are beautiful or great, provided there be a propriety and a just neighbourhood preserved in the assemblage, along with a careless distribution that solicits

your eye to the principal object where it rests; in giving such a glance or confused view of those that retire out of prospect, as to raise curiosity, and create in the imagination affecting ideas that do not appear; and in bestowing as much life and action as possible, without overcharging the piece. A landscape is enlivened by putting the animated figures into action; by flinging over it the cheerful aspect which the sun bestows, either by a proper disposition of shade, or by the appearances that beautify his rising or setting; and by a judicious prospect of water, which always conveys the ideas of motion: a few dishevelled clouds have the same effect, but with somewhat less vivacity.

The excellence of portrait-painting and sculpture springs from the same principles that affect us in life; they are not the persons who perform at a comedy or a tragedy we go to see with so much pleasure, but the passions and emotions they display: in like manner, the value of statues and pictures rises in proportion to the strength and clearness of the expression of the passions, and to the peculiar and distinguishing air of character. Great painters almost always choose a face to exhibit the passions in. If you recollect what I said on beauty, you will easily conceive the reason why the agreeable passions are most lively in a beautiful face; beauty is the natural vehicle of the agreeable passions. For the same reason the tempestuous passions appear strongest in a fine face; it suffers the most violent derangement by them. To which we may add, upon the same principle, that dignity or courage cannot be mixed in a very ill-favoured countenance; and that the painter, after exerting his whole skill, finds in their stead pride and terror. These observations, which have been often made, serve to illustrate our thoughts on beauty. Besides the strict propriety of nature, sculpture and figure-painting is a kind of description, which, like poetry, is under the direction of genius; that, while it preserves nature, sometimes, in a fine flight of fancy, throws an ideal splendour over the figures that never existed in real life. Such is the sublime and celestial character that breathes over the Apollo Belvedere, and the inexpressible beauties that dwell upon the Venus of Medici, and seem to shed an illumination around her. This superior beauty must be varied with propriety, as well as the passions; the elegance of Juno must

be decent, lofty, and elated; of Minerva, masculine, confident, and chaste; and of Venus, winning, soft, and conscious of pleasing. These sister arts, painting and statuary, as well as poetry, put it out of all doubt, that the imagination carries the ideas of the beautiful and the sublime far beyond visible nature; since no mortal ever possessed the blaze of divine charms that surrounds the Apollo Belvedere, or the Venus of Medici, I have just mentioned.

A variety and flush of colouring is generally the refuge of painters, who are not able to animate their designs. We may call a lustre of colouring, the rant and fustian of painting, under which are hid the want of strength and nature. None but a painter of real genius can be severe and modest in his colouring, and please at the same time. It must be observed, that the glow and variety of colours give a pleasure of a very different kind from the object of painting. When foreign ornaments, gilding, and carving, come to be considered as necessary to the beauty of pictures, they are a plain diagnostic of a decay in taste and power. *Usher.*

§ 218. *On Architecture.*

A free and easy proportion, united with simplicity, seem to constitute the elegance of form in building. A subordination of parts to one evident design forms simplicity; when the members thus evidently related are great, the union is always very great. In the proportions of a noble edifice, you see the image of a creating mind result from the whole. The evident uniformity of the rotunda, and its unparalleled simplicity, are probably the sources of its superior beauty. When we look up at a vaulted roof, that seems to rest upon our horizon, we are astonished at the magnificence, more than at the visible extent.

When I am taking a review of the objects of beauty and grandeur, can I pass by unnoticed the source of colours and visible beauty? When the light is withdrawn all nature retires from view, visible bodies are annihilated, and the soul mourns the universal absence in solitude; when it returns, it brings along with it the creation, and restores joy as well as beauty.

Ibid.

§ 219. *Thoughts on Colours and Lights.*

If I should distinguish the perceptions of the senses from each other, according to

the strength of the traces left on the imagination, I should call those of hearing, feeling, smelling, and tasting, *notions*, which impress the memory but weakly; while those of colours I should call ideas, to denote their strength and peculiar clearness upon the imagination. This distinction deserves particular notice. The Author of nature has drawn an impenetrable veil over the fixed material world that surrounds us; solid matter refuses our acquaintance, and will be known to us only by resisting the touch; but how obscure are the informations of feeling! Light comes like an intimate acquaintance to relieve us: it introduces all nature to us, the fields, the trees, the flowers, the crystal streams, and azure sky. But all this beauteous diversity is no more than an agreeable enchantment formed by the light that spreads itself to view; the fixed parts of nature are eternally entombed beneath the light, and we see nothing in fact but a creation of colours. Schoolmen, with their usual arrogance, will tell you their ideas are transcripts of nature, and assure you that the veracity of God requires they should be so, because we cannot well avoid thinking so: but nothing is an object of vision but light; the picture we see is not annexed to the earth, but comes with angelic celerity to meet our eyes. That which is called body or substance, that reflects the various colours of the light, and lies hid beneath the appearance, is wrapt in impenetrable obscurity; it is faithfully shut out from our eyes and imagination, and only causes in us the ideas of feeling, tasting, or smelling, which yet are not resemblances of any part of matter. I do not know if I appear too strong when I call colours the expression of the Divinity. Light strikes with such vivacity and force, that we can hardly call it inanimate or unintelligent. *Ibid.*

§ 220. *On Uniformity.*

Shall we admit uniformity into our list of beauty, or first examine its real merits? When we look into the works of nature, we cannot avoid observing that uniformity is but the beauty of minute objects. The opposite sides of a leaf divided in the middle, and the leaves of the same species of vegetables, retain a striking uniformity: but the branch, the tree, and forest, desert this familiarity, and take a noble irregularity with vast advantage. Cut a tree into a regular form, and you change its

lofty port for a minute prettiness. What forms the beauty of country scenes, but the want of uniformity? No two hills, vales, rivers, or prospects, are alike; and you are charmed by the variety. Let us now suppose a country made up of the most beautiful hills and descents imaginable, but every hill and every vale alike, and at an equal distance; they soon tire you, and you find the delight vanishes with the novelty.

There are, I own, certain assemblages that form a powerful beauty by their union, of which a fine face is incontestable evidence. But the charm does not seem by any means to reside in the uniformity, which in the human countenance is not very exact. The human countenance may be planned out much more regularly, but I fancy without adding to the beauty, for which we must seek another source. In truth, the finest eye in the world without meaning, and the finest mouth without a smile are insipid. An agreeable countenance includes in the idea thereof an agreeable and gentle disposition. How the countenance, and an arrangement of colours and features, can express the idea of an unseen mind, we know not; but so the fact is, and to this fine intelligent picture, whether it be false or true, certain I am, that the beauty of the human countenance is owing, more than to uniformity. Shall we then say, that the greatest uniformity, along with the greatest variety, forms beauty? But this is a repetition of words without distinct ideas, and explicates a well-known effect by an obscure cause. Uniformity, as far as it extends, excludes variety; and variety, as far as it reaches, excludes uniformity. Variety is by far more pleasing than uniformity, but it does not constitute beauty; for it is impossible that can be called beauty, which, when well known, ceases to please: whereas a fine piece of music shall charm after being heard a hundred times; and a lovely countenance makes a stronger impression on the mind by being often seen, because their beauty is real. I think we may, upon the whole, conclude, that if uniformity be a beauty, it is but the beauty of minute objects; and that it pleases only by the visible design, and the evident footsteps of intelligence it discovers. *Usher.*

221. On Novelty.

I must say something of the evanescent charms of novelty. When our curiosity is excited at the opening of new scenes, our

ideas are affecting and beyond life, and we see objects in a brighter hue than they after appear in. For when curiosity is sated, the objects grow dull, and our ideas fall to their diminutive natural size. What I have said may account for the raptured prospect of our youth we see backward; novelty always recommends, because expectations of the unknown are ever high; and in youth we have an eternal novelty; unexperienced credulous youth gilds our young ideas, and ever meets a fresh lustre that is not yet allayed by doubts. In age, experience corrects our hopes, and the imagination cools; for this reason, wisdom and high pleasure do not reside together.

I have observed through this discourse, that the delight we receive from the visible objects of nature, or from the fine arts, may be divided into the conceptions of the sublime, and conceptions of the beautiful. Of the origin of the sublime I spoke hypothetically, and with diffidence; all we certainly know on this head is, that the sensations of the sublime we receive from external objects, are attended with obscure ideas of power and immensity; the origin of our sensations of beauty are still more unintelligible; however, I think there is some foundation for classing the objects of beauty under different heads, by a correspondence or similarity, that may be observed between several particulars. *Ibid.*

§ 222. On the Origin of our general Ideas of Beauty.

A full and consistent evidence of design, especially if the design be attended with an important effect, gives the idea of beauty; thus a ship under sail, a greyhound, a well-shaped horse, are beautiful, because they display with ease a great design. Birds and beasts of prey, completely armed for destruction, are for the same reason beautiful, although objects of terror.

Where different designs at a single view, appear to concur to one effect, the beauty accumulates; as in the Grecian architecture: where different designs, leading to different effects, unite in the same whole, they cause confusion, and diminish the idea of beauty, as in the Gothic buildings. Upon the same principle, confusion and disorder are ugly or frightful; the figures made by spilled liquors are always ugly, Regular figures are handsome; and the circular, the most regular, is the most beautiful. This regulation holds only where the sublime does not enter; for in

that case the irregularity and carelessness add to the ideas of power, and raise in proportion our admiration. The confusion in which we see the stars scattered over the heavens, and the rude arrangement of mountains, add to their grandeur.

A mixture of the sublime aids exceedingly the idea of beauty, and heightens the horrors of disorder and ugliness. Personal beauty is vastly raised by a noble air; on the contrary, the dissolution and ruins of a large city, distress the mind proportionally: but while we mourn over great ruins, at the destruction of our species, we are also soothed by the generous commiseration we feel in our own breast, and therefore ruins give us the same kind of grateful melancholy we feel at a tragedy. Of all the objects of discord and confusion, no other is so shocking as the human soul in madness. When we see the principle of thought and beauty disordered, the horror is too high, like that of a massacre committed before our eyes, to suffer the mind to make any reflex act on the god-like traces of pity that distinguish our species: and we feel no sensations but those of dismay and terror.

Regular motion and life shewn in inanimate objects, give us also the secret pleasure we call beauty. Thus waves spent, and successively breaking upon the shore, and waving fields of corn and grass in continued motion, are ever beautiful. The beauty of colours may perhaps be arranged under this head; colours, like notes of music, affect the passions; red incites anger, black to melancholy; white brings a gentle joy to the mind; the softer colours refresh or relax it. The mixtures and gradations of colours have an effect correspondent to the transitions and combinations of sounds; but the strokes are too transient and feeble to become the objects of expression.

Beauty also results from every disposition of nature that plainly discovers her favour and indulgence to us. Thus the spring season, when the weather becomes mild, the verdant fields, trees loaded with fruit or covered with shade, clear springs, but particularly the human face, where the gentle passions are delineated, are beyond expression beautiful. On the same principle, inclement wintry skies, trees stripped of their verdure, desert barren lands, and, above all, death, are frightful and shocking. I must, however, observe, that I do not by any means suppose that the

sentiment of beauty arises from a reflex considerate act of the mind, upon the observation of the designs of nature or of art: the sentiment of beauty is instantaneous, and depends upon no prior reflections. All I mean is, that design and beauty are in an arbitrary manner united together; so that where we see the one, whether we reflect on it or no, we perceive the other. I must further add, that there may be other divisions of beauty easily discoverable, which I have not taken notice of.

The general sense of beauty, as well as of grandeur, seems peculiar to man in the creation. The herd in common with him enjoy the gentle breath of spring; they lie down to repose on the flowery bank, and hear the peaceful humming of the bee; they enjoy the green fields and pastures: but we have reason to think, that it is man only who sees the image of beauty over the happy prospect, and rejoices at it; that it is hid from the brute creation, and depends not upon sense, but on the intelligent mind.

We have just taken a transient view of the principal departments of taste; let us now, madam, make a few general reflections upon our subject. *Usher.*

§ 223. *Sense, Taste, and Genius, distinguished.*

The human genius, with the best assistance, and the finest examples, breaks forth but slowly; and the greatest men have but gradually acquired a just taste, and chaste simple conceptions of beauty. At an immature age, the sense of beauty is weak and confused, and requires an excess of colouring to catch its attention. It then prefers extravagance and rant to justness, a gross false wit to the engaging light of nature, and the shewy, rich, and glaring, to the fine and amiable. This is the childhood of taste; but as the human genius strengthens and grows to maturity, if it be assisted by a happy education, the sense of universal beauty awakes; it begins to be disgusted with the false and misshapen deceptions that pleased before, and rests with delight on elegant simplicity, on pictures of easy beauty and unaffected grandeur.

The progress of the fine arts in the human mind may be fixed at three remarkable degrees, from their foundation to the loftiest height. The basis is a sense of beauty and of the sublime, the second step we may call taste, and the last genius.

A sense of the beautiful and of the great

is universal, which appears from the uniformity thereof in the most distant ages and nations. What was engaging and sublime in ancient Greece and Rome, are so at this day: and, as I observed before, there is not the least necessity of improvement or science, to discover the charms of a graceful or noble deportment. There is a fine but an ineffectual light in the breast of man. After nightfall we have admired the planet Venus; the beauty and vivacity of her lustre, the immense distance from which we judged her beams issued, and the silence of the night, all concurred to strike us with an agreeable amazement. But she shone in distinguished beauty, without giving sufficient light to direct our steps, or shew us the objects around us. Thus in unimproved nature, the light of the mind is bright and useless. In utter barbarity, our prospect of it is still less fixed; it appears, and then again seems wholly to vanish in the savage breast, like the same planet Venus, when she has but just raised her orient beams to mariners above the waves, and is now descried, and now lost, through the swelling billows.

The next step is taste, the subject of our inquiry, which consists in a distinct, unconfused knowledge of the great and beautiful. Although you see not many possessed of a good taste, yet the generality of mankind are capable of it. The very populace of Athens had acquired a good taste by habit and fine example, so that a delicacy of judgment seemed natural to all who breathed the air of that elegant city: we find a manly and elevated sense distinguish the common people of Rome and of all the cities of Greece, while the level of mankind was preserved in those cities; while the plebeians had a share in the government, and an utter separation was not made between them and the nobles, by wealth and luxury. But when once the common people are rent asunder wholly from the great and opulent, and made subservient to the luxury of the latter; then the taste of nature infallibly takes her flight from both parties. The poor by a sordid habit, and an attention wholly confined to mean views, and the rich by an attention to the changeable modes of fancy, and a vitiated preference for the rich and costly, lose view of simple beauty and grandeur. It may seem a paradox, and yet I am firmly persuaded, that it would be easier at this day to give a good taste to the

young savages of America, than to the noble youth of Europe.

Genius, the pride of man, as man is of the creation, has been possessed but by few, even in the brightest ages. Men of superior genius, while they see the rest of mankind painfully struggling to comprehend obvious truths, glance themselves through the most remote consequences, like lightning through a path that cannot be traced. They see the beauties of nature with life and warmth, and paint them forcibly without effort, as the morning sun does the scenes he rises upon; and in several instances, communicate to objects a morning freshness and unaccountable lustre, that is not seen in the creation of nature. The poet, the statuary, the painter, have produced images that left nature far behind.

The constellations of extraordinary personages who appeared in Greece and Rome at or near the same period of time, after ages of darkness to which we know no beginning; and the long barrenness of those countries after in great men, prove that genius owes much of its lustre to a personal contest of glory, and the strong rivalry of great examples within actual view and knowledge; and that great parts alone are not able to lift a person out of barbarity. It is further to be observed, that when the inspiring spirit of the fine arts retired, and left inanimate and cold the breasts of poets, painters, and statuaries, men of taste still remained, who distinguished and admired the beauteous monuments of genius; but the power of execution was lost; and although monarchs loved and courted the arts, yet they refused to return. From whence it is evident, that neither taste, nor natural parts, form the creating genius that inspired the great masters of antiquity, and that they owed their extraordinary powers to something different from both.

If we consider the numbers of men who wrote well, and excelled in every department of the liberal arts, in the ages of genius, and the simplicity that always attends beauty; we must be led to think, that although few perhaps can reach to the supreme beauty of imagination displayed by the first-rate poets, orators, and philosophers; yet most men are capable of just thinking and agreeable writing. Nature lies very near our reflection, and will appear, if we be not misled and prejudiced

before the sense of beauty grows to maturity. The populace of Athens and Rome prove strongly, that uncommon parts or great learning are not necessary to make men think justly. *Usher.*

§ 224. *Thoughts on the Human Capacity.*

We know not the bounds of taste, because we are unacquainted with the extent and boundaries of the human genius. The mind in ignorance is like a sleeping giant; it has immense capacities without the power of using them. By listening to the lectures of Socrates, men grew heroes, philosophers, and legislators; for he of all mankind seems to have discovered the short and lightsome path to the faculties of the mind. To give you an instance of the human capacity, that comes more immediately within your notice, what graces, what sentiments, have been transplanted into the motion of a minuet, of which a savage has no conception! We know not to what degree of rapture harmony is capable of being carried, nor what hidden powers may be in yet unexperienced beauties of the imagination, whose objects are in scenes and in worlds we are strangers to. Children who die young, have no conception of the sentiment of personal beauty. Are we certain that we are not yet children in respect to several species of beauties? We are ignorant whether there be not passions in the soul, that have hitherto remained unawaked and undiscovered for want of objects to rouse them: we feel plainly that some such are gently agitated and moved by certain notes of music. In reality, we know not but the taste and capacity of beauty and grandeur in the soul, may extend as far beyond all we actually perceive, as this whole world exceeds the sphere of a cockle or an oyster. *Ibid.*

§ 225. *Taste how depraved and lost.*

Let us now consider by what means taste is usually depraved and lost in a nation, that is neither conquered by barbarians, nor has lost the improvements in agriculture, husbandry, and defence, that allow men leisure for reflection and embellishment. I observed before that this natural light is not so clear in the greatest men, but it may lie oppressed by barbarity. When people of mean parts, and of pride without genius, get into elevated stations, they want a taste for simple grandeur, and mistake for it what is uncom-

monly glaring and extraordinary; whence proceeds false wit of every kind, a gaudy richness in dress, an oppressive load of ornament in building, and a grandeur overstrained and puerile universally. I must observe, that people of bad taste and little genius almost always lay a great stress on trivial matters, and are ostentatious and exact in singularities, or in a decorum in trifles. When people of mean parts appear in high stations, and at the head of the fashionable world, they cannot fail to introduce a false embroidered habit of mind: people of nearly the same genius, who make up the crowd, will admire and follow them; and at length solitary taste, adorned only by noble simplicity, will be lost in the general example.

Also when a nation is much corrupted; when avarice and a love of gain have seized upon the hearts of men; when the nobles ignominiously bend their necks to corruption and bribery, or enter into the base mysteries of gaming; then decency, elevated principles, and greatness of soul, expire; and all that remains is a comedy or puppet-show of elegance, in which the dancing-master and peer are upon a level, and the mind is understood to have no part in the drama of politeness, or else to act under a mean disguise of virtues which it is not possessed of. *Ibid.*

§ 226. *Some Reflections on the Human Mind.*

Upon putting together the whole of our reflections you see two different natures laying claim to the human race, and dragging it different ways. You see a necessity, that arises from our situation and circumstances, bending us down into unworthy misery and sordid baseness; and you see, when we can escape from the insulting tyranny of our fate, and acquire ease and freedom, a generous nature, that lay stupefied and oppressed, begin to awake and charm us with prospects of beauty and glory. This awaking genius gazes in rapture at the beauteous and elevating scenes of nature. The beauties of nature are familiar, and charm it like a mother's bosom; and the objects which have the plain marks of immense power and grandeur, raise in it a still, an inquisitive, and trembling delight: but genius often throws over the objects of its conceptions colours finer than those of nature, and opens a paradise that exists no where but in its own creations. The bright and peaceful

scenes of Arcadia, and the lovely descriptions of pastoral poetry, never existed on earth, no more than Pope's shepherds or the river gods of Windsor forest: it is all but a charming illusion, which the mind first paints with celestial colours, and then languishes for. Knight-errantry is another kind of delusion, which, though it be fictitious in fact, yet is true in sentiment. I believe there are few people who in their youth, before they be corrupted by the commerce of the world, are not knight-errants and princesses in their hearts. The soul, in a beautiful ecstasy, communicates a flame to words which they had not; and poetry, by its quick transitions, bold figures, lively images, and the variety of efforts to paint the latent rapture, bears witness, that the confused ideas of the mind are still infinitely superior, and beyond the reach of all description. It is this divine spirit that, when roused from its lethargy, breathes in noble sentiments, that charms in elegance, that stamps upon marble or canvass the figures of gods and heroes, that inspires them with an air above humanity, and leads the soul through the enchanting meanders of music in a waking vision, through which it cannot break, to discover the near objects that charm it.

How shall we venture to trace the object of this surprising beauty peculiar to genius, which evidently does not come to the mind from the senses? It is not conveyed in sound, for we feel the sounds of music charm us by gently agitating and swelling the passions, and setting some passions afloat for which we have no name, and knew not until they were awaked in the mind by harmony. This beauty does not arrive at the mind by the ideas of vision, though it be moved by them: for it evidently bestows on the mimic representations and images the mind makes of the objects of sense, an enchanting loveliness that never existed in those objects. Where shall the soul find this amazing beauty, whose very shadow, glimmering upon the imagination, opens unspeakable raptures in it, and distracts it with languishing pleasure? What are those stranger sentiments that lie in wait in the soul, until music calls them forth? What is the obscure but unavoidable value or merit of virtue? or who is the law-maker in the mind who gives it a worth and dignity beyond all estimation, and punishes the breach of it with conscious terror and despair? What is it in objects of immeasurable power and gran-

deur, that we look for with still amazement and awful delight?—But I find, madam, we have been insensibly led into subjects too abstruse and severe; I must not put the graces with whom we have been conversing to flight, and draw the serious air of meditation over that countenance where the smiles naturally dwell.

I have, in consequence of your permission, put together such thoughts as occurred to me on good taste. I told you, if I had leisure hereafter, I would dispose of them with more regularity, and add any new observations that I may make. Before I finish, I must in justice make my acknowledgments of the assistance I received. I took notice, at the beginning, that Rollin's Observations on Taste gave occasion to this discourse. Sir Harry Beaumont's polished dialogue on beauty, called *Crito*, was of service to me; and I have availed myself of the writings and sentiments of the ancients, particularly of the poets and statuarys of Greece, which was the native and original country of the graces and fine arts. But I should be very unjust, if I did not make my chief acknowledgments where they are more peculiarly due. If your modesty will not suffer me to draw that picture from which I borrowed my ideas of elegance, I am bound at least, in honesty, to disclaim every merit but that of copying from a bright original.

Usher.

§ 227. *General Reflections upon what is called Good Taste. From ROLLIN'S Belles Lettres.*

Taste, as it now falls under our consideration, that is, with reference to the reading of authors, and composition, is a clear, lively, and distinctly discerning of all the beauty, truth, and justness of the thoughts and expressions, which compose a discourse. It distinguishes what is conformable to eloquence and propriety in every character, and suitable in different circumstances. And whilst, with a delicate and exquisite sagacity, it notes the graces, turns, manners, and expressions, most likely to please, it perceives also all the defects which produce the contrary effect, and distinguishes precisely wherein those defects consist, and how far they are removed from the strict rules of art, and the real beauties of nature.

This happy faculty, which it is more easy to conceive than define, is less the

effect of genius than judgment, and a kind of natural reason wrought up to perfection by study. It serves in composition to guide and direct the understanding. It makes use of the imagination, but without submitting to it, and keeps it always in subjection. It consults nature universally, follows it step by step, and is a faithful image of it. Reserved and sparing in the midst of abundance and riches, it dispenses the beauties and graces of discourse with temper and wisdom. It never suffers itself to be dazzled with the false, how glittering a figure soever it may make. 'Tis equally offended with too much and too little. It knows precisely where it must stop, and cuts off, without regret or mercy, whatever exceeds the beautiful and perfect. 'Tis the want of this quality which occasions the various species of bad style; as bombast, conceit, and witticism; in which, as Quintilian says, the genius is void of judgment, and suffers itself to be carried away with an appearance of beauty, *quoties ingenium iudicio caret, et specie boni fallitur*.

Taste, simple and uniform in its principle, is varied and multiplied an infinite number of ways, yet so as under a thousand different forms, in prose or verse, in a declamatory or concise, sublime or simple, jocose or serious style, 'tis always the same, and carries with it a certain character of the true and natural, immediately perceived by all persons of judgment. We cannot say the style of Terence, Phædrus, Sallust, Cæsar, Tully, Livy, Virgil, and Horace, is the same. And yet they have all, if I may be allowed the expression, a certain tincture of a common spirit, which in that diversity of genius and style makes an affinity between them, and the sensible difference also betwixt them and the other writers, who have not the stamp of the best age of antiquity upon them.

I have already said, that this distinguishing faculty was a kind of natural reason wrought up to perfection by study. In reality all men bring the first principles of taste with them into the world, as well as those of rhetoric and logic. As a proof of this, we may urge, that every good orator is almost always infallibly approved of by the people, and that there is no difference of taste and sentiment upon this point, as Tully observes, between the ignorant and the learned.

The case is the same with music and painting. A concert, that has all its parts

well composed and well executed, both as to instruments and voices, pleases universally. But if any discord arises, any ill tone of voice be intermixed, it shall displease even those who are absolutely ignorant of music. They know not what it is that offends them, but they find somewhat grating in it to their ears. And this proceeds from the taste and sense of harmony implanted in them by nature. In like manner, a fine picture charms and transports a spectator, who has no idea of painting. Ask him what pleases him, and why it pleases him, and he cannot easily give an account, or specify the real reasons; but natural sentiment works almost the same effect in him as art and use in connoisseurs.

The like observations will hold good as to the taste we are here speaking of. Most men have the first principles of it in themselves, though in the greater part of them they lie dormant in a manner, for want of instruction or reflection; as they are often stifled or corrupted by vicious education, bad customs, or reigning prejudices of the age and country.

But how depraved soever the taste may be, it is never absolutely lost. There are certain fixed remains of it, deeply rooted in the understanding, wherein all men agree. Where these secret seeds are cultivated with care, they may be carried to a far greater height of perfection. And if it so happens that any fresh light awakens these first notions, and renders the mind attentive to the immutable rules of truth and beauty, so as to discover the natural and necessary consequences of them, and serves at the same time for a model to facilitate the application of them; we generally see, that men of the best sense gladly cast off their ancient errors, correct the mistakes of their former judgments, and return to the justness, and delicacy, which are the effects of a refined taste, and by degrees draw others after them into the same way of thinking.

To be convinced of this, we need only look upon the success of certain great orators and celebrated authors, who, by their natural talents, have recalled these primitive ideas, and given fresh life to these seeds, which lie concealed in the mind of every man. In a little time they united the voices of those who made the best use of their reason, in their favour; and soon after gained the applause of every age and condition, both ignorant and learned. It

would be easy to point out amongst us the date of the good taste, which now reigns in all arts and sciences; by tracing each up to its original, we should see that a small number of men of genius have acquired the nation this glory and advantage.

Even those who live in the politer ages, without any application to learning or study, do not fail to gain some tincture of the prevailing good taste, which has a share, without their perceiving it themselves, in their conversation, letters, and behaviour. There are few of our soldiers at present, who would not write more correctly and elegantly than Ville-Hardouin, and the other officers who lived in a ruder and more barbarous age.

From what I have said, we may conclude, that rules and precepts may be laid down for the improvement of this discerning faculty; and I cannot perceive why Quintilian, who justly set such a value upon it, should say that it is no more to be obtained by art, than the taste or smell; *Non magis arte traditur, quam gustus aut odor*; unless he means, that some persons are so stupid, and have so little use of their judgment as might tempt one to believe that it was in reality the gift of nature alone.

Neither do I think that Quintilian is absolutely in the right in the instance he produces, at least with respect to taste. We need only imagine what passes in certain nations, in which long custom has introduced a fondness for certain odd and extravagant dishes. They readily commend good liquors, elegant food, and good cookery. They soon learn to discern the delicacy of the seasoning, when a skilful master in that way has pointed it out to them, and to prefer it to the grossness of their former diet. When I talk thus, I would not be understood to think those nations had great cause to complain, for the want of knowledge and ability in what is become so fatal to us. But we may judge from hence the resemblance there is between the taste of the body and mind, and how proper the first is to describe the character of the second.

The good taste we speak of, which is that of literature, is not limited to what we call the sciences, but extends itself imperceptibly to other arts, such as architecture, painting, sculpture, and music. 'Tis the same discerning faculty which introduces universally the same elegance, the

same symmetry, and the same order, in the disposition of the parts; which inclines us to noble simplicity, to natural beauties, and a judicious choice of ornaments. On the other hand, the depravation of taste in arts has been always a mark and consequence of the depravation of taste in literature. The heavy, confused, and gross ornaments of the old Gothic buildings, placed usually without elegance, contrary to all good rules, and out of all true proportions, were the image of the writings of the authors of the same age.

The good taste of literature reaches also to public customs and the manner of living. An habit of consulting the best rules upon one subject, naturally leads to the doing it also upon others. Paulus Æmilius, whose genius was so universally extensive, having made a great feast for the entertainment of all Greece upon the conquest of Macedon, and observing that his guests looked upon it as conducted with more elegance and art than might be expected from a soldier, told them they were much in the wrong to be surprised at it; for the same genius, which taught how to draw up an army to advantage, naturally pointed out the proper disposition of a table.

But by a strange, though frequent revolution, which is one great proof of the weakness, or rather the corruption of human understanding, this very delicacy and elegance, which the good taste of literature and eloquence usually introduces into common life, for buildings for instance, and entertainments, coming by little and little to degenerate into excess and luxury, introduces in its turn the bad taste of literature and eloquence. This Seneca informs us, in a very ingenious manner, in one of his epistles, where he seems to have drawn a good description of himself, though he did not perceive it.

One of his friends had asked him, whence the alteration could possibly arise which was sometimes observable in eloquence, and which carried most people into certain general faults; such as the affectation of bold and extravagant figures, metaphors struck off without measure or caution, sentences so short and abrupt, that they left people rather to guess what they meant, than conveyed a meaning.

Seneca answers this question by a common proverb among the Greeks; "As is their life, so is their discourse," *Talis homi-*

visus fuit oratio, qualis vita. As a private person lets us into his character by his discourse, so the reigning style is oft an image of the public manners. The heart carries the understanding away with it, and communicates its vices to it, as well as its virtues. When men strive to be distinguished from the rest of the world by novelty, and refinement in their furniture, buildings, and entertainments, and a studious search after every thing that is not in common use; the same taste will prevail in eloquence, and introduce novelty and irregularity there. When the mind is once accustomed to despise rules in manners, it will not follow them in style. Nothing will then go down but what strikes by its being new and glaring, extraordinary and affected. Trifling and childish thoughts will take place of such as are bold and overstrained to an excess. We shall affect a sleek and florid style, and an elocution pompous indeed, but with little more than mere sound in it.

And this sort of faults is generally the effect of a single man's example, who, having gained reputation enough to be followed by the multitude, sets up for a master, and gives the strain to others. 'Tis thought honourable to imitate him, to observe and copy after him, and his style becomes the rule and model of the public taste.

As then luxury in diet and dress is a plain indication that the manners are not under so good a regulation as they should be; so a licentiousness of style, when it becomes public and general, shews evidently a depravation and corruption of the understandings of mankind.

To remedy this evil, and reform the thoughts and expressions used in style, it will be requisite to cleanse the spring from whence they proceed. 'Tis the mind that must be cured. When that is sound and vigorous, eloquence will be so too; but it becomes feeble and languid when the mind is enfeebled and enervated by pleasures and delights. In a word, it is the mind which presides and directs, and gives motion to the whole, and all the rest follows its impressions.

He has observed elsewhere, that a style too studied and far-fetched is a mark of a little genius. He would have an orator, especially when upon a grave and serious subject, be less curious about words, and the manner of placing them, than of his matter, and the choice of his thoughts.

When you see a discourse laboured and polished with so much carefulness and study, you may conclude, says he, that it comes from a mean capacity, that busies itself in trifles. A writer of great genius will not stand for such minute things. He thinks and speaks with more nobleness and grandeur, and we may discern, in all he says, a certain easy and natural air, which argues a man of real riches, who does not endeavour to appear so. He then compares this florid prinked eloquence to young people curled out and powdered, and continually before their glass and the toilet: *Barba et coma nitidos, de capsula totos.* Nothing great and solid can be expected from such characters. So also with orators. The discourse is in a manner the visage of the mind. If it is decked out, tricked up, and painted, it is a sign there is some defect in the mind, and all is not sound within. So much finery displayed with so much art and study, is not the proper ornament of eloquence. *Non est ornamentum virile, concinnitas.*

Who would not think, upon hearing Seneca talk thus, that he was a declared enemy of bad taste, and that no one was more capable of opposing and preventing it than he? And yet it was he, more than any other, that contributed to the depravation of taste, and corruption of eloquence. I shall take an occasion to speak upon this subject in another place, and shall do it the more freely, as there is cause to fear lest the bad taste for bright thoughts, and turns of expression, which is properly the character of Seneca, should prevail in our own age. And I question whether this be not a mark or presage of the ruin of eloquence we are threatened with, as the immoderate luxury that now reigns more than ever, and the almost general decay of good manners, are perhaps also the fatal harbingers of it.

One single person of reputation sometimes, as Seneca observes, and he himself is an instance of it, who by his eminent qualifications shall have acquired the esteem of the public, may suffice to introduce this bad taste and corrupt style. Whilst moved by a secret ambition, a man of this character strives to distinguish himself from the rest of the orators and writers of his age, and to open a new path, where he thinks it better to march alone at the head of his new disciples, than follow at the heels of the old masters; whilst he prefers the reputation of wit to that of so-

lidity, pursues what is bright rather than what is solid, and sets the marvellous above the natural and true; whilst he chooses rather to apply to the fancy than to the judgment, to dazzle reason than convince it, to surprise the hearer into an approbation, rather than deserve it; and by a kind of delusion and soft enchantment carry off the admiration and applauses of superficial minds (and such the multitude always are); other writers, seduced by the charms of novelty, and the hopes of a like success, will suffer themselves insensibly to be hurried down the stream, and add strength to it, by following it. And thus the old taste, though better in itself, shall give way to the new one without redress, which shall presently assume the force of law, and draw a whole nation after it.

This should awaken the diligence of the masters in the university, to prevent and hinder, as much as in them lies, the ruin of good taste; and as they are intrusted with the public instruction of youth, they should look upon this care as an essential part of their duty. The customs, manners, and laws of the ancients have changed; they are often opposite to our way of life, and the usages that prevail amongst us, and the knowledge of them may be therefore less necessary for us. Their actions are gone and cannot return; great events have had their course, without any reason left for us to expect the like; and the revolutions of states and empires have perhaps very little relation to their present situation and wants, and therefore become of less concern to us. But good taste, which is grounded upon immutable principles, is always the same in every age: and it is the principal advantage that young persons should be taught to obtain from reading of ancient authors, who have ever been looked upon with reason as the masters, depositories, and guardians of sound eloquence and good taste. In fine, of all that may anywise contribute to the cultivating the mind, we may truly say this is the most essential part, and what ought to be preferred before all others.

This good taste is not confined to literature; it takes in also, as we have already suggested, all arts and sciences, and branches of knowledge. It consists therefore in a certain just and exact discernment, which points out to us, in each of the sciences and branches of knowledge, whatever is most curious, beautiful, and useful,

whatever is most essential, suitable, or necessary to those who apply to it; how far consequently we should carry the study of it; what ought to be removed from it; what deserves a particular application and preference before the rest. For want of this discernment a man may fall short of the most essential part of his profession, without perceiving it; nor is the case so rare as one might imagine. An instance taken from the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon will set the matter in a clear light.

The young Cyrus, son of Cambyses King of Persia, had long been under the tuition of a master in the art of war, who was without doubt a person of the greatest abilities and best reputation in his time. One day, as Cambyses was discoursing with his son, he took occasion to mention his master, whom the young Prince had in great veneration, and from whom he pretended he had learnt in general whatever was necessary for the command of an army. Has your master, says Cambyses, given you any lectures of œconomy; that is, has he taught you how to provide your troops with necessaries, to supply them with provisions, to prevent the distempers that are incident to them, to cure them when they are sick, to strengthen their bodies by frequent exercise, to raise emulation among them, how to make yourself obeyed, esteemed, and beloved by them? Upon all these points, answered Cyrus, and several others, the King ran over to him, he has not spoke one word, and they are all new to me. And what has he taught you then? To exercise my arms, replies the young Prince, to ride, to draw the bow, to cast the spear, to form a camp, to draw the plan of a fortification, to range my troops in order of battle, to make a review, to see that they march, file off, and encamp. Cambyses smiled, and let his son see, that he had learnt nothing of what was most essential to the making of a good officer, and an able general; and taught him far more in one conversation, which certainly deserves well to be studied by young gentlemen that are designed for the army, than his famous master had done in many years.

Every profession is liable to the same inconvenience, either from our not being sufficiently attentive to the principal end we should have in view in our applications to it, or from taking custom for our guide, and blindly following the footsteps of

others, who have gone before us. There is nothing more useful than the knowledge of history. But if we rest satisfied in loading our memory with a multitude of facts of no great curiosity or importance, if we dwell only upon dates and difficulties in chronology or geography, and take no pains to get acquainted with the genius, manners, and characters of the great men we read of, we shall have learnt a great deal, and know but very little. A treatise of rhetoric may be extensive, enter into a long detail of precept, define very exactly every trope and figure, explain well their differences, and largely treat such questions as were warmly debated by the rhetoricians of old; and with all this be very like that discourse of rhetoric Tully speaks of, which was only fit to teach people not to speak at all, or not to the purpose. *Scriptis artem rhetoricam Cleanthes, sed sic, ut si quis obmutescere concupierit, nihil aliud legere debeat.* In philosophy one might spend abundance of time in knotty and abstruse disputes, and even learn a great many fine and curious things, and at the same time neglect the essential part of the study, which is to form the judgment and direct the manners.

In a word, the most necessary qualification, not only in the art of speaking and the sciences, but in the whole conduct of our life, is that taste, prudence, and discretion, which upon all subjects and on every occasion teaches us what we should do, and how to do it. *Illud dicere satis habeo, nihil esse, non modo in orando, sed in omni vita, prius consilio.* Rollin.

§ 228. DR. JOHNSON'S *Preface to his Edition of SHAKESPEARE.*

That praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox; or those, who, being forced by disappointment upon consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard, which is yet denied by envy, will be at last bestowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever

has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance: all perhaps are more willing to honour past than present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shade of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we estimate his powers by his worst performance; and when he is dead, we rate them by his best.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientific, but appealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared; and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains, and many rivers; so in the productions of genius, nothing can be styled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavours. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined, that it was round or square; but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect: but the poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted, arises, therefore, not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest

known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

The poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision, may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusion, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topic of merriment, or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his enemies has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained: yet, thus unassisted by interest or passions, they have past through variations of taste and change of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.

But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or fashion; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence Shakspeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can please many and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakspeare is, above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by

the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions; they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets, a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakspeare, it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakspeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and œconomical prudence. Yet his real power is not shewn in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakspeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakspeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest,

and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered; is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depra-ved. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no greater influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters, thus ample and general, were not easily discriminated and preserved; yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristical: but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find any that can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakspeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion: even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakspeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen; but, if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shewn human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakspeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of critics, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman; and Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakspeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or Kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to shew an usurper and a murderer not only odious, but despicable; he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The censure which he has incurred by mixing comic and tragic scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

Shakspeare's plays are not, in the rigorous and critical sense, either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind: exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion, and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hastening to his wine, and the mourner burying his

friend: in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties, the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected, some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences; some the terrors of distress, and some the gaieties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation, known by the names of *tragedy* and *comedy*, compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect, among the Greeks or Romans, a single writer who attempted both.

Shakspeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow, not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters; and in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alterations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by showing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at least the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatic poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered like-

wise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors have different habitudes; and that upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three kinds by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion constituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongst us; and plays were written, which, by changing the catastrophe, were tragedies to-day, and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous conclusion, with which the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.

History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent of each other, and without any tendency to introduce or regulate the conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra, than in the history of Richard the Second. But a history might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through all these denominations of the drama, Shakspeare's mode of composition is the same; an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But, whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When Shakspeare's plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of Hamlet is opened, without impropriety, by two centinels. Iago bellows at Brabantio's window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure; the

character of Polonius is seasonable and useful; and the Grave-diggers themselves may be heard with applause.

Shakspeare engaged in dramatic poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the public judgment was unformed: he had no example of such fame as might force him upon imitation, nor critics of such authority as might restrain his extravagance; he therefore indulged his natural disposition; and his disposition, as Rymers has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes, with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but in his comic scenes, he seems to produce, without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comic; but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragic scenes there is always something wanting; but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy, for the greater part, by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

The force of his comic scenes has suffered little diminution, from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable; the adventitious peculiarities of personal habits are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tint, without any remains of former lustre; but the discriminations of true passion are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury to the adamant of Shakspeare.

If there be, what I believe there is, in

every nation, a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled or unaltered; this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hopes of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction forsake the vulgar when the vulgar is right; but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comic dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellencies deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

These observations are to be considered not as unexceptionably constant, but as containing general and predominant truth. Shakspeare's familiar dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedness or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation; his characters are praised as natural, though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth upon the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

Shakspeare with his excellencies has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit. I shall shew them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or superstitious veneration. No question can be more innocently discussed than a dead poet's pretensions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which sets candour higher than truth.

His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings, indeed, a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of

good or evil, nor is always careful to shew in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time or place.

The plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting, which the train of his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy.

It may be observed that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he shortened his labour to snatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

He had no regard to distinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expense not only of likelihood, but of possibility. These faults Pope has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We need not wonder to find Hector quoting Aristotle, when we see the loves of Theseus and Hippolyta combined with the Gothic mythology of fairies. Shakspeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology; for in the same age, Sydney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his *Arcadia*, confounded the pastoral with the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet, and security, with those of turbulence, violence, and adventure.

In his comic scenes he is seldom very successful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contests of sarcasm; their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he represented the real conversation of his time is not

easy to determine; the reign of Elizabeth is commonly supposed to have been a time of stateliness, formality, and reserve; yet perhaps, the relaxations of that severity were not very elegant. There must, however, have been always some modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to choose the best.

In tragedy, his performance seems constantly to be worse, as his labour is more. The effusions of passion, which exigence forces out, are for the most part striking and energetic; but whenever he solicits his invention or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity.

In narration, he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatic poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obstructs the progress of the action; it should therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakspeare found it an incumbrance, and instead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and splendour.

His declamations, or set speeches, are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragic writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and, instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to shew how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not reject; he struggles with it awhile, and, if it continues stubborn, comprises it in words such as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled and evolved by those who have more leisure to bestow upon it.

Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is subtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the equality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial sentiments and vulgar ideas disappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by sonorous epithets and swelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have most reason to complain when he approaches nearest to his highest excellence, and seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender

emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. What he does best, he soon ceases to do. He is not long soft and pathetic without some idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move, than he counteracts himself; and terror and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted by sudden frigidity.

A quibble is to Shakspeare what luminous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisition, whether he be enlarging knowledge, or exhausting affection, whether he be amusing attention with incident, or enchaining it with suspense; let but a quibble spring up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight, that he was content to purchase it, by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra, for which he lost the world and was content to lose it.

It will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and critics.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which must be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: but, from the censure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works he has well enough

preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his design only to discover it; for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakspeare is the poet of nature: but his plan has commonly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has shewn no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand, will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleasure to the auditor.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The critics hold it impossible, that an action of months and years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, should lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in so short a time, have transported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critic exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time, therefore, to tell him, by the authority of

Shakspeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatic fable, in its materiality, was ever credible, or, for a single moment, was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes, that, when the play opens, the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria; and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the spectator can be once persuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Cæsar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharsalia, or the bank of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may despise the circumspections of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in ecstacy should count the clock; or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brain that can make the stage a field.

The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They came to hear a certain number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place; but the different actions that complete a story may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre?

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates

are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented, in the catastrophe, as happening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions; and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first, if it be so connected with it, that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation.

It will be asked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited? It is credited with all credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possibility, than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of Henry the Fifth, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramatic exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page;

imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of Petruchio may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of Cato?

A play read affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not supposed to be real; and it follows, that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour, the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakspeare knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose, that, when he rose to notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and critics, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented that they were not known by him, or not observed: nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act passed at Venice, and his next at Cyprus. Such violations of rules, merely positive, become the comprehensive genius of Shakspeare, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire:

Non usque adeo permiscuit imis
Longus summa dies, ut non, si voce Metelli
Serventur leges, malint Cæsare tolli.

Yet when I speak thus slightly of dramatic rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced against me; before such authorities I am afraid to stand, not that I think the present question one of those that are to be decided by mere authority, but because it is to be suspected, that these precepts have not been so easily received, but for better reasons than I have yet been able to find. The result of my inquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boast of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not essential to a just drama; that though they may sometimes conduce to pleasure, they

are always to be sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and instruction; and that a play written with nice observation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curiosity, as the product of superfluous and ostentatious art, by which is shewn, rather what is possible than what is necessary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, shall preserve all the unities unbroken, deserves the like applause with the architect, who shall display all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its strength: but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greatest graces of a play are to copy nature, and instruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recall the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almost frightened at my own temerity; and when I estimate the fame and the strength of those that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to sink down in reverential silence; as Æneas withdrew from the defence of Troy, when he saw Neptune shaking the wall, and Juno heading the besiegers.

Those whom my arguments cannot persuade to give their approbation to the judgment of Shakspeare, will easily, if they consider the condition of his life, make some allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be rightly estimated, must be compared with the state of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities; and though to a reader a book be not worse or better for the circumstances of the author, yet as there is always a silent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the inquiry, how far man may extend his designs, or how high he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we shall place any particular performance, curiosity is always busy to discover the instruments, as well as to survey the workmanship, to know how much is to be ascribed to original powers, and how much to casual and adventitious help. The palaces of Peru or Mexico were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houses of European monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with astonishment, who remembered that they were built without the use of iron?

The English nation, in the time of

Shakspeare, was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of Italy had been transplanted hither in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and the learned languages had been successfully cultivated by Lilly, Linacre, and More; by Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner; and afterwards by Smith, Clerk, Haddon, and Ascham. Greek was now taught to boys in the principal schools; and those who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the Italian and Spanish poets. But literature was yet confined to professed scholars, or to men and women of high rank. The public was gross and dark: and to be able to read and write, was an accomplishment still valued for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people, newly awakened to literary curiosity, being yet unacquainted with the true state of things, knows not how to judge of that which is proposed as its resemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearance, is always welcome to vulgar, as to childish credulity; and of a country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The study of those who then aspired to plebeian learning was laid out upon adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. The *Death of Arthur* was the favourite volume.

The mind, which has feasted on the luxurious wonders of fiction, has no taste of the inspidity of truth. A play, which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, upon the admirers of *Palmerin* and *Guy of Warwick*, have made little impression; he that wrote for such an audience was under the necessity of looking round for strange events and fabulous transactions; and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings to unskilful curiosity.

Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reasonable to suppose, that he chose the most popular, such as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the story in their hands.

The stories, which we now find only in remoter authors, were in his time accessible and familiar. The fable of *As you like It*, which is supposed to be copied from *Chaucer's Gamelyn*, was a little pamphlet of those times; and old Mr. Cibber re-

membered the tale of *Hamlet* in plain English prose, which the critics have now to seek in *Saxo Grammaticus*.

His English histories he took from English chronicles and English ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by versions, they supplied him with new subjects; he dilated some of *Plutarch's* lives into plays, when they had been translated by *North*.

His plots, whether historical or fabulous, are always crowded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more easily caught than by sentiment or argumentation; and such is the power of the marvellous, even over those who despise it, that every man finds his mind more strongly seized by the tragedies of *Shakspeare* than of any other writer: others please us by particular speeches; but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has, perhaps, excelled all but *Homer*, in securing the first purpose of a writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The shows and bustle, with which his plays abound, have the same original. As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Those to whom our author's labours were exhibited, had more skill in pomps or processions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted some visible and discriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he should most please: and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we still find, that on our stage something must be done, as well as said, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however musical or elegant, passionate or sublime.

Voltaire expresses his wonder, that our author's extravagancies are endured by a nation, which has seen the tragedy of *Cato*. Let him be answered, that *Addison* speaks the language of poets, and *Shakspeare* of men. We find in *Cato* innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we see nothing that acquaints us with human sentiments or human actions; we place it with the fairest and the noblest progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning; but *Othello* is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius. *Cato*

affords a splendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble sentiments, in diction easy, elevated and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the composition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of Cato, but we think on Addison.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers; the composition of Shakspeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness. Shakspeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in inexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

It has been much disputed whether Shakspeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of scholastic education, the precepts of critical science, and the examples of ancient authors.

There has always prevailed a tradition, that Shakspeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much skill in the dead languages. Jonson, his friend, affirms, that *he had small Latin and less Greek*; who, besides that he had no imaginable temptation to falsehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquisitions of Shakspeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy, unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed.

Some have imagined, that they have discovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged were drawn from books translated in his time; or were such easy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all who consider the same subjects; or such remarks on life, or axioms of morality, as float in conversation, and are transmitted through the world in proverbial sentences.

I have found it remarked, that in this important sentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a translation of *I præ, sequar*. I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, *I cried to sleep again*,

the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion.

There are a few passages which may pass for imitations, but so few, that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations, or by oral communication; and as he used what he had, would have used more if he had obtained it.

The Comedy of Errors is confessedly taken from the *Menaechmi* of Plautus, from the only play of Plautus which was then in English. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that would have copied more; but that those which were not translated were inaccessible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have some French scenes, proves but little; he might easily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without assistance. In the story of *Romeo and Juliet*, he is observed to have followed the English translation, where it deviates from the Italian; but this, on the other part, proves nothing against his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himself, but what was known to his audience.

It is most likely that he had learned Latin sufficiently to make him acquainted with construction, but that he never advanced to an easy perusal of the Roman authors. Concerning his skill in modern languages, I can find no sufficient ground of determination; but, as no imitations of French or Italian authors have been discovered, though the Italian poetry was then high in esteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more than English, and chose for his fables only such tales as he found translated.

That much knowledge is scattered over his works is very justly observed by Pope, but it is often such knowledge as books did not supply. He that will understand Shakspeare must not be content to study him in the closet, he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field, and sometimes among the manufactures of the shop.

There is, however, proof enough that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then so indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curiosity without excursion into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authors

were translated, and some of the Greek; the Reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; most of the topics of human disquisition had found English writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but success. This was a stock of knowledge sufficient for a mind so capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the English stage in a state of the utmost rudeness; no essays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be discovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet understood. Shakspeare may be truly said to have introduced them both amongst us, and in some of his happier scenes to have carried them both to the utmost height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not easily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unsettled. Rowe is of opinion, that "perhaps we are not to look for his beginning, like those of other writers, in his least perfect works; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that for aught I know," says he, "the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, were the best." But the power of nature is only the power of using, to any certain purpose, the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and, when images are collected by study and experience, can only assist in combining or applying them. Shakspeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned; and, as he must increase his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquisition, he, like them, grew wiser as he grew older, could display life better, as he knew it more, and instruct with more efficacy, as he was himself more amply instructed.

There is a vigilance of observation, and accuracy of distinction, which books and precepts cannot confer; from this, almost all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakspeare must have looked upon mankind with perspicacity, in the highest degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diversify them only by the accidental appendages of present manners; the dress is a little varied, but the body is the same. Our author had both matter

and form to provide; for, except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in English, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which shewed life in its native colours.

The contest about the original benevolence or malignity of man, had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyse the mind, to trace the passions to their sources, to unfold the seminal principles of vice and virtue, or sound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All those inquiries, which from the time that human nature became the fashionable study, have been made sometimes with nice discernment, but often with idle subtlety, were yet unattempted. The tales with which the infancy of learning was satisfied, exhibited only the superficial appearances of action, related the events, but omitted the causes, and were formed for such as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be studied in the closet; he that would know the world, was under the necessity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling, as he could, in its business and amusements.

Boyle congratulated himself upon his high birth, because it favoured his curiosity, by facilitating his access. Shakspeare had no such advantage; he came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in states of life that appear very little favourable to thought, or to inquiry: so many, that he who considers them, is inclined to think that he sees enterprise and perseverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vanish before them. The genius of Shakspeare was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned; the incumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, *as dew-drops from a lion's mane*.

Though he had so many difficulties to encounter, and so little assistance to surmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many casts of native dispositions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice distinctions; and to shew them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances

he had none to imitate, but has been himself imitated by all succeeding writers; and it may be doubted whether, from all his successors, more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world; his descriptions have always some peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist. It may be observed, that the oldest poets of many nations preserve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a short celebrity, sink into oblivion. The first, whoever they be, must take their sentiments and descriptions immediately from knowledge; the resemblance is therefore just; their descriptions are verified by every eye, and their sentiments acknowledged by every breast. Those whom their fame invites to the same studies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain such authority, as to stand in the place of nature to another; and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capricious and casual. Shakspeare, whether life or nature be his subject, shews plainly that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be easy to find any author, except Homer, who invented so much as Shakspeare, who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or effused so much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the characters, the language, and the shows of the English drama are his. "He seems," says Dennis, "to have been the very original of our English tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verse, diversified often by dissyllable and trisyllable terminations. For the diversity distinguishes it from heroic harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common use makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verse we make when we are writing prose; we make such verse in common conversation."

I know not whether this praise is rig-

rously just. The dissyllable termination, which the critic rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in *Gorboduc*, which is confessedly before our author; yet in *Hieronimo**, of which the date is not certain, but which there is reason to believe at least as old as his earliest plays. This however is certain, that he is the first who taught either tragedy or comedy to please, there being no theatrical piece of any older writer, of which the name is known, except to antiquaries and collectors of books, which are sought because they are scarce, and would not have been scarce had they been much esteemed.

To him we must ascribe the praise, unless Spenser may divide it with him, of having first discovered to how much smoothness and harmony the English language could be softened. He has speeches, perhaps sometimes scenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavours, indeed, commonly to strike by the force and vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpose better, than when he tries to sooth by softness.

Yet it must be at last confessed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes something to us; that, if much of his praise is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewise given by custom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we should in another loath or despise. If we endured without praising, respect for the father of our drama might excuse us; but I have seen, in the book of some modern critic, a collection of anomalies, which shew that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

He has scenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence, but perhaps not one play, which if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion. I am indeed far from thinking that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were such as would satisfy the audience, they satisfied the writer. It is seldom that authors, though more studious of fame than Shakspeare, rise much above the standard of their own age; to add a little to what

* It appears, from the induction of Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew-Fair*, to have been acted before the year 1590.—STEEVENS.

is best, will always be sufficient for present praise, and those who find themselves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labour of contending with themselves.

It does not appear, that Shakspeare thought his works worthy of posterity, that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further prospect, than of present popularity and present profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he solicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no scruple to repeat the same jests in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the same knot of perplexity; which may be at least forgiven him by those who recollect, that of Congreve's four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a mask, by a deception, which, perhaps, never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careless was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to ease and plenty, while he was yet little *declined into the vale of years*, before he could be disgusted with fatigue, or disabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the depravations that obscured them, or secure to the rest a better destiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine state. Johnson.

§ 229. POPE'S *Preface to his HOMER.*

Homer is universally allowed to have had the greatest Invention of any writer whatever. The praise of Judgment Virgil has justly contested with him, and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellencies; but his Invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greatest of poets, who most excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the Invention that in different degrees distinguishes all great geniuses; the utmost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, which masters every thing besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes Art with all her materials, and without it, Judgment itself can at best but steal wisely; for Art is only like a prudent steward that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them to which the invention must not contribute; as in the most regular gardens, art can only reduce the beau-

ties of nature to more regularity, and such a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reason why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one is, because they find it easier for themselves to pursue their observations through an uniform and bounded walk of art, than to comprehend the vast and various extent of nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradise, where if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nursery, which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind, out of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richness of the soil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are over-run and oppress by those of a stronger nature.

It is to the strength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. What he writes, is of the most animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person, the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes:

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν, ὡσεὶ τε πυρὶ χθῶν πᾶσα
νέμοιτο.

“They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it.” It is however remarkable that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendour; it grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetical fire, this “*vivida vis animi*,” in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this

can overpower criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendour. This fire is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass, reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but every where equal and constant: in Lucan and Statius, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: in Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardour by the force of art: in Shakspeare, it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

I shall here endeavour to shew, how this vast Invention exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any poet, through all the main constituent parts of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteristic which distinguishes him from all others.

This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful star, which, in the violence of its course, drew all things within its vortex. It seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts and the whole compass of nature, to supply his maxims and reflections; all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to furnish his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his descriptions; but, wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of fable. That which Aristotle calls the "Soul of poetry," was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in this part, as it is naturally the first; and I speak of it both as it means the design of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the Probable, the Allegorical, and the Marvellous. The probable fable is the recital of such actions as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of nature; or of such as, though they did, become fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an epic poem, the return of Ulysses, the settlement of the Trojans in Italy, or the like. That of the *Iliad* is the anger of Achilles, the most short and single subject that ever was chosen by any poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, speeches,

battles, and episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other epic poets have used the same practice, but generally carried it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every episode and part of story. If he has given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises; and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his action for those of *Archemoras*. If Ulysses visits the shades, the *Æneas* of Virgil, and Scipio of Silius, are sent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypso, so is *Æneas* by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long, on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armour, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed this close imitation of Homer, but where he had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Sinon and the taking of Troy was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and *Æneas* are taken from those of Medea and Jason in Apollonius, and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the allegorical fable: if we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy, which Homer is generally supposed to have wrapped up in his allegories, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us! how fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to

the nature of the things they shadowed ! This is a field in which no succeeding poets could dispute with Homer : and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and science was delivered in a plainer manner ; it then became as reasonable in the more modern poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention, as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

The marvellous fable includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the gods. He seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry, and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity. For we find those authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the gods, constantly laying their accusation against Homer as the chief support of it. But whatever cause there might be to blame his machines in a philosophical or religious view, they are so perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them : none have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set : every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful ; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his gods continue to this day the gods of poetry.

We come now to the characters of his persons ; and here we shall find no author has ever drawn so many, with so visible and surprising a variety, or given us such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of courage is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable ; that of Diomedes froward, yet listening to advice, and subject to command ; that of Ajax is heavy, and self-confiding ; of Hector, active and vigilant ; the courage of Agamemnon is inspirited by love of empire and ambition ; that of Menelaus mixed with softness and tenderness for his people ; we find in Ido-

meus a plain direct soldier ; in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the under-parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in wisdom ; and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is artificial and various, of the other natural, open, and regular. But they have, besides, characters of courage ; and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence : for one in the war depends still upon caution, the other upon experience. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds.—The characters of Virgil are far from striking us in this open manner : they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguished, and where they are marked most evidently, affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike : even that of Turnus seems no way peculiar but as it is in a superior degree ; and we see nothing that differences the courage of Mnestheus from that of Sergesthus, Cloanthus, or the rest. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuosity runs through them all ; the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will pursue it through the epic and tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely superior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The speeches are to be considered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or disagree with the manners of those who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the Iliad, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem. Every thing in it has manners (as Aristotle expresses it) ; that is, every thing is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible, in a work of such length, how small a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is less in proportion to the narrative ; and the speeches often consist of general reflections or thoughts which might be equally just in any person's mouth upon the same occasion. As many of his persons have

no apparent characters, so many of his speeches escape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftener think of the author himself when we read Virgil, than we are engaged in Homer; all which are the effects of a colder invention, that interests us less in the action described; Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the sentiments, the same presiding faculty is eminent in the sublimity and spirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone sufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his sentiments in general, is, that they have so remarkable a parity with those of the scripture; Duport, in his *Gnomologia Homerica*, has collected innumerable instances of this sort. And it is with justice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime and noble; and that the Roman author seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*.

If we observe his descriptions, images, and similes, we shall find the invention still predominant. To what else can we ascribe that vast comprehension of images of every sort, where we see each circumstance of art, and individual of nature, summoned together, by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things, in their various views, presented themselves in an instant, and had their impressions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full prospects of things, but several unexpected peculiarities and side-views, unobserved by any painter but Homer. Nothing is so surprising as the descriptions of his battles, which take up no less than half the *Iliad*, and are supplied with so vast a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeness to another; such different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the same manner; and such a profusion of noble ideas, that every battle rises above the last in greatness, horror and confusion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and descriptions in any other epic poet; though every one has assisted himself with a great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil especially, that he has scarce any comparisons which are not drawn from his master.

If we descend from hence to the expression, we see the bright imagination of Homer shining out in the most enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the first who taught that language of the gods to men. His expression is like the colouring of some great masters, which discovers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touched with the greatest spirit. Aristotle had reason to say, he was the only poet who had found out living words; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is impatient to be on the wing, and a weapon thirsts to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expression is never too big for the sense, but justly great in proportion to it. It is the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises with it, and forms itself about it: for in the same degree that a thought is warmer, an expression will be brighter; as that is more strong, this will become more perspicuous: like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearness, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense.

To throw his language more out of prose, Homer seems to have affected the compound epithets. This was a sort of composition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the diction, but as it assisted and filled the numbers with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the images. On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his invention, since (as he has managed them) they are a sort of super-numerary pictures of the persons or things to which they are joined. We see the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet *κορυθαλος*, the landscape of Mount Neritus in that of *ειροσιφυλλος*, and so of others; which particular images could not have been insisted upon so long as to express them in a description (though but of a single line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a short simile, one of these epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his versification, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his invention in that. He was

not satisfied with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but searched through its different dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he considered these as they had a greater mixture of vowels or consonants, and accordingly employed them as the verse required either a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the Ionic, which has a peculiar sweetness from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two syllables, so as to make the words open themselves with a more spreading and sonorous fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the broader Doric, and the feebler Æolic, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering some letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his measures, instead of being fetters to his sense, were always in readiness to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a farther representation of his motions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signified. Out of all these he has derived that harmony, which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding them (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practised in the case of Italian operas) will find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, though they are so just to ascribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed, the Greek has some advantages, both from the natural sound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verse, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatsoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the sound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its sense. If the Grecian poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reason is, that fewer critics have understood one language than the other. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatise of the Composition of Words. It suffices

at present to observe of his numbers, that they flow with so much ease, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the Muses dictated; and at the same time with so much force and aspiring vigour, that they awaken and raise us like the sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verse, the most rapid and yet the most smooth imaginable.

Thus, on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his Invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extensive and copious than any other, his manners more lively and strongly marked, his speeches more affecting and transported, his sentiments more warm and sublime, his images and descriptions more full and animated, his expression more raised and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope, in what has been said of Virgil, with regard to any of these heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguishing excellence of each: it is in that we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in Invention, Virgil has in Judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted Judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree, or that Virgil wanted Invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it: each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work: Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty: Homer scatters with a generous profusion, Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with

a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate; Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts, as with great virtues, they naturally border on some imperfection; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great judgment decline to coldness; and as magnanimity may run up to profusion or extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief objections against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among these we may reckon some of his Marvellous Fictions, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls, as with gigantic bodies, which, exerting themselves with unusual strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles of the whole; and, like the old heroes of that make, commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glorious and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his speaking horses, and Virgil his myrtles distilling blood, where the latter has not so much as contrived the easy intervention of a Deity to save the probability.

It is owing to the same vast invention, that his similes have been thought too exuberant and full of circumstances. The force of his faculty is seen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itself to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded; it runs out into em-

bellishments of additional images, which however are so managed as not to overpower the main one. His similes are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is also set off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggested to him at once so many various and corresponding images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it; those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his grosser representations of the gods, and the vicious and imperfect manners of his heroes; but I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madame Dacier, "that those times and manners are so much the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours*." Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was shown but for the sake of lucre; when the greatest princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines? On the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern critics, who are shocked at the servile offices and mean employments in which we sometimes see the heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages; in beholding monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient author in the heathen world; and those who consider him in this light will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest antiquity,

* Preface to her Homer.

and entertaining themselves with a clear and surprising vision of things no where else to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greatest obstacles will vanish; and what usually creates their dislike, will become a satisfaction.

This consideration may farther serve to answer for the constant use of the same epithets to his gods and heroes, such as the far-darting Phœbus, the blue-eyed Pallas, the swift-footed Achilles, &c. which some have censured as impertinent and tediously repeated. Those of the gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were used; they were a sort of attributes in which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Mons. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of surnames, and repeated as such; for the Greeks, having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add some other distinction of each person; either naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like: as Alexander the son of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer, therefore, complying with the custom of his country, used such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have something parallel to those in modern times, such as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironside, Edward Longshanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a farther conjecture: Hesiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of "Heroes distinct from other men: a divine race, who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called Demi-Gods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the islands of the blessed*." Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raised against Homer, are such as hardly deserve

a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the same as if one should think to raise the superstructure by undermining the foundation: one would imagine, by the whole course of their parallels, that these critics never so much as heard of Homer's having written first; a consideration which whoever compares these two poets ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the *Æneis* to those of the *Iliad*, for the same reasons which might set the *Odysseys* above the *Æneis*: as that the hero is a wiser man; and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: or else they blame him for not doing what he never designed; as because Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as *Æneas*, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: it is thus that Rapin judges in his comparisons of Homer and Virgil. Others select those particular passages of Homer, which are not so laboured as some that Virgil drew out of them; this is the whole management of Scaliger in his *Poetices*. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes through a false delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original: and then triumph in the awkwardness of their own translations; this is the conduct of Perrault in his *Parallels*. Lastly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguish between the personal merit of Homer, and that of his work; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the *Iliad*, they found it upon the ignorance of his times and the prejudice of those that followed; and, in pursuance of this principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the causes of his fame, which were in reality the consequences of his merit. The same might as well be said of Virgil or any great author, whose general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Mons. de la Motte; who yet confesses upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he must have been the greatest poet of his nation, and that he

* Hesiod, lib. i. ver. 155, &c.

may be said in this sense to be the master even of those who surpassed him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief invention; and as long as this (which indeed is the characteristic of poetry itself) remains unequalled by his followers, he still continues superior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one sort of critics: but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudest and most universal applauses, which holds the heart of a reader under the strongest enchantment. Homer not only appears the inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has swallowed up the honour of those who succeeded him. What he has done admitted no increase, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He shewed all the stretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in some of his flights, it was but because he attempted every thing. A work of this kind seems like a mighty tree which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes, and produces the finest fruit; nature and art conspire to raise it; pleasure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the justest faults, have only said that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richness of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the translation, with the same view to the chief characteristic. As far as that is seen in the main parts of the poem, such as the fable, manners, and sentiments, no translator can prejudice it but by wilful omissions or contractions. As it also breaks out in every particular image, description, and simile, whoever lessens or too much softens those, takes off from this chief character. It is the first grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unaimed; and for the rest, the diction and versification only are his proper province; since these must be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be considered, what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of these in the Greek. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that

a rash paraphrase can make amends for this general defect; which is no less in danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expression. If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquity which nothing better preserves than a version almost literal. I know no liberties one ought to take but those which are necessary for transfusing the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation: and I will venture to say, there have not been more men misled in former times by a servile dull adherence to the latter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical insolent hope of raising and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the fire of the poem, is what a translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing: however, it is his safest way to be content with preserving this to his utmost in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. It is a great secret in writing, to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where he is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style; some of his translators having swelled into fustian in a proud confidence of the sublime; others sunk into flatness in a cold and timorous notion of simplicity. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds, (the certain signs of false mettle): others slowly and servilely creeping in his train, while the poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extremes, one could sooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for such commendations as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call simplicity, and the rest of the world will call dulness. There is a graceful and dignified simplicity, as well as a bald and sordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a sloven: it is one thing

to be tricked up, and another not to be dressed at all. Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rusticity.

This pure and noble simplicity is nowhere in such perfection as in the Scripture and our author. One may affirm, with all respect to the inspired writings, that the divine spirit made use of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author nearest to those, his style must of course bear a greater resemblance to the sacred books than that of any other writer. This consideration (together with what has been observed of the parity of some of his thoughts) may methinks induce a translator on the one hand to give into several of those general phrases and manners of expression, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being used in the Old Testament; as on the other, to avoid those which have been appropriated to Divinity, and in a manner consigned to mystery and religion.

For a farther preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness, those moral sentences and proverbial speeches which are so numerous in this poet. They have something venerable, and I may say oracular, in that unadorned gravity and shortness with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Grecisms and old words, after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable antique cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as platoon, campaign, junto, or the like (into which some of his translators have fallen) cannot be allowable; those only excepted, without which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction, which are a sort of marks, or moles, by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight: those who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects, and those who are, seem pleased with them as beauties. I speak of his compound epithets, and of his re-

petitions. Many of the former cannot be done literally into English without destroying the purity of our language. I believe such should be retained as slide easily of themselves into an English compound, without violence to the ear, or to the received rules of composition; as well as those which have received a sanction from the authority of our best poets, and are become familiar through their use of them; such as the cloud-compelling Jove, &c. As for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly expressed in a single word as in a compound one, the course to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be so turned as to preserve their full image by one or two words, may have justice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet *εινοσίφυλλος* to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous translated literally "leaf-slaking," but affords a majestic idea in the periphrasis: "The lofty mountain shakes his waving woods." Others that admit of differing significations, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation according to the occasions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, *εκηβόλος*, or "far-shooting," is capable of two explications; one literal in respect to the darts and bow, the ensigns of that god; the other allegorical with regard to the rays of the sun: therefore in such places where Apollo is represented as a god in person, I would use the former interpretation; and where the effects of the sun are described, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the same epithets which we find in Homer; and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already shewn) to the ear of those times, is by no means so to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occasions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a translator may at once shew his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may divide them into three sorts: of whole narrations and speeches, of single sentences, and of one verse or hemistich. I hope it is not impossible to have such a regard to these, as neither to lose so known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in those speeches, where the dignity of the speaker

renders it a sort of insolence to alter his words; as in the messages from gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors, in concerns of state, or where the ceremonial of religion seems to require it, in the solemn forms of prayer, oaths, or the like. In other cases, I believe, the best rule is, to be guided by the nearness, or distance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too close, one may vary the expression; but it is a question, whether a professed translator be authorised to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the Versification. Homer (as has been said) is perpetually applying the sound to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully possessed of his image: however, it may be reasonably believed they designed this, in whose verse it so manifestly appears in a superior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but those who have, will see I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I must conclude myself utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire translation in verse has yet done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which, there is scarce any paraphrase more loose and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or six lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the *Odysseys*, ver. 312, where he has spun twenty verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpose, if he did not in other places of his notes insist so much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a strong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, insomuch as to promise, in his rhyming preface, a poem of the mysteries he had revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to strain the obvious sense to this end. His expression is involved in fustian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his origi-

nal writings, as in the tragedy of Bussy d'Amboise, &c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears, from his preface and remarks, to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in poetry. His own boast of having finished half the *Iliad* in less than fifteen weeks, shews with what negligence his version was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery spirit which animates his translation, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general; but for particulars and circumstances he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful. As for its being esteemed a close translation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above mentioned. He sometimes omits whole similes and sentences, and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticism.

It is a great loss to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to translate the *Iliad*. He has left us only the first book, and a small part of the sixth; in which, if he has in some places not truly interpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copied, and has unhappily followed him in passages where he wanders from the original. However, had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuses is like that of great ministers; though they are confessedly the first in the commonwealth of letters, they must be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which, in my opinion, ought to be the endeavour of any one who trans-

lates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character : in particular places, where the sense can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest and most poetical, as most agreeing with that character ; to copy him in all the variations of his style, and the different modulations of his numbers ; to preserve, in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation ; in the more sedate or narrative, a plainness and solemnity ; in the speeches, a fulness and perspicuity ; in the sentences, a shortness and gravity ; not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor sometimes the very cast of the periods ; neither to omit nor confound any rites or customs of antiquity : perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a shorter compass than has hitherto been done by any translator, who has tolerably preserved either the sense or poetry. What I would farther recommend to him, is to study his author rather from his own text than from any commentaries, how learned soever, or whatever figure they may make in the estimation of the world ; to consider him attentively in comparison with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next these, the Archbishop of Cambray's Telemachus may give him the truest idea of the spirit and turn of our author, and Bossu's admirable treatise of the epic poem the justest notion of his design and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and study a man may proceed, or with whatever happiness he may perform such a work, he must hope to please but a few ; those only who have at once a taste of poetry, and competent learning. For to satisfy such as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking ; since a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not modern, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is submitted to the public, from whose opinions I am prepared to learn ; though I fear no judges so little as our best poets, who are most sensible of the weight of this task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this translation by judgments very different from theirs, and by persons for whom they can have no kindness, if an old observation be true, that the strongest antipathy in the world is that of fools to

men of wit. Mr. Addison was the first whose advice determined me to undertake this task, who was pleased to write to me upon that occasion, in such terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr. Swift promoted my interest with that warmth with which he always serves his friend. The humanity and frankness of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. I must also acknowledge, with infinite pleasure, the many friendly offices, as well as sincere criticisms, of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in translating some parts of Homer ; as I wish, for the sake of the world, he had prevented me in the rest. I must add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I shall take a farther opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose goodness (to give it a great panegyric) is no less extensive than his learning. The favour of these gentlemen is not entirely undeserved by one who bears them so true an affection. But what can I say of the honour so many of the great have done me, while the first names of the age appear as my subscribers, and the most distinguished patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers ? Among these it is a particular pleasure to me to find that my highest obligations are to such who have done most honour to the name of poet : that his grace the Duke of Buckingham was not displeased I should undertake the author, to whom he has given (in his excellent Essay) so complete a praise :

“ Read Homer once, and you can read no more ;
 “ For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
 “ Verse will seem Prose ; but still persist to read,
 “ And Homer will be all the books you need.”

That the Earl of Halifax was one of the first to favour me, of whom it is hard to say, whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generosity or his example. That such a genius as my Lord Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in the great scenes of business than in all the useful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refused to be the critic of these sheets, and the patron of their writer. And that so excellent an imitator of Homer as the noble author of the tragedy of Heroic Love, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing Pastorals,

to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myself the pride of confessing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of several particulars of this translation.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguished by the Earl of Carnarvon: but it is almost absurd to particularise any one generous action in a person whose whole life is a continued series of them. Mr. Stanhope, the present secretary of state, will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleased to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late lord chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence: and I am satisfied I can no better way oblige men of their turn, than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would

have thought himself happy to have met the same favour at Athens, that has been shown me by its learned rival, the university of Oxford. If my author had the wits of after-ages for his defenders, his translator has had the beauties of the present for his advocates; a pleasure too great to be changed for any fame in reversion. And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the satisfaction of life. This distinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is shewn to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular parties, or the vanities of particular men. Whatever the success may prove, I shall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendship of so many persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuseful to others, nor disagreeable to myself. *Pope.*

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

IN PROSE.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ORATIONS, CHARACTERS, AND LETTERS.

§ 1. *The first Oration of DEMOSTHENES against Philip: pronounced in the Archonship of Aristodemus, in the first year of the Hundred and Seventh Olympiad, and the ninth of Philip's reign.*

INTRODUCTION.

WE have seen Philip, opposed in his design of passing into Greece, through Thermopylæ, was obliged to retire. The danger they had thus escaped deeply affected the Athenians. So daring an attempt, which was, in effect, declaring his purposes, filled them with astonishment: and the view of a power, which every day received new accessions, drove them even to despair. Yet their aversion to public business was still predominant. They forgot that Philip might renew his attempt; and thought they had provided sufficiently for their security, by posting a body of troops at the entrance of Attica, under the command of Menelaus, a foreigner. They then proceeded to convene an assembly of the people, in order to consider what measures were to be taken to check the progress of Philip. On which occasion Demosthenes, for the first time, appeared against that prince; and displayed those abilities, which proved the greatest obstacle to his designs.

At Athens, the whole power and management of affairs were placed in the people. It was their prerogative to receive appeals from the courts of

justice, to abrogate and enact laws, to make what alterations in the state they judged convenient; in short, all matters, public or private, foreign or domestic, civil, military, or religious, were determined by them.

Whenever there was occasion to deliberate, the people assembled early in the morning, sometimes in the forum or public place, sometimes in place called Pnyx, but most frequently in the theatre of Bacchus. A few days before each assembly there was a Προγράμμα or Placard fixed on the statues of some illustrious men erected in the city, to give notice of the subject to be debated. As they refused admittance into the assembly to all persons who had not attained the necessary age, so they obliged all others to attend. The Lexiarchs stretched out a cord dyed with scarlet, and by it pushed the people towards the place of meeting. Such as received the stain were fined; the more diligent had a small pecuniary reward. These Lexiarchs were the keepers of the register, in which were enrolled the names of such citizens as had a right of voting. And all had this right who were of age, and not excluded by a personal fault. Undutiful children, cowards, brutal debauchees, prodigals, debtors to the public, were all excluded. Until the time of Ccerops, women had a right of suffrage, which they were said to have lost, on account of their

partiality to Minerva, in her dispute with Neptune, about giving a name to the city.

In ordinary cases, all matters were first deliberated in the *senate of five hundred*, composed of fifty senators chosen out of each of the ten tribes. Each tribe had its turn of presiding, and the fifty senators in office were called Prytanes. And, according to the number of the tribes, the Attic year was divided into ten parts, the four first containing thirty-six, the other thirty-five days; in order to make the Lunar year complete, which according to their calculation, contained three hundred and fifty-four days. During each of these divisions, ten of the fifty Prytanes governed for a week, and were called Proedri: and, of these, he who in the course of the week presided for one day, was called the Epistatæ: three of the Proedri being excluded from this office.

The Prytanes assembled the people; the Proedri declare the occasion; and the Epistatæ demand their voices. This was the case in the ordinary assemblies: the extraordinary were convened as well by the generals as the Prytanes; and sometimes the people met of their own accord, without waiting the formalities.

The assembly was opened by a sacrifice; and the place was sprinkled with the blood of the victim. Then an imprecation was pronounced, conceived in these terms: "May the gods pursue that man to destruction, with all his race, who shall act, speak, or contrive, any thing against this state!" This ceremony being finished, the Proedri declared the occasion of the assembly, and reported the opinion of the senate. If any doubt arose, an herald, by commission from the Epistatæ, with a loud voice, invited any citizen, first of those above the age of fifty, to speak his opinion: and then the rest according to their ages. This right of precedence had been granted by a law of Solon, and the order of speaking determined entirely by the difference of years. In the time of Demosthenes, this law was not in force. It is said to have been repealed about fifty years before the date of this ora-

tion. Yet the custom still continued, out of respect to the reasonable and decent purpose for which the law was originally enacted. When a speaker had delivered his sentiments he generally called on an officer, appointed for that purpose, to read his motion, and propound it in form. He then sat down, or resumed his discourse, and enforced his motion by additional arguments; and sometimes the speech was introduced by his motion thus propounded. When all the speakers had ended, the people gave their opinion, by stretching out their hands to him whose proposal pleased them most. And Xenophon reports that, night having come on when the people were engaged in an important debate, they were obliged to defer their determination till next day, for fear of confusion, when their hands were to be raised.

Porrexerunt manus, saith Cicero (pro Flecco) & *Psephismaratum est*. And, to constitute this Psephisma or decree, six thousand citizens at least were required. When it was drawn up, the name of its author, or that person whose opinion has prevailed, was prefixed: whence, in speaking of it, they call it his decree. The date of it contained the name of the Archon, that of the day and month, and that of the tribe then presiding. The business being over, the Prytanes dismissed the assembly.

The reader who chooses to be more minutely informed in the customs, and manner of procedure in the public assemblies of Athens, may consult the *Archæologia* of Archbishop Potter, Sigonius, or the *Concionatrices* of Aristophanes.

HAD we been convened, Athenians! on some new subject of debate, I had waited until most of the usual persons had declared their opinions. If I had approved of any thing proposed by them, I should have continued silent: if not, I had then attempted to speak my sentiments. But since those very points on which these speakers have oftentimes been heard already are, at this time, to be considered; though I have arisen first, I presume I may expect your pardon; for if they on former occasions had advised the necessary measures, ye would not have found it needful to consult at present.

First then, Athenians! these our affairs must not be thought desperate; no, though their situation seems entirely deplorable. For the most shocking circumstance of all our past conduct is really the most favourable to our future expectations. And what is this? That our own total indolence hath been the cause of all our present difficulties. For were we thus distressed, in spite of every vigorous effort which the honour of our state demanded, there were then no hope of a recovery.

In the next place reflect (you who have been informed by others, and you who can yourselves remember) how great a power the Lacedemonians not long since possessed; and with what resolution, with what dignity you disdained to act unworthy of the state, but maintained the war against them for the rights of Greece. Why do I mention these things? That ye may know, that ye may see, Athenians! that if duly vigilant, ye cannot have any thing to fear; that if once remiss, not any thing can happen agreeable to your desires: witness the then powerful arms of Lacedemon, which a just attention to your interests enabled you to vanquish; and this man's late insolent attempt, which our insensibility to all our great concerns hath made the cause of this confusion.

If there be a man in this assembly who thinks that we must find a formidable enemy in Philip, while he views, on one hand, the numerous armies which attend him; and, on the other, the weakness of the state thus despoiled of its dominions; he thinks justly. Yet let him reflect on this: there was a time, Athenians! when we possessed Pydna, and Potidæa, and Methonè, and all that country round: when many of those states now subjected to him were free and independent; and more inclined to our alliance than to his. Had then Philip reasoned in the same manner, "How shall I dare to attack the Athenians, whose garrisons command my territory, while I am destitute of all assistance!" he would not have engaged in those enterprises which are now crowned with success; nor could he have raised himself to this pitch of greatness. No, Athenians! he knew this well, that all these places are but prizes, laid between the combatants, and ready for the conqueror: that the dominions of the absent devolve naturally to those who are in the field; the possessions of the supine to the active and intrepid. Animated by these

sentiments, he overturns whole countries; he holds all people in subjection: some, as by the right of conquest; others, under the title of allies and confederates: for all are willing to confederate with those whom they see prepared and resolved to exert themselves as they ought.

And if you (my countrymen!) will now at length be persuaded to entertain the like sentiments; if each of you, renouncing all evasions, will be ready to approve himself an useful citizen, to the utmost that his station and abilities demand; if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field; in one word, if you will be yourselves, and banish those vain hopes, which every single person entertains, that while so many others are engaged in public business, his service will not be required; you then (if Heaven so pleases) shall regain your dominions, recal those opportunities your supineness hath neglected, and chastise the insolence of this man. For you are not to imagine, that like a god, he is to enjoy his present greatness for ever fixed and unchangeable. No, Athenians! there are, who hate him, who fear him, who envy him, even among those seemingly the most attached to his cause. These are passions common to mankind: nor must we think that his friends only are exempted from them. It is true they lie concealed at present, as our indolence deprives them of all resource. But let us shake off this indolence! for you see how we are situated; you see the outrageous arrogance of this man, who does not leave it to your choice whether you shall act, or remain quiet; but braves you with his menaces; and talks (as we are informed) in a strain of the highest extravagance: and is not able to rest satisfied with his present acquisitions, but is ever in pursuit of further conquests; and while we sit down, inactive and irresolute, encloses us on all sides with his toils.

When, therefore, O my countrymen! when will you exert your vigour? When roused by some event? When forced by some necessity? What then are we to think of our present condition? To freemen, the disgrace attending on misconduct is, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity. Or, say, is it your sole ambition to wander through the public places, each inquiring of the other, "What new advices?" Can any thing be more new, than that a man of Macedon should conquer the Athenians, and give law to Greece? "is Philip

“ dead? No, but in great danger.” How are you concerned in those rumours? Suppose he should meet some fatal stroke: you would soon raise up another Philip, if your interests are thus regarded. For it is not to his own strength that he so much owes his elevation, as to our supineness. And should some accident affect him; should fortune, who hath ever been more careful of the state than we ourselves, now repeat her favours (and may she thus crown them!) be assured of this, that by being on the spot, ready to take advantage of the confusion, you will every where be absolute masters; but in your present disposition, even if a favourable juncture should present you with Amphipolis, you could not take possession of it, while this suspense prevails in your designs and in your councils.

And now, as to the necessity of a general vigour and alacrity; of this you must be fully persuaded; this point therefore I shall urge no further. But the nature of the armament, which, I think, will extricate you from the present difficulties, the numbers to be raised, the subsidies required for their support, and all the other necessaries; how they may (in my opinion) be best and most expeditiously provided; these things I shall endeavour to explain. But here I make this request, Athenians! that you would not be precipitate, but suspend your judgment till you have heard me fully. And if, at first, I seem to propose a new kind of armament, let it not be thought that I am delaying your affairs. For it is not they who cry out, “ Instantly!” “ This moment!” whose counsels suit the present juncture (as it is not possible to repel violences already committed by an occasional detachment) but he who will shew you of what kind that armament must be, how great, and how supported, which may subsist until we yield to peace, or till our enemies sink beneath our arms; for thus only can we be secured from future dangers. These things, I think, I can point out; not that I would prevent any other person from declaring his opinion: thus far am I engaged. How I can acquit myself, will immediately appear: to your judgments I appeal.

First then, Athenians! I say that you should fit out fifty ships of war; and then resolve, that on the first emergency you will embark yourselves. To these I insist that you must add transports, and other necessary vessels sufficient for half our horse.

Thus far we should be provided against those sudden excursions from his own kingdom to Thermopylæ, to the Chersonesus, to Olynthus, to whatever places he thinks proper. For of this he should necessarily be persuaded, that possibly you may break out from this immoderate indolence, and fly to some scene of action: as you did to Eubœa, and formerly, as we are told, to Haliartus, and, but now, to Thermopylæ. But although we should not act with all this vigour, (which yet I must regard as our indispensable duty) still the measures I propose will have their use: as his fears may keep him quiet, when he knows we are prepared (and this he will know, for there are too many among ourselves who inform him of every thing): or, if he should despise our armament, his security may prove fatal to him: as it will be absolutely in our power, at the first favourable juncture, to make a descent upon his own coasts.

These then are the resolutions I propose; these the provisions it will become you to make. And I pronounce it still farther necessary to raise some other forces which may harass him with perpetual incursions. Talk not of your ten thousands, or twenty thousands of foreigners; of those armies which appear so magnificent on paper: but let them be the natural forces of the state: and if you choose a single person, if a number, if this particular man, or whomever you appoint as general, let them be entirely under his guidance and authority. I also move you that subsistence be provided for them. But as to the quality, the numbers, the maintenance of this body: how are these points to be settled? I now proceed to speak of each of them distinctly.

The body of infantry therefore—But here give me leave to warn you of an error which hath often proved injurious to you. Think not that your preparations never can be too magnificent: great and terrible in your decrees: in execution weak and contemptible. Let your preparations, let your supplies at first be moderate, and add to these if you find them not sufficient. I say then that the whole body of infantry should be two thousand; of these, that five hundred should be Athenians, of such an age as you should think proper; and with a stated time for service, not long, but such as that others may have their turn of duty. Let the rest be formed of foreigners. To these you are to add two hundred horse,

fifty of them at least Athenians, to serve in the same manner as the foot. For these you are to provide transports. And now, what farther preparations? Ten light galleys. For as he hath a naval power, we must be provided with light vessels, that our troops may have a secure convoy.

But whence are these forces to be subsisted? This I shall explain when I have first given my reasons why I think such numbers sufficient, and why I have advised that we should serve in person. As to the numbers, Athenians! my reason is this: it is not at present in our power to provide a force able to meet him in the open field; but we must harass him by depredations: thus the war must be carried on at first. We therefore cannot think of raising a prodigious army (for such we have neither pay nor provisions), nor must our forces be absolutely mean. And I have proposed, that citizens should join in the service, and help to man our fleet: because I am informed, that some time since, the state maintained a body of auxiliaries at Corinth, which Polystratus commanded, and Iphicrates, and Chabrias, and some others; that you yourselves served with them; and that the united efforts of these auxiliary and domestic forces gained a considerable victory over the Lacedæmonians. But, ever since our armies have been formed of foreigners alone, their victories have been over our allies and confederates, while our enemies have arisen to an extravagance of power. And these armies, with scarcely the slightest attention to the service of the state, sail off to fight for Artabazus, or any other person; and their general follows them; nor should we wonder at it; for he cannot command, who cannot pay his soldiers. What then do I recommend? That you should take away all pretences both from generals and from soldiers, by a regular payment of the army, and by incorporating domestic forces with the auxiliaries, to be as it were inspectors into the conduct of the commanders. For at present our manner of acting is even ridiculous. If a man should ask, "Are you at peace, Athenians?" the answer would immediately be, "By no means! we are at war with Philip. Have not we chosen the usual generals and officers both of horse and foot?" And of what use are all these, except the single person whom you send to the field? The rest attend your priests in their processions. So that, as if you formed so many men of

clay, you make your officers for shew, and not for service. My countrymen! should not all these generals have been chosen from your own body; all these several officers from your own body; that our force might be really Athenian? And yet, for an expedition in favour of Lemnos, the general must be a citizen, while troops, engaged in defence of our own territories, are commanded by Menelaus. I say not this to detract from his merit; but to whomsoever this command hath been intrusted, surely he should have derived it from your voices.

Perhaps you are fully sensible of these truths; but would rather hear me upon another point; that of the supplies; what we are to raise, and from what funds. To this I now proceed.—The sum therefore necessary for the maintenance of these forces, that the soldiers may be supplied with grain, is somewhat above ninety talents. To the ten galleys, forty talents, that each vessel may have a monthly allowance of twenty minæ. To the two thousand foot the same sum, that each soldier may receive ten drachmæ a month for corn. To the two hundred horse, for a monthly allowance of thirty drachmæ each, twelve talents. And let it not be thought a small convenience, that the soldiers are supplied with grain: for I am clearly satisfied, that if such a provision be made, the war itself will supply them with every thing else, so as to complete their appointment, and this without an injury to the Greeks or allies: and I myself am ready to sail with them, and to answer for the consequence with my life, should it prove otherwise. From what fund the sum which I propose may be supplied, shall now be explained. * * * * *

[Here the secretary of the assembly reads a scheme for raising the supplies, and proposes it to the people in form, in the name of the orator.]

These are the supplies, Athenians! in our power to raise. And, when you come to give your voices, determine upon some effectual provision, that you may oppose Philip, not by decrees and letters only, but by actions. And, in my opinion, your plan of operation, and every thing relating to your armament, will be much more happily adjusted, if the situation of the country, which is to be the scene of action, be taken into the account; and if you reflect, that the winds and seasons have greatly contributed to the rapidity of Phi-

lip's conquests; that he watches the blowing of the Etesians, and the severity of the winter, and forms his sieges when it is impossible for us to bring up our forces. It is your part then to consider this, and not to carry on the war by occasional detachments, (they will ever arrive too late) but by a regular army constantly kept up. And for winter quarters you may command Lemnos, and Thassus, and Sciathus, and the adjacent islands; in which there are ports and provisions, and all things necessary for the soldiery in abundance. As to the season of the year in which we may land our forces with the greatest ease, and be in no danger from the winds, either upon the coast to which we are bound, or at the entrance of those harbours where we may put in for provisions—this will be easily discovered. In what manner, and at what time our forces are to act, their general will determine, according to the juncture of affairs. What you are to perform, on your part, is contained in the decree I have now proposed. And if you will be persuaded, Athenians! first to raise these supplies which I have recommended, then to proceed to your other preparations, your infantry, navy, and cavalry; and, lastly, to confine your forces, by a law, to that service which is appointed to them; reserving the care of distribution of their money to yourselves, and strictly examining into the conduct of the general; then, your time will be no longer wasted in continual debates upon the same subject, and scarcely to any purpose; then, you will deprive him of the most considerable of his revenues. For his arms are now supported by seizing and making prizes of those who pass the seas. But is this all?—No.—You shall also be secure from his attempts: not as when some time since he fell on Lemnos and Imbrus, and carried away your citizens in chains: not as when he surprised your vessels at Gerastus, and spoiled them of an unspeakable quantity of riches: not as when lately he made a descent on the coast of Marathon, and carried off our sacred galley: while you could neither oppose these insults, nor detach your forces at such junctures as were thought convenient.

And now, Athenians! what is the reason (think ye) that the public festivals in honour of Minerva and of Bacchus are always celebrated at the appointed time, whether the direction of them falls to the lot of men of eminence, or of persons less dis-

tinguished: (festivals which cost more treasure than is usually expended upon a whole navy: and more numbers and greater preparations, than any one perhaps ever cost) while your expeditions have been all too late, as that to Methonè, that to Pegasæ, that to Potidæa. The reason is this: every thing relating to the former is ascertained by law; and every one of you knows, long before, who is to conduct the several entertainments in each tribe; what he is to receive, when, and from whom, and what to perform. Not one of these things is left uncertain, not one undetermined. But in affairs of war, and warlike preparations, there is no order, no certainty, no regulation. So that, when any accident alarms us, first we appoint our trierarchs; then we allow them the exchange; then the supplies are considered. These points once settled, we resolve to man our fleet with strangers and foreigners; then find it necessary to supply their place ourselves. In the midst of these delays, what we are failing to defend, the enemy is already master of; for the time of action we spend in preparing; and the junctures of affairs will not wait our slow and irresolute measures.—These forces, too, which we think may be depended on, until the new levies are raised, when put to the proof plainly discover their insufficiency. By these means hath he arrived at such a pitch of insolence, as to send a letter to the Eubœans, conceived in such terms as these:

* * * *The LETTER is read.*

What hath now been read, is for the most part true, Athenians! too true! but perhaps not very agreeable in the recital. But if, by suppressing things ungrateful to the ear, the things themselves could be prevented, then the sole concern of a public speaker should be to please. If, on the contrary, these unseasonably pleasing speeches be really injurious, it is shameful, Athenians, to deceive yourselves, and, by deferring the consideration of every thing disagreeable, never once to move until it be too late; and not to apprehend that they who conduct a war with prudence, are not to follow, but to direct events; to direct them with the same absolute authority, with which a general leads on his forces; that the course of affairs may be determined by them, and not determine their measures. But you, Athenians, although possessed of the greatest power of

all kinds, ships, infantry, cavalry, and treasure; yet, to this day, have never employed any of them seasonably, but are ever last in the field. Just as barbarians engage at boxing, so you make war with Philip: for, when one of them receives a blow, that blow engages him: if struck in another part, to that part his hands are shifted: but to ward off the blow, or to watch his antagonist—for this, he hath neither skill nor spirit. Even so, if you hear that Philip is in the Chersonesus, you resolve to send forces thither; if in Thermopylæ, thither; if in any other place, you hurry up and down, you follow his standard. But no useful scheme for carrying on the war, no wise provisions are ever thought of, until you hear of some enterprise in execution, or already crowned with success. This might have formerly been pardonable, but now is the very critical moment, when it can by no means be admitted.

It seems to me, Athenians, that some divinity, who, from a regard to Athens, looks down upon our conduct with indignation, hath inspired Philip with this restless ambition. For were he to sit down in the quiet enjoyment of his conquests and acquisitions, without proceeding to any new attempts, there are men among you, who, I think, would be unmoved at those transactions, which have branded our state with the odious marks of infamy, cowardice, and all that is base. But as he still pursues his conquests, as he is still extending his ambitious views, possibly he may at last call you forth, unless you have renounced the name of Athenians. To me it is astonishing, that none of you look back to the beginning of this war, and consider that we engaged in it to chastise the insolence of Philip; but that now it is become a defensive war, to secure us from his attempts. And that he will ever be repeating these attempts is manifest, unless some power rises to oppose him. But if we wait in expectation of this, if we send our armaments composed of empty galleys, and those hopes with which some speaker may have flattered you; can you then think your interest well secured? shall we not embark? shall we not sail, with at least a part of our domestic force, now, since we have not hitherto?—But where shall we make our descent?—Let us but engage in the enterprise, and the war itself, Athenians, will shew us where he is weakest. But if we sit at home, listening to the mu-

tual invectives and accusations of our orators, we cannot expect, no, not the least success, in any one particular. Wherever a part of our city is detached, although the whole be not present, the favour of the gods and the kindness of fortune attend to fight upon our side; but when we send out a general, and an insignificant decree, and the hopes of our speakers, misfortune and disappointment must ensue. Such expeditions are to our enemies a sport, but strike our allies with deadly apprehensions. For it is not, it is not possible for any one man to perform every thing you desire. He may promise, and harangue, and accuse this or that person: but to such proceedings we owe the ruin of our affairs. For when a general who commanded a wretched collection of unpaid foreigners, hath been defeated; when there are persons here, who, in arraigning his conduct, dare to advance falsehoods, and when you lightly engage in any determination, just from their suggestions; what must be the consequence? How then shall these abuses be removed?—By offering yourselves, Athenians, to execute the commands of your general, to be witnesses of his conduct in the field, and his judges at your return: so as not only to hear how your affairs are transacted, but to inspect them. But now, so shamefully are we degenerated, that each of our commanders is twice or thrice called before you to answer for his life, though not one of them dared to hazard that life, by once engaging his enemy. No; they choose the death of robbers and pilferers, rather than to fall as becomes them. Such malefactors should die by the sentence of the law. Generals should meet their fate bravely in the field.

Then, *as to your own conduct*—some wander about, crying, Philip hath joined with the Lacedæmonians, and they are concerting the destruction of Thebes, and the dissolution of some free states. Others assure us he hath sent an embassy to the king; others, that he is fortifying places in Illyria. Thus we all go about framing our several tales. I do believe, indeed, Athenians! he is intoxicated with his greatness, and does entertain his imagination with many such visionary prospects, as he sees no power rising to oppose him, and is elated with his success. But I cannot be persuaded that he hath so taken his measures, that the weakest among us know what he is next to do: (for it is the weakest among us who spread these rumours)—Let

us disregard them: let us be persuaded of this, that he is our enemy, that he hath spoiled us of our dominions, that we have long been subject to his insolence, that whatever we expected to be done for us by others, hath proved against us, that all the resource left is in ourselves, that, if we are not inclined to carry our arms abroad, we may be forced to engage here—let us be persuaded of this, and then we shall come to a proper determination, then shall we be freed from those idle tales. For we are not to be so solicitous to know what particular events will happen; we need but be convinced nothing good can happen, unless you grant the due attention to affairs, and be ready to act as becomes Athenians.

I, on my part, have never, upon any occasion, chosen to court your favour, by speaking any thing but what I was convinced would serve you. And, on this occasion, I have freely declared my sentiments, without art, and without reserve. It would have pleased me indeed, that, as it is for your advantage to have your true interest laid before you, so I might be assured that he who layeth it before you, would share the advantages: for then I had spoken with greater alacrity. However, uncertain as is the consequence with respect to me, I yet determined to speak, because I was convinced that these measures, if pursued, must have their use. And, of all those opinions which are offered to your acceptance, may that be chosen, which will best advance the general weal!

Leland.

§ 2. *Oration against Cataline.*

THE ARGUMENT.

L. Sergius Cataline was of Patrician extraction, and had sided with Sylla, during the civil wars between him and Marius. Upon the expiration of his prætorship, he was sent to the government of Africa; and after his return, was accused of mal-administration by P. Clodius, under the consulship of M. Emilius Lepidus, and L. Volcatius Tullus. It is commonly believed, that the design of the conspiracy was formed about this time, three years before the oration Cicero here pronounces against it. Cataline, after his return from Africa, had sued for the consulship, but was rejected. The two following years he likewise

stood candidate, but still met with the same fate. It appears that he made a fourth attempt under the consulship of Cicero, who made use of all his credit and authority to exclude him, in which he succeeded to his wish. After the picture Sallust has drawn of Cataline, it were needless to attempt his character here; besides, that the four following orations will make the reader sufficiently acquainted with it. This first speech was pronounced in the senate, convened in the temple of Jupiter Stator, on the eighth of November, in the six hundred and ninth year of the city, and forty-fourth of Cicero's age. The occasion of it was as follows: Cataline and the other conspirators had met together in the house of one Marcus Lecca; where it was resolved that a general insurrection should be raised through Italy, the different parts of which were assigned to different leaders; that Cataline should put himself at the head of the troops in Etruria; that Rome should be fired in many places at once, and a massacre begun at the same time of the whole senate and all their enemies, of whom none were to be spared except the sons of Pompey, who were to be kept as hostages of their peace and reconciliation with their father; that in the consternation of the fire and massacre, Cataline should be ready with his Tuscan army to take the benefit of the public confusion, and make himself master of the city; where Lentulus in the meanwhile, as first in dignity, was to preside in their general councils; Cassius to manage the affair of firing it; Cethegus to direct the massacre. But the vigilance of Cicero being the chief obstacle to all their hopes, Cataline was very desirous to see him taken off before he left Rome: upon which two knights of the company undertook to kill him the next morning in his bed, in an early visit on pretence of business. They were both of his acquaintance, and used to frequent his house; and knowing his custom of giving free access to all, made no doubt of being readily admitted, as C. Cornelius, one of the two, afterwards confessed. The meeting was no sooner over, than Cicero had information of all that passed in

it: for by the intrigues of a woman named Fulvia, he had gained over Curius, her gallant, one of the conspirators, of senatorian rank, to send him a punctual account of all their deliberations. He presently imparted his intelligence to some of the chiefs of the city, who were assembled that evening, as usual, at his house, informing them not only of the design, but naming the men who were to execute it, and the very hour when they would be at his gate: all which fell out exactly as he foretold; for the two knights came before break of day, but had the mortification to find the house well guarded, and all admittance refused to them. Next day Cicero summoned the senate to the temple of Jupiter in the capitol, where it was not usually held but in times of public alarm. There had been several debates before this on the same subject of Cataline's treasons, and his design of killing the consul; and a decree had passed at the motion of Cicero, to offer a public reward to the first discoverer of the plot; if a slave, his liberty, and eight hundred pounds; if a citizen, his pardon, and sixteen hundred. Yet Cataline, by a profound dissimulation, and the constant professions of his innocence, still deceived many of all ranks; representing the whole as the fiction of his enemy Cicero, and offering to give security for his behaviour, and to deliver himself to the custody of any whom the senate would name: of M. Lepidus, of the prætor Metellus, or of Cicero himself; but none of them would receive him; and Cicero plainly told him, that he should never think himself safe in the same house, when he was in danger by living in the same city with him. Yet he still kept on the mask, and had the confidence to come to this very meeting in the capitol; which so shocked the whole assembly, that none even of his acquaintance durst venture to salute him: and the consular senators quit that part of the house in which he sat, and left the whole bench clear to him. Cicero was so provoked by his impudence, that instead of entering upon any business, as he designed, addressing himself directly to Cata-

line, he broke out into the present most severe invective against him; and with all the fire and force of an incensed eloquence, laid open the whole course of his villainies, and the notoriety of his treasons.

How far, O Cataline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shall thy frantic rage baffle the efforts of justice? To what height meanest thou to carry thy daring insolence? Art thou nothing daunted by the nocturnal watch posted to secure the Palatium? nothing by the city guards? nothing by the consternation of the people? nothing by the union of all the wise and worthy citizens? nothing by the senate's assembling in this place of strength? nothing by the looks and countenances of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy designs are brought to light? that the senators are thoroughly apprized of thy conspiracy? that they are acquainted with thy last night's practices? with the practices of the night before; with the place of meeting, the company summoned together and the measures concerted? Alas for our degeneracy! alas for the depravity of the times! the senate is apprized of all this, the consul beholds it; yet the traitor lives. Lives! did I say, he even comes into the senate; he shares in the public deliberations; he marks us out with his eye for destruction. While we, bold in our country's cause, think we have sufficiently discharged our duty to the state, if we can but escape his rage and deadly darts. Long since, O Cataline, ought the consul to have ordered thee for execution; and pointed upon thy own head that ruin thou hast been long meditating against us all. Could that illustrious citizen, Publius Scipio, sovereign pontiff, but invested with no public magistracy, kill Tiberius Gracchus for raising some slight commotions in the commonwealth; and shall we consuls suffer Cataline to live, who aims at laying waste the world with fire and sword? I omit, as too remote, the example of Q. Servilius Ahala, who with his own hand slew Spurius Melius, for plotting a revolution in the state. Such, such was the virtue of this republic in former times, that her brave sons punished more severely a factious citizen, than the most inveterate public enemy. We have a weighty and vigorous decree of the senate against you, Cataline: the commonwealth wants not

wisdom, nor this house authority: but we the consuls, I speak it openly, are wanting in our duty.

A decree once passed in the senate, enjoining the consul L. Opimius to take care that the commonwealth received no detriment. The very same day Caius Gracchus was killed for some slight suspicions of treason, though descended of a father, grandfather, and ancestors, all eminent for their services to the state. Marcus Fulvius too, a man of consular dignity, with his children, underwent the same fate. By a like decree of the senate, the care of the commonwealth was committed to the consuls C. Marius and L. Valerius. Was a single day permitted to pass, before L. Saturninus, tribune of the people, and C. Servilius the prætor, satisfied by their death the justice of their country? But we, for these twenty days, have suffered the authority of the senate to languish in our hands. For we too have a like decree, but it rests among our records like a sword in the scabbard; a decree, O Cataline, by which you ought to have suffered immediate death. Yet still you live; nay more, you live, not to lay aside, but to harden yourself in your audacious guilt. I could wish, conscript fathers, to be merciful; I could wish too not to appear remiss when my country is threatened with danger; but I now begin to reproach myself with negligence and want of courage. A camp is formed in Italy, upon the very borders of Etruria, against the commonwealth. The enemy increase daily in number. At the same time we behold their general and leader within our walls; nay, in the senate-house itself, plotting daily some intestine mischief against the state. Should I order you, Cataline, to be instantly seized and put to death, I have reason to believe, good men would rather reproach me with slowness than cruelty. But at present certain reasons restrain me from this step, which indeed ought to have been taken long ago. Thou shalt then suffer death, when not a man is to be found, so wicked, so desperate, so like thyself, as not to own it was done justly. As long as there is one who dares to defend thee, thou shalt live; and live so as thou now dost, surrounded by the numerous and powerful guards which I have placed about thee, so as not to suffer thee to stir a foot against the republic; whilst the eyes and ears of many shall watch thee, as they

have hitherto done, when thou little thoughtest of it.

But what is it, Cataline, thou canst now have in view, if neither the obscurity of night can conceal thy traitorous assemblies, nor the walls of a private house prevent the voice of thy treason from reaching our ear? If all thy projects are discovered and burst into public view? Quit then your detestable purpose, and think no more of massacres and conflagrations. You are beset on all hands; your most secret councils are clear as noon-day; as you may easily gather, from the detail I am now to give you. You may remember that on the nineteenth of October last, I said publicly in the senate, that before the twenty-fifth of the same month, C. Manlius, the confederate and creature of your guilt, would appear in arms. Was I deceived, Cataline, I say not as to this enormous, this detestable, this improbable attempt; but, which is still more surprising, as to the very day on which it happened? I said likewise, in the senate, that you had fixed the twenty-sixth of the same month for the massacre of our nobles, which induced many citizens of the first rank to retire from Rome, not so much on account of their own preservation, as with a view to baffle your designs. Can you deny, that on that very same day you was so beset by my vigilance, and the guards I placed about you, that you found it impossible to attempt any thing against the state; though you had given out, after the departure of the rest, that you would nevertheless content yourself with the blood of those who remained? Nay, when on the first of November you confidently hoped to surprise Præneste by night, did you not find that colony secured by my order, and the guards, officers, and garrison I had appointed? There is nothing you either think, contrive, or attempt, but what I both hear, see, and plainly understand.

Call to mind only, in conjunction with me, the transactions of last night. You will soon perceive, that I am much more active in watching over the preservation than you in plotting the destruction of the state. I say then, and say it openly, that last night you went to the house of M. Lecca, in the street called the Gladiators: that you was met there by numbers of your associates in guilt and madness. Dare you deny this? Why are you si-

lent? If you disown the charge, I will prove it: for I see some in this very assembly, who were of your confederacy. Immortal gods! what country do we inhabit? what city do we belong to? what government do we live under? Here, here, conscript fathers, within these walls, and in this assembly, the most awful and venerable upon earth, there are men who meditate my ruin and yours, the destruction of this city, and consequently of the world itself. Myself, your consul, behold these men, and ask their opinions on public affairs; and instead of dooming them to immediate execution, do not so much as wound them with my tongue. You went then that night, Cataline, to the house of Lecca; you cantoned out all Italy; you appointed the place to which every one was to repair; you singled out those who were to be left at Rome, and those who were to accompany you in person; you marked out the parts of the city destined to conflagration; you declared your purpose of leaving it soon, and said you only waited a little to see me taken off. Two Roman knights undertook to ease you of that care, and assassinate me the same night in bed before day-break. Scarce was your assembly dismissed, when I was informed of all this: I ordered an additional guard to attend, to secure my house from assault; I refused admittance to those whom you sent to compliment me in the morning; and declared to many worthy persons beforehand who they were, and at what time I expected them.

Since then, Cataline, such is the state of your affairs, finish what you have begun; quit the city; the gates are open; nobody opposes your retreat. The troops in Manlius's camp long to put themselves under your command. Carry with you all your confederates; if not all, at least as many as possible. Purge the city. It will take greatly from my fears, to be divided from you by a wall. You cannot pretend to stay any longer with us: I will not bear, will not suffer, will not allow of it. Great thanks are due to the immortal gods, and chiefly to thee, Jupiter Stator, the ancient protector of this city, for having already so often preserved us from this dangerous, this destructive, this pestilential scourge of his country. The supreme safety of the commonwealth ought not to be again and again exposed to danger for the sake of a single man. While I was only consul elect, Cataline, I contented

myself with guarding against your many plots, not by a public guard, but by my private vigilance. When, at the last election of consuls, you had resolved to assassinate me, and your competitors in the field of Mars, I defeated your wicked purpose by the aid of my friends, without disturbing the public peace. In a word, as often as you attempted my life, I singly opposed your fury; though I well saw, that my death would necessarily be attended with many signal calamities to the state. But now you openly strike at the very being of the republic. The temples of the immortal gods, the mansions of Rome, the lives of her citizens, and all the provinces of Italy, are doomed to slaughter and devastation. Since, therefore, I dare not pursue that course, which is most agreeable to ancient discipline, and the genius of the commonwealth, I will follow another, less severe indeed as to the criminal, but more useful in its consequences to the public. For should I order you to be immediately put to death, the commonwealth would still harbour in its bosom the other conspirators: but by driving you from the city, I shall clear Rome at once of the whole baneful tribe of thy accomplices. How, Cataline! Do you hesitate to do at my command, what you was so lately about to do of your own accord? The consul orders a public enemy to depart the city. You ask whether this be a real banishment? I say not expressly so: but was I to advise in the case, it is the best course you can take.

For what is there, Cataline, that can now give you pleasure in this city? wherein, if we except the profligate crew of your accomplices, there is not a man but dreads and abhors you? Is there a domestic stain from which your character is exempted? Have you not rendered yourself infamous by every vice that can brand private life? What scenes of lust have not your eyes beheld? What guilt has not stained your hands? What pollution has not defiled your whole body? What youth, entangled by thee in the allurements of debauchery, hast thou not prompted by arms to deeds of violence, or seduced by incentives into the snares of sensuality? And lately, when by procuring the death of your former wife, you had made room in your house for another, did you not add to the enormity of that crime, by a new and unparalleled measure of guilt? But I pass over this, and choose to let it remain in silence,

that the memory of so monstrous a piece of wickedness, or at least of its having been committed with impunity, may not descend to posterity. I pass over too the entire ruin of your fortunes, which you are sensible must befall you the very next month: and shall proceed to the mention of such particulars as regard not the infamy of your private character, nor the distresses and turpitude of your domestic life: but such as concern the very being of the republic, and the lives and safety of us all. Can the light of life, or the air you breathe, be grateful to you, Cataline; when you are conscious there is not a man here present but knows, that on the last of December, in the consulship of Lepidus and Tullus, you appeared in the Comitium with a dagger? That you had got together a band of ruffians, to assassinate the consuls, and the most considerable men in Rome? and that this execrable and frantic design was defeated, not by any awe or remorse in you, but by the prevailing good fortune of the people of Rome. But I pass over those things, as being already well known: there are others of a later date. How many attempts have you made upon my life, since I was nominated consul, and since I entered upon the actual execution of that office? How many thrusts of thine, so well aimed that they seemed unavoidable, have I parried by an artful evasion; and, as they term it, a gentle deflection of body? You attempt, you contrive, you set on foot nothing of which I have not timely information. Yet you cease not to concert, and enterprise. How often has that dagger been wrested out of thy hands? How often, by some accident, has it dropped before the moment of execution? yet you cannot resolve to lay it aside. How, or with what rites you have consecrated it, is hard to say, that you think yourself thus obliged to lodge it in the bosom of a consul.

What are we to think of your present situation and conduct? For I will now address you, not with the detestation your actions deserve, but with a compassion to which you have no just claim. You came some time ago into the Senate. Did a single person of this numerous assembly, not excepting your most intimate relations and friends, deign to salute you? If there be no instance of this kind in the memory of man, do you expect that I should embitter with reproaches, a doom confirmed

by the silent detestation of all present?— Were not the benches where you sit forsaken, as soon as you was observed to approach them? Did not all the consular senators, whose destruction you have so often plotted, quit immediately the part of the house where you thought proper to place yourself? How are you able to bear all this treatment? For my own part, were my slaves to discover such a dread of me, as your fellow-citizens express of you, I should think it necessary to abandon my own house: and do you hesitate about leaving the city? Was I even wrongfully suspected, and thereby rendered obnoxious to my countrymen, I would sooner withdraw myself from public view, than be beheld with looks full of reproach and indignation. And do you, whose conscience tells you that you are the object of an universal, a just, and a long merited hatred, delay a moment to escape from the looks and presence of a people, whose eyes and senses can no longer endure you among them? Should your parents dread and hate you, and be obstinate to all your endeavours to appease them, you would doubtless withdraw somewhere from their sight. But now your country, the common parent of us all, hates and dreads you, and has long regarded you as a parricide, intent upon the design of destroying her. And will you neither respect her authority, submit to her advice, nor stand in awe of her power? Thus does she reason with you, Cataline; and thus does she, in some measure, address you by her silence: not an enormity has happened these many years, but has had thee for its author: not a crime has been perpetrated without thee: the murder of so many of our citizens, the oppression and plunder of our allies, has through thee alone escaped punishment, and been exercised with unrestrained violence: thou hast found means not only to trample upon law and justice, but even to subvert and destroy them. Though this past behaviour of thine was beyond all patience, yet have I borne with it as I could. But now, to be in continual apprehension from thee alone; on every alarm to tremble at the name of Cataline; to see no designs formed against me that speak not thee for their author, is altogether insupportable. Be gone, then, and rid me of my present terror; that, if just, I may avoid ruin; if groundless, I may at length cease to fear. Should your country, as I said, address you in these terms, ought she not to find

obedience, even supposing her unable to compel you to such a step? But did you not even offer to become a prisoner? Did you not say, that, to avoid suspicion, you would submit to be confined in the house of M. Lepidus? When he declined receiving you, you had the assurance to come to me, and request you might be secured at my house. When I likewise told you, that I could never think myself safe in the same house, when I judged it even dangerous to be in the same city with you, you applied to Q. Metellus the prætor. Being repulsed here too, you went to the excellent M. Marcellus, your companion; who, no doubt, you imagined would be very watchful in confining you, very quick in discerning your secret practices, and very resolute in bringing you to justice. How justly may we pronounce him worthy of iron and a jail, whose own conscience condemns him to restraint? If it be so then, Cataline, and you cannot submit to the thought of dying here, do you hesitate to retire to some other country, and commit to flight and solitude a life, so often and so justly forfeited to thy country? But, say you, put the question to the senate (for so you affect to talk), and if it be their pleasure that I go into banishment, I am ready to obey. I will put no such question; it is contrary to my temper: yet will I give you an opportunity of knowing the sentiments of the senate with regard to you. Leave the city, Cataline; deliver the republic from its fears; go, if you wait only for that word, into banishment. Observe now, Cataline; mark the silence and composure of the assembly. Does a single senator remonstrate, or so much as offer to speak? Is it needful they should confirm by their voice, what they so expressly declare by their silence? But had I addressed myself in this manner to that excellent youth P. Sextius, or to the brave M. Marcellus, the senate would ere now have arisen up against me, and laid violent hands upon their consul in this very temple; and justly too. But with regard to you, Cataline, their silence declares their approbation, their acquiescence amounts to a decree, and by saying nothing they proclaim their consent. Nor is this true of the senators alone, whose authority you affect to prize, while you make no account of their lives; but of these brave and worthy Roman knights, and other illustrious citizens, who guard the

avenues of the senate; whose numbers you might have seen, whose sentiments you might have known, whose voices a little while ago you might have heard; and whose swords and hands I have for some time with difficulty restrained from your person: yet all these will I easily engage to attend you to the very gates, if you but consent to leave this city, which you have so long devoted to destruction.

But why do I talk, as if your resolution was to be shaken, or there was any room to hope you would reform! Can we expect you will ever think of flight, or entertain the design of going into banishment? May the immortal gods inspire you with that resolution! Though I clearly perceive, should my threats frighten you into exile, what a storm of envy will light upon my own head; if not at present, whilst the memory of thy crimes is fresh, yet surely in future time. But I little regard that thought, provided the calamity falls on myself alone, and is not attended with any danger to my country. But to feel the stings of remorse, to dread the rigour of the laws, to yield to the exigencies of the state, are things not to be expected from thee. Thou, O Cataline, art none of those, whom shame reclaims from dishonourable pursuits, fear from danger, or reason from madness. Be gone then, as I have already often said: and if you would swell the measure of popular odium against me, for being, as you give out, your enemy, depart directly into banishment. By this step you will bring upon me an insupportable load of censure; nor shall I be able to sustain the weight of the public indignation, shouldst thou, by order of the consul, retire into exile. But if you mean to advance my reputation and glory, march off with your abandoned crew of ruffians; repair to Manlius; rouse every desperate citizen to rebel; separate yourself from the worthy; declare war against your country; triumph in your impious depredations; that it may appear you was not forced by me into a foreign treason, but voluntarily joined your associates. But why should I urge you to this step, when I know you have already sent forward a body of armed men, to wait you at the Forum Aurelium? When I know you have concerted and fixed a day with Manlius? When I know you have sent off the silver eagle, that domestic shrine of your impieties, which I doubt not will bring ruin upon you and your accom-

plices? Can you absent yourself longer from an idol to which you had recourse in every bloody attempt? And from whose altars that impious right hand was frequently transferred to the murder of your countrymen?

Thus will you at length repair, whither your frantic and unbridled rage has long been hurrying you. Nor does this issue of thy plots give thee pain; but, on the contrary, fills thee with inexpressible delight. Nature has formed you, inclination trained you, and fate reserved you, for this desperate enterprise. You never took delight either in peace or war, unless when they were flagitious or destructive. You have got together a band of ruffians and profligates, not only utterly abandoned of fortune, but even without hope. With what pleasure will you enjoy yourself? how will you exult? how will you triumph? when among so great a number of your associates, you shall neither hear nor see an honest man? To attain the enjoyment of such a life, have you exercised yourself in all those toils, which are emphatically styled yours: your lying on the ground, not only in pursuit of lewd amours, but of bold and hardy enterprises: your treacherous watchfulness, not only to take advantage of the husband's slumber, but to spoil the murdered citizen. Here may you exert all that boasted patience of hunger, cold, and want, by which, however, you will shortly find yourself undone. So much have I gained by excluding you from the consulship, that you can only attack your country as an exile, not oppress her as a consul; and your impious treason will be deemed the efforts, not of an enemy, but of a robber.

And now, conscript fathers, that I may obviate and remove a complaint, which my country might with some appearance of justice urge against me, attend diligently to what I am about to say, and treasure it up in your minds and hearts. For should my country, which is to me much dearer than life, should all Italy, should the whole state thus accost me, What are you about, Marcus Tullius? Will you suffer a man to escape out of Rome, whom you have discovered to be a public enemy? whom you see ready to enter upon a war against the state? whose arrival the conspirators wait with impatience, that they may put themselves under his conduct? the prime author of the treason; the contriver and manager of the revolt? the man

who enlists all the slaves and ruined citizens he can find? will you suffer him, I say, to escape; and appear as one rather sent against the city, than driven from it? will you not order him to be put in irons, to be dragged to execution, and to atone for his guilt by the most rigorous punishment? what restrains you on this occasion? is it the custom of our ancestors? But it is well known in this commonwealth, that even persons in a private station have often put pestilent citizens to death. Do the laws relating to the punishment of Roman citizens hold you in awe? Certainly traitors against their country can have no claim to the privileges of citizens. Are you afraid of the reproaches of posterity? A noble proof, indeed, of your gratitude to the Roman people, that you, a new man, who, without any recommendation from your ancestors, have been raised by them through all the degrees of honour, to sovereign dignity, should, for the sake of any danger to yourself, neglect the care of the public safety. But if censure be that whereof you are afraid, think which is to be most apprehended, the censure incurred for having acted with firmness and courage, or that for having acted with sloth and pusillanimity. When Italy shall be laid desolate with war, her cities plundered, her dwellings on fire; can you then hope to escape the flames of public indignation?

To this most sacred voice of my country, and to all those who blame me after the same manner, I shall make this short reply: That if I had thought it the most advisable to put Cataline to death, I would not have allowed that gladiator the use of one moment's life. For if, in former days, our greatest men, and most illustrious citizens, instead of sully, have done honour to their memories, by the destruction of Saturninus, the Gracchi, Flaccus, and many others; there is no ground to fear, that by killing this parricide, any envy would lie upon me with posterity. Yet if the greatest was sure to befall me, it was always my persuasion, that envy acquired by virtue was really glory, not envy. But there are some of this very order, who do not either see the dangers which hang over us, or else dissemble what they see; who, by the softness of their votes, cherish Cataline's hopes, and add strength to the conspiracy by not believing it; whose authority influences many, not only of the wicked, but the weak; who, if I had

punished this man as he deserved, would not have failed to charge me with acting cruelly and tyrannically. Now I am persuaded, that when he is once gone into Manlius's camp, whither he actually designs to go, none can be so silly, as not to see that there is a plot; none so wicked, as not to acknowledge it: whereas by taking off him alone, though this pestilence would be somewhat checked, it could not be suppressed: but when he has thrown himself into rebellion, and carried out his friends along with him, and drawn together the profligate and desperate from all parts of the empire, not only this ripened plague of the republic, but the very root and seed of all our evils, will be extirpated with him at once.

It is now a long time, conscript fathers, that we have trod amidst the dangers and machinations of this conspiracy; but I know not how it comes to pass, the full maturity of all those crimes, and of this long ripening rage and insolence, has now broke out during the period of my consulship. Should he alone be removed from this powerful band of traitors, it may abate, perhaps, our fears and anxieties for a while; but the danger will still remain, and continue lurking in the veins and vitals of the republic. For as men oppressed with a severe fit of illness, and labouring under the raging heat of a fever, are often at first seemingly relieved by a draught of cold water, but afterwards find the disease return upon them with redoubled fury; in like manner, this distemper which has seized the commonwealth, eased a little by the punishment of this traitor, will from his surviving associates soon assume new force. Wherefore, conscript fathers, let the wicked retire, let them separate themselves from the honest, let them rendezvous in one place. In fine, as I have often said, let a wall be between them and us: let them cease to lay snares for the consul in his own house, to beset the tribunal of the city prætor, to invest the senate-house with armed ruffians, and to prepare fire-balls and torches for burning the city: in short, let every man's sentiments with regard to the public be inscribed on his forehead. This I engage for and promise, conscript fathers, that by the diligence of the consuls, the weight of your authority, the courage and firmness of the Roman knights, and the unanimity of all the honest, Cataline being driven from the city, you shall behold all his treasons de-

tected, exposed, crushed, and punished. With these omens, Cataline, of all prosperity to the republic, but of destruction to thyself, and all those who have joined themselves with thee in all kinds of parricide, go thy way then to this impious and abominable war: whilst thou, Jupiter, whose religion was established with the foundation of this city, whom we truly call Stator, the stay and prop of this empire, will drive this man and his accomplices from thy altars and temples, from the houses and walls of the city, from the lives and fortunes of us all; and wilt destroy with eternal punishments, both living and dead, all the haters of good men, the enemies of their country, the plunderers of Italy, now confederated in this detestable league and partnership of villany.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ 3. *Oration for the Poet Archias.*

THE ARGUMENT.

A. Licinius Archias was a native of Antioch, and a very celebrated poet. He came to Rome when Cicero was about five years old, and was courted by men of the greatest eminence in it, on account of his learning, genius, and politeness. Among others, Lucullus was very fond of him, took him into his family, and gave him the liberty of opening a school in it, to which many of the young nobility and gentry of Rome were sent for their education. In the consulship of M. Pupius Piso and M. Valerius Messala, one Gracchus, a person of obscure birth, accused Archias upon the law, by which those who were made free of any of the confederated cities, and at the time of passing the law dwelt in Italy, were obliged to claim their privilege before the prætor within sixty days. Cicero, in his oration, endeavours to prove, that Archias was a Roman citizen in the sense of that law; but dwells chiefly on the praises of poetry in general, and the talents and genius of the defendant, which he displays with great beauty, elegance, and spirit. The oration was made in the forty-sixth year of Cicero's age, and the six hundred and ninety-second of Rome.

If, my lords, I have any abilities, and I am sensible they are but small; if, by

speaking often, I have acquired any merit as a speaker; if I have derived any knowledge from the study of the liberal arts, which have ever been my delight, A. Licinius may justly claim the fruit of all. For looking back upon past scenes, and calling to remembrance the earliest part of my life, I find it was he who prompted me first to engage in a course of study, and directed me in it. If my tongue, then formed and animated by him, has ever been the means of saving any, I am certainly bound by all the ties of gratitude to employ it in the defence of him, who has taught it to assist and defend others. And though his genius and course of study are very different from mine, let no one be surprised at what I advance: for I have not bestowed the whole of my time on the study of eloquence, and besides, all the liberal arts are nearly allied to each other, and have, as it were, one common bond of union.

But lest it should appear strange, that, in a legal proceeding, and a public cause, before an excellent prætor, the most impartial judges, and so crowded an assembly, I lay aside the usual style of trials, and introduce one very different from that of the bar; I must beg to be indulged in this liberty, which, I hope, will not be disagreeable to you, and which seems indeed to be due to the defendant: that whilst I am pleading for an excellent poet, and a man of great erudition, before so learned an audience, such distinguished patrons of the liberal arts, and so eminent a prætor, you would allow me to enlarge with some freedom on learning and liberal studies; and to employ an almost unprecedented language for one, who, by reason of a studious and unactive life, has been little conversant in dangers and public trials. If this, my lords, is granted me, I shall not only prove that A. Licinius ought not, as he is a citizen, to be deprived of his privileges, but that, if he were not, he ought to be admitted.

For no sooner had Archias got beyond the years of childhood, and applied himself to poetry, after finishing those studies by which the minds of youth are usually formed to a taste for polite learning, than his genius shewed itself superior to any at Antioch, the place where he was born, of a noble family; once indeed a rich and renowned city, but still famous for liberal arts, and fertile in learned men. He was afterwards received with such ap-

plause in the other cities of Asia, and all over Greece, that though they expected more than fame had promised concerning him, even these expectations were exceeded, and their admiration of him greatly increased. Italy was, at that time, full of the arts and sciences of Greece, which were then cultivated with more care among the Latins than now they are, and were not even neglected at Rome, the public tranquillity being favourable to them. Accordingly, the inhabitants of Tarentum, Rhegium, and Naples, made him free of their respective cities, and conferred other honours upon him; and all those who had any taste, reckoned him worthy of their acquaintance and friendship. Being thus known by fame to those who were strangers to his person, he came to Rome in the consulship of Marius and Catulus; the first of whom had, by his glorious deeds, furnished out a noble subject for a poet; and the other, besides his memorable actions, was both a judge and a lover of poetry. Though he had not yet reached his seventeenth year, yet no sooner was he arrived than the Luculli took him into their family; which as it was the first that received him in his youth, so it afforded him freedom of access even in old age; nor was this owing to his great genius and learning alone, but likewise to his amiable temper and virtuous disposition. At that time, too, Q. Metellus Numidicus, and his son Pius, were delighted with his conversation; M. Æmilius was one of his hearers; Q. Catulus, both the elder and younger, honoured him with their intimacy; L. Crassus courted him; and being united by the greatest familiarity to the Luculli, Drusus, the Octavii, Cato, and the whole Hortensian family; it was no small honour to him to receive marks of the highest regard, not only from those who were really desirous of hearing him, and of being instructed by him, but even from those who affected to be so.

A considerable time after, he went with L. Lucullus into Sicily, and leaving that province in company with the same Lucullus, came to Heraclea, which being joined with Rome by the closest bonds of alliance, he was desirous of being made free of it; and obtained his request, both on account of his own merit, and the interest and authority of Lucullus. Strangers were admitted to the freedom of Rome, according to the law of Silvanus and Carbo, upon the following conditions:

if they were enrolled by free cities; if they had a dwelling in Italy, when the law passed; and if they declared their enrolment before the prætor within the space of sixty days. Agreeable to this law, Archias, who had resided at Rome for many years, made his declaration before the prætor Q. Metellus, who was his intimate friend. If the right of citizenship and the law is all I have to prove, I have done; the cause is ended. For which of these things, Gracchus, can you deny? Will you say that he was not made a citizen of Heraclea, at that time? Why, here is Lucullus, a man of the greatest credit, honour, and integrity, who affirms it; and that not as a thing he believes, but as what he knows; not as what he heard of, but as what he saw; not as what he was present at, but as what he transacted. Here are likewise deputies from Heraclea, who affirm the same; men of the greatest quality come hither on purpose to give public testimony in this cause. But here you'll desire to see the public register of Heraclea, which we all know was burnt in the Italian war, together with the office wherein it was kept. Now, is it not ridiculous to say nothing to the evidences which we have, and to desire those which we cannot have; to be silent as to the testimony of men, and to demand the testimony of registers; to pay no regard to what is affirmed by a person of great dignity, nor to the oath and integrity of a free city of the strictest honour, evidences which are incapable of being corrupted, and to require those of registers which you allow to be frequently vitiated. But he did not reside at Rome; what, he, who for so many years before Silvanus's law made Rome the seat of all his hopes and fortune? But he did not declare; so far is this from being true, that his declaration is to be seen in that register, which by that very act, and its being in the custody of the college of prætors, is the only authentic one.

For the negligence of Appius, the corruption of Gabinus before his condemnation, and his disgrace after, having destroyed the credit of public records; Metellus, a man of the greatest honour and modesty, was so very exact, that he came before Lentulus the prætor and the other judges, and declared that he was uneasy at the erasure of a single name. The name of A. Licinius therefore is still to be seen

and as this is the case, why should you doubt of his being a citizen of Rome, especially as he was enrolled likewise in other free cities? For when Greece bestowed the freedom of its cities, without the recommendation of merit, upon persons of little consideration, and those who had either no employment at all, or very mean ones, is it to be imagined that the inhabitants of Rhegium, Locris, Naples, or Tarentum, would deny to a man so highly celebrated for his genius what they conferred even upon comedians? When others, not only after Silvanus's law, but even after the Papian law, shall have found means to creep into the registers of the municipal cities, shall he be rejected, who, because he was always desirous of passing for an Heracleian, never availed himself of his being enrolled in other cities? But you desire to see the enrolment of our estate; as if it were not well known, that under the last censorship the defendant was with the army commanded by that renowned general, L. Lucullus; that under the censorship immediately preceding, he was with the same Lucullus then quæstor in Asia; and that, when Julius and Crassus were censors, there was no enrolment made? But, as an enrolment in the censor's books does not confirm the right of citizenship, and only shews that the person enrolled assumed the character of a citizen, I must tell you that Archias made a will according to our laws, succeeded to the estates of Roman citizens, and was recommended to the treasury by L. Lucullus, both when prætor and consul, as one who deserved well of the state, at the very time when you allege that, by his own confession, he had no right to the freedom of Rome.

Find out whatever arguments you can, Archias will never be convicted for his own conduct, nor that of his friends. But you'll no doubt ask the reason, Gracchus, of my being so highly delighted with this man? Why, it is because he furnishes me with what relieves my mind, and charms my ears, after the fatigue and noise of the forum. Do you imagine that I could possibly plead every day on such a variety of subjects, if my mind was not cultivated with science; or that it could bear being stretched to such a degree, if it were not sometimes unbent by the amusements of learning? I am fond of these studies, I own: let those be ashamed who have buried themselves in learning so as to be of

no use to society, nor able to produce any thing to public view; but why should I be ashamed, who for so many years, my lords, have never been prevented by indolence, seduced by pleasure, nor diverted by sleep, from doing good offices to others? Who then can censure me, or in justice be angry with me, if those hours which others employ in business, in pleasures, in celebrating public solemnities, in refreshing the body and unbending the mind; if the time which is spent by some in midnight banquetings, in diversions, and in gaming, I employ in reviewing these studies? And this application is the more excusable, as I derive no small advantages from it in my profession, in which, whatever abilities I possess, they have always been employed when the dangers of my friends called for their assistance. If they should appear to any to be but small, there are still other advantages of a much higher nature, and I am very sensible whence I derive them. For had I not been convinced from my youth, by much instruction and much study, that nothing is greatly desirable in life but glory and virtue, and that, in the pursuit of these, all bodily tortures, and the perils of death and exile, are to be slighted and despised, never should I have exposed myself to so many and so great conflicts for your preservation, nor to the daily rage and violence of the most worthless of men. But on this head books are full, the voice of the wise is full, antiquity is full; all which, were it not for the lamp of learning, would be involved in thick obscurity. How many pictures of the bravest of men have the Greek and Latin writers left us, not only to contemplate, but likewise to imitate? These illustrious models I always set before me in the government of the state, and formed my conduct by contemplating their virtues.

But were those great men, it will be asked, who are celebrated in history, distinguished for that kind of learning which you extol so highly? It were difficult, indeed, to prove this of them all; but what I shall answer is, however, very certain. I own, then, that there have been many men of excellent dispositions and distinguished virtue, who, without learning, and by the almost divine force of nature herself, have been wise and moderate; nay, farther, that nature without learning is of greater efficacy towards the attainment of glory and virtue, than learning without nature; but then, I affirm, that when to

an excellent natural disposition the embellishments of learning are added, there results from this union something great and extraordinary. Such was that divine man Africanus, whom our fathers saw; such were C. Lælius and L. Furius, persons of the greatest temperance and moderation; such was old Cato, a man of great bravery, and, for the times, of great learning; who, surely, would never have applied to the study of learning, had they thought it of no service towards the acquisition and improvement of virtue. But were pleasure only to be derived from learning, without the advantages we have mentioned, you must still, I imagine, allow it to be a very liberal and polite amusement. For other studies are not suited to every time, to every age, and to every place; but these give strength in youth, and joy in old age; adorn prosperity, and are the support and consolation of adversity; at home they are delightful, and abroad they are easy; at night they are company to us; when we travel they attend us; and, in our rural retirement, they do not forsake us. Though we ourselves were incapable of them, and had no relish for their charms, still we should admire them when we see them in others.

Was there any of us so void of taste, and of so unfeeling a temper, as not to be affected lately with the death of Roscius? For though he died in an advanced age, yet such was the excellence and inimitable beauty of his art, that we thought him worthy of living for ever. Was he then so great a favourite with us all on account of the graceful motions of his body; and shall we be insensible to the surprising energy of the mind, and the sprightly sallies of genius? How often have I seen this Archias, my lords, (for I will presume on your goodness, as you are pleased to favour me with so much attention in this unusual manner of pleading) how often, I say, have I seen him, without using his pen, and without any labour of study, make a great number of excellent verses on occasional subjects? How often, when a subject was resumed, have I heard him give it a different turn of thought and expression, whilst those compositions which he finished with care and exactness were as highly approved as the most celebrated writers of antiquity. And shall not I love this man? Shall I not admire him? Shall I not defend him to the utmost of

my power? For men of the greatest eminence and learning have taught us, that other branches of science require education, art, and precept; but that a poet is formed by the plastic hand of nature herself, is quickened by the native fire of genius, and animated as it were by a kind of divine enthusiasm. It is with justice, therefore, that our Ennius bestows upon poets the epithet of *venerable*, because they seem to have some peculiar gifts of the gods to recommend them to us. Let the name of poet then, which the most barbarous nations have never profaned, be revered by you, my lords, who are so great admirers of polite learning. Rocks and deserts re-echo sounds; savage beasts are often soothed by music, and listen to its charms; and shall we, with all the advantages of the best education, be unaffected with the voice of poetry? The Calophonians give out that Homer is their countryman, the Chians declare that he is theirs, the Salaminians lay claim to him, the people of Smyrna affirm that Smyrna gave him breath, and have accordingly dedicated a temple to him in their city: besides these, many other nations contend warmly for this honour.

Do they then lay claim to a stranger even after his death, on account of his being a poet; and shall we reject this living poet, who is a Roman both by inclination and the laws of Rome; especially as he has employed the utmost efforts of his genius to celebrate the glory and grandeur of the Roman people? For, in his youth, he sung the triumphs of C. Marius over the Cimbri, and even pleased that great general, who had but little relish for the charms of poetry. Nor is there any person so great an enemy to the Muses, as not readily to allow the poet to blazon his fame, and consecrate his actions to immortality. Themistocles, that celebrated Athenian, upon being asked what music, or whose voice was most agreeable to him, is reported to have answered, *that man's who could best celebrate his virtues*. The same Marius too had a very high regard for L. Plotius, whose genius, he thought, was capable of doing justice to his actions. But Archias has described the whole Mithridatic war; a war of such danger and importance, and so very memorable for the great variety of its events both by sea and land. Nor does his poem reflect honour only on L. Lucullus, that very brave and renowned man, but likewise

adds lustre to the Roman name. For, under Lucullus, the Roman people penetrated into Pontus, impregnable till then by means of its situation and the arms of its monarchs; under him, the Romans, with no very considerable force, routed the numberless troops of the Armenians; under his conduct too, Rome had the glory of delivering Cyzicum, the city of our faithful allies, from the rage of a monarch, and rescuing it from the devouring jaws of a mighty war. The praises of our fleet shall ever be recorded and celebrated, for the wonders performed at Tenedos, where the enemy's ships were sunk, and their commanders slain: such are our trophies, such our monuments, such our triumphs. Those, therefore, whose genius describes these exploits, celebrate likewise the praises of the Roman name. Our Ennius was greatly beloved by the elder Africanus, and accordingly he is thought to have a marble statue amongst the monuments of the Scipios. But those praises are not appropriated to the immediate subjects of them; the whole Roman people have a share in them. Cato, the ancestor of the judge here present, is highly celebrated for his virtues, and from this the Romans themselves derive great honour: in a word, the Maximis, the Marcelli, the Fulvii, cannot be praised without praising every Roman.

Did our ancestors then confer the freedom of Rome on him who sung the praises of her heroes, on a native of Ædiæ; and shall we thrust this Heracleian out of Rome, who has been courted by many cities, and whom our laws have made a Roman? For if any one imagines that less glory is derived from the Greek, than from the Latin poet, he is greatly mistaken; the Greek language is understood in almost every nation, whereas the Latin is confined to Latin territories, territories extremely narrow. If our exploits, therefore, have reached the utmost limits of the earth, we ought to be desirous that our glory and fame shall extend as far as our arms; for as these operate powerfully on the people whose actions are recorded; so to those who expose their lives for the sake of glory, they are the grand motives to toils and dangers. How many persons is Alexander the Great reported to have carried along with him, to write his history! And yet, when he stood by the tomb of Achilles at Sigæum, "Happy youth," he cried, "who could find a Ho-

mer to blazon thy fame!" And what he said was true; for had it not been for the Iliad, his ashes and fame had been buried in the same tomb. Did not Pompey the Great, whose virtues were equal to his fortune, confer the freedom of Rome, in the presence of a military assembly, upon Theophanes of Mitylene, who sung his triumphs? And these Romans of ours, men brave indeed, but unpolished and mere soldiers, moved with the charms of glory, gave shouts of applause, as if they had shared in the honour of their leader. Is it to be supposed then, that Archias, if our laws had not made him a citizen of Rome, could not have obtained his freedom from some general? Would Sylla, who conferred the rights of citizenship on Gauls and Spaniards, have refused the suit of Archias? That Sylla, whom we saw in an assembly, when a bad poet, of obscure birth, presented him a petition upon the merit of having written an epigram in his praise of unequal hobbling verses, order him to be instantly rewarded out of an estate he was selling at the time, on condition he should write no more verses. Would he, who even thought the industry of a bad poet worthy of some reward, not have been fond of the genius, the spirit, and eloquence of Archias? Could our poet, neither by his own interest, nor that of the Luculli, have obtained from his intimate friend Q. Metellus Pius the freedom of Rome, which he bestowed so frequently upon others? Especially as Metellus was so very desirous of having his actions celebrated, that he was even somewhat pleased with the dull and barbarous verses of the poets born at Corduba.

Nor ought we to dissemble this truth, which cannot be concealed, but declare it openly: we are all influenced by the love of praise, and the greatest minds have the greatest passion for glory. The philosophers themselves prefix their names to those books which they write upon the contempt of glory; by which they shew that they are desirous of praise and fame, while they affect to despise them. Decimus Brutus, that great commander and excellent man, adorned the monuments of his family and the gates of his temples, with the verses of his intimate friend Attius; and Fulvius, who made war with the Ætoliars attended by Ennius, did not scruple to consecrate the spoils of Mars to the Muses. In that city, therefore, where generals, with their arms almost in their

hands, have revered the shrines of the Muses and the name of poets, surely magistrates in their robes, and in times of peace, ought not to be averse to honouring the one, or protecting the other. And to engage you the more readily to this, my lords, I will lay open the very sentiments of my heart before you, and freely confess my passion for glory, which, though too keen, perhaps, is however virtuous. For what I did in conjunction with you during my consulship, for the safety of this city and empire, for the lives of my fellow-citizens, and for the interests of the state, Archias intends to celebrate in verse, and has actually begun his poem. Upon reading what he has wrote, it appeared to me so sublime, and gave me so much pleasure, that I encouraged him to go on with it. For virtue desires no other reward for her toils and dangers, but praise and glory: take but this away, my lords, and what is there left in this short, this scanty career of human life, that can tempt us to engage in so many and so great labours? Surely, if the mind had no thought of futurity, if she confined all her views within those limits which bound our present existence, she would neither waste her strength in so great toils, nor harass herself with so many cares and watchings, nor struggle so often for life itself; but there is a certain principle in the breast of every good man, which both day and night quickens him to the pursuit of glory, and puts him in mind that his fame is not to be measured by the extent of his present life, but that it runs parallel with the line of posterity.

Can we, who are engaged in the affairs of the state, and in so many toils and dangers, think so meanly as to imagine that, after a life of uninterrupted care and trouble, nothing shall remain of us after death? If many of the greatest men have been careful to leave their statues and pictures, these representations not of their minds but of their bodies; ought not we to be much more desirous of leaving the portraits of our enterprises and virtues drawn and finished by the most eminent artists? As for me, I have always imagined, whilst I was engaged in doing whatever I have done, that I was spreading my actions over the whole earth, and that they would be held in eternal remembrance. But whether I shall lose my consciousness of this at death, or whether, as the wisest men have thought, I shall retain it after,

at present the thought delights me, and my mind is filled with pleasing hopes. Do not then deprive us, my lords, of a man whom modesty, a graceful manner, engaging behaviour, and the affections of his friends, so strongly recommended; the greatness of whose genius may be estimated from this, that he is courted by the most eminent men of Rome; and whose plea is such, that it has the law in its favour, the authority of a municipal town, the testimony of Lucullus, and the register of Metellus. This being the case, we beg of you, my lords, since in matters of such importance, not only the intercession of men, but of gods, is necessary, that the man, who has always celebrated your virtues, those of your generals, and the victories of the Roman people; who declares that he will raise eternal monuments to your praise and mine for our conduct in our late domestic dangers; and who is of the number of those that have ever been accounted and pronounced divine, may be so protected by you, as to have greater reason to applaud your generosity than to complain of your rigour. What I have said, my lords, concerning this cause, with my usual brevity and simplicity, is, I am confident, approved by all: what I have advanced upon poetry in general, and the genius of the defendant, contrary to the usage of the forum and the bar, will, I hope, be taken in good part by you; by him who presides upon the bench, I am convinced it will.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ 4. *The Oration which was spoken by PERICLES, at the public Funeral of those ATHENIANS, who had been first killed in the PELOPONNESIAN War.*

Many of those who have spoken before me on occasions of this kind, have commended the author of that law which we are now obeying, for having instituted an oration to the honour of those who sacrifice their lives in fighting for their country. For my part, I think it sufficient for men who have approved their virtue in action, by action to be honoured for it — by such as you see the public gratitude now performing about this funeral; and that the virtues of many ought not to be endangered by the management of any one person, when their credit must precariously depend on this oration, which may be good, and may be bad. Difficult indeed it is, judiciously to handle a subject,

where even probable truth will hardly gain assent. The hearer, enlightened by a long acquaintance, and warm in his affections, may quickly pronounce every thing unfavourably expressed, in respect to what he wishes and what he knows; whilst the stranger pronounceth all exaggerated, through envy of those deeds which he is conscious are above his own achievement. For the praises bestowed on others are then only to be endured, when men imagine they can do those feats they hear to have been done; they envy what they cannot equal, and immediately pronounce it false. Yet, as this solemnity has received its sanction from the authority of our ancestors, it is my duty also to obey the law, and to endeavour to procure, so far as I am able, the good will and approbation of all my audience.

I shall therefore begin first with our forefathers, since both justice and decency require we should, on this occasion, bestow on them an honourable remembrance. In this our country they kept themselves always firmly settled; and, through their valour, handed it down free to every since succeeding generation.—Worthy, indeed, of praise are they, and yet more worthy are our immediate fathers; since, enlarging their own inheritance into the extensive empire which we now possess, they bequeathed that, their work of toil, to us their sons. Yet even these successes, we ourselves, here present, we who are yet in the strength and vigour of our days, have nobly improved, and have made such provisions for this our Athens, that now it is all-sufficient in itself to answer every exigence of war and of peace. I mean not here to recite those martial exploits by which these ends were accomplished, or the resolute defences we ourselves and our forefathers have made against the formidable invasions of Barbarians and Greeks. Your own knowledge of these will excuse the long detail. But by what methods we have rose to this height of glory and power; by what polity, and by what conduct, we are thus aggrandized; I shall first endeavour to shew, and then proceed to the praise of the deceased. These, in my opinion, can be no impertinent topics on this occasion; the discussion of them must be beneficial to this numerous company of Athenians and of strangers.

We are happy in a form of government which cannot envy the laws of our neighbours; for it hath served as a model to

others, but is originally at Athens. And this our form, as committed not to the few, but to the whole body of the people, is called a democracy. How different soever in a private capacity, we all enjoy the same general equality our laws are fitted to preserve; and superior honours, just as we excel. The public administration is not confined to a particular family, but is attainable only by merit. Poverty is not an hindrance, since whoever is able to serve his country meets with no obstacle to preferment from his first obscurity. The offices of the state we go through without obstructions from one another; and live together in the mutual endearments of private life without suspicions; not angry with a neighbour for following the bent of his own humour, nor putting on that countenance of discontent, which pains, though it cannot punish; so that in private life we converse together without diffidence or damage, whilst we dare not, on any account, offend against the public, through the reverence we bear to the magistrates and the laws, chiefly to those enacted for redress of the injured, and to those unwritten, a breach of which is allowed disgrace. Our laws have further provided for the mind most frequent intermissions of care, by the appointment of public recreations and sacrifices throughout the year, elegantly performed with a peculiar pomp, the daily delight of which is a charm that puts melancholy to flight. The grandeur of this our Athens causes the produce of the whole earth to be imported here, by which we reap a familiar enjoyment, not more of the delicacies of our own growth, than of those of other nations.

In the affairs of war we excel those of our enemies, who adhere to methods opposite to our own; for we lay open Athens to general resort, nor ever drive any stranger from us, whom either improvement or curiosity hath brought amongst us, lest any enemy should hurt us by seeing what is never concealed; we place not so great a confidence in the preparatives and artifices of war as in the native warmth of our souls impelling us to action. In point of education, the youth of some people are inured, by a course of laborious exercise, to support toil and hardship like men; but we, notwithstanding our easy and elegant way of life, face all the dangers of war as intrepidly as they. This may be proved by facts, since the Lacede-

monians never invade our territories, barely with their own, but with the united strength of all their confederates. But when we invade the dominions of our neighbours, for the most part we conquer without difficulty, in an enemy's country, those who fight in defence of their own habitations. The strength of our whole force, no enemy hath ever yet experienced, because it is divided by our naval expeditions, or engaged in the different quarters of our service by land. But if any where they engage and defeat a small party of our forces, they boastingly give it out a total defeat; and if they are beat, they were certainly overpowered by our united strength. What though from a state of inactivity, rather than laborious exercise, or with a natural, rather than an acquired valour, we learn to encounter danger; this good at least we receive from it, that we never droop under the apprehension of possible misfortunes, and when we hazard the danger, are found no less courageous than those who are continually inured to it. In these respects, our whole community deserves justly to be admired, and in many we have yet to mention.

In our manner of living we shew an elegance tempered with frugality, and we cultivate philosophy, without enervating the mind. We display our wealth in the season of beneficence, and not in the vanity of discourse. A confession of poverty is disgrace to no man; no effort to avoid it, is disgrace indeed. There is visibly, in the same persons, an attention to their own private concerns, and those of the public; and in others, engaged in the labours of life, there is a competent skill in the affairs of government. For we are the only people who think him that does not meddle in state affairs—not indolent, but good for nothing. And yet we pass the soundest judgment, and are quick at catching the right apprehensions of things, not thinking that words are prejudicial to actions: but rather the not being duly prepared by previous debate, before we are obliged to proceed to execution. Herein consists our distinguishing excellence, that in the hour of action we shew the greatest courage, and yet debate beforehand the expediency of our measures. The courage of others is the result of ignorance; deliberation makes them cowards. And those undoubtedly must be owned to have the greatest souls, who,

most acutely sensible of the miseries of war and the sweets of peace, are not hence in the least deterred from facing danger.

In acts of beneficence, farther, we differ from the many. We preserve friends, not by receiving, but by conferring obligations. For he who does a kindness, hath the advantage over him who, by the law of gratitude, becomes a debtor to his benefactor. The person obliged is compelled to act the more insipid part, conscious that a return of kindness is merely a payment, and not an obligation. And we alone are splendidly beneficent to others, not so much from interested motives, as for the credit of pure liberality. I shall sum up what yet remains, by only adding, that our Athens, in general, is the school of Greece: and that every single Athenian among us is excellently formed, by his personal qualifications, for all the various scenes of active life, acting with a most graceful demeanor, and a most ready habit of dispatch.

That I have not, on this occasion, made use of a pomp of words, but the truth of facts, that height to which, by such a conduct, this state hath rose, is an undeniable proof. For we are now the only people of the world, who are found by experience to be greater than in report; the only people who, repelling the attacks of an invading enemy, exempt their defeat from the blush of indignation, and to their tributaries no discontent, as if subject to men unworthy to command. That we deserve our power, we need no evidence to manifest; we have great and signal proofs of this, which entitle us to the admiration of the present and of future ages. We want no Homer to be the herald of our praise; no poet to deck off a history with the charms of verse, where the opinion of exploits must suffer by a strict relation. Every sea hath been opened by our fleets, and every land been penetrated by our armies, which have every where left behind them eternal monuments of our enmity and our friendship.

In the just defence of such a state, these victims of their own valour, scorning the ruin threatened to it, have valiantly fought and bravely died. And every one of those who survive is ready, I am persuaded, to sacrifice life in such a cause. And for this reason have I enlarged so much on national points, to give the clearest proof, that in the present war we

have more at stake than men whose public advantages are not so valuable; and to illustrate by actual evidence, how great a commendation is due to them who are now my subjects, and the greatest part of which they have already received. For the encomiums with which I have celebrated the state, have been earned for it by the bravery of these, and of men like these. And such compliments might be thought too high and exaggerated, if passed on any Grecians, but them alone. The fatal period to which these gallant souls are now reduced, is the surest evidence of their merit—an evidence begun in their lives, and completed by their deaths: for it is a debt of justice to pay superior honours to men, who have devoted their lives in fighting for their country, though inferior to others in every virtue but that of valour. Their last service effaceth all former demerits—it extends to the public; their private demeanors reached only to a few. Yet not one of these was at all induced to shrink from danger, through fondness of those delights which the peaceful affluent life bestows; not one was the less lavish of his life, through that flattering hope attendant upon want, that poverty at length might be exchanged for affluence. One passion there was in their minds much stronger than these, the desire of vengeance on their enemies. Regarding this as the most honourable prize of dangers, they boldly rushed towards the mark, to seek revenge, and then to satisfy those secondary passions. The uncertain event they had already secured in hope; what their eyes shewed plainly must be done, they trusted their own valour to accomplish, thinking it more glorious to defend themselves, and die in the attempt, than to yield and live. From the reproach of cowardice, indeed, they fled, but presented their bodies to the shock of battle; when, insensible of fear, but triumphing in hope, in the doubtful charge they instantly drop; and thus discharged the duty which brave men owe to their country.

As for you, who now survive them, it is your business to pray for a better fate—but to think it your duty also to preserve the same spirit and warmth of courage against your enemies; not judging the expediency of this from a mere harangue—where any man, indulging a flow of words, may tell you, what you yourselves know as well as he, how many advantages

there are in fighting valiantly against your enemies—but rather making the daily increasing grandeur of this community the object of your thoughts, and growing quite enamoured of it. And, when it really appears great to your apprehensions, think again, that this grandeur was acquired by brave and valiant men; by men who knew their duty, and in the moments of action were sensible of shame; who, whenever their attempts were unsuccessful, thought it dishonourable their country should stand in need of any thing their valour could do for it, and so made it the most glorious present. Bestowing thus their lives on the public, they have every one received a praise that will never decay, a sepulchre that will be most illustrious.—Not that in which their bones lie mouldering, but that in which their fame is preserved, to be on every occasion, when honour is the employ of either word or act, eternally remembered. This whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men; nor is it the inscription on the columns in their native soil that alone shews their merit, but the memorial of them, better than all inscriptions, in every foreign nation, repositied more durably in universal remembrance than on their own tomb. From this very moment, emulating these noble patterns, placing your happiness in liberty, and liberty in valour, be prepared to encounter all the dangers of war. For, to be lavish of life is not so noble in those whom misfortunes have reduced to misery and despair, as in men who hazard the loss of a comfortable subsistence, and the enjoyment of all the blessings this world affords, by an unsuccessful enterprise. Adversity, after a series of ease and affluence, sinks deeper into the heart of a man of spirit, than the stroke of death insensibly received in the vigour of life and public hope.

For this reason, the parents of those who are now gone, whoever of them may be attending here, I do not bewail;—I shall rather comfort. It is well known to what unhappy accidents they were liable from the moment of their birth; and that happiness belongs to men who have reached the most glorious period of life, as these now have who are to you the source of sorrow; those, whose life hath received its ample measure, happy in its continuance, and equally happy in its conclusion. I know it in truth a difficult

task to fix comfort in those breasts which will have frequent remembrances, in seeing the happiness of others, of what they once themselves enjoyed. And sorrow flows not from the absence of those good things we have never yet experienced, but from the loss of those to which we have been accustomed. They, who are not yet by age exempted from issue, should be comforted in the hope of having more. The children yet to be born will be a private benefit to some, in causing them to forget such as no longer are, and will be a double benefit to their country, in preventing its desolation, and providing for its security. For those persons cannot in common justice be regarded as members of equal value to the public, who have no children to expose to danger for its safety. But you, whose age is already far advanced, compute the greater share of happiness your longer time hath afforded for so much gain, persuaded in yourselves the remainder will be but short, and enlighten that space by the glory gained by these. It is greatness of soul alone that never grows old: nor is it wealth that delights in the latter stage of life, as some give out, so much as honour.

To you, the sons and brothers of the deceased, whatever number of you are here, a field of hardy contention is opened. For him, who no longer is, every one is ready to commend, so that to whatever height you push your deserts, you will scarce ever be thought to equal, but to be somewhat inferior, to these. Envy will exert itself against a competitor whilst life remains; but when death stops the competition, affection will applaud without restraint.

If, after this, it be expected from me to say any thing to you, who are now reduced to a state of widowhood, about female virtue, I shall express it all in one short admonition:—It is your greatest glory not to be deficient in the virtue peculiar to your sex, and to give the men as little handle as possible to talk of your behaviour, whether well or ill.

I have now discharged the province allotted me by the laws, and said what I thought most pertinent to this assembly. Our departed friends have by facts been already honoured. Their children, from this day till they arrive at manhood, shall be educated at the public expense of the state*, which hath appointed so beneficial

* The law was that they should be instructed at the public expense, and when come to age, presented with a complete suit of armour, and honoured with the first seats in all public places.

a meed for these, and all future relics of the public contests. For wherever the greatest rewards are proposed for virtue, there the best of patriots are ever to be found.—Now, let every one respectively indulge the decent grief for his departed friends, and then retire. *Thucydides.*

§ 5. *ROMULUS to the People of Rome, after building the City.*

If all the strength of cities lay in the height of their ramparts, or the depth of their ditches, we should have great reason to be in fear for that which we have now built. But are there in reality any walls too high to be scaled by a valiant enemy? and of what use are ramparts in intestine divisions? They may serve for a defence against sudden incursions from abroad; but it is by courage and prudence chiefly, that the invasions of foreign enemies are repelled; and by unanimity, sobriety, and justice, that domestic seditions are prevented. Cities fortified by the strongest bulwarks have been often seen to yield to force from without, or to tumults from within. An exact military discipline, and a steady observance of civil polity, are the surest barriers against these evils.

But there is still another point of great importance to be considered. The prosperity of some rising colonies, and the speedy ruin of others, have in a great measure been owing to their form of government. Were there but one manner of ruling states and cities that could make them happy, the choice would not be difficult; but I have learnt, that of the various forms of government among the Greeks and Barbarians, there are three which are highly extolled by those who have experienced them; and yet, that no one of these is in all respects perfect, but each of them has some innate and incurable defect. Choose you, then, in what manner this city shall be governed. Shall it be by one man? shall it be by a select number of the wisest among us? or shall the legislative power be in the people? As for me, I shall submit to whatever form of administration you shall please to establish. As I think myself not unworthy to command, so neither am I unwilling to obey. Your having chosen me to be the leader of this colony, and your calling the city after my name, are honours sufficient to content me; honours of which, living or dead, I never can be deprived.

Hooke.

§ 6. *HANNIBAL to SCIPIO AFRICANUS, at their Interview preceding the Battle of Zama.*

Since fate has so ordained it, that I, who began the war, and who have been so often on the point of ending it by a complete conquest, should now come of my own motion to ask a peace; I am glad that it is of you, Scipio, I have the fortune to ask it. Nor will this be among the least of your glories, that Hannibal, victorious over so many Roman generals, submitted at last to you.

I could wish, that our fathers and we had confined our ambition within the limits which nature seems to have prescribed to it; the shores of Africa and the shores of Italy. The gods did not give us that mind. On both sides we have been so eager after foreign possessions, as to put our own to the hazard of war. Rome and Carthage have had, each in her turn, the enemy at her gates. But since errors past may be more easily blamed than corrected, let it now be the work of you and me to put an end, if possible, to the obstinate contention. For my own part, my years and the experience I have had of the instability of fortune, inclines me to leave nothing to her determination, which reason can decide. But much I fear, Scipio, that your youth, your want of the like experience, your uninterrupted success, may render you averse from the thoughts of peace. He whom fortune has never failed, rarely reflects upon her inconstancy. Yet, without recurring to former examples, my own may perhaps suffice to teach you moderation. I am that same Hannibal, who after my victory at Cannæ, became master of the greatest part of your country, and deliberated with myself what fate I should decree to Italy and Rome. And now—see the change! Here, in Africa, I am come to treat with a Roman, for my own preservation and my country's. Such are the sports of fortune! Is she then to be trusted because she smiles? An advantageous peace is preferable to the hope of victory. The one is in your own power, the other at the pleasure of the gods. Should you prove victorious, it would add little to your own glory, or the glory of your country; if vanquished, you lose in one hour all the honour and reputation you have been so many years acquiring. But what is my aim in all

this?—that you should content yourself with our cession of Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, and all the islands between Italy and Africa. A peace on these conditions will, in my opinion, not only secure the future tranquillity of Carthage, but be sufficiently glorious for you, and for the Roman name. And do not tell me, that some of our citizens dealt fraudulently with you in the late treaty—it is I, Hannibal, that now ask a peace: I ask it, because I think it expedient for my country; and, thinking it expedient, I will inviolably maintain it. *Hooke.*

§ 7. *SCIPIO'S Answer.*

I knew very well, Hannibal, that it was the hope of your return which emboldened the Carthaginians to break the truce with us, and to lay aside all thoughts of a peace, when it was just upon the point of being concluded; and your present proposal is a proof of it. You retrench from their concessions every thing but what we are, and have been long possessed of. But as it is your care that your fellow-citizens should have the obligation to you, of being eased from a great part of their burden, so it ought to be mine that they draw no advantage from their perfidiousness. Nobody is more sensible than I am of the weakness of man, and the power of fortune, and that whatever we enterprize is subject to a thousand chances. If, before the Romans passed into Africa, you had of your own accord quitted Italy, and made the offers you now make, I believe they would not have been rejected. But as you have been forced out of Italy, and we are masters here of the open country, the situation of things is much altered. And, what is chiefly to be considered, the Carthaginians, by the late treaty, which we entered into at their request, were, over and above what you offer, to have restored to us our prisoners without ransom, delivered up their ships of war, paid us five thousand talents, and to have given hostages for the performance of all. The senate accepted these conditions, but Carthage failed on her part; Carthage deceived us. What then is to be done? Are the Carthaginians to be released from the most important articles of the treaty, as a reward of their breach of faith? No,

certainly. If, to the conditions before agreed upon, you had added some new articles to our advantage, there would have been matter of reference to the Roman people; but when, instead of adding, you retrench, there is no room for deliberation. The Carthaginians therefore must submit to us at discretion, or must vanquish us in battle. *Hooke.*

§ 8. *Submission; Complaint; Intreating—The Speech of SENECA, the Philosopher, to NERO, complaining of the envy of his Enemies, and requesting the Emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow circumstances, that he might no longer be an object of their malignity.*

May it please the imperial majesty of Cæsar, favourably to accept the humble submissions and grateful acknowledgments of the weak though faithful guide of his youth.

It is now a great many years since I first had the honour of attending your imperial majesty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labours with such affluence, as has drawn upon me, what I had reason to expect, the envy of many of those persons, who are always ready to prescribe to their prince where to bestow, and where to withhold his favours. It is well known, that your illustrious ancestor, Augustus, bestowed on his deserving favourites, Agrippa and Mæcenas, honours and emoluments, suitable to the dignity of the benefactor, and to the services of the receivers: nor has his conduct been blamed. My employment about your imperial majesty has, indeed, been purely domestic: I have neither headed your armies, nor assisted at your councils. But you know, Sir, (though there are some who do not seem to attend to it) that a prince may be served in different ways, some more, others less conspicuous; and that the latter may be to him as valuable as the former.

“But what!” say my enemies, “shall a private person, of equestrian rank, and a provincial by birth, be advanced to an equality with the patricians? Shall an upstart, of no name nor family, rank with those who can, by the statues which make the ornament of their palaces, reckon backward a line of ancestors, long enough to tire out the fasti*? Shall

* The fasti, or calendars, or, if you please, almanacs, of the ancients, had, as our almanacs, tables of kings, consuls, &c.

“ a philosopher who has written for others
 “ precepts of moderation, and contempt
 “ of all that is external, himself live in
 “ affluence and luxury? Shall he purchase
 “ estates and lay out money at interest?
 “ Shall he build palaces, plant gardens,
 “ and adorn a country at his own expense,
 “ and for his own pleasure?”

Cæsar has given royally, as became imperial magnificence. Seneca has received what his prince bestowed; nor did he ever ask: he is only guilty of—not refusing. Cæsar’s rank places him above the reach of invidious malignity. Seneca is not, nor can be, high enough to despise the envious. As the overloaded soldier, or traveller, would be glad to be relieved of his burden, so I, in this last stage of the journey of life, now that I find myself unequal to the lightest cares, beg, that Cæsar would kindly ease me of the trouble of my unwieldy wealth. I beseech him to restore to the imperial treasury, from whence it came, what is to me superfluous and cumbersome. The time and the attention, which I am now obliged to bestow upon my villa and my gardens, I shall be glad to apply to the regulations of my mind. Cæsar is in the flower of life; long may he be equal to the toils of government! His goodness will grant to his worn-out servant leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from Cæsar’s greatness to have it said, that he bestowed favours on some, who, so far from being intoxicated with them, shewed—that they could be happy, when (at their own request) divested of them.

Corn. Tacit.

§ 9. *Speech of CHARIDEMUS an ATHENIAN Exile at the Court of DARIUS, on being asked his Opinion of the warlike Preparations making by that Prince against ALEXANDER.*

Perhaps your Majesty may not bear the truth from the mouth of a Grecian, and an exile: and if I do not declare it now, I never will, perhaps I may never have another opportunity. Your Majesty’s numerous army, drawn from various nations, and which unpeoples the east, may seem formidable to the neighbouring countries. The gold, the purple, and the splendour of arms, which strike the eyes of beholders, make a show which surpasses the imagination of all who have not seen it. The Macedonian army, with which your Majesty’s forces are going to contend, is, on the contrary, grim, and horrid of as-

pect, and clad in iron. The irresistible phalanx is a body of men who, in the field of battle, fear no onset, being practised to hold together, man to man, shield to shield, and spear to spear; so that a brazen wall might as soon be broke through. In advancing, in wheeling to right or left, in attacking, in every exercise of arms, they act as one man. They answer the slightest sign from the commander, as if his soul animated the whole army. Every soldier has a knowledge of war sufficient for a general. And this discipline, by which the Macedonian army is become so formidable, was first established, and has been all along kept up, by a fixed contempt of what your Majesty’s troops are so vain of, I mean gold and silver. The bare earth serves them for beds. Whatever will satisfy nature, is their luxury. Their repose is always shorter than the night. Your Majesty may, therefore, judge, whether the Thessalian, Acarnanian, and Ætolian cavalry, and the Macedonian phalanx—an army that has, in spite of all opposition, overrun half the world—are to be repelled by a multitude (however numerous) armed with slings, and stakes hardened at the points by fire. To be upon equal terms with Alexander, your Majesty ought to have an army composed of the same sort of troops: and they are no where to be had, but in the same countries which produced those conquerors of the world.—It is therefore my opinion, that, if your Majesty were to apply the gold and silver, which now so superfluously adorn your men, to the purpose of hiring an army from Greece, to contend with Greeks, you might have some chance for success; otherwise I see no reason to expect any thing else, than that your army should be defeated, as all the others have been who have encountered the irresistible Macedonians.

Q. Curtius.

§ 10. *CALISTHENES’S Reproof of CLEON’S Flattery to ALEXANDER, on whom he had proposed to confer Divinity by Vote.*

If the king were present, Cleon, there would be no need of my answering to what you have just proposed; he would himself reprove you for endeavouring to draw him into an imitation of foreign absurdities, and bringing envy upon him by such unmanly flattery. As he is absent I take upon me to tell you, in his name, that

no praise is lasting, but what is rational; and that you do what you can to lessen his glory, instead of adding to it. Heroes have never, among us, been deified, till after their death; and, whatever may be your way of thinking, Cleon, for my part I wish the king may not, for many years to come, obtain that honour.

You have mentioned, as precedents of what you propose, Hercules and Bacchus. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were deified over a cup of wine; and are you and I qualified to make gods? is the king, our sovereign, to receive his divinity from you and me who are his subjects? First, try your power, whether you can make a king. It is, surely, easier to make a king than a god; to give an earthly dominion, than a throne in heaven. I only wish that the gods may have heard, without offence, the arrogant proposal you have made of adding one to their number; and that they may still be so propitious to us, as to grant the continuance of that success to our affairs with which they have hitherto favoured us. For my part, I am not ashamed of my country; nor do I approve of our adopting the rites of foreign nations, or learning from them how we ought to reverence our kings. To receive laws or rules of conduct from them, what is it but to confess ourselves inferior to them? *Q. Curtius.*

§ 11. BRUTUS'S *Speech in Vindication of CÆSAR'S Murder.*

Romans, countrymen, and lovers!—Hear me, for my cause; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me, for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me, in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar? this is my answer—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a

bond-man?—If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman?—If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country?—If any, speak; for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply.—

None?—Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart—That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. *Shakspeare.*

§ 12. CAIUS MARIUS *to the ROMANS, shewing the Absurdity of their hesitating to confer on him the Rank of General, merely on account of his Extraction.*

It is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behaviour of those who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before and after their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice.—It is, undoubtedly, no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander, in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I propose to take upon me for the service of my country. To carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the same time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home, answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected—to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

But besides the disadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect,

peculiarly hard—that whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connexions, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has, by power, engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment, my whole safety depends upon myself; which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favour my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution, to use my best endeavours, that you be not disappointed in me, and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated.

I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward, but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honourable body? a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but—of no experience! What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander, for direction in difficulties to which he was not himself equal? Thus your Patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have myself known those who have been chosen consuls, begin then to read the history of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it.

I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and Plebeian experience. The very actions, which they have only read,

I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth; I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me; want of personal worth against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were inquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character, or of mine; what would they answer, but that they should wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors; whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours bestowed upon me? let them envy, likewise, my labours, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honours you can bestow, whilst they aspire to honours as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury; yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors: and they imagine they honour themselves by celebrating their forefathers; whereas they do the very contrary: for, as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to shew what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians, by standing up in defence of what I have myself done.

Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honours, on account of the exploits done by their forefathers; whilst they will not allow me the due praise, for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors.—What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace

one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by one's own good behaviour? What if I can shew no statues of my family? I can shew the standards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished: I can shew the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of. Not left me by inheritance, as theirs: but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour; amidst clouds of dust, and seas of blood: scenes of action, where those effeminate Patricians, who endeavour by indirect means to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to shew their faces. *Sallust.*

§ 13. *Speech of TITUS QUINCTIUS to the ROMANS, when the ÆQUI and VOLSCI, taking advantage of their intestine commotions, ravaged their Country to the gates of ROME.*

Though I am not conscious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it—posterity will know it!—in the fourth consulship of Titus Quinctius, the Æqui and Volsci (scarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away again unchastised! The course of our manners, indeed, and the state of our affairs, have long been such, that I had no reason to presage much good: but, could I have imagined that so great an ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would, by banishment or death (if all other means had failed) have avoided the station I am now in. What! might Rome then have been taken, if those men who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the attempt?—Rome taken, whilst I was consul!—Of honours I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I should have died in my third consulate.

But who are they that our dastardly enemies thus despise?—the consuls, or you, Romans? If we are in fault, depose us, or punish us yet more severely. If you are to blame—may neither gods nor men punish your faults! only may you repent! No, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice: they have been too often vanquished, not to know both themselves and you. Discord, discord, is the ruin of this city! The

eternal disputes between the senate and the people are the sole cause of our misfortunes. While we will set no bounds to our dominion, nor you to your liberty; while you impatiently endure Patrician magistrates, and we Plebeian; our enemies take heart, grow elated, and presumptuous. In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You desired Tribunes; for the sake of peace, we granted them. You were eager to have Decemvirs; we consented to their creation. You grew weary of these Decemvirs; we obliged them to abdicate. Your hatred pursued them when reduced to private men; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish, Patricians of the first rank in the republic. You insisted upon the restoration of the Tribuneship; you yielded: we quietly saw Consuls of your own faction elected. You have the protection of your Tribunes, and the privilege of appeal; the Patricians are subjected to the decrees of the Commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights; and we have suffered it, and we still suffer it. When shall we see an end of discord? When shall we have one interest, and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you shew less temper than we under defeat. When you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer.

The enemy is at our gates, the Æsquiline is near being taken, and nobody stirs to hinder it. But against us you are valiant, against us you can arm with diligence. Come on then, besiege the senate-house, make a camp of the forum, fill the jails with our chief nobles; and when you have achieved these glorious exploits, then, at last, sally out at the Æsquiline gate, with the same fierce spirits, against the enemy. Does your resolution fail you for this? Go then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword. Have you any thing here to repair these damages? Will the Tribunes make up your losses to you? They will give you words as many as you please; bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men in the state; heap laws upon laws; assemblies you shall have without end: but will any of you return the richer from those assemblies? Extinguish, O Romans, these

fatal divisions; generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and consider the management of those ambitious men, who to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth.—If you can but summon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your consuls, there is no punishment you can inflict which I will not submit to, if I do not in a few days drive those pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war, with which you seem so grievously struck, shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

Hooke.

§ 14. MICIPSA to JUGURTHA.

You know, Jugurtha, that I received you under my protection in your early youth, when left a helpless and hopeless orphan. I advanced you to high honours in my kingdom, in the full assurance that you would prove grateful for my kindness to you; and that, if I came to have children of my own, you would study to repay to them what you owed to me. Hitherto I have had no reason to repent of my favours to you. For, to omit all former instances of your extraordinary merit, your late behaviour in the Numantian war has reflected upon me, and my kingdom, a new and distinguished glory. You have, by your valour, rendered the Roman commonwealth, which before was well affected to our interest, much more friendly. In Spain, you have raised the honour of my name and crown. And you have surmounted what is justly reckoned one of the greatest difficulties; having, by your merit, silenced envy. My dissolution seems now to be fast approaching. I therefore beseech and conjure you, my dear Jugurtha! by this right hand; by the remembrance of my past kindness to you; by the honour of my kingdom; and by the majesty of the gods; be kind to my two sons, whom my favour to you has made your brothers; and do not think of forming a connexion with any stranger, to the prejudice of your relations. It is not by arms, nor by treasures, that a kingdom is secured, but by well affected subjects and allies. And it is by faithful and important services, that friendship (which neither gold will purchase, nor arms extort) is secured. But what friendship is more perfect, than that which ought to obtain between bro-

thers? What fidelity can be expected among strangers, if it is wanting among relations? The kingdom I leave you is in good condition, if you govern it properly; if otherwise, it is weak. For by agreement a small state increases: by division a great one falls into ruin. It will lie upon you, Jugurtha, who are come to riper years than your brothers, to provide that no misconduct produce any bad effect. And, if any difference should arise between you and your brothers (which may the gods avert!) the public will charge you, however innocent you may be, as the aggressor, because your years and abilities give you the superiority. But I firmly persuade myself, that you will treat them with kindness, and that they will honour and esteem you, as your distinguished virtue deserves.

Sallust.

§ 15. *Speech of PUBLIUS SCRIPTO to the ROMAN Army before the Battle of the TICIEN.*

Were you, soldiers, the same army which I had with me in Gaul, I might well forbear saying any thing to you at this time: for what occasion could there be to use exhortation to a cavalry that had so signally vanquished the squadrons of the enemy upon the Rhone; or to legions, by whom that same enemy, flying before them to avoid a battle, did in effect confess themselves conquered? But, as these troops, having been enrolled for Spain, are there with my brother Cneius, making war under my auspices (as was the will of the senate and people of Rome) I, that you might have a consul for your captain, against Hannibal and the Carthaginians, have freely offered myself for this war. You, then, have a new general; and I a new army. On this account, a few words from me to you will be neither improper nor unseasonable.

That you may not be unapprized of what sort of enemies you are going to encounter, or of what is to be feared from them, they are the very same whom, in a former war, you vanquished both by land and sea; the same from whom you took Sicily and Sardinia, and who have been these twenty years your tributaries. You will not, I presume, march against these men, with only that courage with which you are wont to face other enemies; but with a certain anger and indignation, such as you would feel if you saw your slaves on a sudden rise

up in arms against you. Conquered and enslaved, it is not boldness, but necessity that urges them to battle, unless you can believe that those who avoided fighting when their army was entire, have acquired better hope by the loss of two-thirds of their horse and foot in the passage of the Alps.

But you have heard, perhaps, that, though they are few in number, they are men of stout hearts and robust bodies; heroes of such strength and vigour, as nothing is able to resist. — Mere effigies! nay, shadows of men! wretches, emaciated with hunger and benumbed with cold! bruised and battered to pieces among the rocks and craggy cliffs! their weapons broken, and their horses weak and foundered! Such are the cavalry, and such the infantry, with which you are going to contend; not enemies, but the fragments of enemies. There is nothing which I more apprehend, than that it will be thought Hannibal was vanquished by the Alps, before we had any conflict with him. But, perhaps, it was fitting it should be so; and that, with a people and a leader who had violated leagues and covenants, the gods themselves, without man's help, should begin the war, and bring it to a near conclusion: and that we, who, next to the gods, have been injured and offended, should happily finish what they have begun.

I need not be in any fear that you should suspect me of saying these things merely to encourage you, while inwardly I have different sentiments. What hindered me from going into Spain? That was my province, where I should have had the less dreaded Asdrubal, not Hannibal, to deal with. But hearing, as I passed along the coast of Gaul, of this enemy's march, I landed my troops, sent the horse forward, and pitched my camp upon the Rhone. A part of my cavalry encountered, and defeated that of the enemy. My infantry not being able to overtake theirs, which fled before us, I returned to my fleet; and, with all the expedition I could use in so long a voyage by sea and land, am come to meet them at the foot of the Alps. Was it, then, my inclination to avoid a contest with this tremendous Hannibal? and have I met with him only by accident and unawares? or am I come on purpose to challenge him to the combat? I would gladly try whether

the earth, within these twenty years, has brought forth a new kind of Carthaginians; or whether they be the same sort of men who fought at the Ægates, and whom, at Eryx, you suffered to redeem themselves at eighteen denarii per head; whether this Hannibal, for labours and journeys, be, as he would be thought, the rival of Hercules; or, whether he be, what his father left him, a tributary, a vassal, a slave of the Roman people. Did not the consciousness of his wicked deed at Saguntum torment him and make him desperate, he would have some regard, if not to his conquered country, yet surely to his own family, to his father's memory, to the treaty written with Hamilcar's own hand. We might have starved him in Eryx; we might have passed into Africa with our victorious fleet; and, in a few days, have destroyed Carthage. At their humble supplication, we pardoned them; we released them, when they were closely shut up, without a possibility of escaping; we made peace with them, when they were conquered. When they were distressed by the African war, we considered them, we treated them, as a people under our protection. And what is the return they make us for all these favours? Under the conduct of a hair-brained young man, they come hither to overturn our state, and lay waste our country. I could wish, indeed, that it were not so; and that the war we are now engaged in concerned only our own glory, and not our preservation. But the contest at present is not for the possession of Sicily and Sardinia, but of Italy itself: nor is there behind us another army, which, if we should not prove the conquerors, may make head against our victorious enemies. There are no more Alps for them to pass, which might give us leisure to raise new forces. No, soldiers; here you must make your stand, as if you were just now before the walls of Rome. Let every one reflect, that he is now to defend, not his own person only, but his wife, his children, his helpless infants. Yet, let not private considerations alone possess our minds; let us remember that the eyes of the senate and the people of Rome are upon us; and that, as our force and courage shall now prove, such will be the fortune of that city, and of the Roman empire.

Hoake.

§ 16. *Speech of HANNIBAL to the CARTHAGINIAN Army, on the same Occasion.*

I know not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas enclose you on the right and left; not a ship to fly to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone; behind you are the Alps; over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage. Here then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy.

But the same fortune which has thus laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal gods. Should we, by our valour, recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet, what are those? The wealth of Rome; whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations; all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come, to reap the full recompence of your toilsome marches over so many mountains, and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labour; it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompence of your completed service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened, that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle; and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there wherein they may stand in competition with you? For, (to say nothing of your service in war, for twenty years together, with so much valour and success) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are

you now to fight? With raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer; an army, unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

Or shall I, who was born, I might almost say, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that most excellent general; shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul; and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater still, of the Alps themselves; shall I compare myself with this half-year captain! a captain, before whom should one place the two armies, without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul. I esteem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witness of my exploits in war; not one of whose valour I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be able to name the times and places of his noble achievements; that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men strangers to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength. A veteran infantry; a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger, impels to battle. The hope, the courage, of assailants, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge.—First, they demanded me; that I, your general, should be delivered up to them: next, all of you who had fought at the siege of Saguntum: and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! every thing must be yours, and at your disposal! you are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace. You are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you, you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed! “Pass not the Iberus.” What next? “Touch not the Saguntines. Saguntum is upon the Iberus, move not a step towards that city.” Is it a small matter then that you have deprived us of

our ancient possession, Sicily and Sardinia? you would have Spain too. Well, we shall yield Spain; and then—you will pass into Africa. Will pass, did I say?—this very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers; there is nothing left for us, but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then. Be men. The Romans may, with more safety, be cowards; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to fly to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you, there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds; and once again, I say, you are conquerors.

Hooke.

§ 17. *The SCYTHIAN Ambassadors to ALEXANDER, on his making Preparations to attack their Country.*

If your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west at the same time: you grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia; from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to subdue nature. But have you considered the usual course of things? have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on.

Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon; why should you attack Scythia? You pretend to be the punisher of robbers; and are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia; you have seized Syria; you are master of Persia; you have subdued the Bactrians, and attacked India; all this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct! you grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger, by what should produce satiety;

so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgot how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you? while you were subduing them the Sogdians revolted. Your victories serve to no other purpose than to find you employment by producing new wars; for the business of every conquest is twofold, to win, and to preserve: and though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect that the nations you conquer will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible: for what people choose to be under foreign dominion?

If you will cross the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us, is quite another business: you will find us, at one time, too nimble for your pursuit; and at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp: for the Scythians attack with no less vigour than they fly. It will therefore be your wisdom to keep with strict attention what you have gained; catching at more, you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, That Fortune has no feet, and is furnished only with hands to distribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful.—You give yourself out to be a god, the son of Jupiter Ammon: it suits the character of a god to bestow favours on mortals, not to deprive them of what they have. But if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus shew more wisdom, than by dwelling on those subjects which have puffed up your pride and made you forget yourself.

You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Asia. There is nothing between us and Bactria but the river Tanais; and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hostile manner you may have our friendship. Nations which have never been at war are on an equal footing; but it is in vain that confidence is reposed in a conquered people: there can be no sincere friendship between the oppressors and the oppressed; even in peace, the latter think themselves en-

titled to the rights of war against the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is not by signing, sealing, and taking the gods to witness, as is the Grecian custom; but by doing actual services. The Scythians are not used to promise, but perform without promising. And they think an appeal to the gods superfluous; for that those who have no regard for the esteem of men will not hesitate to offend the gods by perjury.—You may therefore consider with yourself, whether you had better have a people of such a character, and so situated as to have it in their power either to serve you or to annoy you, according as you treat them, for allies or for enemies.

Q. Curtius.

§ 18. JUNIUS BRUTUS *over the dead Body of LUCRETIA, who had stabbed herself in consequence of the Rape of TARQUIN.*

Yes, noble lady, I swear by this blood which was once so pure, and which nothing but royal villany could have polluted, that I will pursue Lucius Tarquinius the Proud, his wicked wife, and their children, with fire and sword; nor will I suffer any of that family, or of any other whatsoever, to be king in Rome.—Ye gods, I call you to witness this my oath!

There, Romans, turn your eyes to that sad spectacle!—the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus's wife—she died by her own hand! See there a noble lady, whom the lust of a Tarquin reduced to the necessity of being her own executioner, to attest her innocence. Hospitably entertained by her as a kinsman of her husband, Sextus the perfidious guest became her brutal ravisher. The chaste, the generous Lucretia could not survive the insult. Glorious woman! but once only treated as a slave, she thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a woman, disdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will; and shall we, shall men, with such an example before our eyes, and after five-and-twenty years of ignominious servitude, shall we, through a fear of dying, defer one single instant to assert our liberty? No, Romans; now is the time; the favourable moment we have so long waited for is come. Tarquin is not at Rome; the Patricians are at the head of the enterprise: the city is abundantly

provided with men, arms, and all things necessary. There is nothing wanting to secure the success, if our own courage does not fail us. And shall those warriors who have ever been so brave when foreign enemies were to be subdued, or when conquests were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver themselves from slavery?

Some of you are perhaps intimidated by the army which Tarquin now commands; the soldiers, you imagine, will take the part of their general. Banish such a groundless fear: the love of liberty is natural to all men. Your fellow citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppression with as quick a sense as you that are in Rome; they will as eagerly seize the occasion of throwing off the yoke. But let us grant there may be some among them who, through baseness of spirit, or a bad education, will be disposed to favour the tyrant; the number of these can be but small, and we have means sufficient in our hands to reduce them to reason. They have left us hostages more dear to them than life; their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, are here in the city. Courage, Romans, the gods are for us; those gods, whose temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned by sacrifices, and libations made with polluted hands, polluted with blood, and with numberless unexpiated crimes committed against his subjects.

Ye gods, who protected our forefathers! ye genii, who watch for the preservation and glory of Rome! do you inspire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cause, and we will to our last breath defend your worship from all profanation.

Livy.

§ 19. *Speech of ADHERBAL to the ROMAN SENATE, imploring their Assistance against JUGURTHA.*

Fathers!

It is known to you that king Micipsa, my father, on his death-bed, left in charge to Jugurtha, his adopted son, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother Hiempsal and myself, the children of his own body, the administration of the kingdom of Numidia, directing us to consider the senate and people of Rome as proprietors of it. He charged us to use our best endeavours to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in peace and war; assuring us,

that your protection would prove to us a defence against all enemies, and would be instead of armies, fortifications, and treasures.

While my brother and I were thinking of nothing but how to regulate ourselves according to the directions of our deceased father, Jugurtha—the most infamous of mankind! breaking through all ties of gratitude and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth—procured the murder of my unfortunate brother, and has driven me from my throne and native country, though he knows I inherit, from my grandfather Massinissa, and my father Micipsa, the friendship and alliance of the Romans.

For a prince to be reduced, by villany, to my distressful circumstances, is calamity enough; but my misfortunes are heightened by the consideration, that I find myself obliged to solicit your assistance, Fathers, for the services done you by my ancestors, not for any I have been able to render you in my own person. Jugurtha has put it out of my power to deserve any thing at your hands, and has forced me to be burdensome before I could be useful to you. And yet, if I had no plea but my undeserved misery, who, from a powerful prince, the descendant of a race of illustrious monarchs, find myself, without any fault of my own, destitute of every support, and reduced to the necessity of begging foreign assistance against an enemy who has seized my throne and kingdom; if my unequalled distresses were all I had to plead, it would become the greatness of the Roman commonwealth, the arbitress of the world, to protect the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedness over helpless innocence. But, to provoke your vengeance to the utmost, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions which the senate and people of Rome gave to my ancestors, and from which my grandfather and my father, under your umbrella, expelled Syphax, and the Carthaginians. Thus, fathers, your kindness to our family is defeated; and Jugurtha, in injuring me, throws contempt on you.

O wretched prince! O cruel reverse of fortune! O father Micipsa! is this the consequence of your generosity, that he whom your goodness raised to an equality with your own children, should be the murderer of your children! Must then the

royal house of Numidia always be a scene of havoc and blood? While Carthage remained, we suffered, as was to be expected, all sorts of hardships from their hostile attacks; our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a distance; while we were so circumstanced, we were always in arms, and in action. When that scourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of established peace. But instead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia drenched with royal blood, and the only surviving son of its late king flying from an adopted murderer, and seeking that safety in foreign parts, which he cannot command in his own kingdom.

Whither—O whither shall I fly? If I return to the royal palace of my ancestors, my father's throne is seized by the murderer of my brother. What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha should hasten to imbrue in my blood those hands which are now reeking with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge, or for assistance, to any other courts, from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth gives me up? From my own family or friends I have no expectations. My royal father is no more: he is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy son. Were my brother alive, our mutual sympathy would be some alleviation: but he is hurried out of life in his early youth, by the very hand which should have been the last to injure any of the royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he suspected to be in my interest. Some have been destroyed by the lingering torment of the cross; others have been given a prey to wild beasts, and their anguish made the sport of men more cruel than wild beasts. If there be any yet alive, they are shut up in dungeons, there to drag out a life more intolerable than death itself.

Look down, illustrious senators of Rome! from that height of power to which you are raised, on the unexampled distresses of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast from all mankind. Let not the crafty insinuations of him who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not listen to the wretch who has butchered the son and relations of a king, who gave him power to sit on the same throne with his own sons.—I have been

informed that he labours by his emissaries to prevent your determining any thing against him in his absence, pretending that I magnify my distress, and might for him have staid in peace in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time comes when the due vengeance from above shall overtake him, he will then dissemble, as I do. Then he who now, hardened in wickedness, triumphs over those whom his violence has laid low, will in his turn feel distress, and suffer for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his blood-thirsty cruelty to my brother.

O murdered, butchered brother! O dearest to my heart—now gone for ever from my sight!—But why should I lament his death? He is indeed deprived of the blessed light of heaven, of life, and kingdom, at once, by the very person who ought to have been the first to hazard his own life in defence of any one of Micipsa's family. But as things are, my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts, as delivered from error, from flight, from exile, and the endless train of miseries which render life to me a burden. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and festering in his own blood; but he lies in peace: he feels none of the miseries which rend my soul with agony and distraction, whilst I am set up a spectacle to all mankind, of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to revenge his death, I am not master of the means of securing my own life: so far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person.

Fathers! Senators of Rome! the arbiters of the world!—to you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha.—By your affection for your children, by your love for your country, by your own virtues, by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, by all that is sacred, and all that is dear to you—deliver a wretched prince from undeserved, unprovoked injury, and save the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, usurpation, and cruelty.

Sallust.

§ 20. *Speech of CANULEIUS, a Roman Tribune, to the Consuls; in which he demands that the Plebeians may be admitted into the Consulship, and that the*

Law prohibiting Patricians and Plebeians from intermarrying, may be repealed.

What an insult upon us is this! If we are not so rich as the patricians, are we not citizens of Rome as well as they? inhabitants of the same country? members of the same community? The nations bordering upon Rome, and even strangers more remote, are admitted not only to marriages with us, but to what is of much greater importance, the freedom of the city. Are we, because we are commoners, to be worse treated than strangers?—And, when we demand that the people may be free to bestow their offices and dignities on whom they please, do we ask any thing unreasonable or new: do we claim more than their original inherent right? What occasion then for all this uproar, as if the universe were falling to ruin!—They were just going to lay violent hands upon me in the senate-house.

What! must this empire then be unavoidably overturned? must Rome of necessity sink at once, if a plebeian, worthy of the office, should be raised to the consulship? The Patricians, I am persuaded, if they could, would deprive you of the common light. It certainly offends them that you breathe, that you speak, that you have the shapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a consul, would be, say they, a most enormous thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being so much as a Roman citizen, was made king of Rome: the elder Tarquin, by birth not even an Italian, was nevertheless placed upon the throne: Servius Tullius, the son of a captive woman (nobody knows who his father was) obtained the kingdom as the reward of his wisdom and virtue. In those days, no man in whom virtue shone conspicuous was rejected, or despised, on account of his race and descent. And did the state prosper less for that? were not these strangers the very best of all our kings? And supposing now, that a plebeian should have their talents and merit, must not he be suffered to govern us?

But, “we find that, upon the abolition “of the regal power, no commoner was “chosen to the consulate.” And what of that? Before Numa's time there were no pontiffs in Rome. Before Servius Tullius's days there was no Census, no division of the people into classes and centuries.

Who ever heard of consuls before the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud? Dictators, we all know, are of modern invention; and so are the offices of tribunes, ædiles, quæstors. Within these ten years we have made decemvirs, and we have unmade them. Is nothing to be done but what has been done before? That very law forbidding marriages of patricians with plebeians, is not that a new thing? was there any such law before the decemvirs enacted it? and a most shameful one it is in a free estate. Such marriages, it seems, will taint the pure blood of the nobility! why, if they think so, let them take care to match their sisters and daughters with men of their own sort. No plebeian will do violence to the daughter of a patrician; those are exploits for our prime nobles. There is no need to fear, that we shall force any body into a contract of marriage. But, to make an express law to prohibit marriages of patricians with plebeians, what is this but to shew the utmost contempt of us, and to declare one part of the community to be impure and unclean?

They talk to us of the confusion there will be in families, if this statute should be repealed. I wonder they do not make a law against a commoner's living near a nobleman, or going the same road that he is going, or being present at the same feast, or appearing in the same marketplace: they might as well pretend, that these things make confusion in families, as that intermarriages will do it. Does not every one know, that the child will be ranked according to the quality of his father, let him be a patrician or a plebeian? In short, it is manifest enough, that we have nothing in view but to be treated as men and citizens; nor can they who oppose our demand, have any motive to do it, but the love of domineering. I would fain know of you, consuls and patricians, is the sovereign power in the people of Rome, or in you? I hope you will allow, that the people can, at their pleasure, either make a law or repeal one. And will you then, as soon as any law is proposed to them, pretend to list them immediately for the war, and hinder them from giving their suffrages, by leading them into the field?

Hear me, consuls: whether the news of the war you talk of be true, or whether it be only a false rumour, spread abroad for nothing but a colour to send the people

out of the city, I declare, as tribune, that this people, who have already so often spilt their blood in our country's cause, are again ready to arm for its defence and its glory, if they may be restored to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat us like strangers in our own country: but if you account us unworthy of your alliance by intermarriages; if you will not suffer the entrance to the chief offices in the state to be open to all persons of merit indifferently, but will confine your choice of magistrates to the senate alone—talk of wars as much as ever you please; paint, in your ordinary discourses, the league and power of our enemies ten times more dreadful than you do now---I declare that this people, whom you so much despise, and to whom you are nevertheless indebted for all your victories, shall never more enlist themselves; not a man of them shall take arms; not a man of them shall expose his life for imperious lords, with whom he can neither share the dignities of the state, nor in private life have any alliance by marriage. *Hooke.*

§ 21. *Mr. PULTENEY's Speech on the Motion for reducing the Army.*

We have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year; I have always been, Sir, and always shall be, against a standing army of any kind. To me it is a terrible thing; whether under that of parliamentary or any other designation, a standing army is still a standing army, whatever name it be called by: they are a body of men distinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws; and blind obedience, and an entire submission to the orders of their commanding officer, is their only principle. The nations around us, Sir, are already enslaved, and have been enslaved by those very means: by means of their standing armies they have every one lost their liberties; it is indeed impossible that the liberties of the people can be preserved in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our measures from the examples of our neighbours? No, Sir; on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid those rocks upon which they have split.

It signifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by such gentlemen as

cannot be supposed to join in any measures for enslaving their country. It may be so; I hope it is so; I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army; I believe they would not join in any such measures; but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be sure how long they may be continued in command; they may be all dismissed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Besides, Sir, we know the passions of men, we know how dangerous it is to trust the best of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Cæsar? Where was there ever any army that had served their country more faithfully? That army was commanded generally by the best citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country, yet that army enslaved their country. The affections of the soldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under-officers, are not to be depended on: by the military law the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishment so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander; he must not consult his own inclinations: if an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this house, he must do it; he dares not disobey; immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least grumbling. And if an officer were sent into the court of requests, accompanied by a body of musketeers with screwed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this house; I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby; but, Sir, I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in the house, or in any house of commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things: I talk of what has happened to an English house of commons, and from an English army; not only from an English army, but an army that was raised by that very house of commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raised and maintained by authority of parliament will always be submissive to them: if any army be so numerous as to have it in their power to overawe the parliament, they will be submit-

sive as long as the parliament does nothing to disoblige their favourite general; but when that case happens, I am afraid that in place of the parliament's dismissing the army, the army will dismiss the parliament, as they have done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of that parliament, or of that army, alter the case; for, with respect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the parliament dismissed by them was a legal parliament; they were an army raised and maintained according to law, and at first they were raised, as they imagined, for the preservation of those liberties which they afterwards destroyed.

It has been urged, Sir, that whoever is for the Protestant succession, must be for continuing the army: for that very reason, Sir, I am against continuing the army. I know that neither the Protestant succession in his Majesty's most illustrious house, nor any succession, can ever be safe, as long as there is a standing army in the country. Armies, Sir, have no regard to hereditary successions. The first two Cæsars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable subjection, because the generals and officers were all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their successors? Was not every one of them named by the army without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right? A cobbler, a gardener, or any man who happened to raise himself in the army, and could gain their affections, was made emperor of the world. Was not every succeeding emperor raised to the throne, or tumbled headlong into the dust, according to the mere whim or mad frenzy of the soldiers?

We are told this army is desired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How absurd is this distinction! Is there any army in the world continued for any term of years? Does the most absolute monarch tell his army, that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months? How long have we already continued our army from year to year? And if it thus continues, wherein will it differ from the standing armies of those countries which have already submitted their necks to the yoke? We are now come to the Rubicon; our army is now to be reduced, or it never will; from his Majesty's own mouth we are assured of a profound tranquillity abroad; we know there

is one at home. If this is not a proper time, if these circumstances do not afford us a safe opportunity for reducing at least a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to see any reduction; and this nation, already overburdened with debts and taxes, must be loaded with the heavy charge of perpetually supporting a numerous standing army; and remain for ever exposed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future king or ministry, who shall take it in their heads to do so, and shall take a proper care to model the army for that purpose.

§ 22. *Sir JOHN ST. AUBIN'S Speech for repealing the Septennial Act.*

The subject matter of this debate is of such importance, that I should be ashamed to return to my electors, without endeavouring, in the best manner I am able, to declare publicly the reasons which induced me to give my most ready assent to this question.

The people have an unquestionable right to frequent new parliaments by ancient usage; and this usage has been confirmed by several laws which have been progressively made by our ancestors, as often as they found it necessary to insist on this essential privilege.

Parliaments were generally annual, but never continued longer than three years, till the remarkable reign of Henry VIII. He, Sir, was a prince of unruly appetites, and of an arbitrary will; he was impatient of every restraint; the laws of God and man fell equally a sacrifice, as they stood in the way of his avarice, or disappointed his ambition: he therefore introduced long parliaments, because he very well knew that they would become the proper instruments of both; and what a slavish obedience they paid to all his measures, is sufficiently known.

If we come to the reign of king Charles the First, we must acknowledge him to be a prince of a contrary temper: he had certainly an innate love for religion and virtue. But here lay the misfortune; he was led from his natural disposition by sycophants and flatterers; they advised him to neglect the calling of frequent new parliaments, and therefore, by not taking the constant sense of his people in what he did, he was worked up into so high a notion of prerogative, that the commons, in order to restrain it, obtained that inde-

pendent fatal power, which at last unhappily brought him to his most tragical end, and at the same time subverted the whole constitution; and I hope we shall learn this lesson from it, never to compliment the crown with any new or extravagant powers, nor to deny the people those rights which by ancient usage they are entitled to; but to preserve the just and equal balance, from which they will both derive mutual security, and which, if duly observed, will render our constitution the envy and admiration of all the world.

King Charles the Second naturally took a surfeit of parliaments in his father's time, and was therefore extremely desirous to lay them aside: but this was a scheme impracticable. However, in effect, he did so; for he obtained a parliament which, by its long duration, like an army of veterans, became so exactly disciplined to his own measures, that they knew no other command but from that person who gave them their pay.

This was a safe and most ingenious way of enslaving a nation. It was very well known, that arbitrary power, if it was open and avowed, would never prevail here; the people were amused with the specious form of their ancient constitution: it existed, indeed, in their fancy; but, like a mere phantom, had no substance nor reality in it: for the power, the authority, the dignity of parliaments were wholly lost. This was that remarkable parliament which so justly obtained the opprobrious name of the Pension Parliament; and was the model, from which, I believe, some later parliaments have been exactly copied.

At the time of the Revolution, the people made a fresh claim of their ancient privileges; and as they had so lately experienced the misfortune of long and servile parliaments, it was then declared, that they should be held frequently. But, it seems, their full meaning was not understood by this declaration; and, therefore, as in every new settlement the intention of all parties should be specifically manifested, the parliament never ceased struggling with the crown, till the triennial law was obtained: the preamble of it is extremely full and strong; and in the body of the bill you will find the word *declared* before *enacted*, by which I apprehend, that though this law did not immediately take place at the time of the Revolution, it was certainly intended as declaratory of

their first meaning, and therefore stands a part of that original contract under which the constitution was then settled. His Majesty's title to the crown is primarily derived from that contract; and if upon a review there shall appear to be any deviations from it, we ought to treat them as so many injuries done to that title. And I dare say, that this house, which has gone through so long a series of services to his majesty, will at last be willing to revert to those original stated measures of government, to renew and strengthen that title.

But, Sir, I think the manner in which the septennial law was first introduced, is a very strong reason why it should be repealed. People, in their fears, have very often recourse to desperate expedients, which, if not cancelled in season, will themselves prove fatal to that constitution which they were meant to secure. Such is the nature of the septennial law; it was intended only as a preservative against a temporary inconvenience; the inconvenience is removed, but the mischievous effects still continue; for it not only altered the constitution of parliaments, but it extended that same parliament beyond its natural duration; and therefore carries this most unjust implication with it, That you may at any time usurp the most indubitable, the most essential privilege of the people, I mean that of choosing their own representatives: a precedent of such a dangerous consequence, of so fatal a tendency, that I think it would be a reproach to our statute-book, if that law was any longer to subsist, which might record it to posterity.

This is a season of virtue and public spirit; let us take advantage of it to repeal those laws which infringe our liberties, and introduce such as may restore the vigour of our ancient constitution.

Human nature is so very corrupt, that all obligations lose their force, unless they are frequently renewed: long parliaments become therefore independent of the people, and when they do so, there always happens a most dangerous dependence elsewhere.

Long parliaments give the minister an opportunity of getting acquaintance with members, of practising his several arts to win them into his schemes. This must be the work of time. Corruption is of so base a nature, that at first sight it is extremely shocking: hardly any one has submitted to it all at once: his disposition

must be previously understood, the particular bait must be found out with which he is to be allured, and after all, it is not without many struggles that he surrenders his virtue. Indeed, there are some who will at once plunge themselves into any base action; but the generality of mankind are of a more cautious nature, and will proceed only by leisurely degrees; one or two perhaps have deserted their colours the first campaign, some have done it a second; but a great many, who have not that eager disposition to vice, will wait till a third.

For this reason, short parliaments have been less corrupt than long ones; they are observed, like streams of water, always to grow more impure the greater distance they run from the fountain-head.

I am aware it may be said, that frequent new parliaments will produce frequent new expenses; but I think quite the contrary: I am really of opinion, that it will be a proper remedy against the evil of bribery at elections, especially as you have provided so wholesome a law to co-operate upon these occasions.

Bribery at elections, whence did it arise? not from country gentlemen, for they are sure of being chosen without it; it was, Sir, the invention of wicked and corrupt ministers, who have from time to time led weak princes into such destructive measures, that they did not dare to rely upon the natural representation of the people. Long parliaments, Sir, first introduced bribery, because they were worth purchasing at any rate. Country gentlemen, who have only their private fortunes to rely upon, and have no mercenary ends to serve, are unable to oppose it, especially if at any time the public treasure shall be unfaithfully squandered away to corrupt their boroughs. Country gentlemen, indeed, may make some weak efforts, but as they generally prove unsuccessful, and the time of a fresh struggle is at so great a distance, they at last grow faint in the dispute, give up their country for lost, and retire in despair; despair naturally produces indolence, and that is the proper disposition for slavery. Ministers of state understand this very well, and are therefore unwilling to awaken the nation out of its lethargy by frequent elections. They know that the spirit of liberty, like every other virtue of the mind, is to be kept alive only by constant action; that it is impossible to enslave this nation, while it is per-

petually upon its guard.—Let country gentlemen, then, by having frequent opportunities of exerting themselves, be kept warm and active in their contention for the public good: this will raise that zeal and spirit, which will at last get the better of those undue influences by which the officers of the crown, though unknown to the several boroughs, have been able to supplant country gentlemen of great characters and fortune, who live in their neighbourhood.—I do not say this upon idle speculation only: I live in a country where it is too well known, and I appeal to many gentlemen in the house, to more out of it, (and who are so for this very reason) for the truth of my assertion. Sir, it is a sore which has been long eating into the most vital part of our constitution, and I hope the time will come when you will probe it to the bottom. For if a minister should ever gain a corrupt familiarity with our boroughs; if he should keep a register of them in his closet, and, by sending down his treasury mandates, should procure a spurious representation of the people, the offspring of his corruption, who will be at all times ready to reconcile and justify the most contradictory measures of his administration, and even to vote every crude indigested dream of their patron into a law; if the maintenance of his power should become the sole object of their attention, and they should be guilty of the most violent breach of parliamentary trust, by giving the king a discretionary liberty of taxing the people without limitation or controul; the last fatal compliment they can pay to the crown;—if this should ever be the unhappy condition of this nation, the people indeed may complain; but the doors of that place, where their complaints should be heard, will for ever be shut against them.

Our disease, I fear, is of a complicated nature, and I think that this motion is wisely intended to remove the first and principal disorder. Give the people their ancient right of frequent new elections; that will restore the decayed authority of parliaments, and will put our constitution into a natural condition of working out her own cure.

Sir, upon the whole I am of opinion, that I cannot express a greater zeal for his Majesty, for the liberties of the people, or the honour and dignity of this house, than

by seconding the motion which the honourable gentleman has made you.

§ 23. *Sir ROBERT WALPOLE's Reply.*

Though the question has been already so fully opposed, that there is no great occasion to say any thing farther against it, yet I hope the house will indulge me the liberty of giving some of those reasons which induce me to be against the motion. In general, I must take notice, that the nature of our constitution seems to be very much mistaken by the gentlemen who have spoken in favour of this motion. It is certain that ours is a mixed government, and the perfection of our constitution consists in this, that the monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical form of government, are mixed and interwoven in ours, so as to give us all the advantages of each, without subjecting us to the dangers and inconveniences of either. The democratical form of government, which is the only one I have now occasion to take notice of, is liable to these inconveniences;—that they are generally too tedious in their coming to any resolution, and seldom brisk and expeditious enough in carrying their resolutions into execution; that they are always wavering in their resolutions, and never steady in any of the measures they resolve to pursue; and that they are often involved in factions, seditions, and insurrections, which exposes them to be made the tools, if not the prey, of their neighbours: therefore, in all regulations we make with respect to our constitution, we are to guard against running too much into that form of government, which is properly called democratical: this was, in my opinion, the effect of the triennial law, and will again be the effect, if ever it should be restored.

That triennial elections would make our government too tedious in all their resolves, is evident; because in such case, no prudent administration would ever resolve upon any measure of consequence till they had felt not only the pulse of the parliament, but the pulse of the people; and the ministers of state would always labour under this disadvantage, that, as secrets of state must not be immediately divulged, their enemies (and enemies they will always have) would have a handle for exposing their measures, and rendering them disagreeable

to the people, and thereby carrying perhaps a new election against them, before they could have an opportunity of justifying their measures, by divulging those facts and circumstances from whence the justice and the wisdom of their measures would clearly appear.

Then, Sir, it is by experience well known, that what is called the populace of every country, are apt to be too much elated with success, and too much dejected with every misfortune: this makes them wavering in their opinions about affairs of state, and never long of the same mind; and as this house is chosen by the free and unbiassed voice of the people in general, if this choice were so often renewed, we might expect that this house would be as wavering, and as unsteady, as the people usually are: and it being impossible to carry on the public affairs of the nation without the concurrence of this house, the ministers would always be obliged to comply, and consequently would be obliged to change their measures, as often as the people changed their minds.

With septennial parliaments, Sir, we are not exposed to either of these misfortunes, because if the ministers, after having felt the pulse of the parliament, which they can always soon do, resolve upon any measures, they have generally time enough, before the new elections come on, to give the people a proper information, in order to shew them the justice and the wisdom of the measures they have pursued; and if the people should at any time be too much elated or too much dejected, or should without a cause change their minds, those at the helm of affairs have time to set them right before a new election comes on.

As to faction and sedition, Sir, I will grant, that, in monarchical and aristocratical governments, it generally arises from violence and oppression; but, in democratical governments, it always arises from the people's having too great a share in the government. For in all countries, and in all governments, there always will be many factious and unquiet spirits, who can never be at rest either in power or out of power; when in power they are never easy, unless every man submits entirely to their direction; and when out of power, they are always working and intriguing against those that are in, without any regard to justice, or to the in-

terest of their country. In popular governments such men have too much game, they have too many opportunities for working upon and corrupting the minds of the people, in order to give them a bad impression of, and to raise discontents against, those that have the management of the public affairs for the time; and these discontents often break out into seditions and insurrections. This, Sir, would in my opinion be our misfortune, if our parliament were either annual or triennial; by such frequent elections there would be so much power thrown into the hands of the people, as would destroy that equal mixture which is the beauty of our constitution; in short, our government would really become a democratical government, and might from thence very probably diverge into a tyrannical. Therefore, in order to preserve our constitution, in order to prevent our falling under tyranny and arbitrary power, we ought to prevent that law, which I really think has brought our constitution to a more equal mixture, and consequently to a greater perfection, than it was ever in before that law took place.

As to bribery and corruption, Sir, if it were possible to influence, by such base means, the majority of the electors of Great Britain to choose such men as would probably give up their liberties; if it were possible to influence, by such means, a majority of the members of this house to consent to the establishment of arbitrary power: I would readily allow, that the calculations made by the gentlemen of the other side were just, and their inference true; but I am persuaded that neither of these is possible. As the members of this house generally are, and must always be, gentlemen of fortune and figure in their country, is it possible to suppose, that any one of them could, by a pension or a post, be influenced to consent to the overthrow of our constitution; by which the enjoyment, not only of what he got, but of what he before had, would be rendered altogether precarious? I will allow, Sir, that, with respect to bribery, the price must be higher or lower, generally in proportion to the virtue of the man who is to be bribed; but it must likewise be granted, that the humour he happens to be in at the time, the spirit he happens to be endowed with, adds a great deal to his virtue. When no encroachments are made upon the rights of the peo-

ple, when the people do not think themselves in any danger, there may be many of the electors, who, by a bribe of ten guineas, might be induced to vote for one candidate rather than another; but if the court were making any encroachments upon the rights of the people, a proper spirit would, without doubt, arise in the nation; and in such a case, I am persuaded, that none, or very few, even of such electors, could be induced to vote for a court candidate; no, not for ten times the sum.

There may, Sir, be some bribery and corruption in the nation; I am afraid there will always be some: but it is no proof of it that strangers are sometimes chosen; for a gentleman may have so much natural influence over a borough in his neighbourhood, as to be able to prevail with them to choose any person he pleases to recommend; and if upon such recommendation they choose one or two of his friends, who are perhaps strangers to them, it is not from thence to be inferred, that the two strangers were chosen their representatives by the means of bribery and corruption.

To insinuate, Sir, that money may be issued from the public treasury for bribing elections, is really something very extraordinary, especially in those gentlemen who know how many checks are upon every shilling that can be issued from thence; and how regularly the money granted in one year for the public service of the nation, must always be accounted for the very next session, in this house, and likewise in the other, if they have a mind to call for any such account. And as to the gentlemen in offices, if they have any advantage over country gentlemen, in having something else to depend on besides their own private fortunes, they have likewise many disadvantages: they are obliged to live here at London with their families, by which they are put to a much greater expence than gentlemen of equal fortunes who live in the country: this lays them under a very great disadvantage, with respect to the supporting their interest in the country. The country gentleman, by living among the electors, and purchasing the necessaries for his family from them, keeps up an acquaintance and correspondence with them, without putting himself to any extraordinary charge; whereas a gentleman who lives in London has no other way of keeping up an acquaintance or correspondence among his

friends in the country, but by going down once or twice a year, at a very extraordinary charge, and often without any other business; so that we may conclude, a gentleman in office cannot, even in seven years, save much for distributing in ready money at the time of an election; and I really believe, if the fact were narrowly inquired into, it would appear, that the gentlemen in office are as little guilty of bribing their electors with ready money, as any other set of gentlemen in the kingdom.

That there are ferments often raising among the people without any just cause, is what I am surprised to hear controverted, since very late experience may convince us of the contrary. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation towards the latter end of the late queen's reign? And it is well known what a fatal change in the affairs of this nation was introduced, or at least confirmed, by an election's coming on while the nation was in that ferment. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation soon after his late majesty's accession? And if an election had then been allowed to come on, while the nation was in that ferment, it might perhaps have had as fatal effects as the former; but, thank God, this was wisely provided against by the very law which is now wanted to be repealed.

As such ferments may hereafter often happen, I must think that frequent elections will always be dangerous; for which reason, as far as I can see at present, I shall, I believe, at all times, think it a very dangerous experiment to repeal the septennial bill.

§ 24. *Lord LYTTLETON'S Speech on the Repeal of the Act, called the Jew Bill, in the year 1753.*

I see no occasion to enter at present into the merits of the bill we passed the last session, for the naturalization of Jews, because I am convinced, that in the present temper of the nation, not a single foreign Jew will think it expedient to take the benefit of that act; and therefore the repealing of it is giving up nothing. I assented to it last year, in hopes it might induce some wealthy Jews to come and settle among us: in that light I saw enough of utility in it, to make me incline rather to approve than dislike it; but that any man alive could be zealous, either for or against it, I confess I had no

idea. What affects our religion is, indeed, of the highest and most serious importance: God forbid we should ever be indifferent about that! but I thought this had no more to do with religion than any turnpike-act we passed in that session; and, after all the divinity that has been preached on the subject, I think so still.

Resolution and steadiness are excellent qualities; but it is the application of them upon which their value depends. A wise government, Mr. Speaker, will know where to yield, as well as where to resist: and there is no surer mark of littleness of mind in an administration, than obstinacy in trifles. Public wisdom, on some occasions, must condescend to give way to popular folly, especially in a free country, where the humour of the people must be considered as attentively as the humour of a king in an absolute monarchy. Under both forms of government, a prudent and honest ministry will indulge a small folly, and will resist a great one. Not to vouchsafe now and then a kind indulgence to the former, would discover an ignorance in human nature; not to resist the latter at all times, would be meanness and servility.

Sir, I look on the bill we are at present debating, not as a sacrifice made to popularity (for it sacrifices nothing); but as a prudent regard to some consequences arising from the nature of the clamour raised against the late act for naturalizing Jews, which seem to require a particular consideration.

It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his Majesty's reign, that his subjects have enjoyed such a settled tranquillity, such a freedom from angry religious disputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true Christian spirit of moderation, of charity, of universal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, instead of those narrow principles, those bigoted measures, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which had often done so much hurt both to the church and the state. But from the ill-understood, insignificant act of parliament you are now moved to repeal, occasion has been taken to deprive us of this inestimable advantage. It is a pretence to disturb the peace of the church, to infuse idle fear into the minds of the people, and make religion itself an engine of sedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wisdom of parliament, to disappoint those endea-

vours. Sir, the very worst mischief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. Heaven and hell are not more distant than the benevolent spirit of the Gospel, and the malignant spirit of party. The most impious wars ever made were those called holy wars. He who hates another man for not being a Christian, is himself not a Christian. Christianity, Sir, breathes love and peace, and good-will to man. A temper conformable to the dictates of that holy religion, has lately distinguished this nation; and a glorious distinction it was! But there is latent, at all times, in the minds of the vulgar, a spark of enthusiasm, which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it seems quite extinguished, be suddenly revived and raised to a flame. The act of last session for naturalizing Jews, has very unexpectedly administered fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may rise, if it should continue much longer, one cannot easily tell; but, take away the fuel, and it will die of itself.

It is the misfortune of all the Roman Catholic countries, that there the church and the state, the civil power and the hierarchy, have separate interests; and are continually at variance one with the other. It is our happiness, that here they form but one system. While this harmony lasts, whatever hurts the church, hurts the state: whatever weakens the credit of the governors of the church, takes away from the civil power a part of its strength, and shakes the whole constitution.

Sir, I trust and believe that, by speedily passing this bill, we shall silence that obloquy which has so unjustly been cast upon our reverend prelates (some of the most respectable that ever adorned our church) for the part they took in the act which this repeals. And it greatly concerns the whole community, that they should not lose that respect which is so justly due to them, by a popular clamour kept up in opposition to a measure of no importance in itself. But if the departing from that measure should not remove the prejudice so maliciously raised, I am certain that no further step you can take will be able to remove it; and, therefore, I hope you will stop here. This appears to be a reasonable and safe condescension, by which nobody will be hurt; but all beyond this would be dangerous weakness in government: it might open a door to the wildest enthusiasm, and to the most mischievous at-

tacks of political disaffection working upon that enthusiasm. If you encourage and authorize it to fall on the synagogue, it will go from thence to the meeting-house, and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check its further progress. The more zealous we are to support Christianity, the more vigilant should we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back persecution, we bring back the anti-Christian spirit of popery; and when the spirit is here, the whole system will soon follow. Toleration is the basis of all public quiet. It is a charter of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which secures our persons and estates. Indeed, they are inseparably connected together; for, where the mind is not free, where the conscience is enthralled, there is no freedom. Spiritual tyranny puts on the galling chains; but civil tyranny is called in, to rivet and fix them. We see it in Spain, and many other countries; we have formerly both seen and felt it in England. By the blessing of God, we are now delivered from all kinds of oppression. Let us take care, that they may never return.

§ 25. LORD CHATHAM on *Taxing America*.

(After saying that, though the ministers were men of fair characters, yet he could not give them his confidence, he thus proceeded:)--

“Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom: youth is the season of credulity. By comparing events with each other, reasoning from effects to causes, methinks I plainly discover the traces of an over-ruling influence. I have had the honour to serve the crown, and could I have submitted to *influence*, I might still have continued to serve; but I would not be responsible for others. I have no local attachments. It is indifferent to me whether a man was rocked in his cradle on this side or that side of the Tweed. I countenanced and protected merit wherever it was to be found. It is my boast that I was the first minister who sought for it in the mountains of the north. I called it forth, and drew into your service, an hardy, an intrepid race of men, who were once dreaded as the inveterate enemies of the state. When I ceased to serve his Majesty as a minister, it was not the country of the man, by which I was moved, but the man of that country held principles incompatible with

freedom. It is a long time, Mr. Speaker, since I have attended in parliament. When the resolution was taken in this House to tax America, I was ill in bed. If I could have endured to have been carried in my bed, so great was the agitation of my mind for the consequences, I would have solicited some kind hand to have laid me down on this floor, to have borne my testimony against it. It is my opinion that this kingdom has *no right* to lay a tax upon the colonies. At the same time, I assert the authority of this kingdom to be sovereign and supreme in every circumstance of government and legislation whatsoever. Taxation is no part of the governing or legislative power: the taxes are a voluntary gift and grant of the commons alone. The concurrence of the Peers and of the Crown is necessary only as a form of law. This house represents the Commons of Great Britain. When in this house we give and grant; therefore we give and grant what is our own; but can we give and grant the property of the commons of America? It is an absurdity in terms. There is an idea in some, that the colonies are virtually represented in this house. I would fain know by whom? The idea of *virtual* representation is the most contemptible that ever entered into the head of man: it does not deserve a serious refutation. The commons in America, represented in their several assemblies, have invariably exercised this constitutional right of giving and granting their own money: they would have been slaves, if they had not enjoyed it. At the same time this kingdom has ever possessed the power of legislative and commercial control. The colonies acknowledged your authorities in all things, with the sole exception that you shall not take their money out of their pockets without their consent. Here would I draw the line, *quam ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.*”

§ 26. LORD CHATHAM on a charge brought against certain members of the House, of giving birth to Sedition in America.

A charge is brought against gentlemen sitting in this house, for giving birth to sedition in America. The freedom, with which they have spoken their sentiments against this unhappy act, is imputed to them as a crime; but the imputation shall not discourage me. It is a liberty which I hope no gentleman will be afraid to ex-

ercise : it is a liberty by which the gentleman who calumniates it might have profited. He ought to have desisted from his project. We are told America is obstinate---America is almost in open rebellion. Sir, I REJOICE that America has resisted---three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest. I came not here armed at all points with law cases and acts of parliament; with the statute book doubled down in *dogs' ears* to defend the cause of liberty; but for the defence of liberty upon a general constitutional principle; it is a ground on which I dare meet any man: I will not debate points of law; but what, after all, do the cases of Chester and Durham prove, but that, under the most arbitrary reigns, parliament were ashamed of taxing a people without their consent, and allowed them representatives? A higher and better example might have been taken from Wales; that principality was never taxed by parliament till it was incorporated with England. We are told of many classes of persons in this kingdom not represented in parliament; but are they not all virtually represented as Englishmen resident within the realm? Have they not the option, many of them at least, of becoming themselves electors? Every inhabitant of this kingdom is necessarily included in the general system of representation. It is a misfortune that more are not actually represented. The honourable gentleman boasts of his bounties to America. Are not these bounties intended finally for the benefit of this kingdom? If they are not, he has misapplied the national treasures. I am no courtier of America. I maintain that parliament has a right to bind, to restrain America. Our legislative power over the colonies is sovereign and supreme. The honourable gentleman tells us, he understands not the difference between internal and external taxation; but surely there is a plain difference between taxes levied for the purpose of raising a revenue, and duties imposed for the regulation of commerce. When, said the honourable gentleman, were the colonies emancipated? At what time, say I in answer, were they made slaves? I speak from accurate knowledge, when I say, that the profits to *Great Britain* from the trade of the Colonies, through all its branches, is two millions per annum. This is the

fund which carried you triumphantly through the last war; this is the price America pays you for her protection; and shall a miserable financier come with a boast that he can fetch a pepper-corn into the exchequer, at the loss of millions to the nation? I know the valour of your troops; I know the skill of your officers; I know the force of this country; but in such a cause, your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man: she would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution with her. Is this your boasted peace? Not to sheathe the sword in the scabbard, but to sheathe it in the bowels of your countrymen? The Americans have been wronged; they have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? No; let this country be the first to resume its prudence and temper. I will pledge myself for the colonies, that, on their part, animosity and resentment will cease. Let affection be the only bond of coercion.

Upon the whole I will beg leave to tell the House in a few words, what is really my opinion. It is that the Stamp Act be repealed--ABSOLUTELY--TOTALLY--and IMMEDIATELY.

§ 27. LORD CHATHAM *on the Bill for quartering Soldiers in America.*

If, my lords, we take a transient view of those motives which induced the ancestors of our fellow-subjects in America to leave their native country, to encounter the innumerable difficulties of the unexplored regions of the western world, our astonishment at the present conduct of their descendants will naturally subside. There was no corner of the globe to which they would not have fled, rather than submit to the slavish and tyrannical spirit which prevailed at that period in their native country; and viewing them in their originally forlorn and now flourishing state, they may be cited as illustrious instances to instruct the world, what great exertions mankind will naturally make, when left to the free exercise of their own powers. Notwithstanding my intention to give my hearty negative to the question now before you, I condemn, my lords, in the severest manner, the turbulent, and unwarrantable conduct of the Americans in some instances, particularly in the late riots at Boston; but, my lords, the mode

which has been pursued to bring them back to a sense of their duty, is so diametrically opposite to every principle of sound policy, as to excite my utmost astonishment. You have involved the guilty and the innocent in one common punishment, and avenge the crimes of a few lawless depredators upon the whole body of the inhabitants. My lords, the different provinces of America, in the excess of their gratitude for the repeal of the Stamp Act, seemed to vie with each other in expressions of loyalty and duty; but the moment they perceived your intention to tax them was renewed under a pretence of serving the East India Company, their resentment got the ascendant of their moderation, and hurried them into actions which their cooler reason would abhor. But, my lords, from the whole complexion of the late proceedings, I cannot but incline to think that administration has purposely irritated them into these violent acts, in order to gratify their own malice and revenge. What else could induce them to dress taxation, the father of American sedition, in the robes of an East India director, but to break in upon that mutual peace and harmony, which then so happily subsisted between the colonies and the mother country? My lords, it has always been my fixed and unalterable opinion, and I will carry it with me to the grave, that this country had no right under heaven to tax America. It is contrary to all the principles of justice and civil policy: it is contrary to that essential, that unalterable *right in nature*, engrafted into the British constitution as a fundamental law, that what a man has honestly acquired is absolutely his own, which he may freely give, but which cannot be taken from him without his consent. Pass then, my lords, instead of these harsh and severe edicts, an amnesty over their errors: by measures of lenity and affection allure them to their duty: act the part of a generous and forgiving parent. A period may arrive when this parent may stand in need of every assistance she can receive from a grateful and affectionate offspring. The welfare of this country, my lords, has ever been my greatest joy, and under all the vicissitudes of my life has afforded me the most pleasing consolation. Should the all-disposing hand of Providence prevent me from contributing my poor and feeble aid in the day of her distress, my prayers shall be ever

for her prosperity. 'Length of days be in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. May her ways be ways of pleasantness; and all her paths be peace!'

§ 28. LORD CHATHAM for the immediate removal of the Troops from Boston in America.

On the 20th of January 1775, the plan of absolute coercion being resolved upon by the ministry, Lord Dartmouth, the secretary of state for America, laid before the Peers the official papers belonging to his department, when Lord CHATHAM, though sinking under bodily infirmities, made the following powerful effort, before the die was finally cast, to avert the calamity, the danger, and the ruin, which he saw impending:—

Too well apprized of the contents of the papers, now at last laid before the House, I shall not take up your lordships' time in tedious and fruitless investigations, but shall seize the first moment to open the door of reconciliation; for every moment of delay is a moment of danger. As I have not the honour of access to his Majesty, I will endeavour to transmit to him, through the constitutional channel of this House, my ideas of America, to RESCUE him from the mis-advice of his present ministers. America, my lords, cannot be reconciled, she ought not to be reconciled to this country, till the troops of Britain are withdrawn from the continent; they are a bar to all confidence; they are a source of perpetual irritation; they threaten a fatal catastrophe. How can America trust you with the bayonet at her breast? How can she suppose that you mean less than bondage or death? I therefore, my lords, move, that an humble address be presented to his Majesty, most humbly to advise and beseech his Majesty, that, in order to open the way towards a happy settlement of the dangerous troubles in America, it may graciously please his Majesty to transmit orders to General GAGE for removing his Majesty's forces from the town of Boston. I know not, my lords, who advised the present measures; I know not who advises to a perseverance and enforcement of them; but this I will say, that the authors of such advice ought to answer it at their utmost peril. I wish, my lords, not to lose a day in this urgent,

pressing crisis: an hour now lost in allaying ferments in America may produce years of calamity. Never will I desert, in any stage of its progress, the conduct of this momentous business. Unless fettered to my bed by the extremity of sickness, I will give it unremitting attention. I will knock at the gates of this sleeping and confounded ministry, and will, if it be possible, rouse them to a sense of their danger. The recall of your army I urge as necessarily preparatory to the restoration of your peace. By this it will appear that you are disposed to treat amicably and equitably, and to consider, revise, and repeal, if it should be found necessary, as I affirm it will, those violent acts and declarations which have disseminated confusion throughout the empire. Resistance to these acts was necessary, and therefore just: and your vain declarations of the omnipotence of parliament, and your imperious doctrines of the necessity of submission, will be found equally impotent to convince or enslave America, who feels that tyranny is equally intolerable, whether it be exercised by an individual part of the Legislature, or by the collective bodies which compose it. The means of enforcing this thralldom are found to be as ridiculous and weak in practice as they are unjust in principle. Conceiving of General Gage as a man of humanity and understanding; entertaining, as I ever must, the highest respect and affection for the British troops, I feel the most anxious sensibility for their situation, pining in inglorious inactivity. You may call them an army of safety and defence, but they are in truth an army of impotence and contempt; and to make the folly equal to the disgrace, they are an army of irritation and vexation. Allay then the ferment prevailing in America by removing the obnoxious hostile cause. If you delay concession till your vain hope shall be accomplished of triumphantly dictating reconciliation, you delay for ever: the force of this country would be disproportionately exerted against a brave, generous, and united people, with arms in their hands, and courage in their hearts—three millions of people, the genuine descendants of a valiant and pious ancestry, driven to those deserts by the narrow maxims of a superstitious tyranny. But is the spirit of persecution never to be appeased? Are the brave sons of those brave

forefathers to inherit their sufferings, as they have inherited their virtues? Are they to sustain the infliction of the most oppressive and unexampled severity, beyond what history has related, or poetry has feigned?

—————*Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna, Castigatque, auditque dolos.*

But the Americans must not be heard; they have been condemned unheard. The indiscriminate hand of vengeance has devoted thirty thousand British subjects of all ranks, ages, and descriptions, to one common ruin. You may, no doubt, destroy their cities; you may cut them off from the superfluities, perhaps the conveniences of life; but my lords, they will still despise your power, for they have yet remaining their woods and their liberty. What, though you march from town to town, from province to province; though you should be able to enforce a temporary and local submission, how shall you be able to secure the obedience of the country you leave behind you, in your progress of eighteen hundred miles of continent, animated with the same spirit of liberty and of resistance? This universal opposition to your arbitrary system of taxation might have been foreseen; it was obvious, from the nature of things, and from the nature of man, and, above all, from the confirmed habits of thinking, from the spirit of whiggism, flourishing in America. The spirit which now pervades America, is the same which formerly opposed loans, benevolences, and ship money in this country—the same spirit which roused all England to action at the revolution, and which established at a remote æra your liberties on the basis of that great fundamental maxim of the constitution, that no subject of England shall be taxed but by his own consent. What shall oppose this spirit, aided by the congenial flame glowing in the breast of every generous Briton? To maintain this principle is the common cause of the whigs on the other side of the Atlantic, and on this; it is liberty to liberty engaged. In this great cause they are immoveably allied: it is the alliance of God and nature, immutable, eternal, fixed as the firmament of heaven. As an Englishman, I recognise to the Americans their supreme unalterable right of property. As an American, I would equally recognise to England her supreme right of regulating commerce and navigation. This distinction is

involved in the abstract nature of things: property is private, individual, absolute: the touch of another annihilates it. Trade is an extended and complicated consideration: it reaches as far as ships can sail, or winds can blow: it is a vast and various machine. To regulate the numberless movements of its several parts, and to combine them in one harmonious effect, for the good of the whole, requires the superintending wisdom and energy of the supreme power of the empire. On this grand practical distinction, then, let us rest: taxation is theirs; commercial regulation is ours. As to the metaphysical refinements, attempting to shew that the Americans are equally free from legislative controul and commercial restraint, as from taxation for the purpose of revenue, I pronounce them futile, frivolous, groundless. When your lordships have perused the papers transmitted us from America, when you consider the dignity, the firmness, and the wisdom with which the Americans have acted, you cannot but respect their cause. History, my lords, has been my favourite study; and in the celebrated writings of antiquity have I often admired the patriotism of Greece and Rome; but, my lords, I must declare and avow, that, in the master-states of the world, I know not the people, nor the senate, who, in such a complication of difficult circumstances, can stand in preference to the Delegates of America, assembled in General Congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your lordships that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must be futile. Can such a national principled union be resisted by the tricks of office or ministerial manœuvres? Heaping papers on your table, or counting your majorities on a division, will not avert or postpone the hour of danger. It must arrive, my lords, unless these fatal acts are done away: it must arrive in all its horrors; and then these boastful ministers, in spite of all their confidence and all their manœuvres, shall be compelled to hide their heads. But it is not repealing this or that act of parliament; it is not repealing a piece of parchment, that can restore America to your bosom: you must repeal her fears and resentments, and then you may hope for her love and gratitude. But now, insulted with an armed force, irritated

with an hostile array before her eyes, her concessions, if you *could* force them, would be suspicious and insecure. But it is more than evident that you *cannot* force them to your unworthy terms of submission: it is impossible: we ourselves shall be forced ultimately to retract: let us retract while we can, not when we must. I repeat it, my lords, we shall one day be *forced* to undo these violent acts of oppression: they must be repealed; you will repeal them. I pledge myself for it, that you will in the end repeal them: I stake my reputation on it: I will consent to be taken for an impost if they are not repealed. Avoid then this humiliating, disgraceful necessity. With a dignity becoming your exalted situation, make the first advances to concord, to peace, and to happiness. Concession comes with better grace and more salutary effect from superior power: it reconciles superiority of power with the feelings of man, and establishes solid confidence on the foundations of affection and gratitude. On the other hand, every danger and every hazard impend to deter you from perseverance in the present ruinous measures: foreign war hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread—France and Spain watching your conduct, and waiting for the maturity of your errors, with a vigilant eye to America and the temper of your colonies, MORE THAN TO THEIR OWN CONCERNS, BE THEY WHAT THEY MAY. To conclude, my lords, if the ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the King, I will not say, that they *can* alienate the affections of his subjects from the crown; but I affirm, they will make the crown not worth his wearing. I will not say that the KING is BETRAYED, but I will pronounce, that the KINGDOM is UNDONE.

§ 29. LORD CHATHAM *on moving an Amendment to the Address.*

On the 20th of November, 1777, just at the time that government had received some dispatches of an unfavourable nature from General BURGOYNE, but not extending to the catastrophe of Saratoga, parliament assembled; and the speech from the throne expressed not only a confidence that the spirit and intrepidity of his Majesty's forces would be attended with important success; but "a de-

termination steadily to pursue the measures in which we were engaged," with a hope "that the deluded and unwary multitude would finally return to their allegiance."

In moving an amendment to the address, Lord CHATHAM spoke as follows:—

It has been usual on similar occasions of public difficulty and distress, for the crown to make application to this House, the great hereditary council of the nation, for advice and assistance. As it is the right of parliament to give, so it is the duty of the crown to ask it. But, on this day, and in this extreme momentous exigency, no reliance is reposed on your counsels—no advice is asked of parliament; but the crown from itself, and by itself, declares an unalterable determination to pursue its own preconceived measures: and what measures, my lords? measures which have produced hitherto nothing but disappointments and defeats. I CANNOT, my lords, I WILL NOT join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment: it is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne, in the language of TRUTH. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt. But yesterday, "and England might have stood against the world—now, none so poor to do her reverence." The people whom we at first despised as *rebels*, but whom we now acknowledge as *enemies*, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by your inveterate enemy; and our ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do: I know their virtues and their valour: I know they can achieve any thing except impossi-

lities: and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You CANNOT, my lords, you CANNOT conquer America. What is your present situation there? *We do not know the worst*, but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expence, and strain every effort, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the *shambles* of every *German* despot; your attempts for ever will be vain and impotent; doubly so indeed from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your adversaries to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—NEVER! NEVER! NEVER! But, my lords, who is the man, that in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of war, has dared to authorize, and associate to our arms the *tomahawk* and *scalping knife* of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. Familiarized to the horrid scenes of savage cruelty, our army can no longer boast of the noble and generous principles which dignify a soldier. No longer are their feelings awake to "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of *glorious war*;"—but the sense of honour is degraded into a vile spirit of plunder, and the systematic practice of murder. From the ancient connexion between Great Britain and her colonies, both parties derived the most important advantage. While the shield of our protection was extended over America, she was the fountain of our wealth, the nerve of our strength, the basis of our power. It is not, my lords, a wild and lawless banditti whom we oppose; the resistance of America is the struggle of free and virtuous patriots. Let us then seize with eagerness the present moment of reconciliation. America has not yet finally given herself up to France: there yet remains a possibility of escape from the fatal effect of our delusions. In this complicated crisis

of danger, weakness, and calamity, terrified and insulted by the neighbouring powers, unable to act in America, or acting only to be destroyed, WHERE is the man who will venture to flatter us with the hope of success from perseverance in measures productive of these dire effects? WHO has the effrontery to attempt it? Where is that man? Let him, if he DARE, stand forward and shew his face. You cannot conciliate America by your present measures: you cannot subdue her by your present or any measures. What then can you do? You cannot conquer, you cannot gain; but you can ADDRESS: you can lull the fears and anxieties of the moment into ignorance of the danger that should produce them. I did hope, instead of that false and empty pride, engendering high conceits and presumptuous imaginations, that ministers would have humbled themselves in their errors—would have confessed and retracted them, and by an active, though a late repentance, have endeavoured to redeem them. But, my lords, since they have neither sagacity to foresee, nor justice nor humanity to shun those calamities—since not even bitter experience can make them feel, nor the imminent ruin of their country awaken them from their stupefaction, the guardian care of parliament must interpose. I shall therefore, my lords, propose to you an amendment to the address to his Majesty—To recommend an immediate cessation of hostilities, and the commencement of a treaty to restore peace and liberty to America, strength and happiness to England, security and permanent prosperity to both countries. This, my lords, is yet in our power; and let not the wisdom and justice of your lordships neglect the happy and perhaps the only opportunity.

§ 30. *Lord CHATHAM on a Proposal to employ Indians in the War.*

[A Secretary of State, in the course of the debate, contended for the employment of Indians in the War.]

I am astonished and SHOCKED to hear such principles confessed: to hear them avowed in this House, or even in this country. My lords, I did not intend to have encroached again on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself IMPELLED to speak. My

lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity—“*That God and Nature put into our hands!*” What ideas of God and Nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity! What, to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife!—to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that reverend, and this most learned bench to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn: upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom? Your protestant brethren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible *hell-hounds of war!* Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; but we, more ruthless, loose the *dogs of war* against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity. My lords, I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly I call upon the holy prelates

of our religion to do away this iniquity: let them perform a lustration to purify their country from this deep and deadly sin. My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more, but my feelings and indignation were too strong to say less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

§ 31. MR. BURKE'S *Conclusion of his Speech to the Electors of Bristol.*

“But, if I profess all this impolitic stubbornness, I may chance never to be elected into parliament.” It is certainly not pleasing to be put out of the public service. But I wish to be a member of parliament, to have my share of doing good and resisting evil. It would therefore be absurd to renounce my objects, in order to obtain my seat. I deceive myself indeed most grossly, if I had not much rather pass the remainder of my life, hidden in the recesses of the deepest obscurity, feeding my mind even with the visions and imaginations of such things, than to be placed on the most splendid throne of the universe, tantalized with a denial of the practice of all which can make the greatest situation any other than the greatest curse. Gentlemen, I have had my day. I can never sufficiently express my gratitude to you for having set me in a place, wherein I could lend the slightest help to great and laudable designs. If I have had my share in any measure giving quiet to private property, and private conscience; if by my vote I have aided in securing to families the best possession, peace; if I have joined in reconciling kings to their subjects, and subjects to their prince; if I have assisted to loosen the foreign holdings of the citizen, and taught him to look for his protection to the laws of his country, and for his comfort to the good-will of his countrymen; if I have thus taken my part with the best of men in the best of their actions, I can shut the book—I might wish to read a page or two more---but this is enough for my measure---I have not lived in vain.

And now, gentlemen, on this serious day, when I come, as it were, to make up my account with you, let me take to myself some degree of honest pride on the nature of the charges that are against

me. I do not here stand before you accused of venality, or of neglect of duty. It is not said, that, in the long period of my service, I have, in a single instance, sacrificed the slightest of your interests to my ambition or to my fortune. It is not alleged, that to gratify any anger, or revenge of my own, or of my party, I have had a share in wronging or oppressing any description of men, or any one man in any description. No! the charges against me are all of one kind, that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far; further than a cautious policy would warrant; and further than the opinions of many would go along with me.---In every accident which may happen through life, in pain, in sorrow, in depression, and distress---I will call to mind this accusation, and be comforted.

§ 32. *The Speech of the Hon. CHARLES JAMES FOX, on the Functions of Juries in Cases of Libel.*

Every member of this house is so well acquainted with the duties of the house, that I need not take up their time with stating, that one of the most important of their duties is that of watching over the executing government of the country, in which is included, as an essential part, the judicial proceedings of the kingdom. It is not necessary for me to use words to describe the duty, nor to shew that whenever the house thought it necessary to inquire into the administration of the judicial branch of the executive government, the house did not go out of its just and constitutional province. It was, of all the constitutional duties of that house, one of its most wholesome and necessary; and I trust, that it would not be thought that the commons house, by interfering so far as to take notice of what might have been transacted in the courts below, were raising an unjust prejudice in the minds of men, and unbinding the settled reverence and opinion of the country.---Nothing could be so unfair as to say, because he watched the conduct of those intrusted with the execution of the judicial department---that he was faulty if he should state what appeared to him to be unexplicit or erroneous---or that seasonably declaring his opinion was defaming the courts. Nothing could be more untrue, or more unjust, than this mode of reasoning; for if it were to be held as a dec-

trine, that it was giving an unnecessary alarm to the country, to take notice of, and animadvert on, what occurred in the courts in the beginnings of error, or in the progress of it, what must be the consequence? That they must either suffer abuses and errors to accumulate, until, by their own grossness, they had inflamed the nation, and produced the natural consequences of authority and justice abused---or be subject to the imputation of unnecessarily alarming the people, and unhinging the influence of the courts. Now, nothing in his mind could be more true than this proposition, that the true authority of the courts was to be maintained by convincing the people, that the inquisitorial superintending power of parliament was constantly vigilant; that it was ever on the watch, and that, whenever it observed any thing which called for explanation or correction, the house stepped forth to the discharge of its duty, and by its reasonable admonition, restored love and confidence to public opinion, and fixed the authority of the courts on its true basis---that of reason and justice.—It was here that he meant on that day to draw the attention of the house to the consideration of more than one point, flowing from decisions in the courts; but in doing this, it was certainly as true, that he had no idea of any blame to be imputed to the courts on the score of abuse, or of corruption. He had observed some ideas gradually springing up, which he thought demanded the interference of that house, and upon which they might reason with perfect freedom, and with a perfect regard to the dignity of the learned judges, who now filled the seat of justice. The first point was, the conduct of the courts on trial of libel. He would not take the occasion of indulging in any declamation on the invaluable advantages of the freedom of the press. He would content himself with a single observation on the subject. Let gentlemen look round the world, and he would be bound to say, that whoever observed the present state of general intelligence and manners—of the science of political government—of the improvements in the useful arts of life; would acknowledge, that the blessings which man owed to the liberty of the press, were beyond the reach even of the press to describe. He was no friend to, much less advocate for, its licentiousness. But he was not among those who, because it was

occasionally abused, and because it must always be subject to abuse, would stifle the press, by subjecting it to previous restraints; or even in instances where conviction of guilt was made, he was an enemy to punishments measured severely; for this plain, and, as he thought, substantial reason, that a popular government should ever manifest a disposition to protect and cherish the press. That it should be unshackled and free, he drew from the experience of all nations who had unwisely loaded it with restraints. They had proved that, by such fetters, they had deprived their country only of the good uses of the press, but not of the abuses. They had had the licentiousness, without the just liberty. Calumny had found the means of spreading its rancours, where wholesome and useful truth was stifled. It became, therefore, a government that regarded the people, to take measures to secure to the press its just liberty—providing as well as they could against its licentiousness. In the present enlightened age, he certainly had no reason to fear, that previous restraints would be attempted to be imposed on the press. The good sense of the times would not brook an *imprimatur*, or previous securities of any kind of good behaviour—and it was not in such way that he dreaded any danger to the press. The only danger that he dreaded was by a series of punishments, severe beyond the crimes, by straining the law to meet cases, which, in the clear eye of reason, ought not to be deemed libellous—by abridging and narrowing, until they should finally extinguish, the power of juries in these cases; by making the constitution so doubtful, as to take from the people their security—and by thus indisposing all men from engaging in pursuits, which subjected them to penalties different from every other subject of the empire, although it was an employment calculated to render to their country the greatest possible good. That certain doctrines, and even some decisions, were calculated to produce this very fatal effect, and that they had given serious subject of alarm to thinking men, he trusted he could prove to the house. Perhaps it might be said, that we must have reached the just point of the liberty of the press, because we had gone beyond it. This was certainly not true. It was not fair to say, that, because calumny and slander daily sport-

ed with impunity in the daily prints, that no character was so sacred as to be secure from their licentiousness—they enjoyed the just liberty of public discussions, and that the press had the true and desirable freedom for which he contended. The fact was not so—for though, from a variety of reasons, there was a facility of private abuse, and though slanders might be published freely against him and others, there was not the same freedom and security in discussing the acts of government, and the public conduct of ministers;—the private conduct of ministers and of public men—their domestic manners---and that which related to them personally out of their offices, stood precisely on the same ground as other men; but he contended, from some recent decisions, and much more so, from some doctrines which had obtained in the courts, that men now were not free to discuss the public acts of government, and of public men, which they ought to be, and which the constitution of a popular government required that they should be. He would endeavour to illustrate this, by arguing from individual instances to the general position.

Last year the Spanish armament naturally agitated the nation, and all men speculated upon it, as it was their undoubted right to do. Some strictures appeared in a newspaper on the probable cause of the armament; upon which government directed a prosecution to be commenced. The man pleaded guilty, or, which was the same thing, suffered judgment to go by default. A sentence was passed by the court of King's Bench, which he thought inordinately severe, and disproportioned to the offence. The offence was a supposition that the pretended purpose of the armament, Nootka Sound, was not the real purpose. Now, it would have appeared to him, that nothing could be more perfectly free from libel, in his idea of what a libel ought to be, than such a supposition. His first wonder was, that the printer should have suffered judgment to go by default; and he next was astonished that he did not make a motion in arrest of judgment. This struck him on the first view of the sentence, and made him turn his attention to it; that the sentence, which was imprisonment for one year, and to stand in the pillory, made the same impression on every other man at the time, he sincerely

believed.---That it was the general feeling and sensation of the bar, that it was inordinately severe, he had the best information; and therefore it was a matter which had very much agitated the minds of gentlemen. He had read the libel with all the care he could give the subject. It was a libel upon which a writ of error could not lie from the circumstances of the conviction, and which therefore put him to considerable difficulty, as to the manner in which he could treat it. For though the passage to which he had alluded was clearly not libellous, yet the paragraph contained other matter, which, as the printer could not be suffered to justify, must have been called libellous. For instance, it insinuated that the king's ministers wanted prudence, policy, and spirit---terms which, in the construction of a libel, might have convicted the printer---and which, if applied to ministers on their new scheme of the Russian armament, might be called a libel, as the person who said it in print would not be permitted to justify. Whether, in the present state of things, it was consistent with the dignity of his Majesty's ministers to prosecute for such libels, he would leave to the good sense of the house. But he was willing to admit, that, in the present construction and practice of the courts on libel, charging the king's ministers with want of prudence, policy, and spirit, was a libel; and although this was one of the counts of indictment against Luxford, yet there was another count, the doctrine of which he completely and totally denied. He wished on technical points to be understood as speaking with great diffidence, but he trusted he should make his ideas clear to the house. In the declaration for a libel, the words *maliciously* and *seditionously* were essential, and this was to be made out by filling up the inuendos. In doing this, he held it to be indispensable, that an inuendo should be matter of explanation---not of addition. Inuendo clearly signified that which we expressed by the words "meaning thereby---*id est scilicet*---importing," as for instance, that *K* means *King*---that, in speaking of such a man, it was said ironically, that on such occasion, he had not acted as a coward; meaning thereby that he had acted as a coward.---But in this declaration, another signification had been given to inuendo---that of *purposing*. Now inuendo never meant in a libel, nor

could mean, purposing, but always importing.---And he complained, that, in the third count of the declaration against Luxford, an inuendo had been inserted, of a kind perfectly and completely unjustifiable. After reciting the terms of the writing---that the armament was calculated to make a deep impression on the minds of the French cabinet, national assembly, and people in general---it is said---inuendo---‘meaning thereby to alarm the king of France and his minister, the national assembly, and people in general, and excite them to hostility against our sovereign Lord the King,’ &c.---Now these words were any thing but an inuendo. It was the clear province of the jury, according to the doctrine of the day, to fill up the inuendos; but it was the province of the court to draw the legal inferences. Admitting for a moment that such were the distinct provinces of judge and jury, see what must be the conclusion from this very count. By putting it into the count, it completely deprived the poor man from moving an arrest of judgment. For if he had come and said, ‘This writing was not a libel; the inference that you have drawn from it is not a fair inference; it is not calculated to excite the King of France to hostility, and it was not written with that view’---what would have been his answer? You cannot avail yourself of that plea. It is not an inference, but an inuendo. It is contained in the body of the record, not drawn by us from it---and you have submitted to its truth, by suffering judgment to go by default. Here was the difficulty of which he complained; and, that he might make his argument perfectly clear, Mr. Fox read the whole of the count, in which he shewed the true distinction between an inuendo and an inference. For instance, when the indictment repeated the words of the writing---‘They, (meaning the cabinet, national assembly, and people of France) will sooner think that this armament is destined against Brest and Toulon (meaning the ports of Brest and Toulon in France,) than against Cadiz and Barcelona (meaning the ports of Cadiz and Barcelona in Spain)---These were fair and legitimate inuendos; but when it proceeded to say conclusively, ‘meaning and intending thereby to have it believed by the ministers, national assembly, and people of France, that the said armament was really to be directed

against Brest and Toulon, and thereby exciting them to hostility,’ they substituted an inference in the place of an inuendo---an inference which might or might not be true, and on which surely it was fit that the person should have the benefit of deliberation. But how was he to make his defence against it as it stood in the indictment? If, instead of pleading guilty, he had objected to the inuendo, the court would have stopped him.---It was not an inuendo, it was a legal inference; and the jury had nothing to do with it. It was the province of the court to find the inference. If, on the other side, he had not objected at the trial, but had moved for an arrest of judgment, on the ground that it was not a fair inference, but an inuendo, the truth of which he had admitted by not objecting to it, and that it was part of the record on the verdict of the jury. Such was the situation of this unhappy man, under this mode of introducing this strange count into the indictment. There were other counts in the indictment, on which being also convicted, he could not receive any benefit from this, although this did tend so directly to vitiate the proceeding. If there had been no other count than this, he would not have hesitated to say that the court of King’s Bench had made a strained construction, and an improper, unwarranted inference. But as there were other counts, a variety of observations occurred to his mind, and objections arose to every measure, which it was suggested to pursue. To move an arrest of judgment was impossible, for the reasons he had assigned; and to make complaint in that house, unless he had reason to believe that there was a corrupt motive, it was certainly not a course which he could pursue. He acquitted them most completely of corrupt motives, and suspected only that they acted from error---and that they found themselves in the same difficulty which the practice of the court daily shewed that they were put to in cases of libel. This was the ground on which he came to the house; for, seeing the difficulties of the court, the house could not, and ought not, to stand by and see either an innocent man punished, or a guilty man punished beyond the measure of his guilt, because there was a defect in the practice of the courts on the subject of a libel, from which, without the interference of parliament, the

judges could not extricate themselves and their country. Perhaps, in the present case, an address to the King, to pardon what remained of the sentence of John Luxford, and to relieve him from the pillory, might be the most proper way; and if the house should agree with him on the propriety of going into a committee, that might be one branch of their consideration. He knew there were those who held it to be a maxim, that the house should never interfere with the administration of justice, except in cases of notorious incapacity, or of direct corruption. He did not agree to the wisdom of this opinion, because he thought it at all times better to apply a preventive than an example; and he was sure, that while the house maintained that respect which great and learned men in the seat of justice were likely to obtain from them, their interference, when they saw cause to declare what was the intention of the legislature, or to make it more explicit where it was found obscure, would never unsettle the public opinion, but, on the contrary, strengthen it.—But this distinction between the inuendo and inference had led his mind to inquire farther into the subject. If it was an inuendo, according to the practice, the jury were to decide on it; if it was an inference, the court was to do it. He saw no good reason for this distinction. If, as a jurymen, he was capable of filling up the inuendo, and finding that such a thing stood for and meant such a thing, surely he was capable also of drawing an inference—that is, of drawing a fact from a fact—for, he observed, that in these cases, what was construed into a legal inference was no such thing, but was an inference simply of one fact from another. It was so in this case of Luxford; and this led him to inquire, how it had come that this question of law and fact was thus split and divided. He had looked into books—he had found that, seven years ago, his honourable friend, in the memorable case of the Dean of St. Asaph, had illustrated the true rights of the jury in so clear and so masterly a manner, as to render it at once impossible and unnecessary for him, or any man, to say more on the subject. He would not say all that occurred to his mind on the subject of the memorable stand made by his honourable friend, in which, as he conceived, he had so completely triumphed; but, thinking that he

had so triumphed, he had taken some pains to inquire into the other side of the question, to see whether his honourable friend had overthrown a giant, or, at least, that he had been wrestling with a man. For this reason, he had searched into the authorities; and he was ready to own, that he thought great authorities were arguments. All authorities, however, must, at one time or another, rest on the foundation of reason; and he thought it a wise and advantageous thing, that all authorities should be tried by that test, for the purpose of establishing in the public mind just reverence for authorities, which could only be done by shewing that no authority was to be established, without its having first undergone the inquiry and examination of sense and reason. He found then that there was not a slight shade of difference only between his honourable friend and the opposite side; but they differed *toto celo*. Nothing could be more completely opposite than the two doctrines. The court of King's Bench held, in Shipley's case, that the whole question of law belonged to the court, and the question of fact only to the jury.—The direct reverse was held fairly and handsomely by his honourable friend; and he contended that the jury were masters of the whole case, whether law or fact. They came, therefore, fairly to issue. In examining the doctrine, he found that it was not of modern date, though, for a long time, and till lately, it had slept. The first instance that he had traced of it, was in the case of a man not unknown to history—in the case of John Lilburne, in 1649. He was indicted for writing a treasonable paper. Lilburne addressed the court in very coarse and homely language, which gentlemen would not approve in the expression; language in which he said, that “the jury were every thing, and that judges were cyphers!”—But what was the answer which it provoked from the bench?—“What damnable and blasphemous heresy!” was the exclamation of Judge Jermyn. The jury, however, proved themselves every thing, for they acquitted Lilburne; and, when again prosecuted, he was again acquitted. Such was the conduct of the jury in those days; and thus all the power of Cromwell, backed by all the despotism of the judges, had not been able to procure currency to the doctrine; for, some time afterwards, it was allowed to sleep; the

reason of which, if he might hazard a conjecture, was, that a licenser being appointed in all the time from the Restoration till after the Revolution, the case was altered. The judges had nothing to do but to inquire, whether a paper was published without the authority of the licenser? But, since its revival, he observed, that it had experienced the fate of all indefensible propositions; there has been much caviling about it, and about the manner in which it would be brought to bear. When the general issue was joined, a general verdict was, in his mind, the clear and only intelligible conclusion that could be made. It was, in his mind, a solecism to say, that a special verdict could meet a general issue. A man was accused of printing and publishing, maliciously and seditiously, a libel: he pleads the general issue of not guilty, and the jury are directed to lay out of the case the malice and sedition, and to find simply that he printed and published. What was the general issue?—Not guilty of printing and publishing the paper maliciously, seditiously, &c.—He did not wish to lay any particular stress on the word *guilty*; but surely to say, that a man was to be found guilty before any inquiry was to be made into his guilt, was a solecism in terms.—To find a verdict of guilty, was a most serious thing, whatever might be the conclusion: it was inconsistent with the proud and high situation of an Englishman, whose right it was not to be called guilty, until he was proved so to be by his peers.—Going a little further, he found an universal acknowledgment by all the authorities for this monstrous doctrine, which, in his mind, was conclusive against themselves, viz. that the jury had the power to bring in a general verdict of not guilty.—How could they do that, but by exercising the right of judging of the whole matter? This Raymond, Reed, Mansfield, Buller, and every one of the judges who argued for this doctrine, constantly admitted, and always told the jury they might find a verdict of not guilty. Now, though he would not be so childish as to argue, that, in all cases, right and power were convertible terms; yet he could not agree with Judge Ashhurst, that the rights of juries so exercised would be like the rights of highwaymen and robbers.—He thought that the constitution, which lodged in juries the right of exercising

their discretion to acquit on the whole matter, gave them also the right to exercise their judgment to convict generally: and that there could be no conviction without examining the two sides impartially. The law adage, therefore, *ad questionem facti non respondent iudices, ad questionem juris non respondent juratores*, was, in his mind, totally inadmissible; and all the legal analogies by which it was attempted to be supported, forsook and left them defenceless. It was said, that in an indictment for murder, if the judge saw that the evidence amounted only to homicide, he advised the jury to find a verdict of homicide.—True—but did not the very advice of the judge prove that the jury had the power?—Who advised a man to do a thing that he had not the power to do? The jury were clearly in possession of the right, and the judge assisted them in the exercise of that right. It was the same in felony, and even in high treason, at least in one branch of it. In every thing, except in a libel, the jury had the power; but libel, the lawyers said, was an anomaly.—It was an anomaly, indeed, if such was the constitutional power of the court: but all his respect for Lord Mansfield could not make him cherish for a moment the idea, that any thing so abhorrent to human reason and to justice could be law. In other special verdicts, the court must give an opinion; in the case of libel they must not, and never did, unless a motion was made in arrest of judgment. What was the situation which this put the prisoner into? The jury find the publication simply, but do not find that the prisoner is guilty. The record is made up---he moves an arrest of judgment---when the court put him to the proof of his innocence---they put the *onus excupandi* upon the prisoner, although he has not been proved guilty. Here was an *onus* unheard of in criminal judicature---that instead of the person accusing being bound to prove the person accused guilty, the person accused was to prove himself innocent! It was monstrous and absurd.---Was it really a principle of the law of England, that a man should be compelled to prove his innocence, without being first put on trial to be proved guilty? Yet such was the assertion that they made; and the person accused was to prove his own innocence before his peers, but was to make this de-

fence before the bench of judges only. The authorities themselves were all inconsistent--and their arguments were all inconclusive. In the case of Shipley, the counsel were allowed to go into argument, to shew the heinousness of the libel--magnifying and inflaming the crime before a tribunal, that, at the same time, the court said, had no jurisdiction of the guilt. Why was this suffered?--Because the counsel for the dean had been suffered to use argument in exculpation---that is to say---one disorder was to be justified by another. Surely, to be consistent with their own doctrine, eloquence both in exaggeration and in exculpation were equally improper; for if the jury could not decide on the crime, they should not have been troubled with the eloquence on either side. The noble judge seemed to be fully aware of this inconsistency, and he descended to make an apology of a very curious kind. That in such trials, the counsels were suffered to magnify the crime, to satisfy the minds of the standers-by. A more extraordinary reason for any practice of the courts he had never heard; and it proved to what shifts even great authorities would have recourse, when they felt the inconsistency of their doctrine with the simplicity of truth. In saying this, he begged leave to be understood that he had high respect for the Earl of Mansfield, and for his decisions, generally considered; but he evidently saw, that, in this dilemma, even his great and fruitful mind could not suggest good arguments in defence of a doctrine so untenable. He observed some shades of difference in the argument, too, between him and his colleagues. Counsel for a prosecution might adduce argument or evidence to rebut argument for a prisoner, and this the jury might hear and weigh--weigh against what?--Surely against what they had heard on the other side; for to allege that the jury could weigh the presumptions on the one side without weighing the presumptions on the other, was to say, that men had a confusion of intellect, upon which any absurdity might pass. It was always said, that though part of a printed paper only might be stated in the indictment to be libellous, the jury might, to make up their minds, read and examine the context.--Why?--To bring it in explanation, so as to satisfy their judgment as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. They could have no reason to look at the context, if they had only

to say specially guilty of publishing only; but they did it to decide honestly on the whole manner. All those admissions of the great authorities proved, that they were incoherent on the subject---that their arguments were disjointed and insufficient ---and that, in truth, the whole doctrine rested simply upon names, and not upon reasons. He owned there were splendid names.--In one case Lord Chief Justice Holt expressed himself for the doctrine. The same great authority, however, in another case, *The King v. Tutchin*, was as clearly on the other side: for he stated the whole criminality of the libel to the jury, and said, 'Can you then say, that it is not criminal to say so?' This was the only great authority before Raymond in the year 1731, and the doctrine was really to take its date from that time, 60 years ago. The question now was, whether a doctrine of that age was to be supported against reason and common sense, as well as the undoubted rights of Englishmen to be tried by their peers? The principle, so absurd and untenable, so opposite to the fundamental notions of justice, and of human reason, had not been acted upon, and adhered to by any one man invariably. Even Lord Mansfield, its great supporter in the present day, had not adhered to it; for in the charge which he gave, in the *King v. Horne*, as appears upon the authority of notes put into his hand by a most respectable gentleman, that he addressed the jury in these words: 'You will judge whether it conveys a harmless, innocent proposition, for the good and welfare of this kingdom, the support of the legislative government, and the king's authority, according to law; whether it is not denying the government and legislative authority of England, and justifying the Americans, &c.--and if it was intended to convey that meaning, there can be little doubt whether that is an arraignment of the government, and of the troops employed by them, or not. But that is a matter for your judgment. You will judge of the meaning of it; you will judge of the subject to which it is applied; and if it is a criminal arraignment of these troops, acting under the orders of the officers employed by the government of this country, you will find your verdict one way; but if you are of opinion that the contest is to reduce innocent subjects to slavery, and that they were all murdered, why then you may form a different conclusion with

regard to the meaning and application of this paper.' Here was a clear and distinct allowance of the whole right of judging of the law and fact, conceded by this great authority for the doctrine. Here he had the proof of inconsistency so glaring, as very much to affect the influence of the authority on the doctrine. He was aware that there never was, perhaps, a great authority who was at all times consistent with himself. An opinion given in one set of circumstances, when brought into another situation diametrically opposite, might not be equally sound and applicable. He might find, upon further proof, that his opinion was erroneous, or, at least, that it was fallible. The inconsistencies of great men did not always prove that they were bad men; they proved, perhaps, that their arguments were not always good. There was not to be found in history, nor perhaps in romance, a single authority who could be taken through life, and found to have never changed an opinion, or had occasion to vary a doctrine. No man could obstinately persist, perhaps, in all that he had ever thought and said upon every subject, without violating the duties of justice and equity. On this subject was it not greatly for the interests of the public justice, that none of the authorities who had supported this doctrine, had supported it invariably? for it was a doctrine that, carried to its extreme, would be fatal to Englishmen. For let them see how it would apply to high treason. He needed not say that written or printed papers might be taken as overt acts of high treason. Imagining the king's death, or raising insurrection, might be the overt acts in the indictment. If this course was pursued, which might be done, although undoubtedly they might take another course, and exhibit the paper without reciting it literally--but if it were done what must be the consequence? The jury would be told that they had nothing to do with the matter of the paper---they were only to prove the writing and publication---the court would afterwards decide whether it was high treason or not;---and thus, instead of having his life in the hands of twelve men, his peers, he might be hanged, drawn, and quartered, on the decision of our lawyers, deciding, not from the view of the facts, but from books in their closets; and thus he was robbed of the inherent right of an Englishman---trial for his life by

jury. The case is different in libel only, as the punishment for libel was less severe than high treason: but the principle was exactly the same; and in this way, the citizens of this country were to be subject to fine, imprisonment, and pillory, with all the shame and danger that belonged to the latter; not by the decision of their peers---not by the trial by jury---but, as he had said, by the opinion of four lawyers.---He meant no disrespect by the term lawyers---but by four men instead of twelve. He had asked different professional gentlemen in that house, whether it was possible, that what he had stated in regard to high treason, could not happen by the extension of this doctrine?---He found them differ on the subject: one said, he thought it could not happen; another, that it must happen.---For himself, he saw no possible difference; and the very circumstance of its being doubtful, ought to make them eager for an explanation.---He had confined himself throughout his observations to criminal trials. In the other mode of prosecuting for libels, that of seeking redress by an action, the true and most equitable means in all private cases of outrage, even there it was not enough for the plaintiff to prove that he had suffered injury, he must prove that injury was occasioned by the defendant's guilt. He would illustrate this by one or two instances: if he would write for a character of a servant to a gentleman desiring him to give a character, and he would truly and conscientiously declare, that he was unworthy of trust---this would not be a libel, although the servant should prove a loss by it, unless it was proved, by some other circumstances, that there was malice and falsehood. But how did the law act? By an evasion.---In the first case, it said, that the sending the letter to the gentleman, an honest answer to his request, was no publication; but if there was malice, it was a publishing. In like manner, if a person should write to a father, that his son was fallen into bad courses; this would not be called by the law defamatory, but reformatory---unless it were proved that the gentleman sending the letter had married the niece of the father, the next of kin to the son, and thereby giving a suspicion that the words were written falsely and wickedly to alienate the father from the son, and thereby induce him to leave his fortune to his niece. In all these cases, the law required that

the jury should be fully possessed of the guilt, before they could find redress; and he mentioned them only to prove that in both cases the guilt must be made manifest to the jury. He mentioned the case also of threatening letters, and the opinion of Baron Hotham, as farther illustrating his doctrine. He proposed, therefore, that the house should go into a committee, as the best means of devising the proper remedy for this evil.—He was ready to own that it was much easier to find fault, than to find a remedy.—It was not for his talents, or for his knowledge, to attempt it alone; but if they would go into a committee, they might then, with the assistance of almost all the abilities in the house, consider maturely what would be the wise course to pursue. He would state shortly what his ideas were: that in the committee they should move for a declaratory bill, stating clearly what the law was; or if this should be thought improper, or insinuating that the law had not been truly administered, then to bring in a short bill to settle the law, and make it partly enacting, and partly declaratory. In the committee they might also take some step with regard to Luxford. By this means they might get rid of these special verdicts, and of all the unintelligible arguments by which they were supported. He observed, that they were in their nature optional: for the jury could always bring in a verdict of not guilty, according to the argument of the advocates for that doctrine. A real special verdict would not answer their views; they must have the word guilty in it, or they could do nothing. What was this but deceiving the jury, and striving to catch them by a mere word? It was time to correct the bad practice.

Whether truth ought to be deemed a libel? is a question upon which Mr. Fox said, he felt extreme difficulty in laying down any general rule. There was an apparent absurdity in saying that truth could be a libel in any case. Yet there were cases in which it might have all the effects of a libel. If, for instance, it was brought forward with a malicious intention—if a person were to publish any personal infirmity of another, or the misconduct of his near connexions, that might seem contemptible in the eyes of the world, but too apt to treat infirmity and misfortune as crimes and vices; truth, in that case, would be no justifica-

tion: but, in the case of public men, in whose conduct the public had an interest, to prove the truth of what was said of their public acts, truth ought to be a justification. Were a minister, or a member of parliament, to make false assertions, for the purpose of deceiving and deluding the public, this would be fit matter for public discussion; and to prove the truth, ought unquestionably to justify him who published it. On this point, however, he rather chose to attempt nothing, than to run the risk of failing, and of losing all that he hoped to do beside. His own opinion was, that proof of the truth ought to be admitted, and the jury left to decide how far it was a justification or an aggravation of what was complained of. But this he did not mean to bring forward at present. What he had undertaken, much beyond his strength, more especially when theories of the constitution were held forth as the test and criterion of men's opinions and attachment, was to repair a breach in the popular judicature. It was the fashion to indulge in encomiums on the triple form of our constitution, and the stability which it derived from the due balance of its component parts. He, whose understanding was not so enlarged as to comprehend those abstract speculations, was content to look to the main-springs of the constitution, and to see that they were preserved in proper strength. The representative voice of the nation, speaking through that house, and the judicial power exercised through the medium of the people, he conceived to be the spring which kept the whole in motion. If these were preserved entire, the rest would be in no danger: if these were impaired, the theoretical fabric would soon crumble to dust. The popular judicature could not exist, unless the jury were to decide on the law and the fact conjointly in all cases alike. Judges from precedents and books could not decide on the motives of men, on the springs and feelings of the heart: that must be left to their peers, who had common feelings and common springs of action to themselves.—On the case of Luxford, he meant to move, that an humble address be presented to his Majesty, to remit the most rigorous part of the sentence; and also a resolution, that the sentence, in the judgment of the house, was not duly proportioned to the offence. If other gen-

tllemen should differ from him on these points, let them not on that account reject all that he proposed. He was so desirous of doing some good, that he would not dispute about the mode of doing it; and if any other should be proposed to effect the same end, he should be ready to adopt it. His motion would be the same with that formerly made by Mr. Serjeant Glynn on the case of Woodfall, which he himself had opposed on the grounds that he now found to be erroneous. The reason that operated with him, and with the house to reject that motion, was, that they did not think what they conceived to be the law, so much weakened by the occasional practice of the courts, as to require a declaration. Since that time, the practice had acquired additional strength, by new cases, particularly that of the dean of St. Asaph, and had been pretty uniform for several years. A small difference had indeed occurred in the direction of the judge to the jury in the case of Topham: but he conceived the practice to be now so confirmed, that the house must declare what the law was, or admit the practice of the courts to be the law.---His learned friend (Mr. Erskine,) whose great abilities would supply what he left deficient, would have the honour of crowning in that house what he had begun elsewhere ---That in all cases when the general issue was joined, the jury should have the undoubted right of giving a general verdict.

Mr. Fox then moved, "That leave be given to bring in a bill to remove doubts respecting the rights and functions of juries in criminal cases."

§ 33. *From Lord ERSKINE'S Speech on the prosecution of the "Age of Reason," a blasphemous libel.*

* * * *

How any man can rationally vindicate the publication of such a book, in a country where the Christian religion is the very foundation of the law of the land, I am totally at a loss to conceive, and have no ideas for the discussion of.---How is a tribunal, whose whole jurisdiction is founded upon the solemn belief and practice of what is here denied as falsehood, and reprobated as impiety, to deal with such an anomalous defence?---Upon what principle is it even offered to the Court, whose authority is contemned and mocked at?---If the religion proposed to be called in

question, is not previously adopted in belief and solemnly acted upon, what authority has the Court to pass any judgment at all of acquittal or condemnation? Why am I now, or upon any other occasion, to submit to his Lordship's authority? Why am I now, or at any time, to address twelve of my equals, as I am now addressing you, with reverence and submission? Under what sanction are the witnesses to give their evidence, without which there can be no trial? Under what obligations can I call upon you, the Jury representing your country, to administer justice?---Surely upon no other than that you are SWORN TO ADMINISTER IT UNDER THE OATHS YOU HAVE TAKEN.---The whole judicial fabric, from the King's sovereign authority to the lowest office of magistracy, has no other foundation.---The whole is built, both in form and substance, upon the same oath of every one of its ministers to do justice, as GOD SHALL HELP THEM HEREAFTER. WHAT GOD? AND WHAT HEREAFTER? That God, undoubtedly, who has commanded Kings to rule, and Judges to decree justice;---who has said to witnesses, not only by the voice of nature, but in revealed commandments---THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE TESTIMONY AGAINST THY NEIGHBOUR; and who has enforced obedience to them by the revelation of the unutterable blessings which shall attend their observance, and the awful punishments which shall await upon their transgression.

But it seems this is an AGE OF REASON, and the time and the person are at last arrived, that are to dissipate the errors which have overspread the past generations of ignorance.---The believers in Christianity are many, but it belongs to the few that are wise to correct their credulity.---Belief is an act of reason, and superior reason may, therefore, dictate to the weak. In running the mind over the long list of sincere and devout Christians, I cannot help lamenting, that Newton had not lived to this day, to have had his shallowness filled up with this new flood of light.---But the subject is too awful for irony.---I will speak plainly and directly. Newton was a Christian!---Newton, whose mind burst forth from the fetters fastened by nature upon our finite conceptions;---Newton, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy---not those visionary and arrogant presumptions, which too often usurp

but philosophy resting upon the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, is finite;—Newton, who carried the line of knowledge to the uttermost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which all created matter exists, and is held together. But this extraordinary man, in the mighty reach of his mind, overlooked, perhaps, the error, which a minuter investigation of the created things on this earth might have taught him.—What shall then be said of the great Mr. Boyle, who looked into the organic structure of all matter, even to the inanimate substances which the foot treads upon?—Such a man may be supposed to have been equally qualified with Mr. Paine to look up through nature to nature's God; yet the result of all his contemplations was the most confirmed and devout belief in all which the other holds in contempt, as despicable and drivelling superstition.—But this error might, perhaps, arise from a want of due attention to the foundations of human judgment, and the structure of that understanding which God has given us for the investigation of truth.—Let that question be answered by Mr. Locke, who, to the highest pitch of devotion and adoration, was a Christian—Mr. Locke, whose office was to detect the errors of thinking, by going up to the very fountains of thought, and to direct into the proper track of reasoning, the devious mind of man, by showing him its whole process, from the first perceptions of sense to the last conclusions of ratiocination:—putting a rein upon false opinion, by practical rules for the conduct of human judgment.

But these men, it may be said, were only deep thinkers, and lived in their closets, unaccustomed to the traffic of the world, and to the laws which practically regulate mankind. Gentlemen! in the place where we now sit to administer the justice of this great country, the never-to-be-forgotten Sir Matthew Hale presided;—whose faith in Christianity is an exalted commentary upon its truth and reason, and whose life was a glorious example of its fruits;—whose justice, drawn from the pure fountain of the Christian dispensation, will be, in all ages, a subject of the highest reverence and admiration. But it is said by the author, the Christian fable is but the tale of the more ancient superstitions of the world, and may be easily detected by a proper understanding of the mythologies of the Heathens.—Did

Milton understand those mythologies?—Was he less versed than Mr. Paine in the superstitions of the world? No,—they were the subject of his immortal song; and though shut out from all recurrence to them, he poured them forth from the stores of a memory rich with all that man ever knew, and laid them in their order as the illustration of real and exalted faith, the unquestionable source of that fervid genius, which has cast a kind of shade upon most of the other works of man.—

He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time :
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw,—but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.

But it was the light of the BODY only that was extinguished: “The CELESTIAL LIGHT shone inward, and enabled him to justify the ways of God to man.”—The result of his thinking was nevertheless not quite the same as the author's before us. The mysterious incarnation of our blessed Saviour (which this work blasphemes in words so wholly unfit for the mouth of a Christian, or for the ear of a Court of Justice, that I dare not, and will not, give them utterance) Milton made the grand conclusion of his *Paradise Lost*, the rest from his finished labours, and the ultimate hope, expectation, and glory of the world.

A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire,
The power of the Most High;—he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heavens.

The immortal poet having thus put into the mouth of the angel the prophecy of man's redemption, follows it with that solemn and beautiful admonition, addressed in the Poem to our great first parent, but intended as an address to his posterity through all generations :

This having learn'd thou hast attain'd the sum
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers,

All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea;
And all the riches of this world enjoy'st,
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call'd Charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.

Thus you find all that is great, or wise, or splendid, or illustrious, amongst crea-

ted beings: all the minds gifted beyond ordinary nature, if not inspired by its universal Author for the advancement and dignity of the world, though divided by distant ages, and by clashing opinions, yet joining as it were in one sublime chorus, to celebrate the truths of Christianity; laying upon its holy altars the never-fading offerings of their immortal wisdom.

§ 34. *From Mr. SHERIDAN's Speech upon the Begum Charge in the Impeachment of Mr. HASTINGS.*

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“Should a stranger survey the land formerly Sujah Dowlah's, and seek the cause of its calamity—should he ask, what monstrous madness had ravaged thus, with wide-spread war—what desolating foreign foe—what disputed succession—what religious zeal—what fabled monster has stalked abroad, and with malice and mortal enmity to man, has withered with the gripe of death every growth of nature and humanity—all the means of delight, and each original, simple, principle of bare existence? the answer will be, if any answer *dare* be given, No, alas! not one of these things! no desolating foreign foe!—no disputed succession! no religious superserviceable zeal! This damp of death is the mere effusion of British amity—we sink under the pressure of their support—we writhe under the gripe of their pestiferous alliance!

“Thus they suffered---in barren anguish, and ineffectual bewailings. And, O audacious fallacy!--says the defence of Mr. Hastings---What cause was there for any incidental ills, but their own resistance?

“The cause was nature in the first-born principles of man. It grew with his growth: it strengthened with his strength! It taught him to understand: it enabled him to feel. For where there is human fate, can there be a penury of human feeling?---Where there is injury, will there not be resentment?---Is not despair to be followed by courage? The God of Battles pervades and penetrates the inmost spirit of man, and rousing him to shake off the burthen that is grievous, and the yoke that is galling, will reveal the law written in his heart, and the duties and privileges of his nature---the grand, universal compact of man with man!--That power is delegated in trust, for the good of all who obey it---That

the rights of men must arm against man's oppression---for that indifference were treason to human state, and patience nothing less than blasphemy---against the laws which govern the world!”

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The counsel, in recommending an attention to the public in preference to the private letters, had remarked in particular, that one letter should not be taken as evidence, because it was evidently and abstractedly private, as it contained in one part the anxieties of Mr. Middleton for the illness of his son.—This was a singular argument indeed. The circumstance undoubtedly merited strict observation, though not in the view in which it was placed by the counsel.—It went to shew, that some at least of those concerned in these transactions, felt the force of those ties, which their efforts were directed to tear asunder---that those who could ridicule the respective attachment of a mother and a son---who would prohibit the reverence of the son to the mother who had given him life---who could deny to *maternal debility* the protection which *filial tenderness* should afford---were yet sensible of the *straining* of those *chords* by which they were connected.---There was something in the present business---with all that was horrible to create *aversion*---so vilely loathsome, as to excite *disgust*---If it were not a part of his duty, it would be superfluous to speak of the sacredness of the ties which those aliens to feeling---those apostates to humanity had thus divided.—“In such an assembly,” said Mr. Sheridan, “as that before which I speak, there is not an eye but must look reproof to this conduct---not a heart but must anticipate its condemnation.---**FILIAL PIETY!** It is the primal bond of Society---It is that instinctive principle, which, panting for its proper good, soothes, unbidden, each sense and sensibility of man!---It now quivers on every lip!---it now beams from every eye!---It is that gratitude, which softening under the sense of recollected good, is eager to own the vast countless debt it never, alas! can pay---for so many long years of unceasing solitudes, honourable self-denials, life-preserving cares!---It is that part of our practice, where duty drops its awe!---where reverence refines into love!---It asks no aid of memory!---it needs not the deductions of reason!---Pre-ex-

isting, paramount over all, whether law or human rule---few arguments can increase and none can diminish it!---It is the sacrament of our nature---not only the duty, but the indulgence of man--- It is his first great privilege---It is amongst his last most endearing delights! when the bosom glows with the idea of reverberated love---when to requite on the visitations of nature, and return the blessings that have been received! when--- what was emotion fixed into vital principle---what was instinct habituated into a master-passion---sways all the sweetest energies of man---hangs over each vicissitude of all that must pass away---aids the melancholy virtues in their last sad tasks of life---to cheer the languors of decrepitude and age---explore the thought--explain the aching eye!"

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"The others were, on the contrary, taken from their milder prison at Fyzabad; and when threats could effect nothing, transferred to the fortress of Chunar. There, where the British flag was flying, they were doomed to deeper dungeons, heavier chains, and severer punishments. There, where that flag was displayed, which was wont to cheer the depressed, and to dilate the subdued heart of misery---these venerable, but unfortunate men were fated to encounter something *lower* than PERDITION, and something *blacker* than DESPAIR! It appeared that they were both cruelly flogged, though one was above seventy years of age, to extort a confession of the buried wealth of the Begums!---Being charged with disaffection, they proclaimed their innocence.--- "Tell us where are the remaining treasures, (was the reply)---it is only a treachery to your immediate sovereigns: ---and you will then be fit associates for the representatives of British faith and British justice in India!"---Oh FAITH! oh JUSTICE!---I conjure you, by your sacred names, to depart for a moment from this place, though it be your peculiar residence; nor hear your names profaned by such a sacrilegious combination, as that which I am now compelled to repeat! where all the fair forms of nature and art, truth and peace, policy and honour, shrunk back aghast from the deleterious shade!---where all existences, nefarious and vile, had sway--- where amidst the black agents on one side, and Middleton with Impey on the other,

the toughest bend, the most unfeeling shrink!---the great figure of the piece--characteristic in his place! aloof and independent, from the puny profligacy in his train!---but far from idle and inactive, turning a malignant eye on all mischief that awaits him!---the multiplied apparatus of temporizing expedients, and intimidating instruments!---now cringing on his prey, and fawning on his vengeance!---now quickening the limping pace of craft, and forcing every stand that retiring nature can make in the heart!---the attachments and the decorums of life!---each emotion of tenderness and honour!---and all the distinctions of national characteristics!---with a long catalogue of crimes and aggravations, beyond the reach of thought for human malignity to penetrate, or human vengeance to punish!---LOWER than PERDITION---BLACKER than DESPAIR!"

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"The board of directors received those advices which Mr. Hastings thought proper to transmit; but though unfurnished with any other materials to form their judgment, they expressed very strongly their doubts, and as properly ordered an inquiry into the circumstances of the alleged disaffection of the Begums; pronouncing it at the same time a debt which was due to the honour and justice of the British nation. This inquiry, however, on the directions reaching India, Mr. Hastings thought it absolutely necessary to elude. He stated to the council, that it being merely stated, that "if on inquiry certain facts appeared," no inquiry was thereby directly enjoined!---"It would revive," said he, "those animosities that subsisted between the Begums and the Vizier, which had then subsided.---If the former were inclined to appeal to a foreign jurisdiction, they were the best judges of their own feeling, and should be left to make their own complaint." All this, however, was nothing to the magnificent paragraph which concluded this Minute, and to which Mr. Sheridan also requested the attention of the court. "Beside," said Mr. Hastings, "I hope it will not be a departure from official language to say---that the MAJESTY of JUSTICE ought not to be approached without solicitation: she ought not to descend to inflame or provoke, and to withhold her judgment, until she is called on to determine!" What is still

more astonishing was, that Sir John Macpherson, (who, though a gentleman of sense and honour, he stated to be rather oriental in his imagination, and not learned in the Sublime and Beautiful from the immortal leader of this persecution, and who had before opposed Mr. Hastings) was caught by this *bold bombastic quibble*, and joined in the same words, "that the MAJESTY OF JUSTICE ought not to be approached without solicitation."

"But JUSTICE is not this halt and miserable object!" continued Mr. Sheridan. "It is not the ineffectual bauble of an Indian pagod!--It is not the portentous phantom of despair!--It is not like any fabled monster, formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhallowed grove of superstitious darkness, and political dismay! No, my lords!

"In the happy reverse of all this, I turn from this disgusting caricature to the REAL IMAGE!--JUSTICE I have now before me, AUGUST and PURE! the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in the spirits and the aspirings of men! where the mind rises, where the heart expands:---where the countenance is ever placid and benign:---where her favourite attitude is to stoop to the unfortunate:---to hear their cry and to help them:---to rescue and relieve, to succour and save.---Majestic, from its mercy:---venerable, from its utility:---uplifted, without pride:---firm, without obduracy:---beneficent in each preference:---lovely, though in her frown!

"On THAT JUSTICE I RELY:---deliberate and sure, abstracted from all party purpose and political speculation!--not on words, but on facts!--You, my lords, who hear me, I conjure, by those RIGHTS it is your best privilege to preserve---by that FAME it is your best pleasure to inherit---by all those FEELINGS which refer to the first term in the series of existence, the ORIGINAL COMPACT of our nature---our CONTROLLING RANK in the Creation---This is the call on all,---to administer to truth and equity, as they would satisfy the laws and satisfy themselves---with the most exalted bliss, possible or conceivable for our nature:---The SELF-APPROVING CONSCIOUSNESS OF VIRTUE, when the condemnation we look for will be one of the most ample mercies accomplished for mankind since the creation of the world!

"MY LORDS, I HAVE DONE!"

§ 35. *From Mr. GRATTAN'S Speech on the DECLARATION OF RIGHT.*

* * * *

I have shown the claim of England is not a case of precedent; violation is not legislation; robbery unpunished does not repeal the decalogue; precedent cannot prevail against an act of parliament; it is a *prava consuetudo*, not a law; and a course of precedent is a course of violation. Could precedent repeal the great charter? it was thirty times violated; but such violation did not cancel the great charter, but proved so many challenges to re-affirm, re-instate, and glorify that inviolable instrument of public liberty. The reign of Henry the Eighth was a precedent against the privilege of Parliament; forced loans had their precedents, ship money had its precedents. Charles the First imposed a loan by his own authority; five gentlemen refuse to pay it; they are imprisoned by a warrant from the council; they are brought up on their *habeas corpus*; they produce six laws beside the charter in their favour: the judges rely on precedent, and remand the prisoners: these judges despised the old laws to which they and their predecessors were sworn, and stood on precedents on which those predecessors were perjured; but these franchises survived those pliant judges, and afterwards sat in judgment upon them, and left in their punishment a precedent better than their example,—the triumph of the law over the perjury of the judges. What has been the conduct of the people of England on the subject of precedent? You are armed with her laws, be animated by her example: her Declaration of Rights, after reciting precedents against the liberty of the subject, says, "all such doings, and so forth, shall be utterly void:" her great charter had set forth that any judgment given to the contrary shall be utterly void: she formed her petition of right upon her birth-right,—your birth-right against precedent; she formed her declaration of right on the same ground, she considered the right of kings as defensible, and the birth-right of the subject as indefensible, and she deposed a king who had, under the authority of precedent and adjudication, invaded the indefensible right of the subject, out of which right she formed not only a revolution by a dynasty, that had and has no other foundation than that which depends on the abolition of every arbitrary maxim in church and state,—the venal judgment,

the violent precedent, and the barefaced impudence of the law of conquest. Has then the birth-right of the British subject, your birth-right, been sufficient against precedent? (the precedent of the Plantagenets, the precedent of the Tudors, the precedent of the Stuarts,) to form a petition of right, a declaration of right, a revolution, cancel the oath of allegiance, depose James, establish William, royalize the house of Hanover? has our common birth-right done all this for England, and given security to her meanest subject, and clothed her beggar with his sturdiness? and has it left Ireland naked, subject to be bound without your consent, taxed without your consent, with your commerce restricted, an independent army, and a dependant Parliament, and your property adjudged by the decisions of another country?

We have done with precedent. She then resorts to authority; to what authority? to her judges. To do what? to repeal acts of parliament by interpretation. What act? Magna Charta,—the act that forms the security of the realm. I respect the judges, but in this case I object to their authority, first, because they are partial, being of the country whose power they are to discuss; secondly, because they are dependent, being punishable by the parliament whose claims they are to arbitrate; thirdly, because they are incompetent, being by their office obliged to pronounce the law as parliament declares; fourthly, because they are inadmissible, being in this case called upon to repeal an act of parliament under colour of interpretation: the great charter, the 10th of Henry the Fourth, the 29th of Henry the Sixth, the act of faculties, do not want an interpreter: these say, no English statute shall be executed in Ireland till confirmed by the Irish parliament, no Irish subject to be bound by statutes except ordained within the realm; to say they may, is to repeal, not to interpret; such explanation is violation, not interpretation, and the judge not an authority, but an offender; besides, the judges are bad arbiters of public liberty; there is no act of power for which you have not a precedent, nor any false doctrine for which you have not an adjudication. Lord Bacon maintained a dispensing power, Lord Coke maintained a dispensing power, Lord Chief Justice Fleming affirmed the power of the king to lay port duties, Judge Blackstone maintained the power of the House of Commons to disqualify by the vote of

its own body, when the Attorney General of Charles the First filed an information against three members of parliament for their speeches in the House of Commons; the judges of the King's Bench fined and confined them all: there is no adjudication which the judges of England can make against Ireland, that they have not made against their own country: now, as the people of England have disregarded such authority when urged against their own liberties, so shall we disregard the same authority when urged against ours: we cannot allow England to plead her magna charta against the authority of her judges, and to set up the authority of her judges against the magna charta of Ireland; nor must she answer her judges with the principles of the revolution, and answer Ireland with the principles of the jacobite; for neither judgments, nor judges' opinions, nor precedents, are laws; still less can they repeal laws, still less franchises, and least of all, charters: these things read themselves without a judge, and in despite of him; they put forth a subterranean voice even against kings, and though buried for ages, like the blood of the murdered man, they rise up in judgment, and call for justice.

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This brings the claim of England to a mere question of force: it is a right which Swift, I think it is Swift, has explained,—the right of the grenadier to take the property of a naked man. I add, this man has now gotten back his arms, and begs to get back his property. Thus the question remaining is a question of ability; and in considering this, you are not to contemplate alone the difficulties in your front; you are to look back too on the strength in your rear. The claim by conquest naturally leads to the subject of the volunteers. You have an immense force, the shape of a much greater, of different religions, but of one political faith, kept up for three years defending the country; for the government took away her troops and consigned her defence to the people;—defending the government, I say, aiding the civil power, and pledged to maintain the liberty of Ireland to the last drop of their blood. Who is this body? the Commons of Ireland! and you at the head of them: it is more—it is the society in its greatest possible description; it is the property—--it is the soul of the country armed: they, for this body, have yet no adequate name. In the summer

of 1780, they agree to a declaration of right; in the summer of 1781, they hear that the French are at sea; in the heat and hurricane of their zeal for liberty, they stop; without delay, they offer to march; their march waits only for the commands of the Castle: the castle, where the sagacious courtier had abandoned his uniform, finds it prudent to receive a self-armed association: that self-armed association this age has beheld; posterity will admire---will wonder. The delegates of that self-armed association enter the mansion of the government, ascend the steps, advance to the presence of the Lord-Lieutenant, and make a tender of their lives and fortunes, with the form and reception of an authenticated establishment. A painter might here display and contrast the loyalty of a courtier with that of a volunteer; he would paint the courtier hurrying off his uniform, casting away his arms, filling his pockets with the public money, and then presenting to his sovereign naked servitude; he would paint the volunteer seizing his charters, handling his arms, forming his columns, improving his discipline, demanding his rights, and then, at the foot of the throne, making a tender of armed allegiance. He had no objection to die by the side of England; but he must be found dead with her charter in his hand.

Stationed as you are, and placed as you are in relation to the community and these great objects, how do you mean to proceed? submit, and take the lead in the desertion? Impossible! The strength which at your back supports your virtue, precludes your apostacy; the armed presence of the nation will not bend; the community will not be sold; nor will a nation in arms suffer the eternal blessing of freedom and renown to depend on the experiment, whether this villain shall be a pensioner, or that pickpocket shall be a peer. Before you decide on the practicability of being slaves for ever, look to America. Do you see nothing in that America but the grave and prison of your armies? and do you not see in her range of territory, cheapness of living, variety of climate, and simplicity of life,---the drain of Europe? Whatever is bold and disconsolate, sullen virtue and wounded pride; all, all to that point will precipitate; and what you trample on in Europe will sting you in America. When Philadelphia, or whatever city the Ameri-

can appoints for empire, sends forth her ambassadors to the different kings in Europe, and manifests to the world her independency and power; do you imagine you will persuade Ireland to be satisfied with an English Parliament making laws for her; satisfied with a refusal to her loyalty, of those privileges which were offered to the arms of America? How will individuals among you like this? Some of the gentlemen whom I now see in their places, are the descendants of kings; the illustrious gentleman* on the far bench; my illustrioust friend near me. Will they derogate from the royalty of their forefathers, bow their honoured heads, or acknowledge the crown of their ancestors, or more than regal power on the brow of every forty-shilling freeholder in England, or on any front except that of His Majesty? Are the American enemies to be free, and these royal subjects slaves? or in what quality does His Majesty choose to contemplate the Irish hereafter? His subjects in parliament, or his equals in congress? Submission, therefore, will not do: there remains, then, but one way; assert the independency of your parliament. What do you wait for? Do you wait for a peace; till the volunteer retires, and the minister replies by his cannon? The Stag frigate is now in your harbour; or do you wait for more calamities in the fortunes of England, till the empire is a wreck, and the two countries go down together? or do you delay, till Providence, beholding you on your knees, shall fall in love with your meanness, and rain on your servility constitution like manna. You go to the house of God when you want heat or moisture, and you interfere with God's providence by your importunities. Are the princes of the earth more vigilant than the Almighty, that you should besiege the throne of mercy with your solicitations, and hold it unnecessary to admonish the King? or do you wait till your country speaks to you in thunder? Let me conclude by observing, that you have the two claims before you; the claim of England to power, and of Ireland to liberty: and I have shown you, that England has no title to that power to make laws for Ireland; none by nature, none by compact, none by usage, and none by conquest; and that Ireland has several titles against the claims of England;---a title by nature, a title by compact, and a title by divers positive acts of

* Mr. O'Hara.

† Mr. O'Neill.

parliament; a title by charter, and by all the laws by which England possesses her liberties;—by England's interpretation of those laws, by her renunciation of conquest, and her acknowledgment of the law of original compact*.

§ 36. *From Mr. GRATTAN'S Speech upon the Declaration of Right being carried.*

I am now to address a free people: ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation.

I have spoken on the subject of your liberty so often, that I have nothing to add, and have only to admire by what heaven-directed steps you have proceeded until the whole faculty of the nation is braced up to the act of her own deliverance.

I found Ireland on her knees, I watched over her with an eternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift! spirit of Molyneux! your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation! in that new character I hail her! and bowing to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua!*

She is no longer a wretched colony, returning thanks to her governor for his rapine, and to her king for his oppression; nor is she now a squabbling, fretful secretary, perplexing her little wits, and firing her furious statutes with bigotry, sophistry, disabilities, and death, to transmit to posterity insignificance and war.

Look to the rest of Europe, and contemplate yourself, and be satisfied. Holland lives on the memory of past achievement; Sweden has lost her liberty; England has sullied her great name by an attempt to enslave her colonies. You are the only people,—you, of the nations in Europe, are now the only people who excite admiration, and in your present conduct you not only exceed the present generation, but you equal the past. I am not afraid to turn back and look antiquity in the face: the revolution,—that great event, whether you call it ancient or modern I know not, was tarnished with bigotry: the great deliverer (for such I must ever call the Prince of Nassau,) was blest with oppression; he assented to, he was forced to assent to acts which deprived the Catholics of religious, and all the Irish of civil and commercial rights,

though the Irish were the only subjects in these islands who had fought in his defence. But you have sought liberty on her own principle: see the Presbyterians of Bangor petition for the freedom of the Catholics of Munster. You, with difficulties innumerable, with dangers not a few, have what your ancestors wished, but could not accomplish; and what your posterity may preserve, but will never equal: you have moulded the jarring elements of your country into a nation, and have rivalled those great and ancient commonwealths, whom you were taught to admire, and among whom you are now to be recorded: in this proceeding you had not the advantages which were common to other great countries; no monuments, no trophies, none of those outward and visible signs of greatness, such as inspire mankind, and connect the ambition of the age which is coming on with the example of that going off, and form the descent and concatenation of glory: no; you have not had any great act recorded among all your misfortunes, nor have you one public tomb to assemble the crowd, and speak to the living the language of integrity and freedom.

Your historians did not supply the want of monuments; on the contrary, these narrators of your misfortunes, who should have felt for your wrongs, and have punished your oppressors with oppression's natural scourges, the moral indignation of history, compromised with public villany and trembled; they excited your violence, they suppressed your provocation, and wrote in the chain which entrammelled their country. I am come to break that chain, and I congratulate my country, who, without any of the advantages I speak of, going forth as it were with nothing but a stone and a sling, and what oppression could not take away, the favour of Heaven, accomplished her own redemption, and left you nothing to add and every thing to admire.

You want no trophy now; the records of Parliament are the evidence of your glory. I beg to observe, that the deliverance of Ireland has proceeded from her own right hand; I rejoice at it, for had the great requisition of your freedom proceeded from the bounty of England, that great work would have been defec-

* The motion was lost by an overwhelming majority—but upon Mr. Fox's accession to office was renewed in the next month and carried unanimously, when Mr. Grattan made the Speech from which the extract is taken.

tive both in renown and security: it was necessary that the soul of the country should have been exalted by the act of her own redemption, and that England should withdraw her claim by operation of treaty, and not of mere grace and condescension; a gratuitous act of parliament, however express, would have been revocable, but the repeal of her claim under operation of treaty is not: in that case, the legislature is put in covenant, and bound by the law of nations, the only law that can legally bind Parliament: never did this country stand so high; England and Ireland treat *ex æquo*. Ireland transmits to the King her claim of right, and requires of the Parliament of England the repeal of her claim of power, which repeal the English Parliament is to make under the force of a treaty which depends on the law of nations,—a law which cannot be repealed by the Parliament of England.

I rejoice that the people are a party to this treaty, because they are bound to preserve it. There is not a man of forty shillings freehold that is not associated in this our claim of right, and bound to die in its defence; cities, counties, associations, Protestants and Catholics; it seems as if the people had joined in one great national sacrament; a flame has descended from heaven on the intellect of Ireland, plays round her head, and encompasses her understanding with a consecrated glory.

There are some who think, and a few who declare, that the associations to which I refer are illegal: come, then, let us try the charge, and state the grievance. And, first, I ask, What were the grievances? an army imposed on us by another country, that army rendered perpetual; the privy-council of both countries made a part of our legislature; our legislature deprived of its originating and propounding power; another country exercising over us supreme legislative authority; that country disposing of our property by its judgments, and prohibiting our trade by its statutes: these were not grievances, but spoliations, which left you nothing. When you contended against them, you contended for the whole of your condition; when the minister asked, by what right? we refer him to our Maker: we sought our privileges by the right which we have to defend our property against a robber, our life against a murderer, our country against an invader,

whether coming with civil or military force,—a foreign army, or a foreign legislature. This is a case that wants no precedent; the *revolution* wanted no precedent: for such things arrive to reform a course of bad precedents, and, instead of being founded on precedent, become such: the gazing world, whom they come to save, begins by doubt and concludes by worship. Let other nations be deceived by the sophistry of courts. Ireland has studied politics in the lair of oppression, and, taught by suffering, comprehends the rights of subjects and the duty of kings. Let other nations imagine that subjects are made for the monarch, but we conceive that kings, and parliaments, like kings, are made for the subjects. The House of Commons, honourable and right honourable as it may be; the Lords, noble and illustrious as we pronounce them, are not original but derivative. Session after session they move their periodical orbit about the source of their being, the nation; even the King's Majesty must fulfil his due and tributary course round that great luminary; and created by its beam, and upheld by its attraction, must incline to that light, or go out of the system.

Ministers, we mean the ministers who have gone out, (I rely on the good intentions of the present), former ministers, I say, have put questions to us; we beg to put questions to them. They desired to know by what authority this nation has acted. This nation desires to know by what authority they have acted. By what authority did Government enforce the articles of war? By what authority does Government establish the post-office? By what authority are our merchants bound by the charter of the East India Company? By what authority has Ireland, for near one hundred years, been deprived of her export trade? By what authority are her peers deprived of their judicature? By what authority has that judicature been transferred to the peers of Great Britain, and our property in its last resort referred to the decision of a non-resident, unauthorized, and unconstitutional tribunal? Will ministers say it was the authority of the British Parliament? On what ground, then, do they place the question between the Government on one side, and the volunteer on the other? According to their own statement, the government has been occupied in superseding the lawgiver

of the country; and the volunteers are here to restore him. The Government has contended for the usurpation, and the people for the laws. His Majesty's late ministers imagined they had quelled the country when they had bought the newspapers; and they represented us as wild men, and our cause as visionary; and they pensioned a set of wretches to abuse both: but we took little account of them or their proceedings, and we waited, and we watched, and we moved, as it were, on our native hills, with the minor remains of our parliamentary army, until that minority became Ireland. Let those ministers now go home, and congratulate their king on the redemption of his people. Did you imagine that those little parties whom three years ago you beheld in awkward squads parading in the streets, should have now arrived to such distinction and effect? What was the cause; for it was not the sword of the volunteer, nor his muster, nor his spirit, nor his promptitude to put down accidental disturbance or public disorder, nor his own unblamed and distinguished deportment. This was much; but there was more than this: the upper orders, the property, and the abilities of the country, formed with the volunteer; and the volunteer had sense enough to obey them. This united the Protestant with the Catholic, and the landed proprietor with the people. There was still more than this; there was a continence which confined the corps to limited and legitimate objects; there was a principle which preserved the corps from adultery with French politics; there was a good taste which guarded the corps from the affectation of such folly: this, all this, made them bold; for it kept them innocent, it kept them rational: no vulgar rant against England; no mysterious admiration of France; no crime to conceal, —no folly to be ashamed of. They were what they professed to be; and that was nothing less than the society asserting her liberty, according to the frame of the British constitution, her inheritance to be enjoyed in perpetual connexion with the British empire.

I do not mean to say that there were not divers violent and unseemly resolutions; the immensity of the means was inseparable from the excess.

Such are the great works of nature: such is the sea; but, like the sea, the

waste and excesses were lost in the advantage: and now, having given a parliament to the people, the volunteers will, I doubt not, leave the people to Parliament, and thus close, specifically and majestically, a great work, which will place them above censure and above panegyric. These associations, like other institutions, will perish: they will perish with the occasion that gave them being, and the gratitude of their country will write their epitaph, and say, "This phenomenon, the departed volunteer, justified only by the occasion, the birth of spirit and grievances, with some alloy of public evil, did more public good to Ireland than all her institutions; he restored the liberties of his country, and thus from the grave he answers his enemies." Connected by freedom as well as by allegiance, the two nations, Great Britain and Ireland, form a constitutional confederacy as well as one empire; the crown is one link, the constitution another; and, in my mind, the latter link is the most powerful.

You can get a king any where, but England is the only country with whom you can participate a free constitution. This makes England your natural connexion, and her king your natural as well as your legal sovereign: this is a connexion, not as Lord Coke has idly said, not as Judge Blackstone has foolishly said, not as other judges have ignorantly said, by conquest; but, as Molyneux has said, and as I now say, by compact; and that compact is a free constitution. Suffer me now to state some of the things essential to that free constitution; they are as follows: the independency of the Irish Parliament; the exclusion of the British Parliament from any authority in this realm; the restoration of the Irish judicature, and the exclusion of that of Great Britain. As to the perpetual mutiny bill, it must be more than limited; it must be effaced; that bill must fall, or the constitution cannot stand; that bill was originally limited by this House to two years, and it returned from England without the clause of limitation. What! a bill making the army independent of Parliament, and perpetual! I protested against it then, I have struggled with it since, and I am now come to destroy this great enemy of my country. The perpetual mutiny-bill must vanish out of the statute book; the excellent tract of

Molynoux was burned; it was not answered; and its flame illumined posterity. This evil paper shall be burned, but burned like a felon, that its execution may be a peace-offering to the people, and that a declaration of right may be planted on its guilty ashes; a new mutiny-bill must be formed after the manner of England, and a declaration of right put in the front of it.

§ 37. *From Mr. GRATTAN'S Speech on the Sale of Peerages in Ireland.*

* * * *

I propose three questions for the right honourable gentleman's consideration: First, Is not the sale of peerages illegal? Second, Is it not a high misdemeanor and impeachable offence? Third, Whether a contract to purchase seats for persons named by the ministers of the Crown, with the money arising from the sale of the peerage, is not in itself an illegal and impeachable transaction, and a great aggravation of the other misdemeanors?

I wait for an answer. Does the right honourable gentleman continue in his seat? Then he admits these transactions to be great and flagrant breaches of the law. No lawyer I find so old and hardy, so young and desperate, as to deny it. Thus it appears that the administration of this country, by the acknowledgment of their own lawyers, have, in a high degree, broken the laws of the land. I will now discuss the nature of transactions admitted to be illegal; I know the prerogative of conferring honours has been held a frugal way of rewarding merit; but I dwell not on the loss of any collateral advantages by the abuse of that prerogative, but on the loss of the essence of the power itself, no longer a means of exalting, and now become an instrument of disgrace. I will expostulate with His Excellency on this subject; I will bring him to an eminence, from whence he may survey the people of this island. Is there, my lord, a man of all who pass under your eye, one man whom you can exalt by any title you may think to confer? You may create a confusion in names, or you may cast a veil over families, but honour, that sacred gem, you have cast in the dirt! I do not ask you merely, whether there is any man in the island whom

you can raise? but I ask you, is there any man whom you would not disgrace, by attempting to give him title, except such a man as would exalt you *by the acceptance*---some man whose hereditary or personal pretensions would rescue his name and dignity from the apparent blemish and ridicule cast on him by a grant from those hands to whom His Majesty has most unfortunately abandoned, in Ireland, the reins of government.

The mischief does not go merely to the credit, but may affect the existence of the nobility.

Our ministry, no doubt, condemn the National Assembly, in extinguishing the nobility of the country, and I dare say they will talk very scrupulously and very plausibly on that subject. They certainly have not extinguished the nobility of Ireland, but they have (as far as they could) attempted to disgrace them, and by so doing, have attempted to lay the seeds of their extinction. The Irish ministry have acted with more apparent moderation; but the French democracy have acted with more apparent consistency. The French democracy have, at one blow, struck from the nobility, power, perquisite, and rank. The Irish ministry have attempted to strike off honour and authority, and propose to leave them their powers and their privileges. The Irish ministry, after attempting to render their honours as saleable as the seats of justice were in France at the most unregenerated period of her monarchy, propose to send them abroad, to exact deference from the people as hereditary legislators, hereditary counsellors to the King, and hereditary judges of the land; and if hereafter any attempt should be made on our order of peerage, look to your ministry, they are the cause—they—they—they who have attempted, without success, but with matchless perseverance, to make the peerage mischievous, and, therefore, are guilty of an eventual attempt to declare it useless.

Such a minister is but a pioneer to the Leveller; he composes a part of his army, and marches in the van, and demolishes all the moral, constitutional, and political obstructions of principle and purity, and all the moral causes that would support authority, rank, and subordination.

Such a minister goes before the Leveller,

like sin preceding the shadow of death, shedding her poisons and distilling her influence, and preparing the nectar she touches for mortality. I do not say, that such a minister with his own hands strips the foliage off the tree of nobility. No; he is the early blight, that comes to the island to wither your honours in the first blast of popular breath, and so to scatter, that at last the whole leavage of nobility may descend.

This minister, he does not come to the foundations of the House of Lords with his pick-axe, nor does he store all their vaults with trains of gunpowder. He is an enemy of a different sort. He does not purpose to blow up the Houses of Parliament; he only endeavours to corrupt the institutions, and he only undermines the moral props of opinion and authority; he only endeavours to taint nobility; he sells your Lords and he buys your Commons. The tree of nobility;---that it may flourish for ever, and stand the blight of ministers and the blast of popular fury, that it may remain on its own hill rejoicing, and laugh to scorn that enemy, which in the person of the minister of the Crown, has gone against the nobles of the land---This is my earnest prayer.---That they may survive, survive to give counsel to those very ministers, and perhaps, to *pronounce judgment upon them*. But if ever the axe should go into that forest; if, on the track of the merchantmen, in the shape of the minister, the political woodman, in the shape of the Leveller, should follow; if the sale of peerage, as exercised by the present minister, becoming the ordinary resource of government, should provoke a kindred extreme, and give birth to a race of men as unprincipled and desperate in one extreme as they are in the other, we shall then feel it our duty to resist such an effort; and as we now resist the ministers' attempts to dishonour, so shall we then resist the consequence of his crimes---projects to extinguish the nobility.

In the mean time, to prevent such a catastrophe, it is necessary to destroy such a practice, and, therefore, necessary to punish, or remove, or intimidate, and check your ministers.

I would not be understood to speak now of a figurative sale of honours; I am speaking of an *actual one in the most literal sense of the word*. I know the grants of honours have been at certain

times made for influence distinct from pretensions; but not *argent comptant*, the stock purse. It is not title for influence, but title for money to buy influence. You have carried it to the last step, and in that step have gone beyond the most unscrupulous of your predecessors; they may have abused the prerogative, but you have broken the laws. Your contract has been what a court of law would condemn for its illegality, and a court of equity for its turpitude.

The ministers have endeavoured to defile the source of honour; they have also attempted to pollute the stream of justice. The sale of peerage is the sale of a judicial employment, which cannot be sold without breach of an express act of Parliament,---the act of Richard II. and Edward VI.

I know the judicial power is only incidental to peerage, but the sale is not the less against the spirit of the act; indeed, it is the greatest possible offence against the spirit of the act, inasmuch as the judicial power in this case is final, and comprehends all the judgments and decrees in all the courts of law and equity.

If I am injured in an inferior court, I can bear it; it is not without remedy. But there, where every thing is to be finally corrected; where the public is to be protected and rescued from the vindictive ignorance of a judge, or the little driving, arbitrary genius of a minister; the last oracle of all the laws, and the first fountain of counsel, and one great constituent of the legislature; to attempt to make that great repository a market; to erect at the door of the House of Lords the stall of the minister, where he and his friends should exercise their calling, and carry on such an illicit and shocking trade. That a minister should have cast out of his heart all respect for human institutions so far, as to attempt to post himself at the door of that chamber, the most illustrious, select, and ancient of all institutions we know of; to post himself there with his open palm, and to admit all who would pay for seats.

Is this the man who is to teach the Irish a respect for the laws, and to inculcate the blessings of the British constitution?

History is not wanting in instances of gross abuses of the prerogative in the disposal of the peerage; the worst ministers perhaps have attempted it; but I will as-

sert, that the whole history of England does not furnish so gross and illegal an exercise as any of those bargains contracted for by the minister of Ireland. In the reign of Queen Anne, there was, by the Tories of the times, a great abuse of that power; twelve peers created for an occasion. In some particulars there was a similitude between that and the present act; it was an attempt to model the House of Lords; but there was no money given. The turpitude of our transaction was wanting in the act of the ministry of Queen Anne; it was an act of influence purporting to model one House of Parliament; but it was not the sale of the seats of one House to buy those of the other, and model both.

The second instance is the sale of a peerage by the Duke of Buckingham in the reign of Charles I. It was one of the articles of his impeachment, a peerage sold to Lord Roberts for 10,000*l.*; it was a high misdemeanor, a flagrant illegality, and a great public scandal; so far it resembles your conduct, but it was no more. The offence was confined to a single instance; the Duke of Buckingham created one peer of the realm, one hereditary legislator, one hereditary counsellor, and one final judiciary, for a specific sum of money for his private use; but the Irish minister has created divers hereditary legislators, divers hereditary counsellors, and divers final judiciaries, for many specific sums of money. The Duke of Buckingham only took the money for a seat in the Peers, and applied it to his own use; but the Irish minister has taken money for seats in the Peers, under contract that it should be applied to purchase seats in the Commons; the one is an insulated crime for private emolument, the other a project against the commonweal in this act.

The ministers have sold the prerogatives of the Crown to buy the privileges of the people; they have made the constituent parts of the legislature pernicious to each other; they have played the two Houses like forts upon one another; they have discovered a new mode of destroying that fine fabric, the British constitution, which escaped the destructive penetration of the worst of their predecessors; and the fruit of their success in this most unhallowed, wicked endeavour, would be the scandal of legislation, which is the common right of both Houses; of jurisdiction, which is the peculiar privilege of

one; and adding the discredit which, by such offences, they bring on the third branch of the constitution, (unfortunately exercised in their own persons,) they have attempted to reduce the whole progress of government in this country, from the first formation of law to the final decision and ultimate execution; from the cradle of the law through all its progress and formation to its last shape of monumental record. They have attempted to reduce it, I say, to disrepute and degradation.

Are these things to go unpunished? Are they to pass by with the session, like the fashion of your coat, or any idle subject of taste or amusement?

Is any state criminal to be punished in Ireland? Is there such a thing as a state offence in Ireland? If not, renounce the name of inquest, if aye---punish.

§ 38. *From Mr. CURRAN'S Speech in defence of Mr. Hamilton Rowan.*

* * * *

This paper, gentlemen, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the catholics of Ireland, and that is charged as part of the libel. If they had waited another year, if they had kept this prosecution impending for another year, how much would remain for a jury to decide upon, I should be at a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public information was eating away the ground of the prosecution. Since the commencement of the prosecution, this part of the libel has unluckily received the sanction of the legislature. In that interval our catholic brethren have obtained that admission, which it seems it was a libel to propose; in what way to account for this, I am really at a loss. Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our catholic brethren? has the bigoted malignity of any individuals been crushed? or has the stability of the government, or that of the country been weakened? or is one million of subjects stronger than four millions? Do you think that the benefit they received should be poisoned by the sting of vengeance? If you think so, you must say to them, "You have demanded emancipation, and you have got it; but we abhor your persons, we are outraged at your successes, and we will stigmatize by a criminal prosecution the adviser of that relief which you have obtained from the voice of your country." I ask you, do you think, as honest men, anxious

for the public tranquillity, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrized, that you ought to speak this language at this time, to men who are too much disposed to think that in this very emancipation they have been saved from their own parliament by the humanity of their sovereign? Or do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions? Do you think it wise or humane at this moment to insult them, by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth as their advocate? I put it to your oaths; do you think, that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure? to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it; giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, giving "UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION!" I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the Genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced;—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible Genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

[Here Mr. Curran was interrupted by a sudden burst of applause from the court and hall, which was repeated for a considerable length of time; silence being at length restored, he proceeded.]

Gentlemen, I am not such a fool, as to ascribe any effusion of this sort to any merit of mine. It is the mighty theme, and

not the inconsiderable advocate, that can excite interest in the hearer! What you hear is but the testimony which nature bears to her own character; it is the effusion of her gratitude to that power, which stamp that character upon her.

§_39. From Mr. CURRAN's Speech in defence of Mr. Finnerty.

* * * *

I tell you therefore, gentlemen of the jury, it is not with respect to Mr. Orr that your verdict is now sought; you are called upon on your oaths to say, that the government is wise and merciful, that the people are prosperous and happy, that military law ought to be continued, that the British constitution could not with safety be restored to this country, and that the statements of a contrary import by your advocates in either country were libellous and false. I tell you these are the questions, and I ask you, can you have the front to give the expected answer in the face of a community who know the country as well as you do? Let me ask you, how could you reconcile with such a verdict, the gaols, the tenders, the gibbets, the conflagrations, the murders, the proclamations that we hear of every day in the streets, and see every day in the country? What are the processions of the learned counsel himself circuit after circuit? Merciful God! what is the state of Ireland, and where shall you find the wretched inhabitant of this land! You may find him perhaps in gaol, the only place of security, I had almost said of ordinary habitation; you may see him flying by the conflagration of his own dwelling; or you may find his bones bleaching on the green fields of his country; or he may be found tossing upon the surface of the ocean, and mingling his groans with those tempests, less savage than his persecutors, that drift him to a returnless distance from his family and his home. And yet, with these facts ringing in the ears and starting in the face of the prosecutors, you are called upon to say, on your oaths, that these facts do not exist. You are called upon, in defiance of shame, of truth, of honour, to deny the sufferings under which you groan, and to flatter the persecution that tramples you under foot.

But the learned gentleman is further pleased to say that the traverser has charged the government with the encouragement of informers. This, gentlemen, is another small fact that you are to deny at the ha-

zard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are upon your oaths to say to the sister country, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers. Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of you know by the testimony of your own eyes to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now of the public proclamation of informers with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory; I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day during the course of this commission from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants who avowed upon their oaths that they had come from the very seat of government—from the castle, where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and the hopes of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows; that the mild and wholesome councils of this government, are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness.

Is this fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him, after his resurrection from that tomb, after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked, when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death; a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent:—there was an antidote—-a juror's oath—-but even that adamant chain, that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth; conscience swings from her moor-

ings, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim:

Et quæ sibi quisque timebat,———

Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.

§ 40. *The Character of MARIUS.*

The birth of Marius was obscure, though some call it equestrian, and his education wholly in camps; where he learnt the first rudiments of war, under the greatest master of that age, the younger Scipio, who destroyed Carthage; till by long service, distinguished valour, and a peculiar hardiness and patience of discipline, he advanced himself gradually through all the steps of military honour, with the reputation of a brave and complete soldier. The obscurity of his extraction, which depressed him with the nobility, made him the greater favourite of the people; who, on all occasions of danger, thought him the only man fit to be trusted with their lives and fortunes; or to have the command of a difficult and desperate war; and, in truth, he twice delivered them from the most desperate, with which they had ever been threatened by a foreign enemy. Scipio, from the observation of his martial talents, while he had yet but an inferior command in the army, gave a kind of prophetic testimony of his future glory; for being asked by some of his officers, who were supping with him at Numantia, what general the republic would have, in case of any accident to himself? That man, replied he, pointing to Marius at the bottom of the table. In the field he was cautious and provident; and while he was watching the most favourable opportunities of action, affected to take all his measures from augurs and diviners; nor ever gave battle, till by pretended omens and divine admonitions he had inspired his soldiers with a confidence of victory; so that his enemies dreaded him as something more than mortal; and both friends and foes believed him to act always by a peculiar impulse and direction from the gods. His merit however was wholly military, void of every accomplishment of learning, which he openly affected to despise; so that Arpinum had the singular felicity to produce the most glorious contemner, as well as the most illustrious improver, of the arts and eloquence of Rome*. He made no figure, therefore, in the gown, nor had any other way of sustaining his authority in the city,

* Arpinum was also the native city of Cicero.

than by cherishing the natural jealousy between the senate and the people; that by this declared enmity to the one he might always be at the head of the other; whose favour he managed, not with any view to the public good, for he had nothing in him of the statesman or the patriot, but to the advancement of his private interest and glory. In short he was crafty, cruel, covetous, and perfidious; of a temper and talents greatly serviceable abroad, but turbulent and dangerous at home; an implacable enemy to the nobles, ever seeking occasions to mortify them, and ready to sacrifice the republic, which he had saved, to his ambition and revenge. After a life spent in the perpetual toils of foreign or domestic wars, he died at last in his bed, in a good old age, and in his seventh consulship; an honour that no Roman before him ever attained.

Middleton.

§ 41. *The Character of SYLLA.*

Sylla died after he had laid down the dictatorship, and restored liberty to the republic, and, with an uncommon greatness of mind, lived many months as a private senator, and with perfect security, in that city where he had exercised the most bloody tyranny: but nothing was thought to be greater in his character, than that, during the three years in which the Marians were masters of Italy, he neither dissembled his resolution of pursuing them by arms, nor neglected the war which he had upon his hands; but thought it his duty, first to chastise a foreign enemy, before he took his revenge upon citizens. His family was noble and patrician, which yet, through the indolency of his ancestors, had made no figure in the republic for many generations, and was almost sunk into obscurity, till he produced it again into light, by aspiring to the honours of the state. He was a lover and patron of polite letters, having been carefully instituted himself in all the learning of Greece and Rome; but from a peculiar gaiety of temper, and fondness for the company of mimics and players, was drawn, when young, into a life of luxury and pleasure; so that when he was sent quæstor to Marius in the Jugurthine war, Marius complained, that in so rough and desperate a service chance had given him so soft and delicate a quæstor. But whether roused by the example, or stung by the reproach of his general, he behaved himself in that charge with the

greatest vigour and courage, suffering no man to outdo him in any part of military duty or labour, making himself equal and familiar even to the lowest of the soldiers, and obliging them all by his good offices and his money: so that he soon acquired the favour of his army, with the character of a brave and skillful commander; and lived to drive Marius himself, banished and proscribed, into that very province where he had been contemned by him at first as his quæstor. He had a wonderful faculty of concealing his passions and purposes; and was so different from himself in different circumstances, that he seemed as it were to be two men in one: no man was ever more mild and moderate before victory; none more bloody and cruel after it. In war, he practised the same art, that he had seen so successful to Marius, of raising a kind of enthusiasm and contempt of danger in his army, by the forgery of auspices and divine admonitions; for which end, he carried always about with him a little statue of Apollo, taken from the temple of Delphi; and whenever he had resolved to give battle, used to embrace it in sight of the soldiers, and beg the speedy confirmation of its promises to him. From an uninterrupted course of success and prosperity, he assumed a surname, unknown before to the Romans, of Felix, or the Fortunate; and would have been fortunate indeed, says Velleius, if his life had ended with his victories. Pliny calls it a wicked title, drawn from the blood and oppression of his country; for which posterity would think him more unfortunate, even than those whom he had put to death. He had one felicity, however, peculiar to himself, of being the only man in history, in whom the odium of the most barbarous cruelties was extinguished by the glory of his great acts. Cicero, though he had a good opinion of his cause, yet detested the inhumanity of his victory, and never speaks of him with respect, nor of his government but as a proper tyranny; calling him "a master of three most pestilent vices, luxury, avarice, cruelty." He was the first of his family whose dead body was burnt; for, having ordered Marius's remains to be taken out of his grave and thrown into the river Anio, he was apprehensive of the same insult upon his own, if left to the usual way of burial. A little before his death, he made

his own epitaph, the sum of which was, "that no man had ever gone beyond him, "in doing good to his friends, or hurt "to his enemies." *Middleton.*

§ 42. *The Character of POMPEY.*

Pompey had early acquired the surname of the Great, by that sort of merit which, from the constitution of the republic, necessarily made him great; a fame and success in war, superior to what Rome had ever known in the most celebrated of her generals. He had triumphed, at three several times, over the three different parts of the known world; Europe, Asia, Africa: and by his victories had almost doubled the extent, as well as the revenues of the Roman dominion; for, as he declared to the people on his return from the Mithridatic war, he had found the lesser Asia the boundary, but left it the middle, of their empire. He was about, six years older than Cæsar; and while Cæsar, immersed in pleasures, oppressed with debts, and suspected by all honest men, was hardly able to shew his head, Pompey was flourishing in the height of power and glory; and, by the consent of all parties, placed at the head of the republic. This was the post that his ambition seemed to aim at, to be the first man in Rome; the leader, not the tyrant of his country; for he more than once had it in his power to have made himself the master of it without any risk, if his virtue, or his phlegm at least, had not restrained him: but he lived in a perpetual expectation of receiving from the gift of the people, what he did not care to seize by force; and, by fomenting the disorders of the city, hoped to drive them to the necessity of creating him dictator. It is an observation of all the historians, that while Cæsar made no difference of power, whether it was conferred or usurped, whether over those who loved, or those who feared him; Pompey seemed to value none but what was offered; nor to have any desire to govern, but with the good-will of the governed. What leisure he found from his wars, he employed in the study of polite letters, and especially of eloquence, in which he would have acquired great fame, if his genius had not drawn him to the more dazzling glory of arms: yet he pleaded several causes with applause, in the defence of his friends and clients; and some of them in conjunction with Cicero. His language was copious and elevated;

his sentiments just; his voice sweet; his action noble, and full of dignity. But his talents were better formed for arms than the gown; for, though in both he observed the same discipline, a perpetual modesty, temperance, and gravity of outward behaviour; yet in the licence of camps the example was more rare and striking. His person was extremely graceful, and imprinting respect; yet with an air of reserved haughtiness, which became the general better than the citizen. His parts were plausible, rather than great; specious, rather than penetrating; and his views of politics but narrow; for his chief instrument of governing was dissimulation; yet he had not always the art to conceal his real sentiments. As he was a better soldier than a statesman, so what he gained in the camp he usually lost in the city; and though adored when abroad, was often affronted and mortified at home, till the imprudent opposition of the senate drove him to that alliance with Crassus and Cæsar, which proved fatal both to himself and the republic. He took in these two, not as the partners, but the ministers rather of his power; that by giving them some share with him, he might make his own authority uncontrollable; he had no reason to apprehend that they could ever prove his rivals; since neither of them had any credit or character of that kind, which alone could raise them above the laws; a superior fame and experience in war, with the militia of the empire at their devotion; all this was purely his own; till, by cherishing Cæsar, and throwing into his hands the only thing which he wanted, arms, and military command, he made him at last too strong for himself, and never began to fear him till it was too late. Cicero warmly dissuaded both his union and his breach with Cæsar; and after the rupture, as warmly still, the thought of giving him battle: if any of these counsels had been followed, Pompey had preserved his life and honour, and the republic its liberty. But he was urged to his fate by a natural superstition, and attention to those vain auguries, with which he was flattered by all the Haruspices: he had seen the same temper in Marius and Sylla, and observed the happy effects of it: but they assumed it only out of policy, he out of principle: they used it to animate their soldiers, when they had found a probable opport-

tunity of fighting: but he, against all prudence and probability, was encouraged by it to fight to his own ruin. He saw his mistakes at last, when it was out of his power to correct them; and in his wretched flight from Pharsalia, was forced to confess, that he had trusted too much to his hopes; and that Cicero had judged better, and seen farther into things than he. The resolution of seeking refuge in Egypt finished the sad catastrophe of this great man; the father of the reigning prince had been highly obliged to him for his protection at Rome, and restoration to his kingdom; and the son had sent a considerable fleet to his assistance in the present war: but in this ruin of his fortunes, what gratitude was there to be expected from a court governed by eunuchs and mercenary Greeks? all whose politics turned, not on the honour of the king, but the establishment of their own power; which was likewise to be eclipsed by the admission of Pompey. How happy had it been for him to have died in that sickness when all Italy was putting up vows and prayers for his safety! or, if he had fallen by the chance of war, on the plains of Pharsalia, in the defence of his country's liberty, he had died still glorious, though unfortunate; but as if he had been reserved for an example of the instability of human greatness, he, who a few days before commanded kings and consuls, and all the noblest of Rome, was sentenced to die by a council of slaves; murdered by a base deserter; cast out naked and headless on the Egyptian strand; and when the whole earth, as Velleius says, had scarce been sufficient for his victories, could not find a spot upon it at last for a grave. His body was burnt on the shore by one of his freedmen, with the planks of an old fishing-boat: and his ashes, being conveyed to Rome, were deposited privately by his wife Cornelia, in a vault by his Alban villa. The Egyptians, however, raised a monument to him on the place, and adorned it with figures of brass, which being defaced afterwards by time, and buried almost in sand and rubbish, was sought out, and restored by the emperor Adrian.

Middleton.

§ 43. *The Character of JULIUS CÆSAR.*

Cæsar was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could exalt human nature, and give a man the ascendant in society; formed to excel in peace, as well as war; provident in council; fear-

less in action; and executing what he had resolved with an amazing celerity: generous beyond measure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, scarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are seldom found together, strength and elegance: Cicero ranks him among the greatest orators that Rome ever bred; and Quintilian says that he spoke with the same force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himself to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a master only of the politer arts; but conversant also with the most abstruse and critical parts of learning; and, among other works which he published, addressed two books to Cicero, on the analogy of language, or the art of speaking and writing correctly. He was a most liberal patron of wit and learning, wheresoever they were found; and out of his love of those talents, would readily pardon those who had employed them against himself; rightly judging, that by making such men his friends, he should draw praises from the same fountain from which he had been aspersed. His capital passions were ambition, and love of pleasure; which he indulged in their turns to the greatest excess; yet the first was always predominant; to which he could easily sacrifice all the charms of the second, and draw pleasure even from toils and dangers, when they ministered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero says, the greatest of goddesses; and had frequently in his mouth a verse of Euripides, which expressed the image of his soul, that if right and justice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the sake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpose of his life; the scheme that he had formed from his early youth; so that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with sobriety and meditation to the subversion of the republic. He used to say, that there were two things necessary, to acquire and to support power—soldiers and money; which yet depended mutually upon each other; with money therefore he provided soldiers, and with soldiers extorted money; and was, of all men, the most rapacious in plundering both friends and foes; sparing neither prince, nor state, nor temple, nor even private persons, who were known to possess any share of treasure. His great abilities would necessarily have made him

one of the first citizens of Rome ; but, disdaining the condition of a subject, he could never rest, till he made himself a monarch. In acting this last part his usual prudence seemed to fail him ; as if the height to which he was mounted had turned his head, and made him giddy : for, by a vain ostentation of his power, he destroyed the stability of it ; and as men shorten life by living too fast, so, by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end. *Middleton.*

§ 44. *The Character of CATO.*

If we consider the character of Cato, without prejudice, he was certainly a great and worthy man ; a friend to truth, virtue, liberty ; yet, falsely measuring all duty by the absurd rigour of the stoical rule, he was generally disappointed of the end which he sought by it, the happiness both of his private and public life. In his private conduct he was severe, morose, inexorable ; banishing all the softer affections, as natural enemies to justice, and as suggesting false motives of acting, from favour, clemency, and compassion : in public affairs he was the same : had but one rule of policy, to adhere to what was right without regard to time or circumstances, or even to a force that could control him ; for, instead of managing the power of the great, so as to mitigate the ill, or extract any good from it, he was urging it always to acts of violence by a perpetual defiance : so that, with the best intentions in the world, he often did great harm to the republic. This was his general behaviour ; yet from some particular facts, it appears that his strength of mind was not always impregnable, but had its weak places of pride, ambition, and party zeal : which, when managed and flattered to a certain point, would betray him sometimes into measures contrary to his ordinary rule of right and truth. The last act of his life was agreeable to his nature and philosophy : when he could no longer be what he had been ; or when the ills of life overbalanced the good ; which, by the principles of his sect, was a just cause for dying ; he put an end to his life with a spirit and resolution which would make one imagine, that he was glad to have found an occasion of dying in his proper character. On the whole, his life was rather admirable than amiable ; fit to be praised, rather than imitated. *Middleton.*

§ 45. *A Comparison of CÆSAR with CATO.*

As to their extraction, years, and elo-

quence, they were pretty nigh equal. Both of them had the same greatness of mind, both the same degree of glory, but in different ways : Cæsar was celebrated for his great bounty and generosity ; Cato for his unsullied integrity : the former became renowned by his humanity and compassion ; an austere severity heightened the dignity of the latter. Cæsar acquired glory by a liberal, compassionate, and forgiving temper ; as did Cato, by never bestowing any thing. In the one, the miserable found a sanctuary ; in the other, the guilty met with a certain destruction. Cæsar was admired for an easy yielding temper ; Cato for his immovable firmness : Cæsar, in a word, had formed himself for a laborious, active life ; was intent upon promoting the interest of his friends, to the neglect of his own ; and refused to grant nothing that was worth accepting ; what he desired for himself, was to have sovereign command, to be at the head of armies, and engaged in new wars, in order to display his military talents. As for Cato, his only study was moderation, regular conduct, and, above all, rigorous severity : he did not vie with the rich in riches, nor in faction with the factious ; but taking a nobler aim, he contended in bravery with the brave, in modesty with the modest, in integrity with the upright ; and was more desirous to be virtuous, than appear so : so that the less he courted fame, the more it followed him. *Sallust, by Mr. Rose.*

§ 46. *The Character of CATALINE.*

Lucius Cataline was descended of an illustrious family : he was a man of great vigour, both of body and mind, but of a disposition extremely profligate and depraved. From his youth he took pleasure in civil wars, massacres, depredations, and intestine broils ; and in these he employed his younger days. His body was formed for enduring cold, hunger, and want of rest, to a degree indeed incredible : his spirit was daring, subtle, and changeable : he was expert in all the arts of simulation and dissimulation : covetous of what belonged to others, lavish of his own ; violent in his passions ; he had eloquence enough, but a small share of wisdom. His boundless soul was constantly engaged in extravagant and romantic projects, too high to be attempted.

After Sylla's usurpation, he was fired with a violent desire of seizing the government ; and provided he could but carry his point, he was not at all solicitous by what means. His spirit, naturally

violent, was daily more and more hurried on to the execution of his design, by his poverty, and the consciousness of his crimes; both which evils he had heightened by the practices above-mentioned. He was encouraged to it by the wickedness of the state, thoroughly debauched by luxury and avarice; vices equally fatal, though of contrary natures. *Ibid.*

§ 47. *The Character of HANNIBAL.*

Hannibal being sent to Spain, on his arrival there attracted the eyes of the whole army. The veterans believed Hamilcar was revived and restored to them: they saw the same vigorous countenance, the same piercing eye, the same complexion and features. But in a short time his behaviour occasioned this resemblance of his father to contribute the least towards his gaining their favour. And, in truth, never was there a genius more happily formed for two things, most manifestly contrary to each other—to obey and to command. This made it difficult to determine, whether the general or soldiers loved him most. Where any enterprise required vigour and valour in the performance, Asdrubal always chose him to command at the executing it: nor were the troops ever more confident of success, or more intrepid, than when he was at their head. None ever shewed greater bravery in undertaking hazardous attempts, or more presence of mind and conduct in the execution of them. No hardship could fatigue his body, or daunt his courage: he could equally bear cold and heat. The necessary refection of nature, not the pleasure of his palate, he solely regarded in his meals. He made no distinction of day and night in his watching, or taking rest; and appropriated no time to sleep, but what remained after he had completed his duty; he never sought for a soft or retired place of repose; but was often seen lying on the bare ground, wrapt in a soldier's cloak, amongst the centinels and guards. He did not distinguish himself from his companions by the magnificence of his dress, but by the quality of his horse and arms. At the same time, he was by far the best foot and horse soldier in the army; ever the foremost in a charge, and the last who left the field after the battle was begun. These shining qualities were however balanced by great vices; inhuman cruelty; more than Carthaginian treachery; no respect for truth or honour, no fear of the

gods, no regard for the sanctity of oaths, no sense of religion. With a disposition thus chequered with virtues and vices, he served three years under Asdrubal, without neglecting to pry into, or perform any thing that could contribute to make him hereafter a complete general. *Livy.*

§ 48. *From MIDDLETON'S Character of CICERO.*

All the Roman writers, whether poets or historians, seem to vie with each other in celebrating the praises of Cicero, as the most illustrious of all their patriots, and the parent of the Roman wit and eloquence; who had done more honour to his country by his writings than all their conquerors by their arms, and extended the bounds of his learning beyond those of their empire. So that their very emperors, near three centuries after his death, began to reverence him in the class of their inferior deities; a rank which he would have preserved to this day, if he had happened to live in papal Rome, where he could not have failed, as Erasmus says, from the innocence of his life, of obtaining the honour and title of a saint.

As to his person, he was tall and slender, with a neck particularly long; yet his features were regular and manly; preserving a comeliness and dignity to the last, with a certain air of cheerfulness and serenity, that imprinted both affection and respect. His constitution was naturally weak, yet was so confirmed by his management of it, as to enable him to support all the fatigues of the most active, as well as the most studious life, with perpetual health and vigour. The care that he employed upon his body, consisted chiefly in bathing and rubbing, with a few turns every day in his gardens, for the refreshment of his voice from the labour of the bar: yet in the summer, he generally gave himself the exercise of a journey, to visit his several estates and villas in different parts of Italy. But his principal instrument of health was diet and temperance: by these he preserved himself from all violent distempers: and when he happened to be attacked by any slight indisposition, used to enforce the severity of his abstinence, and starve it presently by fasting.

In his clothes and dress, which the wise have usually considered as an Index of the mind, he observed, what he prescribes in his book of Offices, a modesty and decency adapted to his rank and character: a perpetual cleanliness, with-

out the appearance of pains; free from the affectation of singularity, and avoiding the extremes of a rustic negligence and foppish delicacy; both of which are equally contrary to true dignity; the one implying an ignorance, or illiberal contempt of it, the other a childish pride and ostentation of proclaiming our pretensions to it.

In his domestic and social life his behaviour was very amiable: he was a most indulgent parent, a sincere and zealous friend, a kind and generous master. His letters are full of the tenderest expressions of love for his children; in whose endearing conversation, as he often tells us, he used to drop all his cares, and relieve himself from all his struggles in the senate and the forum. The same affection, in an inferior degree, was extended also to his slaves, when by their fidelity and services they had recommended themselves to his favour. We have seen a remarkable instance of it in Tiro, whose case was no otherwise different from the rest, than as it was distinguished by the superiority of his merit. In one of his letters to Atticus, "I have nothing more," says he, "to write: and my mind indeed is somewhat ruffled at present; for Socitheus, my reader, is dead: a hopeful youth; which has afflicted me more than one would imagine the death of a slave ought to do."

He entertained very high notions of friendship, and of its excellent use and benefit to human life; which he has beautifully illustrated in his entertaining treatise on that subject; where he lays down no other rules than what he exemplified by his practice. For in all the variety of friendships in which his eminent rank engaged him, he never was charged with deceiving, deserting, or even slighting any one whom he had once called his friend, or esteemed an honest man. It was his delight to advance their prosperity, to relieve their adversity; the same friend to both fortunes; but more zealous only in the bad, where his help was most wanted, and his services the most disinterested; looking upon it not as a friendship, but a sordid traffic and merchandise of benefits, where good offices are to be weighed by a nice estimate of gain and loss. He calls gratitude the mother of virtues; reckons it the most capital of all duties; and uses the words grateful and good as terms synonymous, and inseparably united in the same character. His

writings abound with sentiments of this sort, as his life did with the examples of them; so that one of his friends, in apologizing for the importunity of a request, observes to him with great truth, that the tenor of his life would be a sufficient excuse for it; since he had established such a custom, of doing every thing for his friends, that they no longer requested, but claimed a right to command him.

Yet he was not more generous to his friends, than placable to his enemies; readily pardoning the greatest injuries, upon the slightest submission; and though no man ever had greater abilities or opportunities of revenging himself, yet when it was in his power to hurt, he sought out reasons to forgive; and whenever he was invited to it, never declined a reconciliation with his most inveterate enemies; of which there are numerous instances in his history. He declared nothing to be more laudable and worthy of a great man than placability; and laid down for a natural duty, to moderate our revenge, and observe a temper in punishing; and held repentance to be a sufficient ground for remitting it: and it was one of his sayings, delivered to a public assembly, that his enmities were mortal, his friendships immortal.

His manner of living was agreeable to the dignity of his character, splendid and noble: his house was open to all the learned strangers and philosophers of Greece and Asia; several of whom were constantly entertained in it as a part of his family, and spent their whole lives with him. His levee was perpetually crowded with multitudes of all ranks; even Pompey himself not disdaining to frequent it. The greatest part came not only to pay their compliments, but to attend him on days of business to the senate or the forum; where, upon any debate or transaction of moment, they constantly waited to conduct him home again: but on ordinary days, when these morning visits were over, as they usually were before ten, he retired to his books, and shut himself up in his library without seeking any other diversion, but what his children afforded to the short intervals of his leisure. His supper was the greatest meal; and the usual season with all the great of enjoying their friends at table, which was frequently prolonged to a late hour of the night, yet he was out of his bed every morning before it was light; and never used to sleep again at noon, as all others generally did, and as

it is commonly practised in Rome to this day.

But though he was so temperate and studious, yet when he was engaged to sup with others, either at home or abroad, he laid aside his rules, and forgot the invalid; and was gay and sprightly, and the very soul of the company. When friends were met together, to heighten the comforts of social life, he thought it inhospitable not to contribute his share to their common mirth, or to damp it by a churlish reservedness. But he was really a lover of cheerful entertainments, being of a nature remarkably facetious, and singularly turned to raillery; a talent which was of great service to him at the bar, to correct the petulance of an adversary; relieve the satiety of a tedious cause; divert the minds of the judges; and mitigate the rigour of a sentence, by making both the bench and audience merry at the expense of the accuser.

His failings were as few as were ever found in any eminent genius; such as flowed from his constitution, not his will; and were chargeable rather to the condition of his humanity, than to the fault of the man. He was thought to be too sanguine in prosperity, too desponding in adversity: and apt to persuade himself, in each fortune, that it would never have an end. This is Pollio's account of him, which seems in general to be true; Brutus touches the first part of it in one of his letters to him; and when things were going prosperously against Antony, put him gently in mind, that he seemed to trust too much to his hopes; and he himself allows the second, and says that if any one was timorous in great and dangerous events, apprehending always the worst, rather than hoping the best, he was the man; and if that was a fault, confesses himself not to be free from it: yet in explaining afterwards the nature of this timidity, it was such, he tells us, as shewed itself rather in foreseeing dangers, than in encountering them: an explication which the latter part of his life fully confirmed, and above all his death, which no man could sustain with greater courage and resolution.

But the most conspicuous and glaring passion of his soul was the love of glory and thirst of praise: a passion that he not only avowed, but freely indulged; and sometimes, as he himself confesses, to a degree even of vanity. This often gave

his enemies a plausible handle of ridiculing his pride and arrogance; while the forwardness that he shewed to celebrate his own merits in all his public speeches, seemed to justify their censures: and since this is generally considered as the grand foible of his life, and has been handed down implicitly from age to age, without ever being fairly examined, or rightly understood, it will be proper to lay open the source from which the passion itself flowed, and explain the nature of that glory, of which he professes himself so fond.

True glory then, according to his own definition of it, is a wide and illustrious fame of many and great benefits conferred upon our friends, our country, or the whole race of mankind: it is not, he says, the empty blast of popular favour, or the applause of a giddy multitude, which all wise men had ever despised, and none more than himself; but the consenting praise of all honest men, and the incorrupt testimony of those who can judge of excellent merit, which resounds always to virtue, as the echo to the voice; and since it is the general companion of good actions, ought not to be rejected by good men. That those who aspired to this glory were not to expect ease or pleasure, or tranquillity of life for their pains; but must give up their own peace, to secure the peace of others; must expose themselves to storms and dangers for the public good; sustain many battles with the audacious and the wicked, and some even with the powerful: in short must behave themselves so, as to give their citizens cause to rejoice that they had ever been born. This is the notion that he inculcates every where of true glory; which is surely one of the noblest principles that can inspire a human breast: implanted by God in our nature, to dignify and exalt it: and always found strongest in the best and most elevated minds; and to which we owe every thing great and laudable, that history has to offer us through all the ages of the heathen world. There is not an instance, says Cicero, of a man's exerting himself ever with praise and virtue in the dangers of his country, who was not drawn to it by the hopes of glory, and a regard to posterity. Give me a boy, says Quinctilian, whom praise excites, whom glory warms; for such a scholar was sure to answer all his hopes, and do credit to his discipline. "Whether posterity will have any respect for me," says Pliny, "I know,

“not, but I am sure that I have deserved some from it; I will not say by my wit, for that would be arrogant; but by the zeal, by the pains, by the reverence which I have always paid to it.”

It will not seem strange, to observe the wisest of the ancients pushing this principle to so great a length, and considering glory as the amplest reward of a well-spent life, when we reflect, that the greatest part of them had no notion of any other reward or futurity; and even those who believed a state of happiness to the good, yet entertained it with so much diffidence, that they indulged it rather as a wish than a well-grounded hope, and were glad therefore to lay hold on that which seemed to be within their reach; a futurity of their own creating; an immortality of fame and glory from the applause of posterity. This, by a pleasing fiction, they looked upon as a propagation of life, and an eternity of existence; and had no small comfort in imagining, that though the sense of it should not reach to themselves, it would extend at least to others; and that they should be doing good still when dead, by leaving the example of their virtues to the imitation of mankind. Thus Cicero, as he often declares, never looked upon that to be his life, which was confined to this narrow circle on earth, but considered his acts as seed sown in the immense universe, to raise up the fruit of glory and immortality to him through a succession of infinite ages: nor has he been frustrated of his hope, or disappointed of his end; but as long as the name of Rome subsists, or as long as learning, virtue, and liberty preserve any credit in the world, he will be great and glorious in the memory of all posterity.

As to the other part of the charge, or the proof of his vanity drawn from his boasting so frequently of himself in his speeches both to the senate and the people, though it may appear to a common reader to be abundantly confirmed by his writings; yet if we attend to the circumstances of the times, and the part which he acted in them, we shall find it not only excusable, but in some degree even necessary. The fate of Rome was now brought to a crisis, and the contending parties were making their last efforts either to oppress or preserve it; Cicero was the head of those who stood up for its liberty, which entirely depended on the influences of his counsels; he had many years, therefore,

been the common mark of the rage and malice of all who were aiming at illegal powers, or a tyranny in the state; and while these were generally supported by the military power of the empire, he had no other arms, or means of defeating them, but his authority with the senate and people, grounded on the experience of his services, and the persuasion of his integrity; so that to obviate the perpetual calumnies of the factious, he was obliged to inculcate the merit and good effects of his counsels, in order to confirm people in their union and adherence to them, against the intrigues of those who were employing all arts to subvert them. “The frequent commemoration of his acts,” says Quinctilian, “was not made so much for glory as for defence; to repel calumny, and vindicate his measures when they were attacked:” and this is what Cicero himself declared in all his speeches, “That no man ever heard him speak of himself but when he was forced to it: that when he was urged with fictitious crimes, it was his custom to answer them with his real services: and if ever he said any thing glorious of himself, it was not through a fondness of praise, but to repel an accusation; that no man who had been conversant in great affairs, and treated with particular envy, could refute the contumely of an enemy without touching upon his own praises; and after all his labours for the common safety, if a just indignation had drawn from him, at any time, what might seem to be vain-glorious, it might reasonably be forgiven to him: that when others were silent about him, if he could not then forbear to speak of himself, that indeed would be shameful; but when he was injured, accused, exposed to popular odium, he must certainly be allowed to assert his liberty, if they would not suffer him to retain his dignity.”

This then was the true state of the case, as it is evident from the facts of his history; he had an ardent love of glory, and an eager thirst of praise: was pleased, when living, to hear his acts applauded; yet more still with imagining, that they would ever be celebrated when he was dead: a passion which, for the reasons already hinted, had always the greatest force on the greatest souls: but it must needs raise our contempt and indignation; to see every conceited pedant, and trifling de-

claimer, who knew little of Cicero's real character, and still less of their own, presuming to call him the vainest of mortals.

No man, whose life had been wholly spent in study, ever left more numerous, or more valuable fruits of his learning in every branch of science, and the polite arts; in oratory, poetry, philosophy, law, history, criticism, politics, ethics; in each of which he equalled the greatest masters of his time; in some of them excelled all men of all times. His remaining works, as voluminous as they appear, are but a small part of what he really published; and though many of these are come down to us maimed by time, and the barbarity of the intermediate ages, yet they are justly esteemed the most precious remains of all antiquity, and, like the Sybilline books, if more of them had perished, would have been equal still to any price.

His industry was incredible, beyond the example, or even conception, of our days; this was the secret by which he performed such wonders, and reconciled perpetual study with perpetual affairs. He suffered no part of his leisure to be idle, or the least interval of it to be lost: But what other people gave to the public shows, to pleasures, to feasts, nay even to sleep, and the ordinary refreshments of nature, he generally gave to his books, and the enlargement of his knowledge. On days of business, when he had any thing particular to compose, he had no other time for meditating but when he was taking a few turns in his walks, where he used to dictate his thoughts to his scribes who attended him. We find many of his letters dated before day-light; and some from the senate; others from his meals; and the crowd of his morning levee.

No compositions afford more pleasure than the epistles of great men: they touch the heart of the reader by laying open that of the writer. The letters of eminent wits, eminent scholars, eminent statesmen, are all esteemed in their several kinds: but there never was a collection that excelled so much in every kind as Cicero's, for the purity of style, the importance of the matter, or the dignity of the persons concerned in them. We have above a thousand still remaining, all written after he was forty years old; which are a small part not only of what he wrote, but of what were actually published after his death by his servant Tiro. For we see many volumes of them quoted by the ancients, which are

utterly lost; as the first book of his *Letters to Licinius Calvus*; the first also to *Q. Axius*; a second book to his son; a second also to *Corn. Nepos*; a third book to *J. Cæsar*; a third to *Octavius*; a third also to *Pansa*; an eighth book to *M. Brutus*; and a ninth to *A. Hirtius*. Of all which, excepting a few to *J. Cæsar* and *Brutus*, we have nothing more left than some scattered phrases and sentences, gathered from the citations of the old critics and grammarians. What makes these letters still more estimable is, that he had never designed them for the public, nor kept any copies of them; for the year before his death, when *Atticus* was making some inquiry about them, he sent him word, that he had made no collection; and that *Tiro* had preserved only about seventy. Here then we may expect to see the genuine man, without disguise or affectation; especially in his letters to *Atticus*, to whom he talked with the same frankness as to himself; opened the rise and progress of each thought, and never entered into any affair without his particular advice: so that these may be considered as the memoirs of his times; containing the most authentic materials for the history of that age, and laying open the grounds and motives of all the great events that happened in it; and it is the want of attention to them that makes the generality of writers on those times so superficial, as well as erroneous; while they choose to transcribe the dry and imperfect relations of the later Greek historians, rather than take the pains to extract the original account of facts from one who was a principal actor in them.

In his familiar letters, he affected no particular elegance or choice of words, but took the first that occurred from common use, and the language of conversation. Whenever he was disposed to joke, his wit was easy and natural; flowing always from the subject, and throwing out what came uppermost; nor disdainng even a pun, when it served to make his friends laugh. In letters of compliment, some of which were addressed to the greatest men who ever lived, his inclination to please is expressed in a manner agreeable to nature and reason, with the utmost delicacy both of sentiment and diction, yet without any of those pompous titles and lofty epithets, which modern custom has introduced into our commerce with the great, and falsely stamped with

the name of politeness; though they are the real offspring of barbarism, and the effects of degeneracy both in taste and manners. In his political letters, all his maxims are drawn from an intimate knowledge of men and things: he always touches the point on which the affair turns; foresees the danger, and foretells the mischief, which never failed to follow upon the neglect of his counsels; of which there were so many instances, that, as an eminent writer of his own time observed to him, his prudence seemed to be a kind of divination, which foretold every thing that afterwards happened, with the veracity of a prophet. But none of his letters do him more credit than those of the commendatory kind: the others shew his wit and his parts, these his benevolence and his probity: he solicits the interest of his friends, with all the warmth and force of words of which he was master; and alleges generally some personal reason for his peculiar zeal in the cause, and that his own honour was concerned in the success of it.

But his letters are not more valuable on any account, than for their being the only monuments of that sort, which remain to us from free Rome. They breathe the last words of expiring liberty; a great part of them having been written in the very crisis of its ruin, to rouse up all the virtue that was left in the honest and the brave, to the defence of their country. The advantage which they derive from this circumstance, will easily be observed by comparing them with the epistles of the best and greatest, who flourished afterwards in Imperial Rome. Pliny's letters are justly admired by men of taste: they shew the scholar, the wit, the fine gentleman; yet we cannot but observe a poverty and barrenness through the whole, that betrays the awe of a master. All his stories and reflections terminate in private life; there is nothing important in politics; no great affairs explained; no account of the motives of public counsels; he had borne all the same offices with Cicero, whom in all points he affected to emulate; yet his honours were in effect nominal, conferred by a superior power, and administered by a superior will; and with the old titles of consul and proconsul, we want still the statesman, the politician, and the magistrate. In his provincial command, where Cicero governed all things with supreme authority, and had kings attendant on his

orders, Pliny durst not venture to repair a bath, or to punish a fugitive slave, or incorporate a company of masons, till he had first consulted and obtained the leave of Trajan.

His historical works are all lost: the Commentaries of his Consulship in Greek; the History of his own Affairs, to his return from exile, in Latin verse; and his Anecdotes; as well as the pieces that he published on Natural History, of which Pliny quotes one upon the Wonders of Nature, and another on Perfumes. He was meditating likewise a general History of Rome, to which he was frequently urged by his friends, as the only man capable of adding that glory also to his country, of excelling the Greeks in a species of writing, which of all others was at that time the least cultivated by the Romans. But he never found leisure to execute so great a task; yet he has sketched out a plan of it, which, short as it is, seems to be the best that can be formed for the design of a perfect history.

He declares it to be "the first and fundamental law of history, that it should neither dare to say any thing that was false, or fear to say any thing that was true, nor give any just suspicion either of favour or disaffection; that in the relation of things, the writer should observe the order of time, and add also the description of places: that in all great and memorable transactions, he should first explain the counsels, then the acts, lastly the events; that in counsels he should interpose his own judgment on the merit of them; in the acts, should relate not only what was done, but how it was done; in the events, should shew what share chance, or rashness, or prudence had in them; that in regard to persons, he should describe not only their particular actions, but the lives and characters of all those who bear an eminent part in the story; that he should illustrate the whole in a clear, easy, natural style, flowing with a perpetual smoothness and equability, free from the affectation of points and sentences, or the roughness of judicial pleadings."

Poetry was the amusement only, and relief of his other studies; eloquence was his distinguished talent, his sovereign attribute: to this he devoted all the faculties of his soul, and attained to a degree of perfection in it, that no mortal ever

surpassed; so that, as a polite historian observes, Rome had but few orators before him, whom it could praise; none whom it could admire. Demosthenes was the pattern by which he formed himself; whom he emulated with such success, as to merit what St. Jerome calls that beautiful eulogy: Demosthenes has snatched from thee the glory of being the first; thou from Demosthenes, that of being the only orator. The genius, the capacity, the style and manner of them both, were much the same; their eloquence of that great, sublime, and comprehensive kind which dignified every subject, and gave it all the force and beauty of which it was capable; it was that roundness of speaking, as the ancients call it, where there was nothing either redundant or deficient; nothing either to be added or retrenched: their perfections were in all points so transcendent, and yet so similar, that the critics are not agreed on which side to give the preference. Quintilian indeed, the most judicious of them, has given it on the whole to Cicero; but if, as others have thought, Cicero had not all the nerve, the energy, or, as he himself calls it, the thunder of Demosthenes, he excelled him in the copiousness and elegance of his diction, the variety of his sentiments, and, above all, in the vivacity of his wit, and smartness of his raillery. Demosthenes had nothing jocose or facetious in him; yet, by attempting sometimes to jest, shewed, that the thing itself did not displease, but did not belong to him; for, as Longinus says, wherever he affected to be pleasant, he made himself ridiculous; and if he happened to raise a laugh, it was chiefly upon himself. Whereas Cicero, from a perpetual fund of wit and ridicule, had the power always to please, when he found himself unable to convince, and could put his judges into good humour, when he had cause to be afraid of their severity; so that, by the opportunity of a well-timed joke, he is said to have preserved many of his clients from manifest ruin.

Yet in all this height and fame of his eloquence, there was another set of orators at the same time in Rome, men of parts and learning, and of the first quality; who while they acknowledged the superiority of his genius, yet censured his diction, as not truly attic or classical; some calling it loose and languid, others tumid and exuberant. These men affected a minute and

fastidious correctness, pointed sentences, short and concise periods, without a syllable to spare in them, as if the perfection of oratory consisted in a frugality of words, and in crowding our sentiments into the narrowest compass. The chief patrons of this taste were M. Brutus, Licinius, Calvus, Asinius, Pollio, and Sallust, whom Seneca seems to treat as the author of the obscure, abrupt, and sententious style. Cicero often ridicules these pretenders to attic elegance as judging of eloquence not by the force of the art, but their own weakness; and resolving to decry what they could not attain, and to admire nothing but what they could imitate; and though their way of speaking, he says, might please the ear of a critic or a scholar, yet it was not of that sublime and sonorous kind, whose end was not only to instruct, but to move an audience; an eloquence, born for the multitude; whose merit was always shewn by its effects of exciting admiration, and extorting shouts of applause; and on which there never was any difference of judgment between the learned and the populace.

This was the genuine eloquence that prevailed in Rome as long as Cicero lived; his were the only speeches that were relished or admired by the city; while those attic orators, as they called themselves, were generally despised, and frequently deserted by the audience, in the midst of their harangues. But after Cicero's death, and the ruin of the republic, the Roman oratory sunk of course with its liberty, and a false species universally prevailed; when instead of that elate, copious, and flowing eloquence, which launched out freely into every subject, there succeeded a guarded, dry, sententious kind, full of laboured turns and studied points; and proper only for the occasion on which it was employed, the making panegyrics and servile compliments to their tyrants. This change of style may be observed in all their writers, from Cicero's time to the younger Pliny; who carried it to its utmost perfection, in his celebrated panegyric on the emperor Trajan; which, as it is justly admired for the elegance of diction, the beauty of sentiments, and the delicacy of its compliments, so it is become in a manner the standard of fine speaking to modern times, where it is common to hear the pretenders to criticism, descanting on the tedious length and spiritless exuberance of the Ciceronian periods. But the superi-

ority of Cicero's eloquence, as it was acknowledged by the politest age of free Rome, so it has received the most authentic confirmation that the nature of things can admit, from the concurrent sense of nations; which, neglecting the productions of his rivals and contemporaries, have preserved to us his inestimable remains, as a specimen of the most perfect manner of speaking, to which the language of mortals can be exalted: so that, as Quintilian declared of him even in that early age, he has acquired such fame with posterity, that Cicero is not reckoned so much the name of a man, as of eloquence itself.

§ 49. *The Character of* MARTIN LUTHER.

While appearances of danger daily increased, and the tempest, which had been so long a-gathering, was ready to break forth in all its violence against the protestant church, Luther was saved, by a seasonable death, from feeling or beholding its destructive rage. Having gone, though in a declining state of health, and during a rigorous season, to his native city of Eisleben, in order to compose, by his authority, a dissension among the counts of Mansfield, he was seized with a violent inflammation in his stomach, which in a few days put an end to his life, in the sixty-third year of his age.---As he was raised up by providence to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions recorded in history, there is not any person, perhaps, whose character has been drawn with such opposite colours. In his own age, one party, struck with horror, and inflamed with rage, when they saw with what a daring hand he overturned every thing which they held to be sacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him not only all the defects and vices of a man, but the qualities of a daemon. The other, warmed with admiration and gratitude, which they thought he merited, as the restorer of light and liberty to the Christian church, ascribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a veneration bordering on that which should be paid only to those who are guided by the immediate inspiration of Heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undistinguishing censure, nor the exaggerated praise of his contemporaries, which ought to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, un-

daunted intrepidity to maintain it, abilities both natural and acquired to defend it, and unwearied industry to propagate it, are virtues which shine so conspicuously in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in an eminent degree. To these may be added, with equal justice, such purity, and even austerity of manners, as became one who assumed the character of a reformer; such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine which he delivered; and such perfect disinterestedness as affords no slight presumption of his sincerity. Superior to all selfish considerations, a stranger to the elegancies of life, and despising its pleasures, he left the honours and emoluments of the church to his disciples; remaining satisfied himself in his original state of professor in the university, and pastor to the town of Wittenberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to these offices. His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty, and human passions. These, however, were of such a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence or corruption of heart, but seem to have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out, on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feeble spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation. By carrying some praiseworthy dispositions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence that his own opinions were well founded, approached to arrogance; his courage in asserting them, to rashness; his firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy; and his zeal in confuting his adversaries, to rage and scurrility. Accustomed himself to consider every thing as subordinate to truth, he expected the same deference for it from other men; and, without making any allowances for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth, against those who disappointed him in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt. Regardless of any distinction of rank or character, when his doctrines were attacked, he chastised all his adversaries, indiscriminately, with the same rough hand; neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII. nor the eminent learning and ability of Erasmus,

screened them from the same abuse with which he treated Tetzel or Eccius.

But these indecencies of which Luther was guilty, must not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper. They ought to be charged in part on the manners of the age. Among a rude people, unacquainted with those maxims, which, by putting continual restraint on the passions of individuals, have polished society, and rendered it agreeable, disputes of every kind were managed with heat, and strong emotions were uttered in their natural language, without reserve or delicacy. At the same time, the works of learned men were all composed in Latin; and they were not only authorized, by the example of eminent writers in that language, to use their antagonists with the most illiberal scurrility; but, in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear less shocking than in a living language, whose idioms and phrases seem gross, because they are familiar.

In passing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another. For although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually. Some parts of Luther's behaviour, which to us appear most culpable, gave no disgust to his contemporaries. It was even by some of those qualities which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accomplishing the great work which he undertook. To rouse mankind, when sunk in ignorance or superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry, armed with power, required the utmost vehemence of zeal, and a temper daring to excess. A gentle call would neither have reached, nor have excited those to whom it was addressed. A spirit more amiable, but less vigorous than Luther's, would have shrunk back from the dangers which he braved and surmounted. Towards the close of Luther's life, though without a perceptible declension of his zeal or abilities, the infirmities of his temper increased upon him, so that he daily grew more peevish, more irascible, and more impatient of contradiction. Having lived to be witness of his own amazing success; to see a great part of Europe embrace his doctrines; and to shake the foundation of the Papal throne, before which the mightiest monarchs had trembled, he discovered, on some occasions, symptoms of vanity and

self-applause. He must have been indeed more than man, if, upon contemplating all that he actually accomplished, he had never felt any sentiment of this kind rising in his breast.

Some time before his death he felt his strength declining, his constitution being worn out by a prodigious multiplicity of business, added to the labour of discharging his ministerial function with unremitting diligence, to the fatigue of constant study, besides the composition of works as voluminous as if he had enjoyed uninterrupted leisure and retirement. His natural intrepidity did not forsake him at the approach of death: his last conversation with his friends was concerning the happiness reserved for good men in a future world, of which he spoke with the fervour and delight natural to one who expected and wished to enter soon upon the enjoyment of it. The account of his death filled the Roman Catholic party with excessive as well as indecent joy, and damped the spirits of all his followers; neither party sufficiently considering that his doctrines were now so firmly rooted, as to be in a condition to flourish, independent of the hand which first had planted them. His funeral was celebrated, by order of the Elector of Saxony, with extraordinary pomp. He left several children by his wife, Catharine Bore, who survived him: towards the end of the last century, there were in Saxony some of his descendants in decent and honourable stations.

Robertson.

§ 50. *Character of ALFRED King of England.*

The merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals of any age or any nation can present to us. He seems indeed to be the complete model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, the philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever seeing it reduced to practice: so happily were all his virtues tempered together, so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds. He knew how to conciliate the most enterprising spirit with the coolest moderation; the most obsti-

nate perseverance with the easiest flexibility; the most severe justice with the greatest lenity; the greatest rigour in command with the greatest affability of deportment; the highest capacity and inclination for science, with the most shining talents for action. His civil and his military virtues are almost equally the objects of our admiration, excepting only, that the former being more rare among princes, as well as more useful, seem chiefly to challenge our applause. Nature also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him all bodily accomplishments, vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, and a pleasant, engaging, and open countenance. Fortune alone, by throwing him into that barbarous age, deprived him of historians worthy to transmit his fame to posterity; and we wish to see him delineated in more lively colours, and with more particular strokes, that we may at least perceive some of those small specks and blemishes, from which, as a man, it is impossible he could be entirely exempted.

Hume.

§ 51. *Another Character of ALFRED.*

Alfred, that he might be the better able to extend his charity and munificence, regulated his finances with the most perfect economy, and divided his revenues into a certain number of parts, which he appropriated to the different expences of the state, and the exercise of his own private liberality and devotion; nor was he a less economist in the distribution of his time, which he divided into three equal portions, allotting one to sleep, meals, and exercise; and devoting the other two to writing, reading, business, and prayer. That this division might not be encroached upon inadvertently, he measured them by tapers of an equal size, which he kept continually burning before the shrines of relics. Alfred seemed to be a genius self-taught, which contrived and comprehended every thing that could contribute to the security of his kingdom. He was author of that inestimable privilege peculiar to the subjects of this nation, which consists in their being tried by their peers; for he first instituted juries, or at least improved upon an old institution, by specifying the number and qualifications of jurymen, and extending their power to trials of

property as well as criminal indictments; but no regulation redounded more to his honour and the advantage of his kingdom, than the measures he took to prevent rapine, murder, and other outrages, which had so long been committed with impunity. His attention stooped even to the meanest circumstances of his people's conveniency. He introduced the art of brick-making, and built his own houses of those materials, which being much more durable and secure from accidents than timber, his example was followed by his subjects in general. He was, doubtless, an object of most perfect esteem and admiration; for, exclusive of the qualities which distinguished him as a warrior and legislator, his personal character was amiable in every respect. Died 897, aged 52. *Smollett.*

§ 52. *Character of WILLIAM the Conqueror.*

Few princes have been more fortunate than this great monarch, or were better entitled to prosperity and grandeur, for the abilities and vigour of mind which he displayed in all his conduct. His spirit was bold and enterprising, yet guided by prudence. His ambition, which was exorbitant, and lay little under the restraints of justice, and still less under those of humanity, ever submitted to the dictates of reason and sound policy. Born in an age when the minds of men were intractable and unacquainted with submission, he was yet able to direct them to his purposes; and, partly from the ascendant of his vehement disposition, partly from art and dissimulation, to establish an unlimited monarchy. Though not insensible to generosity, he was hardened against compassion, and seemed equally ostentatious and ambitious of eclat in his clemency and his severity. The maxims of his administration were severe; but might have been useful, had they been solely employed in preserving order in an established government; they were ill calculated for softening the rigours, which under the most gentle management are inseparable from conquest. His attempt against England was the last enterprise of this kind, which, during the course of seven hundred years, has fully succeeded in Europe; and the greatness of his genius broke through those limits, which first the feudal institutions, then the refined policy of princes, have fixed

on the several states of Christendom. Though he rendered himself infinitely odious to his English subjects, he transmitted his power to his posterity, and the throne is still filled by his descendants; a proof that the foundation which he laid was firm and solid, and that amongst all his violences, while he seemed only to gratify the present passion, he had still an eye towards futurity. Died Sept. 9, 1087, aged 63*. *Hume.*

§ 53. *Another Character of WILLIAM the Conqueror.*

William's character has been drawn with apparent impartiality in the Saxon chronicle, by a contemporary and an Englishman. That the reader may learn the opinion of one, who possessed the means of forming an accurate judgment, I shall transcribe the passage, retaining, as far as it may be intelligible, the very phraseology of the original.

"If any one wish to know what manner of man he was, or what worship he had, or of how many lands he were the lord, we will describe him as we have known him: for we looked on him, and somehow lived in his herd. King William was a very wise man, and very rich, more worshipful and strong than any of his fore gangers. He was mild to good men, who loved God: and stark beyond all bounds to those who withsaid his will. On the very stede, where God gave him to win England, he reared a noble monastery, and set monks therein, and endowed it well. He was very worshipful. Thrice he bore his king-helmet every year, when he was in England; at Easter he bore it at Winchester, at Pentecost at Westminster, and in mid-winter at Gloucester. And then were with him all the rich men over all England: archbishops, and diocesan bishops, abbots, and earls, thanes and knights. Moreover he was a very stark man, and very savage: so that no man durst do any thing against his will. He had earls in his bonds, who had done against his will: bishops he set off their bishoprics, abbots off their abbotries; and thanes in prisons: and at last he did not spare his own brother Odo. Him he set in prison. Yet among other things we must not forget

the good frith which he made in this land †; so that a man, that was good for aught, might travel over the kingdom with his bosom full of gold without molestation: and no man durst slay another man, though he had suffered never so mickle evil from the other. He ruled over England: and by his cunning he was so thoroughly acquainted with it, that there is not a hide of land, of which he did not know, both who had it, and what was its worth: and that he set down in his writings. Wales was under his weald, and therein he wrought castles: and he wielded the Isle of Man withal: moreover he subdued Scotland by his mickle strength: Normandy was his by kinn; and over the earldom called Mans he ruled: and if he might have lived yet two years, he would have won Ireland by the fame of his power, and without any armament. Yet truly in his time men had mickle suffering, and very many hardships. Castles he caused to be wrought, and poor men to be oppressed. He was so very stark. He took from his subjects many marks of gold, and many hundred pounds of silver: and that he took, some by right, and some by mickle might, for very little need. He had fallen into avarice, and greediness he loved withal." "He let his lands to fine as dear as he could: then came some other and bade more than the first had given, and the king let it to him who bade more. Then came a third, and bid yet more, and the king let it into the hands of the man, who bade the most. Nor did he reck how sinfully his reeves got monee of poor men, or how many unlawful things they did. For the more men talked of right law, the more they did against the law." "He also set many deer-friths‡; and he made laws therewith, that whosoever should slay hart or hind, him man should blind. As he forbade the slaying of harts, so also did he of boars. So much he loved the high-deer, as if he had been their father. He also decreed about hares, that they should go free. His rich men moaned, and the poor men murmured: but he was so hard, that he recked not the hatred of them all. For it was need they should follow the king's will withal, if they wished to live,

* Smollett says 61.

† Frith is the king's peace or protection, the violation of which subjected the offender to a heavy fine.

‡ Deer-friths were forests in which the deer were under the king's protection or frith.

or to have lands, or goods, or his favour. Alas, that any man should be so moody, and should so puff up himself, and think himself above all other men! May Almighty God have mercy on his soul, and grant him forgiveness of his sins."

To this account may be added a few particulars gleaned from other historians. The king was of ordinary stature, but inclined to corpulency. His countenance wore an air of ferocity, which, when he was agitated by passion, struck terror into every beholder. The story told of his strength at one period of life, almost exceeds belief. It is said, that sitting on horseback he could draw the string of a bow, which no other man could bend even on foot. Hunting formed his favourite amusement. The reader has seen the censure passed upon him for his deer-friths and game-laws: nor will he think it undeserved, if he attend to the following instance. Though the king possessed sixty-eight forests, besides parks and chases, in different parts of England, he was not yet satisfied, but, for the occasional accommodation of his court, afforested an extensive tract of country lying between the city of Winchester and the sea coast. The inhabitants were expelled: the cottages and the churches were burnt; and more than thirty square miles of a rich and populous district were withdrawn from cultivation, and converted into a wilderness, to afford sufficient range for the deer, and ample space for the royal diversion. The memory of this act of despotism has been perpetuated in the name of the New Forest, which it retains at the present day, after the lapse of seven hundred and fifty years.

William's education had left on his mind religious impressions which were never effaced. When indeed his power or interest was concerned, he listened to no suggestions but those of ambition or of avarice: but on other occasions he displayed a strong sense of religion, and a profound respect for its institutions. He daily heard the mass of his private chaplain, and was regular in his attendance at the public worship; in the company of men celebrated for holiness of life, he laid

aside that haughty demeanour, with which he was accustomed to awe the most powerful of his barons; he willingly concurred in the deposition of his uncle Malger, archbishop of Rouen, who disgraced his dignity by the immorality of his conduct, and showed that he knew how to value and recompense virtue, by endeavouring to place in the same church the monk Guitmond, from whom he had formerly received so severe a reprimand. On the decease of a prelate, he appointed officers to protect the property of the vacant archbishopric or abbey, and named a successor with the advice of the principal clergy. Lanfranc, in his numerous struggles against the rapacity of the Normans, was constantly patronised by the king, who appointed him with certain other commissioners to compel the sheriffs of the several counties to restore to the church whatever had been unjustly taken from it since the invasion.

During William's reign the people of England were exposed to calamities of every description. It commenced with years of carnage and devastation: its progress was marked by a regular system of confiscation and oppression: and this succession of evils was closed with famine and pestilence. In 1086 a summer, more rainy and tempestuous than had been experienced in the memory of man, occasioned a total failure of the harvest: and the winter introduced a malignant disease, which attacked one half of the inhabitants, and is said to have proved fatal to many thousands. Even of those who escaped the infection, or recovered from the disease, numbers perished afterwards from want or unwholesome nourishment. "Alas," exclaims an eye-witness, "how miserable, how rueful a time was that. The wretched victims had nearly perished by the fever: then came the sharp hunger, and destroyed them outright. Who is so hard-hearted as not to weep over such calamities?" *Lingard.*

§ 54. *The Character of WILLIAM RUFUS.*

Thus fell William*, surnamed Rufus, from his red hair and florid complexion, after he had lived four-and-forty years,

* By the hand of Tyrrel, a French gentleman, remarkable for his address in archery, attending him in the recreation of hunting, as William had dismounted after a chase. Tyrrel, impatient to show his dexterity, let fly at a stag which suddenly started before him: the arrow glancing from a tree, struck the king in his breast, and instantly slew him.

and reigned near thirteen; during which time he oppressed his people in every form of tyranny and insult. He was equally void of learning, principle, and honour; haughty, passionate, and ungrateful: a scoffer at religion, a scourge to the clergy; vain-glorious, talkative, rapacious, lavish, and dissolute; and an inveterate enemy to the English, though he owed his crown to their valour and fidelity, when the Norman lords intended to expel him from the throne. In return for this instance of their loyalty, he took all opportunities to fleece and enslave them; and at one time imprisoned fifty of the best families in the kingdom, on pretence of killing his deer; so that they were compelled to purchase their liberty at the expense of their wealth, though not before they had undergone the fiery ordeal. He lived in a scandalous commerce with prostitutes, professing his contempt for marriage, and having no legitimate issue, the crown devolved to his brother Henry, who was so intent upon the succession, that he paid very little regard to the funeral of the deceased king. *Smollett.*

§ 55. *Another Character of WILLIAM RUFUS.*

Of the violent character of William, his rapacity, despotism, and voluptuousness, the reader will have formed a sufficient notion from the preceding pages. In person he was short and corpulent, with flaxen hair, and a ruddy complexion: from which last circumstance he derived the name of Rufus, or the red king. In ordinary conversation his utterance was slow and embarrassed: in the hurry of passion precipitate and unintelligible. He assumed in public a haughty port, rolling his eyes with fierceness on the spectators, and endeavouring by the tone of his voice and the tenor of his answers to intimidate those who addressed him. But in private he descended to an equality with his companions, amusing them with his wit, which was chiefly pointed against himself, and seeking to lessen the odium of his excesses, by making them the subjects of laughter.

He built at the expense of the neighbouring counties a wall round the Tower, a bridge over the Thames, and the great hall at Westminster. The latter was finished the year before his death: and when he first visited it after his return from Normandy, he replied to his

flatterers, that there was nothing in its dimensions to excite their wonder: it was only the vestibule to the palace which he intended to raise. But in this respect he seems to have followed, not to have created, the taste of the age. During his reign structures of unusual magnificence arose in every part of the kingdom: and the most opulent proprietors sought to distinguish themselves by the castles which they built, and the monasteries which they founded. *Lingard.*

§ 56. *Character of HENRY I.*

This prince was one of the most accomplished that has filled the English throne; and possessed all the qualities both of body and mind, natural and acquired, which could fit him for the high station to which he attained: his person was manly; his countenance engaging; his eyes clear, serene, and penetrating. The affability of his address encouraged those who might be overawed by the sense of his dignity or his wisdom; and though he often indulged his facetious humour, he knew how to temper it with discretion, and ever kept at a distance from all indecent familiarities with his courtiers. His superior eloquence and judgment would have given him an ascendant, even if he had been born in a private station; and his personal bravery would have procured him respect, even though it had been less supported by art and policy. By his great progress in literature, he acquired the name of *Beau Clerc*, or the Scholar; but his application to sedentary pursuits abated nothing of the activity and vigilance of his government; and though the learning of that age was better fitted to corrupt than improve the understanding, his natural good sense preserved itself untainted both from the pedantry and superstition which were then so prevalent among men of letters. His temper was very susceptible of the sentiments as well of friendship as resentment; and his ambition, though high, might be esteemed moderate, had not his conduct towards his brother shewed, that he was too much disposed to sacrifice to it all the maxims of justice and equity. Died December 1, 1135, aged 67, having reigned 35 years. *Hume.*

§ 57. *Another Character of HENRY I.*

A contemporary writer has left us the character of Henry as it was differently

drawn by his friends and enemies after his death. By the former he was ranked among the wisest, richest, and bravest of our monarchs: the latter loaded his memory with the reproach of cruelty, avarice, and incontinence. To an indifferent observer at the present day his reign will offer little worthy of praise, unless it be the severity with which he punished offences. This was a real benefit to his people, as it not only contributed to extirpate the robbers by profession, but also checked the rapacity and violence of the barons. Still his merit will be very equivocal. As long as each conviction brought with it a fine or forfeiture to the royal exchequer, princes were stimulated to the execution of the laws by a sense of personal interest. Henry, at the same time that he visited the injustice of others, scrupled not to commit injustice himself. Probably in both cases he had in view the same object, his own emolument.

He was naturally suspicious; and this disposition had been greatly encouraged by his knowledge of the clandestine attempts of his enemies. On one occasion the keeper of his treasures was convicted of a design on his life: on another, while he was marching in the midst of his army towards Wales, an arrow from an unknown hand struck him on the breast, but was repelled by the temper of his cuirass. Alarmed by these incidents, he always kept on his guard, frequently changed his apartments, and, when he retired to rest, ordered sentinels to be stationed at the door, and his sword and shield to be placed near his pillow.

The suspicious are generally dissembling and revengeful. Henry seldom forgot an injury, though he would disguise his enmity under the mask of friendship. Fraud, and treachery, and violence, were employed to insnare those who had greatly offended him; and their usual portion was death, or blindness, or perpetual imprisonment. After his decease it was discovered that his cousin, the earl of Moretoil, whom he had long kept in confinement, had also been deprived of sight. Luke de Barré, a poet, who had fought against him, was made prisoner at the close of the last war, and sentenced by the king to lose his eyes. Charles the good, earl of Flanders, was present, and remonstrated against so direful a punishment. It was not, he observed, the custom of civilized nations to inflict bodily

punishment on knights who had drawn the sword in the service of their lord. "It is not," replied Henry, "the first time that he has been in arms against me. But what is worse, he has made me the subject of satire, and in his poems has held me up to the derision of my enemies. From his example let other versifiers learn what they may expect, if they offend the king of England." The cruel mandate was executed: and the troubadour, in a paroxysm of agony, bursting from the hands of the officers, dashed out his brains against the wall.

His dissimulation was so well known that he was mistrusted even by his favourites. When Bloet, bishop of Lincoln, who had for many years been one of his principal justiciaries, was told that the king had spoken of him in terms of the highest commendation: "Then," he replied, "I am undone: for I never knew him praise a man whom he did not intend to ruin." The event justified his apprehensions. In an unguarded moment the prelate had boasted that the monastery, which he was building at Eynsham, should equal that which Henry had founded at Reading. The words were carried to the king, and the fall of the favourite was consummated. He was immediately deprived of the office of justiciary: vexatious prosecutions were commenced against him: by fines and extortions all his wealth was drawn to the royal exchequer: and the bishop would probably have been compelled to resign his dignity, had he not died by a sudden stroke of apoplexy, as he was speaking to Henry.

Malmsbury has allotted to the king the praise of temperance and continence. Perhaps his claim to the first, certainly his claim to the second, of these virtues, rests on no other ground than the partiality of his panegyrist. If, as many writers affirm, his death was occasioned by the excess with which he ate a dish of lampreys, we may fairly doubt of his temperance: nor can the continence of that man be much commended, who is known to have been attached to several mistresses, and of whose illegitimate children no fewer than seven sons, and eight daughters, lived to the age of puberty. Of the sons, Robert of Caen, earl of Gloucester, was chiefly distinguished by his father. He will claim the attention of the reader in the following reign.

Henry, if we consider the value of money at that period, was immensely rich. On occasions of ceremony, when he wore his crown, he imitated the parade of the eastern monarchs: and before him on a table were displayed the most precious of his treasures, particularly two golden vases of extraordinary dimensions, and elegantly encased with jewels. After his death, his successor found in the exchequer, besides the plate and gems, collected by himself and his two predecessors, one hundred thousand pounds of pennies, all of just weight, and of pure silver. So much wealth had enabled him to indulge his taste for architecture: and while the castles, which he raised on the borders of Wales, contributed to the protection of the country, by repairing and rebuilding most of the royal palaces, he provided for the comfort and splendour of himself and his successors. At Woodstock he enclosed a spacious park for deer, and added a menagerie for wild beasts, among which Malmesbury mentions lions, leopards, lynxes, camels, and, what appears to have chiefly attracted the notice of the historian, a porcupine. But his religious foundations principally displayed his magnificence. These were three monasteries, two for regular canons at Chichester and Dunstaple: and one for the monks of the order of Clugni, situated at Reading, near the conflux of the Thames and the Kennet, where the great roads of the kingdom intersected each other. The wealth with which Henry endowed this establishment did not seduce the monks from the rigid observance of their rule. It was their custom to offer hospitality to all who passed by their convent: and it was believed that in the entertainment of strangers they annually expended a much larger sum than was devoted to their own maintenance.

Lingard.

§ 58. *Character of STEPHEN.*

England suffered great miseries during the reign of this prince: but his personal character, allowing for the temerity and injustice of his usurpation, appears not liable to any great exception; and he seems to have been well qualified, had he succeeded by a just title, to have promoted the happiness and prosperity of his subjects. He was possessed of industry, activity, and courage, to a great degree; was not deficient in ability, had the talent of gaining men's affections; and, notwith-

standing his precarious situation, never indulged himself in the exercise of any cruelty of revenge. His advancement to the throne procured him neither tranquillity nor happiness. Died 1154. *Hume.*

§ 59. *Another Character of STEPHEN.*

Stephen was a prince of great courage, fortitude, and activity, and might have reigned with the approbation of his people, had he not been harassed by the efforts of a powerful competitor, which obliged him to take such measures for his safety as were inconsistent with the dictates of honour, which indeed his ambition prompted him to forego, in his first endeavours to ascend the throne. His necessities afterwards compelled him to infringe the charter of privileges he granted at his accession; and he was instigated by his jealousy and resentment to commit the most flagrant outrages against gratitude and sound policy. His vices, as a king, seem to have been the effect of troubles, in which he was involved; for, as a man, he was brave, open, and liberal; and, during the short calm that succeeded the tempest of his reign, he made a progress through his kingdom, published an edict to restrain all rapine and violence, and disbanded the foreign mercenaries who had preyed so long on his people.

Smollett,

§ 60. *Character of HENRY II.*

Thus died, in the 58th year of his age, and thirty-fifth of his reign, the greatest prince of his time for wisdom, virtue, and ability, and the most powerful in extent of dominion, of all those that had ever filled the throne of England. His character, both in public and private life, is almost without a blemish; and he seems to have possessed every accomplishment, both of body and mind, which makes a man estimable or amiable. He was of a middle stature, strong, and well proportioned; his countenance was lively and engaging, his conversation affable and entertaining; his elocution easy, persuasive, and ever at command. He loved peace, but possessed both conduct and bravery in war; was provident without timidity; severe in the execution of justice without rigour, and temperate without austerity. He preserved health, and kept himself from corpulency, to which he was somewhat inclined, by an abstemious diet, and by frequent exercise, particularly by

When he could enjoy leisure, he recreated himself in learned conversation, or in reading; and he cultivated his natural talents by study, above any prince of his time. His affections, as well as his enmities, were warm and durable; and his long experience of the ingratitude and infidelity of men never destroyed the natural sensibility of his temper, which disposed him to friendship and society. His character has been transmitted to us by many writers, who were his contemporaries; and it resembles extremely, in its most remarkable strokes, that of his maternal grandfather, Henry I. excepting only that ambition, which was a ruling passion in both, found not in the first Henry such unexceptionable means of exerting itself, and pushed that prince into measures which were both criminal in themselves, and were the cause of further crimes, from which his grandson's conduct was happily exempted. Died 1189.

Hume.

§ 61. *Another Character of HENRY II.*

Thus died Henry, in the fifty-seventh year of his age (*Hume* says 58) and thirty-fifth of his reign; in the course of which he had, on sundry occasions, displayed all the abilities of a politician, all the sagacity of a legislator, and all the magnanimity of a hero. He lived revered above all the princes of his time: and his death was deeply lamented by his subjects, whose happiness seems to have been the chief aim of all his endeavours. He not only enacted wholesome laws, but saw them executed with great punctuality. He was generous even to admiration, with regard to those who committed offences against his own person; but he never forgave the injuries that were offered to his people, for atrocious crimes were punished severely without respect of persons. He was of a middle stature, and the most exact proportion; his countenance was round, fair, and ruddy; his blue eyes were mild and engaging, except in a transport of passion, when they sparkled like lightning, to the terror of the beholders. He was broad-chested, strong, muscular, and inclined to be corpulent, though he prevented the bad effects of this disposition by hard exercise and continual fatigue: he was temperate in his meals, even to a degree of abstinence, and seldom or ever sat down, except at supper; he was eloquent, agreeable, and facetious;

remarkably courteous and polite; compassionate to all in distress; so charitable; that he constantly allotted one-tenth of his household provisions to the poor, and in the time of dearth he maintained ten thousand indigent persons, from the beginning of spring to the end of autumn. His talents, naturally good, he had cultivated with great assiduity, and delighted in the conversation of learned men, to whom he was a generous benefactor. His memory was so surprisingly tenacious, that he never forgot a face nor a circumstance that was worth remembering. Though superior to his contemporaries in strength, riches, true courage, and military skill, he never engaged in war without reluctance, and was so averse to bloodshed, that he expressed an uncommon grief at the loss of every private soldier; yet he was not exempt from human frailties; his passions, naturally violent, often hurried him to excess; he was prone to anger, transported with the lust of power, and particularly accused of incontinence, not only in the affair of Rosamond, whom he is said to have concealed in a labyrinth at Woodstock, from the jealous inquiry of his wife, but also in a supposed commerce with the French princess Adalais, who was bred in England as the future wife of his son Richard. This infamous breach of honour and hospitality, if he was actually guilty, is the foulest stain upon his character; though the fact is doubtful, and we hope the charge untrue.

Smollett.

§ 62. *Character of RICHARD I.*

The most shining part of this prince's character was his military talents; no man even in that romantic age carried courage and intrepidity to a greater height; and this quality gained him the appellation of the lion-hearted, *cœur de lion*. He passionately loved glory; and as his conduct in the field was not inferior to his valour, he seems to have possessed every talent necessary for acquiring it: his resentments also were high, his pride unconquerable, and his subjects, as well as his neighbours, had therefore reason to apprehend, from the continuance of his reign, a perpetual scene of blood and violence. Of an impetuous and vehement spirit, he was distinguished by all the good as well as the bad qualities which are incident to that character. He was open, frank, generous, sincere, and brave; he was revenge-

ful, domineering, ambitious, haughty, and cruel, and was thus better calculated to dazzle men by the splendour of his enterprises, than either to promote their happiness, or his own grandeur, by a sound and well-regulated policy. As military talents make great impression on the people, he seems to have been much beloved by his English subjects; and he is remarked to have been the first prince of the Norman line who bore a sincere affection and regard for them. He passed, however, only four months of his reign in that kingdom: the crusade employed him near three years: he was detained about four months in captivity; the rest of his reign was spent either in war, or preparations for war, against France: and he was so pleased with the fame which he had acquired in the east, that he seemed determined, notwithstanding all his past misfortunes, to have further exhausted his kingdom, and to have exposed himself to new hazards, by conducting another expedition against the infidels. Died April 6, 1199, aged 42. Reigned ten years.

Hume.

§ 63. *Another Character of RICHARD I.*

To a degree of muscular strength, which falls to the lot of few, Richard added a mind incapable of fear. Hence in the ancient annalists he towers as a warrior above all his contemporaries. Nor was this pre-eminence conceded to him by the Christians alone. Even a century after his death his name was employed by the Saracen cavalier to chide his horse, and by the Saracen mother to terrify her children. But when we have given him the praise of valour, his panegyric is finished. His laurels were steeped in blood, and his victories purchased with the impoverishment of his people. Of the meanness to which he could stoop to procure money, and the injustices into which he was hurried by the impetuosity of his passions, the reader has found numerous instances in the preceding pages. To his wife he was as faithless as he had been rebellious to his father. If in a fit of repentance he put away his mistress, there is reason to believe that his reformation did not survive the sickness by which it was suggested.

The only benefits which the nation received in return for the immense sums with which it had furnished the king in

his expedition to Palestine, for his ransom from captivity, and in support of his wars in France, were two legislative charters. By one of these he established an uniformity of weights and measures throughout the realm: by the other he mitigated the severity of the law of wrecks. Formerly it had been held that by the loss of the vessel the original owner lost all right to his goods, which then became the property of the crown. Henry I. had granted that, if any man escaped alive, it should be considered no wreck: Henry II. added that, if even a beast escaped by which the owner might be discovered, he should be allowed three months to claim his property. Richard now enacted, that if the owner perished, his sons and daughters, and in their default his brothers and sisters, should have a prior claim in preference to the crown. *Lingard.*

§ 64. *Character of JOHN.*

The character of this prince is nothing but a complication of vices, equally mean and odious, ruinous to himself, and destructive to his people: cowardice, inactivity, folly, levity, licentiousness, ingratitude, treachery, tyranny, and cruelty; all these qualities too evidently appear in the several incidents of his life, to give us room to suspect that the disagreeable picture has been anywise overcharged by the prejudice of the ancient historians. It is hard to say, whether his conduct to his father, his brother, his nephew, or his subjects, was most culpable; or whether his crimes in these respects were not even exceeded by the baseness which appeared in his transactions with the king of France, the pope, and the barons. His dominions, when they devolved to him by the death of his brother, were more extensive than have ever since his time been ruled by any English monarch. But he first lost, by his misconduct, the flourishing provinces in France, the ancient patrimony of his family; he subjected his kingdom to a shameful vassalage under the see of Rome; he saw the prerogatives of his crown diminished by law, and still more reduced by faction; and he died at last when in danger of being totally expelled by a foreign power, and of either ending his life miserably in a prison, or seeking shelter as a fugitive from the pursuit of his enemies.

The prejudices against this prince were so violent, that he was believed to

have sent an embassy to the emperor of Morocco, and to have offered to change his religion and become Mahometan, in order to purchase the protection of that monarch; but, though that story is told us on plausible authority, it is in itself utterly improbable, except that there is nothing so incredible, as may not become likely from the folly and wickedness of John. Died 1216.

Hume.

§ 65. *Another Character of JOHN.*

When Giraldus delineated the characters of the four sons of Henry, John had already debased his faculties by excess and voluptuousness. The courtly eye of the preceptor could indeed discover the germ of future excellence in his pupil: but history has recorded only his vices: his virtues, if such a monster could possess virtues, were unseen, or forgotten. He stands before us polluted with meanness, cruelty, perjury, and murder; uniting with an ambition, which rushed through every crime to the attainment of its object, a pusillanimity which often, at the sole appearance of opposition, sank into despondency. Arrogant in prosperity, abject in adversity, he neither conciliated affection in the one, nor excited esteem in the other. His dissimulation was so well known, that it seldom deceived: his suspicion served only to multiply his enemies: and the knowledge of his vindictive temper, contributed to keep open the breach between him and those who had incurred his displeasure. Seldom perhaps was there a prince with a heart more callous to the suggestions of pity. Of his captives many never returned from their dungeons. If they survived their tortures, they were left to perish by famine. He could even affect to be witty at the expense of his victims. When Geoffrey, archdeacon of Norwich, a faithful servant, had retired from his seat at the exchequer on account of the interdict, the king ordered him to be arrested, and sent him a cope of lead to keep him warm in his prison. The cope was a large mantle, covering the body from the shoulders to the feet, and worn by clergymen during the service. Wrapt in this ponderous habit, with his head only at liberty, the unhappy man remained without food or assistance till he expired. On another occasion he demanded a present of ten thousand marks from an opulent Jew at Bristol, and ordered one of his teeth to be

drawn every morning till he should produce the money. The Jew was obstinate. The executioners began with his double teeth. He suffered the loss of seven: but on the eighth day solicited a respite, and gave security for the payment.

John was not less reprehensible as a husband, than he was as a monarch. While Louis took from him his provinces on the continent, he had consoled himself for the loss in the company of his beautiful bride: but he soon abandoned her to revert to his former habits. The licentiousness of his amours is reckoned by every ancient writer among the principal causes of the alienation of his barons, many of whom had to lament and revenge the disgrace of a wife, or daughter, or sister. Isabella, to punish the infidelity, imitated the conduct, of her husband. But John was not to be insulted with impunity. He hanged her gallants over her bed. She bore him three sons, Henry, Richard, and Edmund; and three daughters, Jane, Eleanor, and Isabella. His illegitimate children were numerous. Nine sons and one daughter are mentioned by historians.

Lingard.

§ 66. *Character of HENRY III.*

The most obvious circumstance of Henry the Third's character, is his incapacity for government, which rendered him as much a prisoner in the hands of his own ministers and favourites, and as little at his own disposal, as when detained a captive in the hands of his enemies. From this source, rather than from insincerity and treachery, arose his negligence in observing his promises; and he was too easily induced, for the sake of present convenience, to sacrifice the lasting advantages arising from the trust and confidence of his people. Hence were derived his profusion to favourites, his attachment to strangers, the variableness of his conduct, his hasty resentments, and his sudden forgiveness and return of affection. Instead of reducing the dangerous power of his nobles, by obliging them to observe the laws towards their inferiors, and setting them the salutary example in his own government, he was seduced to imitate their conduct, and to make his arbitrary will, or rather that of his ministers, the rule of his actions.

Instead of accommodating himself, by a strict frugality, to the embarrassed situation in which his revenue had been left,

by the military expedition of his uncle, the dissipation of his father, and the usurpations of the barons; he was tempted to levy money by irregular exactions, which, without enriching himself, impoverished, or at least disgusted, his people. Of all men, nature seemed least to have fitted him for being a tyrant; yet are there instances of oppression in his reign, which, though derived from the precedents left him by his predecessors, had been carefully guarded against by the great charter; and are inconsistent with all rules of good government: and, on the whole, we may say, that greater abilities, with his good dispositions, would have prevented him from falling into his faults; or, with worse dispositions, would have enabled him to maintain and defend them. Died November 16, 1272, aged 64. Reigned 56 years. *Hume.*

§ 67. *Another Character of HENRY III.*

Henry was of a middle size and robust make, and his countenance had a peculiar cast from his left eye-lid, which hung down so far as to cover part of his eye. The particulars of his character may be gathered from the detail of his conduct. He was certainly a prince of very mean talents; irresolute, inconstant, and capricious; proud, insolent, and arbitrary; arrogant in prosperity, and abject in adversity; profuse, rapacious, and choleric, though destitute of liberality, economy, and courage; yet his continence was praiseworthy, as well as his aversion to cruelty; for he contented himself with punishing the rebels in their effects, when he might have glutted his revenge with their blood. He was prodigal even to excess, and therefore always in necessity. Notwithstanding the great sums he levied from his subjects, and though his occasions were never so pressing, he could not help squandering away his money upon worthless favourites, without considering the difficulty he always found in obtaining supplies from parliament. *Smollett.*

§ 68. *Character of EDWARD I.*

The enterprises finished by this prince, and the projects which he formed, and brought very near to a conclusion, were more prudent, and more regularly conducted, and more advantageous to the solid interest of this kingdom, than those which were undertaken in any reign either of his ancestors or successors. He

restored authority to the government, disordered by the weakness of his father; he maintained the laws against all the efforts of his turbulent barons; he fully annexed to the crown the principality of Wales; he took the wisest and most effectual measures for reducing Scotland to a like condition; and though the equity of this latter enterprise may reasonably be questioned, the circumstances of the two kingdoms promised such success, and the advantage was so visible, of uniting the whole island under one head, that those who give great indulgence to reasons of state in the measures of princes, will not be apt to regard this part of his conduct with much severity.

But Edward, however exceptionable his character may appear on the head of justice, is the model of a politic and warlike king. He possessed industry, penetration, courage, vigour, and enterprise. He was frugal in all expences that were not necessary; he knew how to open the public treasures on proper occasions; he punished criminals with severity; he was gracious and affable to his servants and courtiers; and being of a majestic figure, expert at all bodily exercise, and in the main well-proportioned in his limbs, notwithstanding the great length of his legs, he was as well qualified to captivate the populace by his exterior appearance, as to gain the approbation of men of sense by his more solid virtues. Died July 7, 1307, aged 69. Reigned 35 years.

Hume.

§ 69. *Another Character of EDWARD I.*

He was a prince of very dignified appearance, tall in stature, regular and comely in his features, with keen piercing eyes, and of an aspect that commanded reverence and esteem. His constitution was robust; his strength and dexterity perhaps unequalled in his kingdom; and his shape was unblemished in all other respects, but that of his legs, which are said to have been too long in proportion to his body; whence he derived the epithet of *Long Shanks*. In the qualities of his head, he equalled the greatest monarchs who have sat on the English throne. He was cool, penetrating, sagacious, and circumspect. The remotest corners of the earth sounded with the fame of his courage; and all over Europe he was considered as the flower of chivalry. Nor was he less consummate in his legislative

capacity, than eminent for his prowess. He may be styled the English Justinian : for, besides the excellent statutes that were enacted in his reign, he new-modelled the administration of justice, so as to render it more sure and summary; he fixed proper bounds to the courts of jurisdiction; settled a new and easy method of collecting the revenue, and established wise and effectual methods of preserving peace and order among his subjects. Yet, with all these good qualities, he cherished a dangerous ambition, to which he did not scruple to sacrifice the good of his country; witness his ruinous war with Scotland, which drained the kingdom of men and money, and gave rise to that rancorous enmity which proved so prejudicial to both nations. Though he is celebrated for his chastity and regular deportment, there is not, in the whole course of his reign, one instance of his liberality and munificence. He had great abilities, but no genius; and was an accomplished warrior, without the least spark of heroism. *Smollett.*

§ 70. Character of EDWARD II.

It is not easy to imagine a man more innocent or inoffensive than this unhappy king; nor a prince less fitted for governing that fierce and turbulent people subjected to his authority. He was obliged to devolve on others the weight of government, which he had neither ability nor inclination to bear: the same indolence and want of penetration led him to make choice of ministers and favourites, which were not always best qualified for the trust committed to them. The seditious grandees, pleased with his weakness, and complaining of it, under pretence of attacking his ministers, insulted his person, and invaded his authority; and the impatient populace, ignorant of the source of their grievances, threw all the blame upon the king, and increased the public disorders by their faction and insolence. It was in vain to look for protection from the laws, whose voice, always feeble in those times, was not heard in the din of arms: what could not defend the king, was less able to give shelter to any one of his people; the whole machine of government was torn in pieces, with fury and violence; and men, instead of complaining against the manners of the age, and the form of their constitution, which re-

quired the most steady and the most skillful hand to conduct them, imputed all errors to the person who had the misfortune to be intrusted with the reins of empire. Murdered 21st September, 1327.

Hume.

§ 71. Another Character of EDWARD II.

Thus perished Edward II. after having atoned by his sufferings for all the errors of his conduct. He is said to have resembled his father in the accomplishments of his person, as well as in his countenance: but in other respects he seems only to have inherited the defects of his character; for he was cruel and illiberal, without his valour or capacity. He had levity, indolence, and irresolution, in common with other weak princes; but the distinguishing foible of his character was that unaccountable passion for the reigning favourites, to which he sacrificed every other consideration of policy and convenience, and at last fell a miserable victim. *Smollett.*

§ 72. Character of EDWARD III.

The English are apt to consider with peculiar fondness the history of Edward the Third, and to esteem his reign, as it was one of the longest, the most glorious also, which occurs in the annals of the nation. The ascendancy which they began to have over France, their rival and national enemy, makes them cast their eyes on this period with great complacency, and sanctifies every measure which Edward embraced for that end. But his domestic government is really more admirable than his foreign victories; and England enjoyed by his prudence and vigour of administration, a longer interval of domestic peace and tranquillity, than she had been blest with in any former period, or than she experienced for many years after. He gained the affections of the great, and curbed their licentiousness; he made them feel his power, without their daring, or even being inclined, to murmur at it; his affable and obliging behaviour, his munificence and generosity, made them submit with pleasure to his dominion; his valour and conduct made them successful in most of their enterprises; and their unquiet spirits, directed against a public enemy, had no leisure to breed disturbances, to which they were natu-

rally so much inclined, and which the form of the government seemed so much to authorize. This was the chief benefit which resulted from Edward's victories and conquests. His foreign wars were, in other respects, neither founded in justice, nor directed to any very salutary purpose. His attempt against the king of Scotland, a minor, and a brother-in-law, and the revival of his grandfather's claim of superiority over that kingdom, were both unreasonable and ungenerous: and he allowed himself to be too soon seduced by the glaring prospects of French conquest, from the acquisition of a point which was practicable, and which might really, if attained, have been of lasting utility to his country, and to his successors. But the glory of a conqueror is so dazzling to the vulgar, and the animosity of nations so extreme, that the fruitless desolation of so fine a part of Europe as France is totally disregarded by us, and never considered as a blemish in the character or conduct of this prince: and indeed, from the unfortunate state of human nature, it will commonly happen that a sovereign of great genius, such as Edward, who usually finds every thing easy in the domestic government, will turn himself towards military enterprises, where alone he meets opposition, and where he has full exercise for his industry and capacity. Died 21st of June, aged 65, in the 51st year of his reign.

Hume.

§ 73. *Another Character of EDWARD III.*

Edward's constitution had been impaired by the fatigues of his youth; so that he began to feel the infirmities of old age, before they approach in the common course of nature: and now he was seized with a malignant fever, attended with eruptions, that soon put a period to his life. When his distemper became so violent, that no hope of his recovery remained, all his attendants forsook him, as a bankrupt no longer able to requite their services. The ungrateful Alice, waiting until she perceived him in the agonies of death, was so inhuman as to strip him of his rings and jewels, and leave him without one domestic to close his eyes, and do the last offices to his breathless corse. In this deplorable condition, bereft of comfort and assistance, the mighty Edward lay expiring;

when a priest, not quite so savage as the rest of his domestics, approached his bed; and, finding him still breathing, began to administer some comfort to his soul. Edward had not yet lost all perception, when he found himself thus abandoned and forlorn, in the last moments of his life. He was just able to express a deep sense of sorrow and contrition for the errors of his conduct, and died pronouncing the name of Jesus.

Such was the piteous and obscure end of Edward the Third, undoubtedly one of the greatest princes that ever swayed the sceptre of England; whether we respect him as a warrior, a lawgiver, a monarch, or a man. He possessed all the romantic spirit of Alexander; the penetration, the fortitude, the polished manners of Julius; the liberality, the munificence, the wisdom of Augustus Cæsar. He was tall, majestic, finely shaped, with a piercing eye, and aquiline visage. He excelled all his contemporaries in feats of arms and personal address. He was courteous, affable, and eloquent; of a free deportment, and agreeable conversation; and had the art of commanding the affection of his subjects, without seeming to solicit popularity. The love of glory was certainly the predominant passion of Edward, to the gratification of which he did not scruple to sacrifice the feelings of humanity, the lives of his subjects, and the interests of his country. And nothing could have induced or enabled his people to bear the load of taxes with which they were encumbered in his reign, but the love and admiration of his person, the fame of his victories, and the excellent laws and regulations which the parliament enacted with his advice and concurrence.

Smollett.

§ 74. *Character of RICHARD II.*

All the writers who have transmitted to us the history of Richard, composed their works during the reign of the Lancastrian princes; and candour requires that we should not give entire credit to the reproaches which have been thrown upon his memory. But after making all proper abatements, he still appears to have been a weak prince, and unfit for government; less for want of natural parts and capacity, than of solid judgment and good education. He was violent in his temper, profuse in his expences, fond of idle show

and magnificence, devoted to favourites, and addicted to pleasure; passions, all of them, the most inconsistent with a prudent economy, and consequently dangerous in a limited and mixed government. Had he possessed the talents of gaining, and, still more, of overawing his great barons, he might have escaped all the misfortunes of his reign, and been allowed to carry much further his oppressions over his people, if he really was guilty of any, without their daring to rebel, or even murmur against him. But when the *grandeens* were tempted, by his want of prudence and rigour, to resist his authority, and execute the most violent enterprises upon him, he was naturally led to seek for an opportunity of retaliation; justice was neglected; the lives of the chief nobility sacrificed; and all these evils seem to have proceeded more from a settled design of establishing arbitrary power, than from the insolence of victory, and the necessities of the king's situation. The manners, indeed, of the age, were the chief sources of such violence; laws, which were feebly executed in peaceable times, lost all their authority in public convulsions. Both parties were alike guilty; or, if any difference may be remarked between them, we shall find the authority of the crown, being more legal, was commonly carried, when it prevailed, to less desperate extremities than those of aristocracy*.

§ 75. *Another Character of RICHARD II.*

Such was the last conclusion of Richard II. a weak, vain, frivolous, inconstant, prince; without weight to balance the scales of government, without discernment to choose a good ministry; without virtue to oppose the measures, or advice, of evil counsellors, even where they happened to clash with his own principles and opinion. He was a dupe to flattery, a slave to ostentation, and not more apt to give up his reason to the suggestion of sycophants and vicious ministers than to sacrifice those ministers to his safety. He was idle, profuse, and profligate; and, though brave by starts, naturally pusillanimous, and irresolute. His pride and resentment prompted him to cruelty and breach of faith; while his necessities obliged him to fleece his people, and de-

grade the dignity of his character and situation. Though we find none of his charities on record, all his historians agree, that he excelled all his predecessors in state hospitality, and fed a thousand every day from his kitchen.

Smollett.

§ 76. *Another Character of RICHARD II.*

Richard of Bourdeaux (so called from the place of his birth) was remarkably beautiful and handsome in his person; and doth not seem to be naturally defective, either in courage or understanding. For on some occasions, particularly in the dangerous insurrections of the crowd, he acted with a degree of spirit and prudence superior to his years. But his education was miserably neglected; or, rather, he was intentionally corrupted and debauched by three ambitious uncles, who, being desirous of retaining the management of his affairs, encouraged him to spend his time in the company of dissolute young people of both sexes, in a continual course of feasting and dissipation. By this means, he contracted a taste for pomp and pleasure, and a dislike to business. The greatest foible in the character of this unhappy prince was an excessive fondness for, and unbounded liberality to, his favourites, which enraged his uncles, particularly the Duke of Gloucester, and disgusted such of the nobility as did not partake of his bounty. He was an affectionate husband, a generous master, and a faithful friend; and if he had received a proper education, might have proved a great and good king.

Henry.

§ 77. *Character of HENRY IV.*

The great popularity which Henry enjoyed before he attained the crown, and which had so much aided him in the acquisition of it, was entirely lost, many years before the end of his reign, and he governed the people more by terror than affection, more by his own policy than their sense of duty and allegiance. When men came to reflect in cold blood on the crimes which led him to the throne; and the rebellion against his prince; the deposition of a lawful king, guilty sometimes of oppression, but more frequently of imprudences; the exclusion of the true heir; the murder of his sovereign and near re-

* He was starved to death in prison, or murdered, after having been dethroned, A. D. 1399, in the year of his age 34; of his reign 23.

lation; these were such enormities, as drew on him the hatred of his subjects, sanctified all the rebellions against him, and made the executions, though not remarkably severe, which he found necessary for the maintenance of his authority, appear cruel as well as iniquitous to his people. Yet, without pretending to apologize for these crimes, which must ever be held in detestation, it may be remarked, that he was insensibly led into this blamable conduct, by a train of incidents, which few men possess virtue enough to withstand. The injustice with which his predecessor had treated him, in first condemning him to banishment, and then despoiling him of his patrimony, made him naturally think of revenge, and of recovering his lost rights; the headstrong zeal of the people hurried him into the throne; the care of his own security, as well as his ambition, made him an usurper; and the steps have always been so few between the prisons of princes and their graves, that we need not wonder that Richard's fate was no exception to the general rule. All these considerations made the king's situation, if he retained any sense of virtue, very much to be lamented; and the inquietudes with which he possessed his envied greatness, and the remorse by which, it is said, he was continually haunted, rendered him an object of our pity, even when seated upon the throne. But it must be owned, that his prudence, vigilance, and foresight in maintaining his power, were admirable; his command of temper remarkable; his courage, both military and political, without blemish: and he possessed many qualities, which fitted him for his high station, and which rendered his usurpation of it, though pernicious in after-times, rather salutary during his own reign, to the English nation.

Died 1413. Aged 43. *Hume.*

§ 78. *Another Character of HENRY IV.*

Henry IV. was of a middle stature, well-proportioned, and perfect in all the exercise of arms and chivalry; his countenance was severe rather than serene, and his disposition sour, sullen, and reserved; he possessed a great share of courage, fortitude, and penetration; was naturally imperious, though he bridled his temper with a great deal of caution; superstitious, though without the least tincture of virtue and true religion; and meanly parsimonious, though justly censured for want of

economy, and ill-judged profusion. He was tame from caution, humble from fear, cruel from policy, and rapacious from indigence. He rose to the throne by perfidy and treason, and established his authority in the blood of his subjects; and died a penitent for his sins, because he could no longer enjoy the fruit of his transgressions. *Smollett.*

§ 79. *Character of HENRY V.*

Henry was tall and slender, with a long neck, an engaging aspect, and limbs of the most elegant turn. He excelled all the youth of that age, in agility and the exercise of arms; was hardy, patient, laborious, and more capable of enduring cold, hunger, and fatigue, than any individual in his army. His valour was such as no danger could startle, and no difficulty oppose; nor was his policy inferior to his courage.

He managed the dissensions among his enemies with such address, as spoke him consummate in the arts of the cabinet. He fomented their jealousy, and converted their mutual resentment to his own advantage.

Henry possessed a self-taught genius, that blazed out at once, without the aid of instruction and experience: and a fund of natural sagacity, that made ample amends for all these defects. He was chaste, temperate, moderate, and devout; scrupulously just in his administration, and severely exact in the discipline of his army; upon which he knew his glory and success, in a great measure, depended. In a word, it must be owned, he was without an equal in the arts of war, policy, and government. But we cannot be so far dazzled with his great qualities, as to overlook the defects in his character. His pride and imperious temper lost him the hearts of the French nobility, and frequently fell out into outrage and abuse; as at the siege of Melun, when he treated the Marechal l'Isle d'Adam with the utmost indignity, although that nobleman had given him no other offence, than that of coming into his presence in plain decent apparel. *Smollett.*

§ 80. *Another Character of HENRY V.*

The splendour which conquest threw round the person of Henry during his life, still adheres to his memory four centuries after his death. But he was not only a warrior: he was also a statesman. 'The

praise of constitutional courage he may share with many of his predecessors: he surpassed most of them in the skill, with which he fomented the dissensions among his antagonists, and improved to the best advantage the unexpected events, which chequered the busy scene of French politics. Success, however, gave a tinge of arrogance to his character. He did not sufficiently respect the prejudices, or spare the feelings, of his new subjects: the pomp and superiority, which he displayed, mortified their vanity: and the deference which he exacted from the proudest of the French nobility, was reluctantly yielded by men, who, under the weak reign of Charles, had been accustomed to trample on the authority of their sovereign. Continually engaged in war, he had little leisure to discharge the duties of a legislator: but he has been commended for his care to enforce the equal administration of justice; and was beloved by the lower classes both in France and England, for the protection which he afforded them against the oppression of their superiors. To those, who served him, if he were a stern, he was also a bountiful master: and though he punished severely, he rewarded with munificence. By military men he was beloved and adored: and the officers of the army in France resolved to prove the sincerity of that attachment which they professed for him while living, by the extraordinary pomp with which they paid the last duties to his remains.

On the funeral car, and under a rich canopy of silk, was placed a bed of crimson and gold, on which reposed the effigy of the king in his robes, with a crown of gold on the head, the sceptre in the right hand, and the globe and cross in the left. It was preceded and followed by five hundred knights and esquires in black armour, with their spears reversed. Around the corpse walked three hundred torch-bearers, intermixed with persons bearing achievements, banners, and pennons. The clergy of every district, through which the procession passed, were arranged in lines on each side; and behind rode the nobility, the princes of the blood, and the king of Scots as chief mourner. After these, at the distance of a league, followed queen Catharine with a numerous retinue. In this manner the

body of the king was conveyed to Paris and Rouen, where it lay in state; and from Rouen by short journeys to Calais, where a fleet was in waiting to transport it to England. As the procession approached the metropolis, it was met by the bishops, the mitred abbots, and the clergy; and the obsequies were performed, in presence of the whole parliament, first in St. Paul's, and then in Westminster abbey. The corpse was interred near the shrine of Edward the confessor: and the tomb was long visited by the people with sentiments of veneration and regret.

Lingard.

§ 81. HUME's *Account of HENRY VI.* (*for there is no regular Character of this Prince given by this Historian*) is expressed in the following manner.

In this manner finished the reign of Henry VI. who, while yet in his cradle, had been proclaimed king both of France and England, and who began his life with the most splendid prospects which any prince in Europe had ever enjoyed. The revolution was unhappy for his people, as it was the source of civil wars; but was almost entirely indifferent to Henry himself, who was utterly incapable of exercising his authority, and who, provided he met perpetually with good usage, was equally easy, as he was equally enslaved, in the hands of his enemies and of his friends. His weakness, and his disputed title, were the chief causes of his public misfortunes: but whether his queen and his ministers were not guilty of some great abuses of power, it is not easy for us, at this distance of time, to determine. There remain no proofs on record of any considerable violation of the laws, except in the death of the Duke of Gloucester, which was a private crime, formed no precedent, and was but too much of a piece with the usual ferocity and cruelty of the times.

§ 82. SMOLLETT's *Account of the Death of HENRY VI. with some Strictures of Character, is as follows.*

This insurrection* in all probability hastened the death of the unfortunate Henry, who was found dead in the Tower, in which he had been confined since the restoration of Edward. The greater part of historians have alleged, that he was

* Revolt of the bastard of Falconbridge.

assassinated by the Duke of Gloucester, who was a prince of the most brutal disposition; while some moderns, from an affectation of singularity, affirm that Henry died of grief and vexation. This, no doubt, might have been the case; and it must be owned, that nothing appears in history, from which either Edward or Richard could be convicted of having contrived or perpetrated his murder: but, at the same time, we must observe some concurring circumstances that amount to strong presumption against the reigning monarch. Henry was of a hale constitution, but just turned of fifty, naturally insensible of affliction, and hackneyed in the vicissitudes of fortune, so that one would not expect he should have died of age and infirmity, or that his life would have been affected by grief arising from his last disaster. His sudden death was suspicious, as well as the conjuncture at which he died, immediately after the suppression of a rebellion, which seemed to declare that Edward would never be quiet, while the head of the house of Lancaster remained alive: and lastly, the suspicion is confirmed by the characters of the reigning king and his brother Richard, who were bloody, barbarous, and unrelenting. Very different was the disposition of the ill-fated Henry, who, without any princely virtue or qualification, was totally free from cruelty or revenge; on the contrary, he could not, without reluctance, consent to the punishment of those malefactors who were sacrificed to the public safety; and frequently sustained indignities of the grossest nature, without discovering the least mark of resentment. He was chaste, pious, compassionate, and charitable; and so inoffensive, that the bishop, who was his confessor for ten years, declares, that in all that time he had never committed any sin that required penance or rebuke. In a word, he would have adorned a cloister, though he disgraced a crown; and was rather respectable for those vices he wanted, than for those virtues he possessed. He founded the colleges of Eton and Windsor, and King's College in Cambridge, for the reception of those scholars who had begun their studies at Eton.

On the morning that succeeded his death, his body was exposed at St. Paul's church, in order to prevent unfavourable conjectures, and, next day, sent by water to the abbey of Chertsey, where he was

interred: but it was afterwards removed, by order of Richard III. to Windsor, and there buried with great funeral solemnity.

§ 83. *Character of EDWARD IV.*

Edward is said to have been the most accomplished, and, till he grew too unwieldy, the most handsome man of the age. The love of pleasure was his ruling passion. Few princes have been more magnificent in their dress, or more licentious in their amours: few have indulged more freely in the luxuries of the table. But such pursuits often interfered with his duties, and at last incapacitated him for active exertion. Even in youth, while he was fighting for the throne, he was always the last to join his adherents: and in manhood, when he was firmly seated on it, he entirely abandoned the charge of military affairs to his brother the duke of Gloucester. To the chief supporters of the opposite party he was cruel and unforgiving: the blood which he shed, intimidated his friends no less than his foes; and both lords and commons, during his reign, instead of contending like their predecessors for the establishment of rights, and the abolition of grievances, made it their principal study to gratify the royal pleasure. He was as suspicious as he was cruel. Every officer of government, every steward on his manors and farms, was employed as a spy on the conduct of all around him: they regularly made to the king reports of the state of the neighbourhood; and such was the fidelity of his memory, that it was difficult to mention an individual of any consequence, even in the most distant counties, with whose character, history, and influence, he was not accurately acquainted. Hence every project of opposition to his government was suppressed almost as soon as it was formed: and Edward might have promised himself a long and prosperous reign, had not continued indulgence enervated his constitution, and sown the seeds of that malady, which consigned him to the grave in the forty-first year of his age. He was buried with the usual pomp in the new chapel at Windsor.

Lingard.

§ 84. *Character of EDWARD V.*

Immediately after the death of the fourth Edward, his son was proclaimed king of England, by the name of Ed-

ward V. though that young prince was but just turned of twelve years of age, never received the crown, nor exercised any function of royalty; so that the interval between the death of his father, and the usurpation of his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. was properly an interregnum, during which the uncle took his measures for wresting the crown from his nephew.

§ 85. *Character of RICHARD III.*

Those historians who favour Richard, for even *He* has met partisans among later writers, maintain that he was well qualified for government, had he legally obtained it; and that he committed no crimes but such as were necessary to procure him possession of the crown; but this is a very poor apology, when it is confessed that he was ready to commit the most horrid crimes which appeared necessary for that purpose; and it is certain that all his courage and capacity, qualities in which he really seems not to have been deficient, would never have made compensation to the people, for the danger of the precedent, and for the contagious example of vice and murder, exalted upon the throne. This prince was of a small stature, hump-backed, and had a very harsh disagreeable visage; so that his body was in every particular no less deformed than his mind.

Hume.

§ 86. *Another Character of RICHARD III.*

Such was the end * of Richard III. the most cruel unrelenting tyrant that ever sat on the throne of England. He seems to have been an utter stranger to the softer emotions of the human heart, and entirely destitute of every social enjoyment. His ruling passion was ambition: for the gratification of which he trampled upon every law, both human and divine; but this thirst of dominion was unattended with the least work of generosity, or any desire of rendering himself agreeable to his fellow-creatures: it was the ambition of a savage, not of a prince; for he was a solitary king, altogether detached from the rest of mankind, and incapable of that satisfaction which results from private friendship and disinterested society. We must acknowledge, however, that after his accession to the throne, his administration in general was conducted by the

rules of justice; that he enacted salutary laws, and established wise regulations; and that, if his reign had been protracted, he might have proved an excellent king to the English nation. He was dark, silent, and reserved, and so much master of dissimulation, that it was almost impossible to dive into his real sentiments, when he wanted to conceal his designs. His stature was small, his aspect cloudy, severe, and forbidding: one of his arms was withered, and one shoulder higher than another, from which circumstance of deformity he acquired the epithet of Crookbacked.

Smollett.

§ 87. *Character of HENRY VII.*

The reign of Henry VII. was in the main fortunate for his people at home, and honourable abroad. He put an end to the civil wars with which the nation had been so long harassed; he maintained peace and order to the state; he depressed the former exorbitant power of the nobility; and, together with the friendship of some foreign princes, he acquired the consideration and regard of all.

He loved peace, without fearing war; though agitated with criminal suspicions of his servants and ministers, he discovered no timidity, either in the conduct of his affairs, or in the day of battle; and, though often severe in his punishments, he was commonly less actuated by revenge than by the maxims of policy.

The services which he rendered his people were derived from his views of private interest, rather than the motives of public spirit; and where he deviated from selfish regards, it was unknown to himself, and ever from malignant prejudices, or the mean projects of avarice; not from the sallies of passion, or allurements of pleasure; still less from the benign motives of friendship and generosity.

His capacity was excellent, but somewhat contracted by the narrowness of his heart; he possessed insinuation and address, but never employed these talents except some great point of interest was to be gained; and while he neglected to conciliate the affections of his people, he often felt the danger of resting his authority on their fear and reverence alone. He was always extremely attentive to his affairs; but possessed not the faculty of seeing far into futurity; and was more

* Slain at the Battle of Bosworth.

expert at promoting a remedy for his mistakes, than judicious in avoiding them. Avarice was on the whole his ruling passion; and he remained an instance almost singular, of a man placed in a high station, and possessed of talents for great affairs, in whom that passion predominated above ambition. Even among private persons, avarice is nothing but a species of ambition, and is chiefly incited by the prospect of that regard, distinction, and consideration, which attends on riches. *Hume.*

§ 88. *Another Character of HENRY VII.*

To Henry by his contemporaries was allotted the praise of political wisdom. He seems, indeed, to have been formed by nature for the circumstances in which accident had placed him. With a mind dark and mistrustful, tenacious of its own secrets and adroit in divining the secrets of others, capable of employing the most unprincipled agents, and of descending to the meanest artifices, he was able to unravel the plots, to detect the impostures, and to defeat the projects of all his opponents. But there was nothing open in his friendship, or generous in his enmity. His suspicions kept him always on his guard: he watched with jealousy the conduct of his very ministers; and never unbosomed himself with freedom even to his consort or his mother. It was his delight to throw an air of mystery over the most ordinary transactions: nor would pride or policy allow him, even when it appeared essential to his interests, to explain away the doubts, or satisfy the curiosity of his subjects. The consequence was, that no one knew what to believe, or what to expect. "All things," says Sir Thomas More, "were so covertly demeaned, one thing pretended and another meant, that there was nothing so plain and openly proved, but that yet, for the common custom of close and covert dealing, men had it ever inwardly suspect, as many well counterfeited jewels make the true mistrusted."

He appears to have been the first of our kings since the accession of Henry III., who confined his expenses within the limits of his income. But the civil wars had swept away those crowds of annuitants and creditors, that formerly used to besiege the doors of the exchequer: and the revenue of the crown came to him free from incumbrances, and aug-

mented by forfeitures. Hence he was enabled to reign without the assistance of parliament: and, if he occasionally summoned the two houses, it was only when a decent pretext for demanding a supply, offered to his avarice a bait, which it could not refuse. He had, however, little to apprehend from the freedom or the remonstrances of these assemblies. That spirit of resistance to oppression, that ardour to claim and establish their liberties, which characterized the parliaments of former times, had been extinguished in the bloody feuds between the two roses. The temporal peers, who had survived the storm, were few in number, and without the power of their ancestors: they feared, by alarming the suspicions of the monarch, to replunge themselves into the dangers, from which they had so lately emerged; and the commons readily adopted the humble tone, and submissive demeanour of the upper house. Henry, and the same may be observed of his two last predecessors, found them always the obsequious ministers of his pleasure.

But if the king were economical in his expenses, and eager in the acquisition of wealth, it should also be added, that he often rewarded with the generosity, and on occasions of ceremony displayed the magnificence, of a great monarch. His charities were many and profuse. Of his buildings his six convents of friars fell in the next reign: his chapel at Westminster still exists, a monument of his opulence and taste. He is said to have occasionally advanced loans of money to merchants engaged in profitable branches of trade: and not only gave the royal licence to the attempt of the Venetian navigator Cabot, but fitted out a ship at his own expense to join in the voyage. Cabot sailed from Bristol, discovered the island of Newfoundland, crept along the coast of Florida, and returned to England. It was the first European expedition that ever reached the American continent.

Lingard.

§ 89. *Character of HENRY VIII.*

It is difficult to give a just summary of this prince's qualities; he was so different from himself in different parts of his reign, that, as is well remarked by Lord Herbert, his history is his best character and description. The absolute and untroubled authority which he maintained at

home, and the regard he obtained among foreign nations, are circumstances which entitle him to the appellation of a great prince: while his tyranny and cruelty seem to exclude him from the character of a good one.

He possessed, indeed, great vigour of mind, which qualified him for exercising dominion over men; courage, intrepidity, vigilance, inflexibility; and though these qualities lay not always under the guidance of a regular and solid judgment, they were accompanied with good parts, and an extensive capacity; and every one dreaded a contest with a man who was never known to yield or to forgive; and who, in every controversy, was determined to ruin himself or his antagonist.

A catalogue of his vices would comprehend many of the worst qualities incident to human nature. Violence, cruelty, profusion, rapacity, injustice, obstinacy, arrogance, bigotry, presumption, caprice; but neither was he subject to all these vices in the most extreme degree, nor was he at intervals altogether devoid of virtues. He was sincere, open, gallant, liberal, and capable at least of a temporary friendship and attachment. In this respect he was unfortunate, that the incidents of his times served to display his faults in their full light; the treatment he met with from the court of Rome provoked him to violence; the danger of a revolt from his superstitious subjects seemed to require the most extreme severity. But it must at the same time be acknowledged, that his situation tended to throw an additional lustre on what was great and magnanimous in his character.

The emulation between the Emperor and the French King rendered his alliance, notwithstanding his impolitic conduct, of great importance to Europe. The extensive powers of his prerogative, and the submission, not to say slavish disposition of his parliament, made it more easy for him to assume and maintain that entire dominion, by which his reign is so much distinguished in English history.

It may seem a little extraordinary, that notwithstanding his cruelty, his extortion, his violence, his arbitrary administration, this prince not only acquired the regard of his subjects, but never was the object of their hatred; he seems even, in some degree, to have possessed their love and affection. His exterior qualities were

advantageous, and fit to captivate the multitude; his magnificence and personal bravery rendered him illustrious to vulgar eyes; and it may be said with truth, that the English in that age were so thoroughly subdued, that, like eastern slaves, they were inclined to admire even those acts of violence and tyranny, which were exercised over themselves, and at their own expence. *Hume.*

§ 90. *Another Character of HENRY VIII.*

To form a just estimate of the character of Henry, we must distinguish between the young king, guided by the counsels of Wolsey, and the monarch of more mature age, governing by his own judgment, and with the aid of ministers selected and fashioned by himself. In his youth, the beauty of his person, the elegance of his manners, and his adroitness in every martial and fashionable exercise, were calculated to attract the admiration of his subjects. His court was gay and splendid; a succession of amusements seemed to absorb his attention: yet his pleasures were not permitted to encroach on his more important duties; he assisted at the council, perused the dispatches, and corresponded with his generals and ambassadors: nor did the minister, trusted and powerful as he was, dare to act, till he had asked the opinion, and taken the pleasure of his sovereign. His natural abilities had been improved by study: and his esteem for literature may be inferred from the learned education which he gave to his children, and from the number of eminent scholars to whom he granted pensions in foreign states, or on whom he conferred promotion in his own. The immense treasure which he inherited from his father, was perhaps a misfortune; because it engendered habits of expence not to be supported from the ordinary revenue of the crown: and the soundness of his politics may be doubted, which under the pretence of supporting the balance of power, repeatedly involved the nation in continental hostilities. Yet even these errors served to throw a lustre round the English throne, and raised its possessor in the eyes of his own subjects and of the different nations of Europe. But as the king advanced in age, his vices gradually developed themselves: after the death of Wolsey they were indulged without restraint. He became as rapacious as he

was prodigal: as obstinate as he was capricious: as fickle in his friendships, as he was merciless in his resentments. Though liberal of his confidence, he soon grew suspicious of those whom he had ever trusted; and, as if he possessed no other right to the crown than that which he derived from the very questionable claim of his father, he viewed with an evil eye every remote descendant of the Plantagenets; and eagerly embraced the slightest pretexts to remove those whom his jealousy represented as future rivals to himself or his posterity. In pride and vanity he was perhaps without a parallel. Inflated with the praises of interested admirers, he despised the judgment of others; acted as if he deemed himself infallible in matters of policy and religion; and seemed to look upon dissent from his opinion as equivalent to a breach of allegiance. In his estimation, to submit and to obey, were the great, the paramount duties of subjects: and this persuasion steeled his breast against remorse for the blood which he shed, and led him to trample without scruple on the liberties of the nation.

When he ascended the throne, there still existed a spirit of freedom, which on more than one occasion defeated the arbitrary measures of the court, though directed by an able minister, and supported by the authority of the sovereign: but in the lapse of a few years that spirit had fled, and before the death of Henry, the king of England had grown into a despot, the people had shrunk into a nation of slaves. The causes of this important change in the relations between the sovereign and his subjects, may be found not so much in the abilities or passions of the former, as in the obsequiousness of his parliaments, the assumption of the ecclesiastical supremacy, and the servility of the two religious parties which divided the nation.

Lingard.

§ 91. *Character of EDWARD VI.*

Thus died Edward VI. in the sixteenth year of his age. He was counted the wonder of his time; he was not only learned in the tongues and the liberal sciences, but he knew well the state of his kingdom. He kept a table-book, in which he had written the characters of all the eminent men of the nation: he studied fortification, and understood the mint well. He knew the harbours in all his domi-

nions, with the depth of the water, and way of coming into them. He understood foreign affairs so well, that the ambassadors who were sent into England, published very extraordinary things of him, in all the courts of Europe. He had great quickness of apprehension; but being distrustful of his memory, he took notes of every thing he heard (that was considerable) in Greek characters, that those about him might not understand what he writ, which he afterwards copied out fair in the journal that he kept. His virtues were wonderful: when he was made to believe that his uncle was guilty of conspiring the death of the other counsellors, he upon that abandoned him.

Barnaby Fitz Patrick was his favourite; and when he sent him to travel, he writ oft to him to keep good company, to avoid excess and luxury; and to improve himself in those things that might render him capable of employment at his return. He was afterwards made Lord of Upper Ossory in Ireland, by Queen Elizabeth, and did answer the hopes this excellent king had of him. He was very merciful in his nature, which appeared in his unwillingness to sign the warrant for burning the maid of Kent. He took great care to have his debts well paid, reckoning that a prince who breaks his faith, and loses his credit, has thrown up that which he can never recover, and made himself liable to perpetual distrust, and extreme contempt. He took special care of the petitions that were given him by poor and oppressed people. But his great zeal for religion crowned all the rest—it was not an angry heat about it that actuated him, but it was a true tenderness of conscience, founded on the love of God and his neighbour. These extraordinary qualities, set off with great sweetness and affability, made him universally beloved by his people. *Burnet.*

§ 92. *Another Character of EDWARD VI.*

Edward is celebrated by historians for the beauty of his person, the sweetness of his disposition, and the extent of his knowledge. By the time he had attained his sixteenth year, he understood the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish languages; he was versed in the sciences of logic, music, natural philosophy, and master of all theological disputes; inso-much that the famous Cardanus, in his return from Scotland, visiting the English court, was astonished at the progress

he had made in learning; and afterwards extolled him in his works as a prodigy of nature. Notwithstanding these encomiums, he seems to have had an ingredient of bigotry in his disposition, that would have rendered him very troublesome to those of tender consciences, who might have happened to differ with him in religious principles; nor can we reconcile either to his boasted humanity or penetration, his consenting to the death of his uncle, who had served him faithfully; unless we suppose he wanted resolution to withstand the importunities of his ministers, and was deficient in that vigour of mind, which often exists independent of learning and culture. *Smollett.*

§ 93. *Another Character of EDWARD VI.*

It would be idle to delineate the character of a prince, who lived not till his passions developed themselves, or his faculties had acquired maturity. His education, like that of his two sisters, began at a very early age. In abilities he was equal, perhaps superior, to most boys of his years: and his industry and improvement amply repaid the solicitude of his tutors. But the extravagant praises, which have been lavished on him by his panegyrists and admirers, may be received with some degree of caution. In the French and Latin letters, to which they appeal, it is difficult to separate the composition of the pupil from the corrections of the master: and since, to raise his reputation, deceptions are known to have been employed on some occasions, it may be justifiable to suspect that they were practised on others. The boy of twelve or fourteen years was accustomed to pronounce his opinion in the council with all the gravity of a hoary statesman. But he had been previously informed of the subjects to be discussed: his preceptors had supplied him with short notes, which he committed to memory: and while he delivered their sentiments as his own, the lords, whether they were aware or not of the artifice, admired and applauded the precocious wisdom with which Heaven had gifted their sovereign.

Edward's religious belief could not have been the result of his own judgment. He was compelled to take it on trust from those about him, who moulded his infant mind to their own pleasure, and infused into it their own opinions or prejudices. From them he derived a strong sense of

piety, and a habit of daily devotion; a warm attachment to the new, and a violent antipathy to the ancient, doctrines. He believed it to be the first of his duties to extirpate what he had been taught to deem, the idolatrous worship of his fathers: and with his last breath he wafted a prayer to Heaven for the preservation of his subjects from the infection of "papisty." Yet it may be a question whether his early death has not proved a benefit to the church of England, as it is at present established. His sentiments like those of his instructors were tinged with Calvinism: attempts were made to persuade him that episcopacy was an expensive and unnecessary institution; and the courtiers, whose appetite for church property had been whetted rather than satisfied by former spoliations, looked impatiently towards the entire suppression of the bishoprics and chapters. Of the possessions belonging to these establishments one half had already been seized by the royal favourites: in the course of a few years their rapacity would have devoured the remainder. *Lingard.*

§ 94. *Character of MARY.*

It is not necessary to employ many words in drawing the character of this princess. She possessed few qualities either estimable or amiable, and her person was as little engaging as her behaviour and address. Obstinacy, bigotry, violence, cruelty, malignity, revenge, and tyranny; every circumstance of her character took a tincture from her bad temper and narrow understanding. And amidst the complication of vices which entered into her composition, we shall scarcely find any virtue but sincerity, a quality which she seems to have maintained throughout her whole life, except in the beginning of her reign, when the necessity of her affairs obliged her to make some promises to the Protestants, which she certainly never intended to perform. But in those cases a weak bigoted woman, under the government of priests, easily finds casuistry sufficient to justify to herself the violation of an engagement. She appears, as well as her father, to have been susceptible of some attachment of friendship; and that without caprice and inconstancy, which were so remarkable in the conduct of that monarch. To which we may add, that in many circumstances of her life, she gave

indications of resolution and vigour of mind; a quality which seems to have been inherent in her family. *Hume.*

§ 95. *Another Character of MARY.*

The foulest blot on the character of this queen is her long and cruel persecution of the reformers. The sufferings of the victims naturally beget an antipathy to the woman, by whose authority they were inflicted. It is, however, but fair to recollect what I have already noticed, that the extirpation of erroneous doctrine was inculcated as a duty by the leaders of every religious party. Mary only practised what *they* taught. It was her misfortune, rather than her fault, that she was not more enlightened than the wisest of her contemporaries.

With this exception, she has been ranked by the more moderate of the reformed writers among the best, though not the greatest, of our princes. They have borne honourable testimony to her virtues: have allotted to her the praise of piety and clemency, of compassion to the poor, and liberality to the distressed: and have recorded her solicitude to restore to opulence the families that had been unjustly deprived of their possessions by her father and brother, and to provide for the wants of the parochial clergy, who had been reduced to penury by the spoliations of the last government. It is acknowledged that her moral character was beyond reproof. It extorted respect from all, even from the most virulent of her enemies. The ladies of her household copied the conduct of their mistress: and the decency of Mary's court was often mentioned with applause by those, who lamented the dissoluteness which prevailed in that of her successor.

The queen was thought by some to have inherited the obstinacy of her father: but there was this difference, that before she formed her decisions, she sought for advice and information, and made it an invariable rule to prefer right to expediency. One of the outlaws, who had obtained his pardon, hoped to ingratiate himself with Mary by devising a plan to render her independent of parliament. He submitted it to the inspection of the Spanish ambassador, by whom it was recommended to her consideration. Sending for Gardiner, she bade him peruse it, and then adjured him, as he should answer at the judgment seat of God, to speak his real sentiments. "Madam," replied the

prelate, "it is a pity that so virtuous a lady should be surrounded by such sycophants. The book is naught: it is filled with things too horrible to be thought of." She thanked him, and threw the paper into the fire.

Her natural abilities had been improved by education. She understood the Italian, she spoke the French and Spanish languages: and the ease and correctness with which she replied to the foreigners, who addressed her in Latin, excited their admiration. Her speeches in public and from the throne, were delivered with grace and fluency: and her conferences with Noailles, as related in his dispatches, shew her to have possessed an acute and vigorous mind, and to have been on most subjects a match for that subtle and intriguing negotiator. *Lingard.*

§ 96. *Character of ELIZABETH.*

In the judgment of her contemporaries, and that judgment has been ratified by the consent of posterity, Elizabeth was numbered among the greatest and the most fortunate of our princes. The tranquillity, which, during a reign of nearly half a century, she maintained within her dominions, while the neighbouring nations were convulsed with intestine dissensions, was taken as a proof of the wisdom or the vigour of her government: and her successful resistance against the Spanish monarch, the many injuries which she inflicted on that lord of so many kingdoms, and the spirit displayed by her fleets and armies, in expeditions to France and the Netherlands, to Spain, to the West and even to the East Indies, served to give to the world an exalted notion of her military and naval power. When she came to the throne, England ranked only among the secondary kingdoms; before her death it had risen to a level with the first nations in Europe.

Of this rise two causes may be assigned. The one, though more remote, was that spirit of commercial enterprise, which had revived in the reign of Mary, and had been carefully fostered, in that of Elizabeth, by the patronage of the sovereign, and the co-operation of the great. Its benefits were not confined to the trading and sea-faring classes, the two interests more immediately concerned. It gave a new tone to the public mind: it diffused a new energy through all ranks of men. Their views became expanded: their

powers were called into action; and the example of successful adventure furnished a powerful stimulus to the talent and industry of the nation. Men in every profession looked forward to wealth and independence: all were eager to start in the race of improvement.

The other cause may be discovered in the system of foreign policy, adopted by the ministers; a policy, indeed, which it may be difficult to reconcile with honesty and good faith, but which, in the result, proved eminently successful. The reader has seen them perpetually on the watch to sow the seeds of dissension, to foment the spirit of resistance, and to aid the efforts of rebellion, in the neighbouring nations. In Scotland the authority of the crown was almost annihilated; France was reduced to an unexampled state of anarchy, poverty, and distress: and Spain beheld with dismay her wealth continually absorbed, and her armies annually perishing, among the dikes and sand-banks of the Low Countries. The depression of these powers, if not a positive, was a relative benefit. As other princes descended, the English queen appeared to rise on the scale of reputation and power.

In what proportion the merit or demerit of these and of other measures should be shared between Elizabeth and her counsellors, it is impossible to determine. On many subjects she could see only with their eyes, and hear with their ears; yet it is evident that her judgment or her conscience frequently disapproved of their advice. Sometimes, after a long struggle, they submitted to her wisdom or obstinacy; sometimes she was terrified or seduced into the surrender of her own opinion: generally a compromise was effected by mutual concessions. This appears to have happened on most debates of importance, and particularly with respect to the treatment of the unfortunate queen of Scots. Elizabeth may perhaps have dissembled: she may have been actuated by jealousy or hatred: but, if we condemn, we should also remember the arts and frauds of the men by whom she was surrounded, the false information which they supplied, the imaginary dangers which they created, and the dispatches which they dictated in England to be forwarded to the queen through the ambassadors in foreign courts, as the result of their own judgment and observation.

It may be, that the habitual irresolution

of Elizabeth was partially owing to her discovery of such practices: but there is reason to believe that it was a weakness inherent in the constitution of her mind. To deliberate appears to have been her delight: to resolve was her torment. She would receive advice from any; from foreigners as well as natives, from the ladies of her bed-chamber no less than the lords of her council: but her distrust begot hesitation; and she always suspected that some interested motive lurked under the pretence of zeal for her service. Hence she often suffered months, sometimes years, to roll away before she came to a conclusion: and then it required the same industry and address to keep her steady to her purpose, as it had already cost to bring her to it. The ministers, in their confidential correspondence, perpetually lamented this infirmity in the queen: in public they employed all their ingenuity to screen it from notice, and to give the semblance of wisdom to that which, in their own judgment, they characterized as folly.

Besides irresolution, there was in Elizabeth another quality equally, perhaps more, mortifying to her counsellors and favourites; her care to improve her revenue, her reluctance to part with her money. That frugality in a sovereign is a virtue deserving the highest praise, could not be denied; but they contended that, in their mistress, it had degenerated into parsimony, if not into avarice. Their salaries were, indeed, low: she distributed her gratuities with a sparing hand; and the more honest among them injured their fortunes in her service: yet there were others who, by the sale of places, and patronage, and monopolies, were able to amass considerable wealth; or to spend with a profusion almost unexampled among subjects. The truth, however, was, that the foreign policy of the cabinet, had plunged the queen into a gulf of unfathomable expense. Her connexion with the insurgents in so many different countries, the support of a standing army in Holland, her long war with Spain, and the repeated attempts to suppress the rebellion of Tyrone, were continual drains upon the treasury, which the revenue of the crown, with every adventitious aid of subsidies, loans, fines, and forfeitures, was unable to supply. Her poverty increased as her wants multiplied. All her efforts were cramped: expeditions were calculated on too limited a scale, and for too

short a period; and the very apprehension of present, served only to entail on her future and more enormous, expense.

An intelligent foreigner had described Elizabeth, while she was yet a subject, as haughty and overbearing: on the throne she was careful to display that notion of her own importance, that contempt of all beneath her, and that courage in the time of danger, which were characteristic of the Tudors. She seemed to have forgotten that she ever had a mother: but was proud to remind both herself and others that she was the daughter of a powerful monarch, of Henry VIII. On occasions of ceremony she appeared in all her splendour, accompanied by the great officers of state, and with a numerous retinue of lords and ladies dressed in their most gorgeous apparel. In reading the accounts of her court, we may sometimes fancy ourselves transported into the palace of an eastern princess. When Hentzner saw her she was proceeding on a Sunday from her own apartment to the chapel. First appeared a number of gentlemen, barons, earls, and knights of the garter; then came the chancellor with the seals, between two lords carrying the sceptre and the sword. Elizabeth followed: and wherever she cast her eyes, the spectators instantly fell on their knees. She was then in her sixty-fifth year. She wore false hair of a red colour, surmounted with a crown of gold. The wrinkles of age were imprinted on her face; her eyes were small, her teeth black, her nose prominent. The collar of the garter hung from her neck; and her bosom was uncovered, as became an unmarried queen. Behind her followed a long train of young ladies dressed in white; and on each side stood a line of gentlemen pensioners, with their gilt battle-axes, in splendid uniforms.

The traveller next proceeded to the dining room. Two gentlemen entered to lay the cloth, two to bring the queen's plate, salt, and bread. All, before they approached the table, and when they retired from it, made three genuflexions. Then came a single and a married lady, performing the same ceremonies. The first rubbed the plate with bread and salt: the second gave a morsel of meat to each of the yeomen of the guard, who brought in the different courses; and at the same time the hall echoed to the sound of twelve trumpets, and two kettle drums. But the queen dined that day in private; and,

after a short pause, her maids of honour entered in procession, and with much reverence and solemnity, took the dishes from the table, and carried them into an inner apartment.

Yet while she maintained this state in public and in the palace, while she taught the proudest of the nobility to feel the distance between them and their sovereign, she condescended to court the good will of the common people. In the country, they had access to her at all times; neither their rudeness nor impertunity appeared to offend her: she received their petitions with an air of pleasure, thanked them for their expressions of attachment, and sought the opportunity of entering into private conversation with individuals. Her progresses were undoubtedly undertaken for pleasure: but she made them subservient to policy, and increased her popularity by her affability and condescension to the private inhabitants of the counties in which she made her temporary abode.

From the elevation of the throne, we may now follow Elizabeth into the privacy of domestic life. Her natural abilities were great: she had studied under experienced masters; and her stock of literature was much more ample than that of most females of the age. Like her sister Mary, she possessed a knowledge of five languages: but Mary did not venture to converse in Italian, neither could she construe the Greek Testament, like Elizabeth. The queen is said to have excelled on the virginals, and to have understood the most difficult music. But dancing was her principal delight: and in that exercise she displayed a grace and spirit, which was universally admired. She retained her partiality for it to the last: few days passed in which the young nobility of the court were not called to dance before their sovereign; and the queen herself condescended to perform her part in a galliard with the duke of Nevers, at the age of sixty-nine.

Of her vanity the reader will have noticed several instances in the preceding pages: there remains one of a more extraordinary description. It is seldom that females have the boldness to become the heralds of their own charms: but Elizabeth by proclamation announced to her people, that none of the portraits, which had hitherto been taken of her person, did justice to the original: that at the re-

quest of her council she had resolved to procure an exact likeness from the pencil of some able artist: that it should soon be published for the gratification of her loving subjects: and that on this account she strictly forbad all persons whomsoever, to paint or engrave any new portraits of her features without licence, or to shew or publish any of the old portraits, till they had been reformed according to the copy to be set forth by authority.

The courtiers soon discovered how greedy their sovereign was of flattery. If they sought to please, they were careful to admire: and adulation the most fulsome and extravagant, was accepted by the queen with gratitude, and rewarded with bounty. Neither was her appetite for praise cloyed, it seemed rather to become more craving, by enjoyment. After she had passed her grand climacteric she exacted the same homage to her faded charms as had been paid to her youth; and all who addressed her, were still careful to express their admiration of her beauty in the language of oriental hyperbole.

But however highly the queen might think of her person, she did not despise the aid of external ornament. At her death, two, some say three, thousand dresses were found in her wardrobe, with a numerous collection of jewellery, for the most part presents, which she had received from petitioners, from her courtiers on her saint's day, and at the beginning of each year, and from the noblemen and gentlemen, whose houses she had honoured with her presence. To the austere notions of the bishop of London, this love of finery appeared unbecoming her age, and in his sermon he endeavoured to raise her thoughts from the ornaments of dress to the riches of heaven: but she told her ladies, that if he touched upon that subject again, she would fit *him* for heaven. He should walk there without a staff, and leave his mantle behind him.

In her temper Elizabeth seemed to have inherited the irritability of her father. The least inattention, the slightest provocation, would throw her into a passion. At all times her discourse was sprinkled with oaths: in the sallies of her anger it abounded with imprecations and abuse. Nor did she content herself with words: not only the ladies about her person, but her courtiers and the highest officers in the state, felt the weight of her hands. She

collared Hatton, she gave a blow on the ear to the earl marshal, and she spat on sir Matthew ———, with the foppery of whose dress she was offended.

Elizabeth firmly believed, and zealously upheld, the principles of government, established by her father, the exercise of absolute authority by the sovereign, and the duty of passive obedience in the subject. The doctrine, with which the lord keeper Bacon opened her first parliament, was indefinitely inculcated by all his successors during her reign, that, if the queen consulted the two houses, it was through choice, not through necessity, to the end that her laws might be more satisfactory to her people, not that they might derive any force from their assent. She possessed by her prerogative whatever was requisite for the government of the realm. She could, at her pleasure, suspend the operation of existing statutes, or issue proclamations which should have the force of law. In her opinion the chief use of parliaments was to vote money, to regulate the minutæ of trade, and to legislate for individual and local interests. To the lower house she granted, indeed, freedom of debate; but it was to be a decent freedom, the liberty of "saying aye or no;" and those who transgressed that decency were liable, we have repeatedly seen, to feel the weight of the royal displeasure.

The historians, who celebrate the golden days of Elizabeth, have described with a glowing pencil, the happiness of the people under her sway. To them might be opposed the dismal picture of national misery, drawn by the catholic writers of the same period. But both have taken too contracted a view of the subject. Religious dissension had divided the nation into opposite parties, of almost equal numbers, the oppressors and the oppressed. Under the operation of the penal statutes, many ancient and opulent families had been ground to the dust; new families had sprung up in their place: and these, as they shared the plunder, naturally eulogized the system to which they owed their wealth and their ascendancy. But their prosperity was not the prosperity of the nation: it was that of one-half obtained at the expense of the other.

It is evident that neither Elizabeth nor her ministers understood the benefit of civil and religious liberty. The prerogatives which she so highly prized, have

long since withered away: the bloody code which she enacted against the rights of conscience, has ceased to stain the pages of the statute book: and the result has proved, that the abolition of despotism and intolerance adds no less to the stability of the throne, than to the happiness of the people.

Lingard.

§ 97. *Character of JAMES I.*

James was of a middle stature, of a fine complexion, and a soft skin; his person plump, but not corpulent; his eyes large and rolling, his beard thin, his tongue too big for his mouth, his countenance disagreeable, his air awkward, and his gait remarkably ungraceful, from a weakness in his knees that prevented his walking without assistance; he was tolerably temperate in his diet, but drank of little else than rich and strong wines. His character, from the variety of grotesque qualities that compose it, is not easy to be delineated. The virtues he possessed were so loaded with a greater proportion of their neighbouring vices, that they exhibit no lights, to set off the dark shades; his principles of generosity were tainted by such a childish profusion, that they left him without means of paying his just obligations, and subjected him to the necessity of attempting irregular, illegal, and unjust methods of acquiring money. His friendship, not to give it the name of vice, was directed by so puerile a fancy, and so absurd a caprice, that the objects of it were contemptible, and its consequences attended with such an unmerited profusion of favours, that it was perhaps the most exceptionable quality of any he possessed. His distinctions were formed on principles of selfishness; he valued no person for any endowments that could not be made subservient to his pleasures or his interest; and thus he rarely advanced any man of real worth to preferment. His familiar conversation, both in writing and in speaking, was stuffed with vulgar and indecent phrases. Though proud and arrogant in his temper, and full of the importance of his station, he descended to buffoonery, and suffered his favourites to address him in the most disrespectful terms of gross familiarity.

Himself affected a sententious wit, but rose no higher in those attempts than to quaint, and often stale conceits. His education had been a more learned one than is commonly bestowed on princes; this,

from the conceit it gave him, turned out a very disadvantageous circumstance, by contracting his opinions to his own narrow views; his pretences to a consummate knowledge in divinity, politics, and the art of governing, expose him to a high degree of ridicule; his conduct shewing him more than commonly deficient in all these points. His romantic idea of the natural rights of princes, caused him publicly to avow pretensions that impressed into the minds of the people an incurable jealousy; this, with an affectation of a profound skill in the art of dissembling, or king-craft, as he termed it, rendered him the object of fear and distrust; when at the same time he was himself the only dupe to an impertinent, useless hypothesis.

If the laws and constitution of England received no prejudice from his government, it was owing to his want of ability to effect a change suitable to the purpose of an arbitrary sway. Stained with these vices, and sullied with these weaknesses, if he is even exempt from our hatred, the exemption must arise from motives of contempt. Despicable as he appears through his own Britannic government, his behaviour when king of Scotland was in many points unexceptionable; but, intoxicated with the power he received over a people whose privileges were but feebly established, and who had been long subjected to civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, he at once flung off that moderation that hid his deformities from the common eye. It is alleged, that the corruption he met with in the court of England, and the time-serving genius of the English noblemen, were the great means that debauched him from his circumspect conduct. Among the forwardest of the worthless tribe was Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, who told him, on his coming to the crown, that he should find his English subjects like asses, on whom he might lay any burden, and should need neither bit nor bridle, but their asses' ears. Died March 27, A. D. 1625. Aged 59.

Macaulay.

§ 98. *Another Character of JAMES.*

James was in his stature of the middle size, inclining to corpulency; his forehead was high, his beard scanty, and his aspect mean; his eyes, which were weak and languid, he rolled about incessantly, as if in quest of novelty; his tongue was so large, that in speaking or drinking, he belaboured the bystanders; his knees were

so weak as to bend under the weight of his body; his address was awkward, and his appearance slovenly. There was nothing dignified either in the composition of his mind or person. We have in the course of his reign exhibited repeated instances of his ridiculous vanity, prejudices, profusion, folly, and littleness of soul. All that we can add in his favour is, that he was averse to cruelty and injustice; very little addicted to excess, temperate in his meals, kind to his servants, and even desirous of acquiring the love of his subjects, by granting that as a favour, which they claimed as a privilege. His reign, though ignoble to himself, was happy to his people. They were enriched by commerce, which no war interrupted. They felt no severe impositions; and the commons made considerable progress in ascertaining the liberties of the nation.

Smollett.

§ 99. *Another Character of JAMES.*

No prince, so little enterprising and so inoffensive, was ever so much exposed to the opposite extremes of calumny and flattery, of satire and panegyric. And the factions which began in his time, being still continued, have made his character be as much disputed to this day, as is commonly that of princes who are our contemporaries. Many virtues, however, it must be owned, he was possessed of; but not one of them pure, or free from the contagion of the neighbouring vices. His generosity bordered on profusion, his learning on pedantry, his pacific disposition on pusillanimity, his wisdom on cunning, his friendship on light fancy, and boyish fondness. While he imagined that he was only maintaining his own authority, he may perhaps be suspected in some of his actions, and still more of his pretensions, to have encroached on the liberties of his people.

While he endeavoured, by an exact neutrality, to acquire the good-will of all his neighbours, he was able to preserve fully the esteem and regard of none. His capacity was considerable, but fitter to discourse on general maxims than to conduct any intricate business.

His intentions were just, but more adapted to the conduct of private life, than to the government of kingdoms. Awkward in his person, and ungainly in his manners, he was ill qualified to command respect: partial and undiscerning

in his affections, he was little fitted to acquire general love. Of a feeble temper more than a frugal judgment; exposed to our ridicule from his vanity, but exempt from our hatred by his freedom from pride and arrogance. And upon the whole it may be pronounced of his character, that all his qualities were sullied with weakness, and embellished by humanity. Political courage he was certainly devoid of; and from thence chiefly is derived the strong prejudice which prevails against his personal bravery: an inference, however, which must be owned, from general experience, to be extremely fallacious. *Hume.*

§ 100. *Another Character of JAMES.*

The principal thing which is made to serve for matter for king James's panegyric, is the constant peace he caused his subjects to enjoy. This cannot be said to be the effect of chance, since it clearly appears, it was his sole, or at least his chief aim in the whole course of his administration. Nothing, say his friends, is more worthy a great king than such a design. But the same design loses all its merit, if the prince discovers by his conduct, that he preserves peace only out of fear, carelessness, excessive love of ease and repose; and king James's whole behaviour shews he acted from these motives, though he coloured it with the pretence of his affection for the people.

His liberality, which some praise him for, is exclaimed against by others as prodigality. These last pretend he gave without measure and discretion, without any regard to his own wants, or the merit of those whom he heaped his favours upon.

As to his manners, writers are no less divided: some will have him to be looked on as a very wise and virtuous prince; whilst others speak of him as a prince of a dissolute life, given to drinking, and a great swearer in common conversation, especially when in a passion. He is likewise taxed with dissolving the Earl of Essex's marriage, the pardoning the Earl and Countess of Somerset, the death of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the confidence wherewith in full parliament he called God to witness, that he never had any thoughts of giving the Papists a toleration, which he could not affirm but by means of some mental reservation.

But whatever may be said for or against James's person, it is certain England ne-

ver flourished less than in his reign; the English saw themselves exposed to the insults and jests of other nations, and all the world in general threw the blame on the king. *Rapin.*

§ 101. *Character of CHARLES I.*

Such was the unworthy and unexamplèd fate of Charles I. king of England, who fell a sacrifice to the most atrocious insolence of treason, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and in the twenty-fourth of his reign. He was a prince of a middling stature, robust, and well-proportioned. His hair was of a dark colour, his forehead high, his complexion pale, his visage long, and his aspect melancholy. He excelled in riding, and other manly exercises; he inherited a good understanding from nature, and had cultivated it with great assiduity. His perception was clear and acute; his judgment solid and decisive; he possessed a fine taste for the liberal arts, and was a munificent patron to those who excelled in painting, sculpture, music, and architecture. In his private morals he was altogether unblemished and exemplary. He was merciful, modest, chaste, temperate, religious, personally brave, and we may join the noble historian in saying, "He was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best christian of the age in which he lived." He had the misfortune to be bred up in high notions of the prerogative, which he thought his honour and his duty obliged him to maintain. He lived at a time when the spirit of the people became too mighty for those restraints which the regal power derived from the constitution; and when the tide of fanaticism began to overbear the religion of his country, to which he was conscientiously devoted; he suffered himself to be guided by counsellors, who were not only inferior to himself in knowledge and judgment, but generally proud, partial, and inflexible; and from an excess of conjugal affection, that bordered upon weakness, he paid too much deference to the advice and desires of his consort, who was superstitiously attached to the errors of popery, and importuned him incessantly in favour of the Roman Catholics.

Such were the sources of all that misgovernment which was imputed to him during the first fifteen years of his reign. From the beginning of the civil war to his fatal catastrophe, his conduct seems to

have been unexceptionable. His infirmities and imperfections have been candidly owned in the course of this narration. He was not very liberal to his dependants; his conversation was not easy, nor his address pleasing; yet the probity of his heart, and the innocence of his manners, won the affection of all who attended his person, not even excepting those who had the charge of his confinement. In a word, he certainly deserved the epithet of a virtuous prince, though he wanted some of those shining qualities which constitute the character of a great monarch. Beheaded January 30, 1648-9. *Smollett.*

§ 102. *Another Character of CHARLES I.*

The character of this prince, as that of most men, if not of all men, was mixed, but his virtues predominated extremely above his vices; or, more properly speaking, his imperfections: for scarce any of his faults arose to that pitch, as to merit the appellation of vices. To consider him in the most favourable light, it may be affirmed, that his dignity was exempted from pride, his humanity from weakness, his bravery from rashness, his temperance from austerity, and his frugality from avarice: all these virtues in him maintained their proper bounds, and merited unreserved praise. To speak the most harshly of him, we may affirm, that many of his good qualities were attended with some latent frailty, which, though seemingly inconsiderable, was able, when seconded by the extreme malevolence of his fortune, to disappoint them of all their influence. His beneficent disposition was clouded by a manner not gracious; his virtue was tinctured with superstition; his good sense was disfigured by a deference to persons of a capacity much inferior to his own; and his moderate temper exempted him not from hasty and precipitate resolutions. He deserves the epithet of a good, rather than a great man; and was more fitted to rule in a regular established government, than either to give way to the encroachments of a popular assembly, or finally to subdue their pretensions. He wanted suppleness and dexterity sufficient for the first measure; he was not endowed with vigour requisite for the second. Had he been born an absolute prince, his humanity and good sense had rendered his reign happy, and his memory precious. Had the limitations on the prerogative been in his time quite

fixed and certain, his integrity had made him regard as sacred the boundaries of the constitution. Unhappily his fate threw him into a period when the precedents of many former reigns savoured strongly of arbitrary power, and the genius of the people ran violently towards liberty. And if his political prudence was not sufficient to extricate him from so perilous a situation, he may be excused; since, even after the event, when it is commonly easy to correct all errors, one is at a loss to determine what conduct in his circumstances would have maintained the authority of the crown, and preserved the peace of the nation. Exposed, without revenue, without arms, to the assault of furious, implacable, and bigoted factions; it was never permitted him, but with the most fatal consequences, to commit the smallest mistake; a condition too rigorous to be imposed on the greatest human capacity.

Some historians have rashly questioned the good faith of this prince; but for this reproach, the most malignant scrutiny of his conduct, which in every circumstance is now thoroughly known, affords not any reasonable foundation. On the contrary, if we consider the extreme difficulties to which he was so frequently reduced, and compare the sincerity of his professions and declarations, we shall avow, that probity and honour ought justly to be numbered among his most shining qualities. In every treaty, those concessions which he thought in conscience he could not maintain, he never would by any motive or persuasion be induced to make.

And though some violations of the petition of right may be imputed to him, those are more to be ascribed to the necessity of his situation, and to the lofty ideas of royal prerogative which he had imbibed, than to any failure of the integrity of his principles. This prince was of a comely presence; of a sweet and melancholy aspect; his face was regular, handsome, and well complexioned; his body strong, healthy, and justly proportioned: and being of middle stature, he was capable of enduring the greatest fatigues. He excelled in horsemanship and other exercises; and he possessed all the exterior, as well as many of the essential, qualities, which form an accomplished prince.

Hume.

§ 103. *Another Character of CHARLES I.*

In the character of Charles, as repre-

sented by his panegyrists, we find the qualities of temperance, chastity, regularity, piety, equity, humanity, dignity, condescension, and equanimity; some have gone so far as to allow him integrity, and many writers, who condemn his political principles, give him the title of a moral man. In the comparison of this representation with Charles's conduct, accurately and justly described, it is discernible that vices of the worst tendency, when shaded by a plausible and formal carriage, when concordant to the interests of a faction, and the prejudices of the vulgar, assume the appearances of, and are imposed on the credulous world as, virtues of the first rank.

Passion for power was Charles's predominant vice; idolatry to his regal prerogatives, his governing principle. The interests of the crown legitimated every measure, and sanctified, in his eye, the widest deviation from moral rule.

Neither gratitude, clemency, humanity, equity, nor generosity, have place in the fair part of Charles's character; of the virtues of temperance, fortitude, and personal bravery he was undeniably possessed. His manners partook of dissipation, and his conversation of the indecency of a court. His chastity has been called in question, by an author of the highest repute; and were it allowed, it was tainted by an excess of uxoriousness, which gave it the properties and the consequences of vice. The want of integrity is manifest in every part of his conduct; which, whether the corruption of his judgment or heart, lost him fair opportunities of reinstatement in the throne, and was the vice for which above all others he paid the tribute of his life. His intellectual powers were naturally good, and so improved by a continual exercise, that though in the beginning of his reign he spoke with difficulty and hesitation, towards the close of his life he discovered in his writings purity of language and dignity of style; in his debates, elocution, and quickness of perception. The high opinion he entertained of regal dignity, occasioned him to observe a stateliness and imperiousness in his manner; which, to the rational and intelligent, was unamiable and offensive; by the weak and formal it was mistaken for dignity.

In the exercise of horsemanship he excelled; had a good taste, and even skill, in several of the polite arts; but though a

proficient in some branches of literature, was no encourager of useful learning, and only patronized adepts in jargon of the divine right, and utility of kings and bishops. His understanding in this point was so depraved by the prejudices of his education, the flattery of priests, and the affections of his heart, that he would never endure conversation which tended to inculcate the principles of equal right in men; and notwithstanding that the particularity of his situation enforced his attention to doctrines of this kind, he went out of the world with the same fond prejudices with which he had been fostered in his nursery, and cajoled in the zenith of his power.

Charles was of a middle stature, his body strong, healthy, and justly proportioned; and his aspect melancholy, yet not unpleasing. His surviving issue were three sons and three daughters. He was executed in the 49th year of his age, and buried, by the appointment of the parliament, at Windsor, decently, yet without pomp.

Macaulay.

§ 104. *Character of OLIVER CROMWELL*.*

Oliver Cromwell was of a robust make and constitution, his aspect manly though clownish. His education extended no farther than a superficial knowledge of the Latin tongue, but he inherited great talents from nature; though they were such as he could not have exerted to advantage at any juncture than that of a civil war, inflamed by religious contests. His character was formed from an amazing conjuncture of enthusiasm, hypocrisy, and ambition. He was possessed of courage and resolution, that overlooked all dangers, and saw no difficulties. He dived into the characters of mankind with wonderful sagacity, whilst he concealed his own purposes, under the impenetrable shield of dissimulation.

He reconciled the most atrocious crimes to the most rigid notions of religious obligations. From the severest exercise of devotion, he relaxed into the most ridiculous

and idle buffoonery: yet he preserved the dignity and distance of his character, in the midst of the coarsest familiarity. He was cruel and tyrannic from policy; just and temperate from inclination; perplexed and despicable in his discourse; clear and consummate in his designs; ridiculous in his reveries; respectable in his conduct; in a word, the strangest compound of villany and virtue, baseness and magnanimity, absurdity and good sense, that we find on record in the annals of mankind†.

Noble.

§ 105. *Character of CHARLES II.*

If we survey the character of Charles the Second in the different lights which it will admit of, it will appear very various, and give rise to different and even opposite sentiments. When considered as a companion, he appears the most amiable and engaging of men; and indeed in this view his deportment must be allowed altogether unexceptionable. His love of raillery was so tempered with good breeding, that it was never offensive. His propensity to satire was so checked with discretion, that his friends never dreaded their becoming the object of it. His wit, to use the expression of one who knew him well, and who was himself an exquisite judge‡, could not be said so much to be very refined or elevated, qualities apt to beget jealousy and apprehension in company, as to be a plain, gaining, well-bred, recommending kind of wit. And though perhaps he talked more than strict rules of behaviour might permit, men were so pleased with the affable communicative deportment of the monarch, that they always went away contented both with him and with themselves. This indeed is the most shining part of the king's character, and he seems to have been sensible of it; for he was fond of dropping the formalities of state, and of relapsing every moment into the companion.

In the duties of private life, his conduct, though not free from exception, was in the main laudable. He was an easy generous

* From Noble's Memoirs of the Protectoral house of Cromwell.

† Cromwell died more than five millions in debt; though the parliament had left him in the treasury about five hundred thousand pounds, and in stores to the value of seven hundred thousand pounds.

Richard, the son of Cromwell, was proclaimed protector in his room; but Richard, being of a very different disposition to his father, resigned his authority the 22d of April, 1659; and soon after signed his abdication in form, and retired to live several years after his resignation, at first on the Continent, and afterwards upon his paternal fortune at home.

‡ Marquis of Halifax.

lover, a civil obliging husband, a friendly brother, an indulgent father, and a good-natured master. The voluntary friendships, however, which this prince contracted, nay, even his sense of gratitude, were feeble; and he never attached himself to any of his ministers or courtiers with a very sincere affection. He believed them to have no other motive for serving him but self-interest, and he was still ready, in his turn, to sacrifice them to present ease and convenience.

With a detail of his private character we must set bounds to our panegyric on Charles. The other parts of his conduct may admit of some apology, but can deserve small applause. He was indeed so much fitted for private life, preferably to public, that he even possessed order, frugality, economy in the former; was profuse, thoughtless, negligent in the latter. When we consider him as a sovereign, his character, though not altogether void of virtues, was in the main dangerous to his people, and dishonourable to himself. Negligent of the interests of the nation, careless of its glory, averse to its religion, jealous of its liberty, lavish of its treasure, and sparing only of its blood; he exposed it by his measures (though he appeared ever but in sport) to the danger of a furious civil war, and even to the ruin and ignominy of a foreign contest. Yet may all these enormities, if fairly and candidly examined, be imputed, in a great measure, to the indolence of his temper; a fault which, however unfortunate in a monarch, it is impossible for us to regard with great severity.

It has been remarked of this king, that he never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one: a censure, which, though too far carried, seems to have some foundation in his character and deportment. Died Feb. 6, 1685, aged 54. *Hume.*

§ 106. *Another Character of CHARLES II.*

Charles II. was in his person tall and swarthy, and his countenance marked with strong, harsh lineaments. His penetration was keen, his judgment clear, his understanding extensive, his conversation lively and entertaining, and he possessed the talent of wit and ridicule. He was easy of access, polite and affable; had he been limited to a private station, he would have passed for the most agreeable and best-natured man of the age in which he lived.

His greatest enemies allow him to have been a civil husband, an obliging lover, an affectionate father, and an indulgent master; even as a prince, he manifested an aversion to cruelty and injustice. Yet these good qualities were more than over-balanced by his weakness and defects. He was a scoffer at religion, and a libertine in his morals; careless, indolent, profuse, abandoned to effeminate pleasure, incapable of any noble enterprise, a stranger to any manly friendship and gratitude, deaf to the voice of honour, blind to the allurements of glory, and, in a word, wholly destitute of every active virtue. Being himself unprincipled, he believed mankind were false, perfidious, and interested; and therefore practised dissimulation for his own convenience. He was strongly attached to the French manners, government, and monarch; he was dissatisfied with his own limited prerogative. The majority of his own subjects he despised or hated, as hypocrites, fanatics, and republicans, who had persecuted his father and himself, and sought the destruction of the monarchy. In these sentiments, he could not be supposed to pursue the interest of the nation; on the contrary, he seemed to think that his own safety was incompatible with the honour and advantage of his people. *Smollett.*

§ 107. *Another Character of CHARLES II.*

Thus lived and died King Charles the Second. He was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life, with the splendour that became the heir of so great a crown. After that, he passed through eighteen years in great inequalities, unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and of the crown of England.—While he was abroad at Paris, Colen, or Brussels, he never seemed to lay any thing to heart. He pursued all his diversions, and irregular pleasures, in a free career; and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown, as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects, with which, he complained often, his chancellor persecuted him. That in which he seemed most concerned was, to find money for supporting his expence. And it was often said, that if Cromwell would have compounded the

matter, and have given him a good round pension, he might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile, he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures, that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in reading and study; and yet less in thinking. And in the state his affairs were then in, he accustomed himself to say to every person, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please most; so that words or promises went very easily from him. And he had so ill an opinion of mankind, that he thought the great art of living and governing was to manage all things and all persons, with a depth of craft and dissimulation. He desired to become absolute, and to overturn both our religion and laws; yet he would neither run the risk, nor give himself the trouble, which so great a design required. He had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment; but he seemed to have no bowels nor tenderness in his nature; and in the end of his life he became cruel.

Burnet.

§ 108. *Another Character of CHARLES II.*

The character of Charles the Second, like the transactions of his reign, has assumed various appearances, in proportion to the passions and prejudices of different writers. To affirm that he was a great and good king, would be as unjust as to allege that he was destitute of all virtue, and a bloody and inhuman tyrant. The indolence of his disposition, and the dissipation occasioned by his pleasures, as they were at first the source of his misfortunes, became afterwards the safety of the nation. Had he joined the ambition of power, and the perseverance and attention of his brother, to his own insinuating and engaging address, he might have secured his reputation with writers, by enslaving them with the nation.

In his person he was tall and well made. His complexion was dark, the lines of his face strong and harsh, when singly traced: but when his features were comprehended in one view, they appeared dignified and even pleasing. In the motions of his person he was easy, graceful, and firm. His constitution was strong, and communicated an active vigour in all his limbs. Though a lover of ease of mind, he was fond of bodily exercise. He rose early, he walked much,

he mixed with the meanest of his subjects, and joined in their conversation, without diminishing his own dignity, or raising their presumption. He was acquainted with many persons in the lower stations of life. He captivated them with sprightly turns of humour, and with a kind of good-natured wit, which rendered them pleased with themselves. His guards only attended him on public occasions. He took the air frequently in company with a single friend; and though crowds followed him, it was more from a wish to attract his notice, than from an idle curiosity. When evident designs against his life were daily exhibited before the courts of justice, he changed not his manner of appearing in public. It was soon after the Rye-house plot was discovered, he is said to have been severe on his brother's character, when he exhibited a striking feature of his own. The Duke returning from hunting with his guards, found the king one day in Hyde Park. He expressed his surprise how his majesty could venture his person alone at such a perilous time. "James," replied the king, "take you care of yourself, and I am safe. No man in England will kill ME, to make YOU king."

When he was opposed with most violence in parliament, he continued the most popular man in the kingdom. His good-breeding as a gentleman overcame the opinion conceived of his faults as a king. His affability, his easy address, his attention to the very prejudices of the people, rendered him independent of all the arts of his enemies to inflame the vulgar. He is said with reason to have died opportunely for his country. Had his life extended to the number of years which the strength of his constitution seemed to promise, the nation would have lost all memory of their liberties. Had his fate placed Charles the Second in those latter times, when influence supplied the place of obvious power; when the crown had ceased to be distressed through the channel of its necessities; when the representatives of the people, in granting supplies for the public service, provide for themselves; his want of ambition would have precluded the jealousy, and his popular qualities secured the utmost admiration of his subjects. His gallantry itself would be construed into spirit, in an age where decency is only an improvement on vice.

Macpherson.

§ 109. *Character of JAMES II.*

In many respects it must be owned, that he was a virtuous man, as well as a good monarch. He was frugal of the public money; he encouraged commerce with great attention; he applied himself to naval affairs with success; he supported the fleet as the glory and protection of England. He was also zealous for the honour of his country; he was capable of supporting its interests with a degree of dignity in the scale of Europe. In his private life he was almost irreproachable; he was an indulgent parent, a tender husband, a generous and steady friend; in his deportment he was affable, though stately; he bestowed favours with peculiar grace; he prevented solicitation by the suddenness of his disposal of places; though scarce any prince was ever so generally deserted, few ever had so many private friends; those who injured him most were the first to implore his forgiveness, and even after they had raised another prince to the throne, they respected his person, and were anxious for his safety. To these virtues he added a steadiness of counsels, a perseverance in his plans, and courage in his enterprises. He was honourable and fair in all his dealings; he was unjust to men in their principles, but never with regard to their property. Though few monarchs ever offended a people more, he yielded to none in his love of his subjects; he even affirmed that he quitted England to prevent the horrors of a civil war, as much as from fear of a restraint upon his person from the Prince of Orange. His great virtue was a strict adherence to facts and truth in all he wrote and said, though some parts of his conduct had rendered his sincerity in his political profession suspected by his enemies. Abdicated his throne 1689. *Macpherson.*

§ 110. *Another Character of JAMES II.*

The enemies of James did not fail to make the most of the advantages they had gained by their subtle manœuvres; some said, that the king's flight was the effect of a disturbed conscience, labouring under the load of secret guilt; and those whose censures were more moderate, asserted, that his incurable bigotry had led him even to sacrifice his crown to the interests of his priests; and that he chose rather to depend on the precarious

support of a French force to subdue the refractory spirit of his people, than to abide the issue of events which threatened such legal limitations as should effectually prevent any farther abuse of power.

The whole tenor of the king's past conduct, undoubtedly gave a countenance to insinuations, which were in themselves sufficiently plausible to answer all the purposes for which they were industriously circulated; but when the following circumstances are taken into consideration, namely, that timidity is natural to the human mind, when oppressed with an uninterrupted series of misfortunes; that the king's life was put so entirely into the hands of a rival, whose ambitious views were altogether incompatible even with the shadow of regal power in his person; that the means taken to increase the apprehensions which reflections of this nature must necessarily occasion, were of the most mortifying kind; it must be acknowledged, that if the principles of heroic virtue might have produced different conduct in some exalted individuals, yet that the generality of mankind would, in James's situation, have sought shelter in the professed generosity of a trusted friend, from personal insult, personal danger, and from all the harassing suspense under which the mind of this imprudent and unfortunate monarch had long laboured.

The opposition of James's religious principles to those of his subjects, his unpopular connexions with the court of France; but, above all, the permanent establishment of a rival family on the throne of England, has formed in his favour such an union of prejudice and interest, as to destroy in the minds of posterity all that sympathy, which, on similar occasions, and in similar misfortunes, has so wonderfully operated in favour of other princes; and whilst we pay the tribute of unavailing tears over the memory of Charles the First; whilst, with the Church of England, we venerate him as a martyr to the power and office of prelates; whilst we see, with regret, that he was stripped of his dignity and life at the very time when the chastening hand of affliction had, in a great measure, corrected the errors of a faulty education; the irresistible power of truth must oblige us to confess, that the adherence to religious principle, which cost the father his life, deprived the son of his dominions; that the enormous abuses of

power with which both sovereigns are accused, owed their origin to the same source; the errors arising from a bad education, aggravated and extended by the impious flattery of designing priests; we shall also be obliged to confess, that the parliament itself, by an unprecedented servility, helped to confirm James in the exalted idea he had entertained of the royal office, and that the doctrines of an absolute and unconditional submission on the part of subjects, which, in the reign of his father, was in a great measure confined to the precepts of a Laud, a Sibthorpe, and Maynwaring, were now taught as the avowed doctrines of the Church of England, were acknowledged by the two Universities, and implicitly avowed by a large majority of the nation; so great, indeed, was the change in the temper, manners, and opinions of the people, from the commencement of the reign of Charles the First to the commencement of the reign of his son James, that at this shameful period the people gloried in having laid all their privileges at the foot of the throne, and execrated every generous principle of freedom, as arising from a spirit totally incompatible with the peace of society, and altogether repugnant to the doctrines of Christianity.

This was the situation of affairs at the accession of the unfortunate James; and had he been equally unprincipled as his brother, the deceased king; had he professed himself a Protestant, whilst he was in his heart a Papist; had he not regarded it as his duty to use his omnipotent power for the restoring to some parts of its ancient dignity a Church which he regarded as the only true Church of Christ; or had he, instead of attacking the prerogative of the prelacy, suffered them to share the regal despotism which they had fixed on the basis of conscience, the most flagrant abuses of civil power would never have been called in judgment against him, and parliament themselves would have lent their constitutional authority to have riveted the chains of the empire in such a manner as should have put it out of the power of the most determined votaries of freedom to have re-established the government on its ancient foundation. From this immediate evil England owes its deliverance to the bigoted sincerity of James; a circumstance which ought, in some measure, to conciliate our affections to the memory of the sufferer, and induce us to treat

those errors with lenity, which have led to the enjoyment of privileges which can never be entirely lost, but by a general corruption of principle and depravity of manners.

It was said by the witty Duke of Buckingham, "that Charles the Second might do well if he would, and that James would do well if he could;" an observation which says little for the understanding of James, but a great deal for his heart; and, with all the blemishes with which his public character is stained, he was not deficient in several qualities necessary to compose a good sovereign. His industry and business were exemplary, he was frugal of the public money, he cherished and extended the maritime power of the empire, and his encouragement of trade was attended with such success, that, according to the observation of the impartial historian Ralph, as the frugality of his administration helped to increase the number of malcontents, so his extreme attention to trade was not less alarming to the whole body of the Dutch, than his resolution not to rush into a war with France was mortifying to their stadtholder.

In domestic life, the character of James, though not irreproachable, was comparatively good. It is true, he was in a great measure tainted with that licentiousness of manners, which at this time pervaded the whole society, and which reigned triumphant within the circle of the court; but he was never carried into any excesses which trenched deeply upon the duties of social life; and if the qualities of his heart were only to be judged by his different conduct in the different characters of husband, father, master, and friend, he might be pronounced a man of very amiable disposition. But those who know not how to forgive injuries, and can never pardon the errors, the infirmities, the vices, or even the virtues of their fellow-creatures, when in any respect they affect personal interest, or inclination, will aim against them the sensibility of every humane mind, and can never expect from others that justice and commiseration which themselves have never exercised: but whilst we execrate that rancorous cruelty with which James, in the short hour of triumph, persecuted all those who endeavoured to thwart his ambitious hopes, it is but justice to observe, that the rauc vices of pride, malice, and

revenge, which blacken his conduct, whilst he figured in the station of presumptive heir to the crown, and afterwards in the character of sovereign on the successful quelling of the Monmouth rebellion, were thoroughly corrected by the chastising hand of affliction: that the whole period of his life, from his return to Ireland to the day of his death, was spent in the exercise of the first Christian virtues, patience, fortitude, humility, and resignation. Bretonneau, his biographer, records, that he always spoke with an extreme moderation of the individuals who had acted the most successfully in his disfavour; that he reproved those who mentioned their conduct with severity; that he read, even with a stocial apathy, the bitterest writings which were published against him; that he regarded the loss of empire as a necessary correction of the misdemeanors of his life, and even rebuked those who expressed any concern for the issue of events, which he respected as ordinations of the divine will.

According to the same biographer, James was exact in his devotion; moderate even to abstinence in his life; full of sentiments of the highest contrition for past offences; and, according to the discipline of the Romish church, was very severe in the austerities which he inflicted on his person. As this prince justly regarded himself as a martyr to the Catholic faith, as his warmest friends were all of this persuasion, as his conversation in his retirement at St. Germain's was entirely, in a great measure, confined to priests and devotees, it is natural that this superstition should increase with the increase of religious sentiment; and as he had made use of his power and authority, whilst in England, to enlarge the number of proselytes in popery, so, in a private station, he laboured incessantly, by prayer, exhortation, and example, to confirm the piety of his Popish adherents, and to effect a reformation in those who still continued firm to the doctrines of the Church of England. He visited the monks of La Trappe once a year, the severest order of religionists in France; and his conformity to the discipline of the convent was so strict and exact, that he impressed those devotees with sentiments of admiration at his piety, humility, and constancy.

Thus having spent twelve years with a higher degree of peace and tranquillity

than he had ever experienced in the most triumphant part of his life, he was seized with a palsy in September, 1701, and after having languished fifteen days, died in the sixty-eighth year of his age, having filled up the interval between his first seizure and final exit with the whole train of religious exercises enjoined on similar occasions by the church of Rome, with solemn and repeated professions of his faith, and earnest exhortation to his two children, the youngest of whom was born in the second year of his exile, to keep steadfast to the religion in which they had been educated. These precepts and commands have acted with a force superior to all the temptations of a crown, and have been adhered to with a firmness which obliges an historian to acknowledge the superiority which James's descendants, in the nice points of honour and conscience, have gained over the character of Henry the Fourth, who, at the period when he was looked up to as the great hero of the Protestant cause, made no scruple to accept the crown on the disgraceful terms of abjuring the principles of the Reformation, and embracing the principles of a religion, which, from his early infancy, he had been taught to regard as idolatrous and profane.

The dominion of error over the minds of the generality of mankind is irresistible. James, to the last hour of his life, continued as great a bigot to his political as his religious errors: he could not help considering the strength and power of the crown as a circumstance necessary to the preservation and happiness of the people; and in a letter of advice which he wrote to his son, whilst he conjures him to pay a religious observance to all the duties of a good sovereign, he cautions him against suffering any entrenchment on the royal prerogative. Among several heads, containing excellent instructions on the art of reigning happily and justly, he warns the young prince never to disquiet his subjects in their property or their religion; and, what is remarkable, to his last breath he persisted in asserting, that he never attempted to subvert the laws, or procure more than a toleration and equality of privilege to his Catholic subjects. As there is great reason to believe this assertion to be true, it shows that the delusion was incurable under which the king laboured, by the trust he had put in the knavish doctrines of lawyers and priests:

and that neither himself, nor his Protestant abettors, could fathom the consequences of that enlarged toleration which he endeavoured to establish.

Macaulay:

§ 111. *Character of WILLIAM III.*

William III. was in his person of the middle stature, a thin body, and delicate constitution, subject to an asthma and continual cough from his infancy. He had an aquiline nose, sparkling eyes, a large forehead, and grave solemn aspect. He was very sparing of speech; his conversation was dry, and his manner disgusting, except in battle, when his deportment was free, spirited, and animating. In courage, fortitude, and equanimity, he rivalled the most eminent warriors of antiquity; and his natural sagacity made amends for the defects of his education, which had not been properly superintended. He was religious, temperate, generally just and sincere, a stranger to violent transports of passion, and might have passed for one of the best princes of the age in which he lived, had he never ascended the throne of Great Britain. But the distinguishing criterion of his character was ambition; to this he sacrificed the punctilios of honour and decorum, in deposing his own father-in-law and uncle; and this he gratified at the expence of the nation that raised him to sovereign authority. He aspired to the honour of acting as umpire in all the contests of Europe; and the second object of his attention was, the prosperity of that country to which he owed his birth and extraction. Whether he really thought the interests of the Continent and Great Britain were inseparable, or sought only to drag England into the confederacy as a convenient ally; certain it is, he involved these kingdoms in foreign connexions, which, in all probability, will be productive of their ruin. In order to establish this favourite point, he scrupled not to employ all the engines of corruption, by which means the morals of the nation were totally debauched. He procured a parliamentary sanction for a standing army, which now seems to be interwoven in the constitution. He introduced the pernicious practice of borrowing upon remote funds; an expedient that necessarily hatched a brood of usurers, brokers, and stock-jobbers, to prey upon the vitals of their country. He

entailed upon the nation a growing debt, and a system of politics big with misery, despair, and destruction. To sum up his character in a few words, William was a fatalist in religion, indefatigable in war, enterprising in politics, dead to all the warm and generous emotions of the human heart, a cold relation, an indifferent husband, a disagreeable man, an ungracious prince, and an imperious sovereign.

Died March 8th, 1701, aged 52, having reigned 13 years. *Smollett.*

§ 112. *Another Character of WILLIAM III.*

William the Third, king of Great Britain and Ireland, was in his person of middle size, ill-shaped in his limbs, somewhat round in his shoulders, light brown in the colour of his hair, and in his complexion. The lines of his face were hard, and his nose was aquiline; but a good and penetrating eye threw a kind of light on his countenance, which tempered its severity, and rendered his harsh features, in some measure, agreeable. Though his constitution was weak, delicate, and infirm, he loved the manly exercises of the field; and often indulged himself in the pleasures, and even sometimes in the excesses, of the table. In his private character he was frequently harsh, passionate, and severe, with regard to trifles; but when the subject rose equal to his mind, and in the tumult of battle, he was dignified, cool, and serene. Though he was apt to form bad impressions, which were not easily removed, he was neither vindictive in his disposition, nor obstinate in his resentment. Neglected in his education, and perhaps destitute by nature of an elegance of mind, he had no taste for literature, none for the sciences, none for the beautiful arts. He paid no attention to music, he understood no poetry; he disregarded learning; he encouraged no men of letters, no painters, no artists of any kind. In fortification and the mathematics he had a considerable degree of knowledge. Though unsuccessful in the field, he understood military operations by land; but he neither possessed nor pretended to any skill in maritime affairs.

In the distribution of favours he was cold and injudicious. In the punishment of crimes, often too easy, and sometimes too severe. He was parsimonious where he should have been liberal; where he ought to be sparing, frequently profuse.

In his temper he was silent and reserved, in his address ungraceful; and though not destitute of dissimulation, and qualified for intrigue, less apt to conceal his passions than his designs: these defects rather than vices of the mind, combining with an indifference about humouring mankind through their ruling passions, rendered him extremely unfit for gaining the affections of the English nation. His reign, therefore, was crowded with mortifications of various kinds; the discontented parties among his subjects found no difficulty in estranging the minds of the people from a prince possessed of few talents to make him popular. He was trusted, perhaps, less than he deserved, by the most obsequious of his parliament; but it seems, upon the whole, apparent, that the nation adhered to his government more from a fear of the return of his predecessor, than from any attachment to his own person, or respect for his right to the throne. *Macpherson.*

§ 113. *Character of MARY Queen Consort of WILLIAM III.*

Mary was in her person tall and well-proportioned, with an oval visage, lively eyes, agreeable features, a mild aspect, and an air of dignity. Her apprehension was clear, her memory tenacious, and her judgment solid. She was a zealous Protestant, scrupulously exact in all the duties of devotion, of an even temper, of a calm and mild conversation; she was ruffled by no passion, and seems to have been a stranger to the emotions of natural affection, for she ascended the throne from which her father had been deposed, and treated her sister as an alien to her blood. In a word, Mary seems to have imbibed the cold disposition and apathy of her husband, and to have centered all her ambition in deserving the epithet of an humble and obedient wife. *Smollett.*

Died 28th December, 1694, aged 33.

§ 114. *Character of ANNE.*

The queen continued to dose in a lethargic insensibility, with very short intervals, till the first day of August, in the morning, when she expired, in the fiftieth year of her age, and in the thirtieth of her reign. Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain, was in her person of the middle size, well-proportioned; her hair was of a dark brown colour, her complexion ruddy, her features were regular, her countenance was rather round than oval, and her aspect

more comely than majestic: her voice was clear and melodious, and her presence engaging; her capacity was naturally good, but not much cultivated by learning; nor did she exhibit any marks of extraordinary genius, or personal ambition: she was certainly deficient in that vigour of mind by which a prince ought to preserve her independence, and avoid the snares and fetters of sycophants and favourites; but, whatever her weakness in this particular might have been, the virtues of her heart were never called in question; she was a pattern of conjugal affection and fidelity, a tender mother, a warm friend, and indulgent mistress, a munificent patron, a mild and merciful princess; during whose reign no blood was shed for treason. She was zealously attached to the Church of England, from conviction rather than from prepossession: unaffectedly pious, just, charitable, and compassionate. She felt a mother's fondness for her people, by whom she was universally beloved with a warmth of affection which even the prejudice of party could not abate. In a word, if she was not the greatest, she was certainly one of the best and most unblemished sovereigns that ever sat upon the throne of England, and well deserved the expressive, though simple epithet of, the "good queen Anne."

She died in 1714. *Smollett.*

§ 115. *Another Character of ANNE.*

Thus died Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain, and one of the best and greatest monarchs that ever filled that throne. What was most remarkable, was a clear harmonious voice, always admired in her graceful delivery of her speeches to parliament, insomuch, that it used to be a common saying in the mouth of every one, "that her very speech was music." Good-nature, the true characteristic of the Stuarts, predominated in her temper, which was a compound of benevolence, generosity, indolence, and timidity, but not without a due sensibility of any slight which she thought was offered to her person or her dignity; to these all her actions, both as a monarch and as a woman, may be ascribed; these were the sources both of her virtues and her failings; her greatest blessing upon earth was that entire union of affections and inclinations between her and her royal consort; which made them a perfect pattern of conjugal love. She was a fond

and tender mother, an easy and indulgent mistress, and a most gracious sovereign; but she had more than once reason to repent her giving up her heart, and trusting her secrets without reserve to her favourites. She retained to the last the principle of that true religion which she had imbibed early; being devout without affectation, and charitable without ostentation. She had a great reverence for clergymen eminent for learning and good lives, and was particularly beneficent to the poorer sort of them, of which she left an evidence which bears her name, and will perpetuate both that and her bounty to all succeeding generations.

Chamberlaine.

§ 116. *Another Character of ANNE.*

Thus died Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain and Ireland, in the fiftieth year of her age, and thirteenth of her reign. In her person she was of a middle stature, and, before she bore children, well made. Her hair was dark, her complexion sanguine, her features strong, but not irregular, her whole countenance more dignified than agreeable. In the accomplishments of the mind, as a woman, she was not deficient: she understood music; she loved painting; she had even some taste for works of genius; she was always generous; sometimes liberal, but never profuse. Like the rest of the family, she was good-natured to a degree of weakness: indolent in her disposition, timid by nature, devoted to the company of her favourites, easily led. She possessed all the virtues of her father, except political courage; she was subject to all his weaknesses, except enthusiasm in religion; she was jealous of her authority, and sullenly irreconcilable towards those who treated either herself or prerogative with disrespect; but, like him, also, she was much better qualified to discharge the duties of a private life, than to act the part of a sovereign. As a friend, a mother, a wife, she deserved every praise. Her conduct as a daughter could scarcely be exceeded by a virtue much superior to all these. Upon the whole, though her reign was crowded with great events, she cannot, with any justice be called a great princess. Subject to terror, beyond the constitutional timidity of her sex, she was altogether incapable of decisive counsels, and nothing but her irresistible popularity

could have supported her authority amidst the ferment of those distracted times.

Macpherson.

§ 117. *The Character of MARY Queen of Scots.*

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, Mary added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments; because her heart was warm and unsuspecting. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation; which, in that perfidious court, where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible to flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure, with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents that we admire; she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befel her; we must likewise add, that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnly was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality; yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful address and important services, can justify her attachments to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene, which followed upon it, with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character, which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation, more than to her disposition; and to lament the unhappiness of the former,

rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings, exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties, we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark grey, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat; and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she was imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism which deprived her of the use of her limbs. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.

Robertson.

§ 118. *The Character of FRANCIS I. with some Reflections on his Rivalship with CHARLES V.*

Francis died at Rambouillet, on the last day of March, in the fifty-third year of his age, and the thirty-third year of his reign. During twenty-eight years of that time, an avowed rivalship subsisted between him and the emperor, which involved not only their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe in wars, prosecuted with more violent animosity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known in any former period. Many circumstances contributed to both. Their animosity was founded in opposition of interest heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal insults. At

the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess towards gaining the ascendant, was wonderfully balanced by some favourable circumstance, peculiar to the other. The emperor's dominions were of great extent, the French king's lay more compact: Francis governed his kingdom with absolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address: the troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising; those of the latter better disciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them. Francis took his resolutions suddenly, prosecuted them at first with warmth, and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage; but being destitute of the perseverance necessary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigour of pursuit from impatience, and sometimes from levity.

Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness; but, having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and neither danger nor discouragement could turn him aside from the execution of it. The success of their enterprises were as different as their characters, and was universally influenced by them. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often disconcerted the emperor's best laid schemes; Charles, by a more calm, but steady prosecution of his designs, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or repulsed his most vigorous efforts. The former at the opening of a war, or of a campaign, broke in upon his enemy with the violence of a torrent and carried all before him; the latter waiting until he saw the force of his rival begin to abate, recovered in the end not only all that he had lost, but made new acquisitions. Few of the French monarch's attempts towards conquest, whatever promising aspect they might wear at first, were conducted to an happy issue: many of the emperor's enterprises, even after they appeared desperate and impracticable, terminated in the most prosperous manner. Francis was dazzled with the splendour of an undertaking; Charles was allured by the prospect of its turning to his advantage. The degree,

however, of their comparative merit and reputation has not been fixed, either by a strict scrutiny into their abilities for government, or by an impartial consideration of the greatness and success of their undertakings; and Francis is one of those monarch's who occupies a higher rank in the temple of fame, than either his talents or performances entitle him to hold. This pre-eminence he owed to many different circumstances. The superiority which Charles acquired by the victory of Pavia, and which from that period he preserved through the remainder of his reign, was so manifest, that Francis's struggle against his exorbitant and growing dominion, was viewed by most of the other powers, not only with the partiality which naturally arises from those who gallantly maintain an unequal contest, but with the favour due to one who was resisting a common enemy, and endeavouring to set bounds to a monarch equally formidable to them all. The characters of princes too, especially among their contemporaries, depend not only upon their talents for government, but upon their qualities as men. Francis, notwithstanding the many errors conspicuous in his foreign policy and domestic administration, was nevertheless humane, beneficent, generous. He possessed dignity without pride; affability free from meanness, and courtesy exempt from deceit. All who had access to him (and no man of merit was ever denied that privilege) respected and loved him. Captivated with his personal qualities, his subjects forgot his defects as a monarch, and admiring him as the most accomplished and amiable gentleman in his dominions, they never murmured at acts of mal-administration, which in a prince of less engaging dispositions would have been deemed unpardonable. This admiration, however, must have been temporary only, and would have died away with the courtiers who bestowed it; the illusion arising from his private virtues must have ceased, and posterity would have judged of his public conduct with its usual impartiality; but another circumstance prevented this, and his name hath been transmitted to posterity with increasing reputation. Science and the arts had, at that time, made little progress in France. They were just beginning to advance beyond the limits of Italy, where they had revived, and which had hitherto been their only seat. Francis took

them immediately under his protection, and vied with Leo himself in the zeal and munificence with which he encouraged them. He invited learned men to his court; he conversed with them familiarly; he employed them in business; he raised them to offices of dignity, and honoured them with his confidence. That race of men, not more prone to complain when denied the respect to which they fancy themselves entitled, than apt to be pleased when treated with the distinction which they consider as their due, though they could not exceed in gratitude to such a benefactor, strained their invention, and employed all their ingenuity in panegyric.

Succeeding authors, warmed with their descriptions of Francis's bounty, adopted their encomiums, and refined upon them. The appellation of Father of Letters, bestowed upon Francis, hath rendered his memory sacred among historians, and they seem to have regarded it as a sort of impiety to uncover his infirmities, or to point out his defects. Thus Francis, notwithstanding his inferior abilities, and want of success, hath more than equalled the fame of Charles. The virtues which he possessed as a man have entitled him to greater admiration and praise, than have been bestowed upon the extensive genius and fortunate arts of a more capable, but less amiable rival. *Robertson.*

§ 119. *The Character of CHARLES V.*

As Charles, was the first prince of his age in rank and dignity, the part which he acted, whether we consider the greatness, the variety, or the success of his undertaking, was the most conspicuous. It is from an attentive observation to his conduct, not from the exaggerated praises of the Spanish historians, or the undistinguishing censure of the French, that a just idea of Charles's genius and abilities is to be collected. He possessed qualities so peculiar, as strongly mark his character, and not only distinguish him from the princes who were his contemporaries, but account for that superiority over them which he so long maintained. In forming his schemes, he was, by nature as well as by habit, cautious and considerate. Born with talents, which unfolded themselves slowly, and were late in attaining maturity, he was accustomed to ponder every subject that demanded his consideration, with a careful and deliberate attention.

He bent the whole force of his mind towards it, and dwelling upon it with serious application, undiverted by pleasure, and hardly relaxed by any amusement, he revolved it in silence in his own breast: he then communicated the matter to his ministers; and after hearing their opinions, took his resolution with a decisive firmness, which seldom follows such slow consultations. In consequence of this, Charles's measures, instead of resembling the desultory and irregular sallies of Henry VIII. or Francis I. had the appearance of a consistent system, in which all the parts were arranged, the effects were foreseen, and the accidents were provided for. His promptitude in execution was no less remarkable than his patience in deliberation. He consulted with phlegm, but he acted with vigour; and did not discover greater sagacity in his choice of the measures which it was proper to pursue, than fertility of genius in finding out the means for rendering his pursuit of them successful. Though he had naturally so little of the martial turn, that during the most ardent and bustling period of life, he remained in the cabinet inactive; yet when he chose at length to appear at the head of his armies his mind was so formed for vigorous exertions in every direction, that he acquired such knowledge in the art of war, and such talents for command as rendered him equal in reputation and success to the most able generals of the age. But Charles possessed, in the most eminent degree, the science which is of greatest importance to a monarch, that of knowing men, and of adapting their talents to the various departments which he allotted to them. From the death of Chievres to the end of his reign, he employed no general in the field, no minister in the cabinet, no ambassador to a foreign court, no governor of a province, whose abilities were inadequate to the trust which he reposed in them. Though destitute of that bewitching affability of manner, which gained Francis the hearts of all who approached his person, he was no stranger to the virtues which secure fidelity and attachment. He placed unbounded confidence in his generals; he rewarded their services with munificence; he neither envied their fame, nor discovered any jealousy of their power. Almost all the generals who conducted his armies, may be placed on a level with those illustrious personages who have at-

tained the highest eminence of military glory: and his advantages over his rivals are to be ascribed so manifestly to the superior abilities of the commanders whom he set in opposition to them, that this might seem to detract, in some degree, from his own merit, if the talent of discovering and employing such instruments were not the most undoubted proof of his capacity for government.

There were, nevertheless, defects in his political character, which must considerably abate the admiration due to his extraordinary talents. Charles's ambition was insatiable; and though there seems to be no foundation for an opinion prevalent in his own age, that he had formed the chimerical project of establishing an universal monarchy in Europe, it is certain that his desire of being distinguished as a conqueror involved him in continual wars, which exhausted and oppressed his subjects, and left him little leisure for giving attention to the interior police and improvement of his kingdoms, the great objects of every prince who makes the happiness of his people the end of his government. Charles, at a very early period of life, having added the imperial crown to the kingdoms of Spain, and to the hereditary dominions of the houses of Austria and Burgundy; this opened to him such a vast field of enterprise and engaged him in schemes so complicated as well as arduous, that feeling his power to be unequal to the execution of these, he had often recourse to low artifices, unbecoming his superior talents; and sometimes ventured on such deviations from integrity as were dishonourable in a great prince. His insidious and fraudulent policy appeared more conspicuous, and was rendered more odious, by a comparison with the open and undesigning character of his contemporaries, Francis I. and Henry VIII. This difference, though occasioned chiefly by the diversity of their tempers, must be ascribed in some degree to such an opposition in the principles of their political conduct, as affords some excuse for this defect in Charles's behaviour though it cannot serve as a justification of it. Francis and Henry seldom acted but from the impulse of their passions, and rushed headlong towards the object in view. Charles's measures being the result of cool reflection, were disposed into a regular system, and carried on upon a concerted plan. Persons who act in

the former manner naturally pursue the end in view, without assuming any disguise, or displaying much address. Such as hold the latter course, are apt, in forming, as well as in executing their designs, to employ such refinements, as always lead to artifice in conduct, and often degenerate into deceit. *Robertson.*

§ 120. *The Character of EPAMINONDAS.*

Epaminondas was born and educated in that honest poverty which those less corrupted ages accounted the glorious mark of integrity and virtue. The instructions of a Pythagorean philosopher, to whom he was entrusted in his earliest years formed him to all the temperance and severity peculiar to that sect, and were received with a docility and pleasure which bespoke an ingenuous mind. Music, dancing, and all those arts which were accounted honourable distinctions at Thebes, he received from the greatest masters. In the athletic exercises he became conspicuous, but soon learned to apply particularly to those which might prepare him for the labours and occasions of a military life. His modesty and gravity rendered him ready to hear and receive instruction; and his genius enabled him to learn and improve. A love of truth, a love of virtue, tenderness, and humanity, and an exalted patriotism, he had learned and soon displayed. To these glorious qualities he added penetration and sagacity, a happiness in improving every incident, a consummate skill in war, an unconquerable patience of toil and distress, a boldness in enterprize, vigour, and magnanimity. Thus did he become great and terrible in war; nor was he less distinguished by the gentler virtues of peace and retirement. He had a soul capable of the most exalted and disinterested friendship. The warmth of his benevolence supplied the deficiencies of his fortune; his credit and good offices frequently were employed to gain that relief for the necessities of others, which his own circumstances could not grant them: within the narrow sphere of these were his desires regularly confined; no temptations could corrupt him; no prospects of advantage could shake his integrity; to the public he appeared unalterably and solely devoted; nor could neglect or injuries, abate his zeal for Thebes. All these illustrious qualities he adorned with that eloquence which was then in such

repute, and appeared in council equally eminent, equally useful to his country as in action. By him Thebes first rose to sovereign power, and with him she lost her greatness. *Leland.*

§ 121. *A Comparison of the political Principles and Conduct of CATO, ATTICUS and CICERO.*

The three sects which chiefly engrossed the philosophical part of Rome were, the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Academic; and the chief ornaments of each were, Cato, Atticus, and Cicero; who lived together in strict friendship, and a mutual esteem of each other's virtue: but the different behaviour of these three will shew by fact and example, the different merit of their several principles, and which of them was the best adapted to promote the good of society.

The Stoics were the bigots or enthusiasts in philosophy; who held none to be truly wise or good but themselves; placed perfect happiness in virtue, though stripped of every other good; affirmed all sins to be equal, all deviations from right equally wicked; to kill a dunhill-cock without reason, the same crime as to kill a parent; that a wise man could never forgive; never be moved by anger, favour or pity; never be deceived; never repent; never change his mind. With these principles Cato entered into public life; and acted in it as Cicero says, 'as if he had lived in the polity of Plato, not in the dregs of Romulus.' He made no distinction of times or things; no allowance for the weakness of the republic, and the power of those who oppressed it: it was his maxim to combat all power not built upon the laws, or to defy it at least, if he could not controul it: he knew no way to his end; but the direct; and whatever obstructions he met with, resolved still to rush on, and either to surmount them, or perish in the attempt; taking it for a baseness, and confession of being conquered, to decline a tittle from the true road. In an age, therefore, of the utmost libertinism, when the public discipline was lost, and the government itself tottering, he struggled with the same zeal against all corruption, and waged a perpetual war with a superior force; whilst the rigour of his principles tended rather to alienate his friends, than reconcile enemies; and by provoking the power that he could not subdue, help to hasten

that ruin which he was striving to avert: so that after a perpetual course of disappointments and repulses, finding himself unable to pursue his old way any further, instead of taking a new one, he was driven by his philosophy to put an end to his life.

But as the Stoics exalted human nature too high, so the Epicureans depressed it too low; as those raised it to the heroic, these debased it to the brutal state; they held pleasure to be the chief good of man, death the extinction of his being; and placed their happiness, consequently, in the secure enjoyment of a pleasurable life; esteeming virtue on no other account than as it was a handmaid to pleasure, and helped to ensure the possession of it; by preserving health and conciliating friends. Their wise man, therefore, had no other duty, but to provide for his own ease, to decline all struggles, to retire from public affairs, and to imitate the life of their gods, by passing his days in a calm, contemplative, undisturbed repose, in the midst of rural shades and pleasant gardens. This was the scheme that Atticus followed: he had all the talents that could qualify a man to be useful to society; great parts, learning, judgment, candour, benevolence, generosity, the same love of his country, and the same sentiments in politics, with Cicero; whom he was always advising and urging to act, yet determined never to act himself; or never, at least, so far as to disturb his ease, or endanger his safety. For though he was so strictly united with Cicero, and valued him above all men, yet he managed an interest all the while with the opposite faction, and a friendship even with his mortal enemies Clodius and Antony; that he might secure, against all events, the grand point which he had in view, the peace and tranquillity of his life. Thus two excellent men, by their mistaken notions of virtue, drawn from their principles of philosophy, were made useless in a manner to their country, each in a different extreme of life; the one always acting and exposing himself to dangers, without the prospect of doing good; the other, without attempting to do any, resolving never to act at all.

Cicero chose the middle way, between the obstinacy of Cato, and the indolence of Atticus; he preferred always the readiest road to what was right, if it lay open to him; if not, he took the next that

seemed likely to bring him to the same end; and in politics, as in morality, when he could not arrive at the true, contented himself with the probable. He often compares the statesman to the pilot, whose art consists in managing every turn of the winds, and applying even the most perverse of the progress to his voyage; so as, by changing his course, and enlarging his circuit of sailing, to arrive with safety, though later, at his destined port. He mentions likewise an observation, which long experience had confirmed to him, that none of the popular and ambitious, who aspired to extraordinary commands, and to be leaders in the republic, ever chose to obtain their ends from the people, till they had first been repulsed by the senate. This was verified by all their civil dissensions, from the Gracchi down to Cæsar: so that when he saw men of this spirit at the head of the government, who, by the splendour of their lives and actions, had acquired an ascendant over the populace, it was his constant advice to the senate, to gain them by gentle compliances, and to gratify their thirst of power by voluntary grants of it, as the best way to moderate their ambition, and reclaim them from desperate councils. He declared contention to be no longer prudent than while it either did service, or at least no hurt; but when faction was grown too strong to be withstood, that it was time to give over fighting; and nothing left but to extract some good out of the ill, by mitigating that power by patience, which they could not reduce by force, and conciliating it if possible, to the interest of the state. This was what he had advised, and what he practised; for it will account, in a great measure, and those parts of his conduct which are the most liable to exception on the account of that complaisance which he is supposed to have paid, at different times, to the several usurpers of illegal power.

Middleton.

§ 122. *The Character of Lord Townshend.*

Lord Townshend by very long experience, and unheeded application, was certainly an able man of business, which was his only passion. His parts were neither above nor below it; they were rather slow, a defect of the safer side. He required time to form his opinion; but when formed, he adhered to it with in-

vincible firmness, not to say obstinacy, whether right or wrong, and was impatient of contradiction.

He was a most ungraceful and confused speaker in the house of lords, inelegant in his language, perplexed in his arguments, but always near the stress of the question.

His manners were coarse, rustic, and seemingly brutal; but his nature was by no means so; for he was a kind husband to both his wives, a most indulgent father to all his children, and a benevolent master to his servants; sure tests of real goodness, for no man can long together simulate or dissimulate at home.

He was a warm friend, and a warm enemy; defects, if defects they are, inseparable in human nature, and often accompanying the most generous minds.

Never minister had cleaner hands than he had. Mere domestic economy was his only care as to money; for he did not add one acre to his estate, and left his younger children very moderately provided for, though he had been in considerable and lucrative employments near thirty years.

As he only loved power for the sake of power, in order to preserve it, he was obliged to have a most unwarrantable complaisance for the interests and even dictates of the electorate, which was the only way by which a British minister could hold either favour or power during the reigns of king George the First and Second.

The coarseness and imperiousness of his manners, made him disagreeable to queen Caroline.

Lord Townshend was not of a temper to act a second part, after having acted a first, as he did during the reign of king George the First. He resolved, therefore, to make one convulsive struggle to revive his expiring power, or, if that did not succeed, to retire from business. He tried the experiment upon the king, with whom he had a personal interest. The experiment failed, as he might easily, and ought to have foreseen. He retired to his seat in the country, and, in a few years, died of an apoplexy.

Having thus mentioned the slight defects, as well as the many valuable parts of his character, I must declare, that I owed the former to truth, and the latter to gratitude and friendship as well as to truth, since, for some years before he re-

tired from business, we lived in the strictest intimacy that the difference of our age and situations could admit, during which time he gave me many unasked and unequivocal proofs of his friendship.

Chesterfield.

§ 123. *The Character of Mr. POPE.*

Pope, in conversation, was below himself; he was seldom easy and natural, and seemed afraid that the man should degrade the poet, which made him always attempt wit and humour, often unsuccessfully, and too often unseasonably. I have been with him a week at a time at his house at Twickenham, where I necessarily saw his mind in its undress, when he was both an agreeable and instructive companion.

His moral character has been warmly attacked, and but weakly defended; the natural consequence of his shining turn to satire, of which many felt, and all feared the smart. It must be owned that he was the most irritable of all the *genus irritabile vatum*, offended with trifles, and never forgetting or forgiving them; but in this I really think that the poet was more in fault than the man. He was as great an instance as any he quotes, of the contrarieties and inconsistencies of human nature; for notwithstanding the malignancy of his satires, and some blameable passages of his life, he was charitable to his power, active in doing good offices, and piously attentive to an old bed-ridden mother, who died but a little time before him. His poor, crazy, deformed body was a mere Pandora's box, containing all the physical ills that ever afflicted humanity. This, perhaps, whetted the edge of his satire, and may in some degree excuse it.

I will say nothing of his works, they speak sufficiently for themselves; they will live as long as letters and taste shall remain in this country, and be more and more admired as envy and resentment shall subside. But I will venture this piece of classical blasphemy, which is, that however he may be supposed to be obliged to Horace, Horace is more obliged to him.

Ibid.

§ 124. *Character of Lord BOLINGBROKE.*

It is impossible to find lights and shades strong enough to paint the character of Lord Bolingbroke, who was a most mor-

tifying instance of the violence of human passions, and of the most improved and exalted human reason. His virtues and his vices, his reason and his passions, did not blend themselves by a gradation of tints, but formed a shining and sudden contrast.

Here the darkest, there the most splendid colours, and both rendered more striking from their proximity. Impetuosity, excess, and almost extravagancy, characterised not only his passions, but even his senses. His youth was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasures, in which he licentiously triumphed, disdain-ing all decorum. His fine imagination was often heated and exhausted with his body, in celebrating and deifying the prostitute of the night; and his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagancy of frantic bacchanals. These passions were never interrupted but by a stronger ambition. The former impaired both his constitution and his character; but the latter destroyed both his fortune and his reputation.

He engaged young, and distinguished himself in business. His penetration was almost intuition, and he adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon, by the most splendid eloquence; not a studied or laboured eloquence, but by such a flowing happiness of diction, which (from care, perhaps, at first) was become so habitual to him, that even his most familiar conversations, if taken down in writing, would have borne the press, without the least correction, either as to method or style. He had noble and generous sentiments, rather than fixed reflected principles of good-nature and friendship; but they were more violent than lasting, and suddenly and often varied to their opposite extremes, with regard even to the same persons. He received the common attention of civility as obligations, which he returned with interest: and resented with passion the little inadvertencies of human nature, which he repaid with interest too. Even a difference of opinion upon a philosophical subject, would provoke and prove him no practical philosopher at least.

Notwithstanding the dissipation of his youth, and the tumultuous agitation of his middle age, he had an infinite fund of various and almost universal knowledge, which, from the clearest and quickest conception, and the happiest memory that ever man was blessed with, he always

carried about him. It was his pocket-money, and he never had occasion to draw upon a book for any sum. He excelled more particularly in history, as his historical works plainly prove. The relative political, and commercial interests of every country in Europe, particularly of his own, were better known to him than perhaps to any man in it; but how steadily he pursued the latter in his public conduct, his enemies of all parties and denominations tell with pleasure.

During his long exile in France, he applied himself to study with his characteristic ardour; and there he formed, and chiefly executed, the plan of his great philosophical work. The common bounds of human knowledge were too narrow for his warm and aspiring imagination; he must go *extra flammantia mænia mundi*, and explore the unknown and unknowable regions of metaphysics, which open an unbounded field for the excursions of an ardent imagination; where endless conjectures supply the defects of unattainable knowledge, and too often usurp both its name and its influence.

He had a very handsome person, with a most engaging address in his air and manners; he had all the dignity and good-breeding which a man of quality should or can have, and which so few, in this country at least, really have.

He professed himself a deist, believing in a general Providence, but doubted of, though by no means rejecting, (as is commonly supposed) the immortality of the soul, and a future state.

He died of a cruel and shocking distemper, a cancer in his face, which he endured with firmness. A week before he died, I took my last leave of him with grief; and he returned me his last farewell with tenderness, and said, "God, who placed me here, will do what he pleases with me hereafter; and he knows best what to do. May he bless you!"

Upon the whole of this extraordinary character, what can we say, but, alas! poor human nature! *Chesterfield.*

§ 125. Character of Mr. PULTENEY.

Mr. Pulteney was formed by nature for social and convivial pleasures. Resentment made him engage in business. He had thought himself slighted by Sir Robert Walpole, to whom he publicly avowed not only revenge, but utter de-

struction. He had lively and shining parts, a surprising quickness of wit, and a happy turn to the most amusing and entertaining kinds of poetry, as epigrams, ballads, odes, &c.; in all which he had an uncommon facility. His compositions in that way were sometimes satirical, often licentious, but always full of wit.

He had a quick and clear conception of business; could equally detect and practise sophistry. He could state and explain the most intricate matters, even in figures, with the utmost perspicuity. His parts were rather above business; and the warmth of his imagination, joined to the impetuosity and restlessness of his temper, made him incapable of conducting it long together with prudence and steadiness.

He was a most complete orator and debater in the house of commons; eloquent, entertaining, persuasive, strong, and pathetic, as occasion required; for he had arguments, wit, and tears, at his command. His breast was the seat of all those passions which degrade our nature and disturb our reason. There they raged in perpetual conflict; but avarice, the meanest of them all, generally triumphed, ruled absolutely, and in many instances, which I forbear to mention, most scandalously.

His sudden passion was outrageous, but supported by great personal courage. Nothing exceeded his ambition, but his avarice; they often accompany, and are frequently and reciprocally the causes and the effects of each other; but the latter is always a clog upon the former. He affected good-nature and compassion; and perhaps his heart might feel the misfortunes and distresses of his fellow-creatures, but his hand was seldom or never stretched out to relieve them. Though he was an able actor of truth and sincerity, he could occasionally lay them aside, to serve the purposes of his ambition or avarice.

He was once in the greatest point of view that ever I saw any subject in. When the opposition, of which he was the leader in the house of commons, prevailed at last against Sir Robert Walpole, he became the arbiter between the crown and the people; the former exploring his protection, the latter his support. In that critical moment his various jarring passions were in the highest fer-

ment, and for a while suspended his ruling one. Sense of shame made him hesitate at turning courtier on a sudden, after having acted the patriot so long, and with so much applause; and his pride made him declare, that he would accept of no place; vainly imagining, that he could, by such a simulated and temporary self-denial, preserve his popularity with the public, and his power at court. He was mistaken in both. The king hated him almost as much for what he might have done, as for what he had done; and a motley ministry was formed, which by no means desired his company. The nation looked upon him as a deserter, and he shrunk into insignificancy and an earldom.

He made several attempts afterwards to retrieve the opportunity he had lost, but in vain; his situation would not allow it. He was fixed in the house of lords, that hospital of incurables; and his retreat to popularity was cut off: for the confidence of the public, when once great, and once lost, is never to be regained. He lived afterwards in retirement, with the wretched comfort of Horace's miser:

Populus me sibilat, &c.

I may, perhaps, be suspected to have given too strong colouring to some features of this portrait; but I solemnly protest, that I have drawn it conscientiously, and to the best of my knowledge, from a very long acquaintance with, and observation of, the original. Nay, I have rather softened than heightened the colouring.

Chesterfield.

§ 126. *Character of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.*

I much question whether an impartial character of Sir Robert Walpole will or can be transmitted to posterity; for he governed this kingdom so long, that the various passions of mankind mingled, and in a manner incorporated themselves, with every thing that was said or written concerning him. Never was man more flattered, nor more abused; and his long power was probably the chief cause of both. I was much acquainted with him, both in his public and his private life. I mean to do impartial justice to his character; and therefore my picture of him will, perhaps, be more like him than it

will be like any of the other pictures drawn of him.

In private life he was good-natured, cheerful, social; inelegant in his manners, loose in his morals. He had a coarse, strong wit, which he was too free of for a man in his station, as it is always inconsistent with dignity. He was very able as a minister, but without a certain elevation of mind necessary for great good or great mischief. Profuse and appetent, his ambition was subservient to his desire of making a great fortune. He had more of the Mazarin than of the Richelieu. He would do mean things for profit, and never thought of doing great ones for glory.

He was both the best parliament-man, and the ablest manager of parliament, that, I believe, ever lived. An artful, rather than an eloquent speaker; he saw, as by intuition, the disposition of the house, and pressed or receded accordingly. So clear in stating the most intricate matters, especially in the finances, that, whilst he was speaking, the most ignorant thought that they understood what they really did not. Money, not prerogative, was the chief engine of his administration; and he employed it with success, which in a manner disgraced humanity. He was not, it is true, the inventor of that shameful method of governing, which had been gaining ground insensibly ever since Charles II.; but, with uncommon skill, and unbounded profusion, he brought it to that perfection, which at this time dishonours and distresses this country, and which (if not checked, and God knows how it can be now checked) must ruin it.

Besides this powerful engine of government, he had a most extraordinary talent of persuading and working men up to his purpose. A hearty kind of frankness, which sometimes seemed impudence, made people think that he let them into his secrets, whilst the impoliteness of his manners seemed to attest his sincerity. When he found any body proof against pecuniary temptations; which, alas! was but seldom, he had recourse to a still worse art; for he laughed at and ridiculed all notions of public virtue, and the love of one's country, calling them, "The chimerical school-boy flights of 'classical learning,'" declaring himself, at the same time, "No saint, no Spartan, no reformer." He would frequent-

ly ask young fellows, at their first appearance in the world, while their honest hearts were yet untainted, "Well, are you to be an old Roman? a patriot? you will soon come off of that, and grow wiser." And thus he was more dangerous to the morals than to the liberties of his country, to which I am persuaded he meant no ill in his heart.

He was the easy and profuse dupe of women, and in some instances indecently so. He was excessively open to flattery, even of the grossest kind; and from the coarsest bunglers of that vile profession; which engaged him to pass most of his leisure and jovial hours with people whose blasted characters reflected upon his own. He was loved by many, but respected by none; his familiar and illiberal mirth and railery leaving him no dignity. He was not vindictive, but, on the contrary, very placable to those who had injured him the most. His good-humour, good-nature, and beneficence, in the several relations of father, husband, master, and friend, gained him the warmest affections of all within that circle.

His name will not be recorded in history among the "best men," or the "best ministers;" but much less ought it to be ranked among the worst.

Chesterfield.

§ 127. *Character of Lord GRANVILLE.*

Lord Granville had great parts, and a most uncommon share of learning for a man of quality. He was one of the best speakers in the house of lords both in the declamatory and the argumentative way. He had a wonderful quickness and precision in seizing the stress of a question, which no art, no sophistry, could disguise in him. In business he was bold, enterprising, and overbearing. He had been bred up in high monarchical, that is, tyrannical principles of government, which his ardent and imperious temper made him think were the only rational and practicable ones. He would have been a great first minister of France, little inferior, perhaps, to Richelieu: in this government, which is yet free, he would have been a dangerous one, little less so, perhaps, than Lord Strafford. He was neither ill-natured, nor vindictive, and had a great contempt for money; his ideas were all above it. In social life he was an agreeable good-humoured, and in-

structive companion; a great but entertaining talker.

He degraded himself by the vice of drinking; which, together with a great stock of Greek and Latin, he brought away with him from Oxford, and retained and practised ever afterwards. By his own industry, he had made himself master of all the modern languages, and had acquired a great knowledge of the law. His political knowledge of the interest of princes and of commerce was extensive, and his notions were just and great. His character may be summed up, in nice precision, quick decision, and unbounded presumption.

Chesterfield.

§ 128. *Character of Mr. PELHAM.*

Mr. Pelham had good sense, without either shining parts or any degree of literature. He had by no means an elevated or enterprising genius, but had a more manly and steady resolution than his brother the Duke of Newcastle. He had a gentleman-like frankness in his behaviour, and as great point of honour as a minister can have, especially a minister at the head of the treasury, where numberless sturdy and insatiable beggars of condition apply, who cannot all be gratified, nor all with safety be refused.

He was a very inelegant speaker in parliament, but spoke with a certain candour and openness that made him be well heard, and generally believed.

He wished well to the public, and managed the finances with great care and personal purity. He was *par negotiis neque supra*: had many domestic virtues and novices. If his place, and the power that accompanies it, made him some public enemies, his behaviour in both, secured him from personal and rancorous ones. Those who wished him worst, only wished themselves in his place.

Upon the whole, he was an honourable man, and a well-wishing minister.

Ibid.

§ 129. *Character of RICHARD Earl of SCARBOROUGH.*

In drawing the character of Lord Scarborough, I will be strictly upon my guard against the partiality of that intimate and unreserved friendship, in which we lived for more than twenty years; to which friendship, as well as to the public notoriety of it, I owe much more than my pride

will let my gratitude own. If this may be suspected to have biased my judgment, it must, at the same time, be allowed to have informed it; for the most secret movements of his whole soul were, without disguise, communicated to me only. However, I will rather lower than heighten the colouring; I will mark the shades, and draw a credible, rather than an exact likeness.

He had a very good person, rather above the middle size; a handsome face, and, when he was cheerful, the most engaging countenance imaginable; when grave, which he was oftenest, the most respectable one. He had in the highest degree the air, manners, and address of a man of quality; politeness with ease, and dignity without pride.

Bred in camps and courts, it cannot be supposed that he was untainted with the fashionable vices of these warm climates; but (if I may be allowed the expression) he dignified them, instead of their degrading him into any mean or indecent action. He had a good degree of classical, and a great one of modern knowledge; with a just, and, at the same time, a delicate taste.

In his common expences he was liberal within bounds; but in his charities, and bounties he had none. I have known them put him to some present inconveniences.

He was a strong, but not an eloquent or florid speaker in parliament. He spoke so unaffectedly the honest dictates of his heart, that truth and virtue, which never want, and seldom wear, ornaments, seemed only to borrow his voice. This gave such an astonishing weight to all he said, that he more than once carried an unwilling majority after him. Such is the authority of unsuspected virtue, that it will sometimes shame vice into decency at least.

He was not only offered, but pressed to accept, the post of secretary of state; but he constantly refused it. I once tried to persuade him to accept it; but he told me, that both the natural warmth and melancholy of his temper made him unfit for it; and that moreover he knew very well that, in those ministerial employments, the course of business made it necessary to do many hard things, and some unjust ones, which could only be authorised by the jesuitical casuistry of the direction of the intention: a doctrine

which he said he could not possibly adopt. Whether he was the first that ever made that objection, I cannot affirm; but I suspect that he will be the last.

He was a true constitutional, and yet practical patriot; a sincere lover, and a zealous assertor of the natural, the civil, and the religious rights of his country: but he would not quarrel with the crown, for some slight stretches of the prerogative; nor with the people, for some unwary ebullitions of liberty; nor with any one for a difference of opinion in speculative points. He considered the constitution in the aggregate, and only watched that no one part of it should preponderate too much.

His moral character was so pure, that if one may say of that imperfect creature, man, what a celebrated historian says of Scipio, *nil non laudandum aut dixit, aut fecit, aut sensit*; I sincerely think (I had almost said I know), one might say it with great truth of him, one single instance excepted, which shall be mentioned.

He joined to the noblest and strictest principles of honour and generosity, the tenderest sentiments of benevolence and compassion; and, as he was naturally warm, he could not even hear of an injustice or a baseness, without a sudden indignation: nor of the misfortunes or miseries of a fellow creature, without melting into softness, and endeavouring to relieve them. This part of his character was so universally known, that our best and most satirical English poet says,

When I confess there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough
name?

He had not the least pride of birth and rank, that common narrow notion of little minds, that wretched mistaken succedaneum of merit; but he was jealous to anxiety of his character, as all men are who deserve a good one. And such was his diffidence upon that subject, that he never could be persuaded that mankind really thought of him as they did; for surely never man had a higher reputation, and never man enjoyed a more universal esteem. Even knaves respected him; and fools thought they loved him. If he had any enemies (for I protest I never knew one), they could be only such as were weary of always hearing of Aristides the Just.

He was too subject to sudden gusts of passion, but they never hurried him into any illiberal or indecent expression or action; so invincibly habitual to him were good-nature and good-manners. But if ever any word happened to fall from him in warmth, which upon subsequent reflection he himself thought too strong, he was never easy till he had made more than a sufficient atonement for it.

He had a most unfortunate, I will call it a most fatal kind of melancholy in his nature, which often made him both absent and silent in company, but never morose or sour. At other times he was a cheerful and agreeable companion; but, conscious that he was not always so, he avoided company too much, and was too often alone, giving way to a train of gloomy reflections.

His constitution, which was never robust, broke rapidly at the latter end of his life. He had two severe strokes of apoplexy or palsy, which considerably affected his body and his mind.

I desire that this may not be looked upon as a full and finished character, writ for the sake of writing it; but as my solemn deposit of the truth to the best of my knowledge. I owed this small deposit of justice, such as it is, to the memory of the best man I ever knew, and of the dearest friend I ever had.

Chesterfield.

§ 130. *Character of Lord HARDWICKE.*

Lord Hardwicke was, perhaps, the greatest magistrate that this country ever had. He presided in the court of Chancery above twenty years, and in all that time none of his decrees were reversed, nor the justness of them ever questioned. Though avarice was his ruling passion, he was never in the least suspected of any kind of corruption: a rare and meritorious instance of virtue and self-denial, under the influence of such a craving, insatiable, and increasing passion.

He had great and clear parts; understood, loved, and cultivated the *belles lettres*. He was an agreeable, eloquent speaker in parliament, but not without some little tincture of the pleader.

Men are apt to mistake, or at least to seem to mistake, their own talents, in hopes, perhaps, of misleading others to allow them that which they are conscious they do not possess. Thus Lord Hardwicke valued himself more upon being a

great minister of state, which he certainly was not, than upon being a great magistrate, which he certainly was.

All his notions were clear, but none of them great. Good order and domestic details were his proper department. The great and shining parts of government, though not above his parts to conceive, were above his timidity to undertake.

By great and lucrative employments, during the course of thirty years, and by still greater parsimony, he acquired an immense fortune, and established his numerous family in advantageous posts and profitable alliances.

Though he had been solicitor and attorney-general, he was by no means what is called a prerogative lawyer. He loved the constitution, and maintained the just prerogative of the crown, but without stretching it to the oppression of the people.

He was naturally humane, moderate, and decent; and when, by his former employments, he was obliged to prosecute state-criminals, he discharged that duty in a very different manner from most of his predecessors, who were too justly called the "blood-hounds of the crown."

He was a cheerful and instructive companion, humane in his nature, decent in his manners, unstained with any vice (avarice excepted), a very great magistrate, but by no means a great minister.

Chesterfield.

§ 131. *Character of the Duke of NEWCASTLE.*

The Duke of Newcastle will be so often mentioned in the history of these times, and with so strong a bias either for or against him, that I resolved, for the sake of truth, to draw his character, with my usual impartiality: for as he had been a minister for above forty years together, and in the last ten years of that period, first minister, he had full time to oblige one-half of the nation, and to offend the other.

We were contemporaries, near relations, and familiar acquaintances; sometimes well, and sometimes ill together, according to the several variations of political affairs, which know no relations, friends, or acquaintances.

The public opinion put him below his level: for though he had no superior parts, or eminent talents, he had a most

indefatigable industry, a perseverance, a court craft, a servile compliance with the will of his sovereign for the time being: which qualities, with only a common share of common sense, will carry a man sooner and more safely through the dark labyrinths of a court, than the most shining parts would do without those meaner talents.

He was good-natured to a degree of weakness, even to tears, upon the slightest occasions. Exceedingly timorous, both personally and politically, dreading the least innovation, and keeping, with a scrupulous timidity, in the beaten track of business, as having the safest bottom.

I will mention one instance of this disposition, which, I think, will set it in the strongest light. When I brought the bill into the house of lords, for correcting and amending the calendar, I gave him previous notice of my intentions: he was alarmed at so bold an undertaking, and conjured me not to stir matters that had been long quiet; adding that he did not love new-fangled things. I did not, however, yield to the cogency of these arguments, but brought in the bill, and it passed unanimously. From such weaknesses it necessarily follows, that he could have no great ideas, nor elevation of mind.

His ruling, or rather his only, passion was, the agitation, the bustle, and the hurry of business, to which he had been accustomed above forty years; but he was as dilatory in dispatching it, as he was eager to engage in it. He was always in a hurry, never walked, but always run, insomuch that I have sometimes told him, that by his fleetness one should rather take him for the courier than the author of the letters.

He was as jealous of his power as an impotent lover of his mistress, without activity of mind enough to enjoy or exert it, but could not bear a share even in the appearances of it.

His levees were his pleasure, and his triumph; he loved to have them crowded, and consequently they were so; there he made people of business wait two or three hours in the ante-chamber, while he trifled away that time with some insignificant favourites in his closet. When at last he came into his levee-room, he accosted, hugged, embraced, and promised every body, with a seeming cordiality, but at the same time with an illiberal and degrading familiarity.

He was exceedingly disinterested: very profuse of his own fortune, and abhorring all those means, too often used by persons in his station, either to gratify their avarice, or to supply their prodigality; for he retired from business in the year 1762, above four hundred thousand pounds poorer than when he first engaged in it.

Upon the whole, he was a compound of most human weaknesses, but untainted with any vice or crime. *Chesterfield.*

§ 132. *Character of Mr. Pitt.*
(Lord Chatham.)

Mr. Pitt owed his rise to the most considerable posts and power in this kingdom, singly to his own abilities; in him they supplied the want of birth and fortune, which latter in others too often supply the want of the former. He was a younger brother of a very new family, and his fortune only an annuity of one hundred pounds a-year.

The army was his original destination, and a cornetcy of horse his first and only commission in it. Thus, unassisted by favour or fortune, he had no powerful protector to introduce him into business, and (if I may use that expression) to do the honours of his parts; but their own strength was fully sufficient.

His constitution refused him the usual pleasures, and his genius forbid him the idle dissipations of youth; for so early as at the age of sixteen, he was the martyr of an hereditary gout. He therefore employed the leisure which that tedious and painful distemper either procured or allowed him, in acquiring a great fund of premature and useful knowledge. Thus, by the unaccountable relation of causes and effects, what seemed the greatest misfortune of his life, was, perhaps, the principal cause of its splendour.

His private life was stained by no vices nor sullied by any meanness. All his sentiments were liberal and elevated. His ruling passion was an unbounded ambition, which, when supported by great abilities, and crowned by great success, make what the world calls "a great man." He was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and overbearing; qualities which too often accompany, but always clog, great ones.

He had manners and address; but one might discern through them too great a consciousness of his own superior talents. He was a most agreeable and lively com-

panion in social life; and had such a versatility of wit, that he could adapt it to all sorts of conversation. He had also a most happy turn to poetry, but he seldom indulged and seldom avowed it.

He came young into parliament, and upon that great theatre soon equalled the oldest and the ablest actors. His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative as well as in the declamatory way; but his invectives were terrible, and uttered with such energy of diction, and stern dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated those who were the most willing and the best able to encounter him*; their arms fell out of their hands, and they shrunk under the ascendant which his genius gained over theirs.

In that assembly, where the public good is so much talked of, and private interest singly pursued, he set out with acting the patriot, and performed that part so nobly, that he was adopted by the public as their chief, or rather only unsuspected, champion.

The weight of his popularity, and his universally acknowledged abilities, obtruded him upon king George II. to whom he was personally obnoxious. He was made secretary of state: in this difficult and delicate situation, which one would have thought must have reduced either the patriot or the minister to a decisive option, he managed with such ability, that while he served the king more effectually in his most unwarrantable electoral views, than any former minister, however willing, had dared to do, he still preserved all his credit and popularity with the public; whom he assured and convinced, that the protection and defence of Hanover, with an army of seventy-five thousand men in British pay, was the only possible method of securing our possessions or acquisitions in North America. So much easier is it to deceive than to undeceive mankind.

His own disinterestedness, and even contempt of money, smoothed his way to power, and prevented or silenced a great share of that envy which commonly attends it. Most men think that they have an equal natural right to riches, and equal abilities to make the proper use of them; but not very many of them have the impudence to think themselves qualified for power.

* Hume, Campbell, and Lord Chief Justice Mansfield.

Upon the whole, he will make a great and shining figure in the annals of this country, notwithstanding the blot which his acceptance of three thousand pounds per annum pension for three lives, on his voluntary resignation of the seals in the first year of the present king, must make in his character, especially as to the disinterested part of it. However, it must be acknowledged, that he had those qualities which none but a great man can have, with a mixture of those failings which are the common lot of wretched and imperfect human nature. *Chesterfield.*

§ 133. *Another Character.*

The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty, and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always reasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this

statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an æra in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation; nor was he, like Townshend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe. *Anonymous.*

§ 134. *Another Character.*

Lord Chatham is a great and celebrated name; a name that keeps the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called,

—Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat
urbi.

The venerable age of this great man, his merited rank, his superior eloquence, his splendid qualities, his eminent services, the vast space he fills in the eye of mankind, and, more than all the rest, his fall from power, which, like death, canonizes and sanctifies a great character, will not suffer me to censure any part of his conduct. I am afraid to flatter him; I am sure I am not disposed to blame him; let those who have betrayed him by their adulation, insult him with their malevolence. But what I do not presume to censure, I may have leave to lament.

For a wise man, he seemed to me at that time to be governed too much by

general maxims: one or two of these maxims, flowing from an opinion not the most indulgent to our unhappy species, and surely a little too general, led him into measures that were greatly mischievous to himself; and for that reason, among others, perhaps fatal to his country; measures the effects of which I am afraid are for ever incurable. He made an administration so checkered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery so grossly indented and whimsically dove-tailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic, such a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king's friends and republicans; whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, "Sir, your name, &c." It so happened, that persons had a single office divided between them who had never spoken to each other in their lives; until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle bed.

In consequence of this arrangement having put so much the larger part of his enemies and opposers into power, the confusion was such that his own principles could not possibly have any effect or influence in the conduct of affairs. If ever he fell into a fit of the gout, or if any other cause withdrew him from public cares, principles directly contrary were sure to predominate. When he had executed his plan, he had not an inch of ground to stand upon: when he had accomplished his scheme of administration, he was no longer a minister.

When his face was hid but for a moment, his whole system was on a wide sea, without chart or compass. The gentlemen, his particular friends, in various departments of ministry, with a confidence in him which was justified, even in its extravagance, by his superior abilities, had never in any instance presumed on any opinion of their own; deprived of his guiding influence, they were whirled about, the sport of every gust, and easily driven into any port; and as those who joined with them in manning the vessel were the most directly opposite to his opi-

nions, measures, and character, and far the most artful and most powerful of the set, they easily prevailed, so as to seize upon the most vacant, unoccupied, and derelict minds of his friends, and instantly they turned the vessed wholly out of the course of his policy. As if it were to insult as well as to betray him, even long before the close of the first session of his administration, when every thing was publicly transacted, and with great parade, in his name, they made an act, declaring it highly just and expedient to raise a revenue in America. For even then, even before the splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary (Charles Townshend) and for his hour became lord of the ascendant, who was officially the reproducer of the fatal scheme, the unfortunate act to tax America for a revenue.

Edm. Burke.

§ 135. *Character of Mr. Fox.*

Charles James Fox was for thirty-two years a principal leader in the debates and discussions of the English House of Commons. The eminent transactions of his life lay within those walls; and so many of his countrymen as were accustomed to hear his speeches there, or have habitually read the abstracts which have been published of them, are in possession of the principal materials by which this extraordinary man is to be judged.

Fox is the most illustrious model of a parliamentary leader on the side of liberty that this country has produced. This character is the appropriate glory of England, and Fox is the proper example of this character.

England has been called, "The land of liberty and good sense." We have preserved many of the advantages of a free people, which the nations of the continent have long since lost. Some of them have made wild and intemperate sallies for the recovery of all those things which are most valuable to man in society, but their efforts have not been attended with the happiest success. There is a sobriety in the English people, particularly in accord with the possession of freedom. We are somewhat slow, and somewhat silent; but beneath this outside we have much of reflection, much of firmness, a consciousness of power and of worth, a spirit of

frank dealing and plain speaking, and a moderate and decent sturdiness of temper not easily to be deluded or subdued.

For thirty-two years Fox hardly ever opened his mouth in parliament, but to assert, in some form or other, the cause of liberty and mankind, and to repel tyranny in its various shapes, and protest against the encroachments of power. In the American war, in the questions of reform at home which grew out of the American war, and in the successive scenes which were produced by the French Revolution, Fox was still found the perpetual advocate of freedom. He endeavoured to secure the privileges and the happiness of the people of Asia, and the people of Africa. In church and state his principles were equally favourable to the cause of liberty. Englishmen can no where find the sentiments of freedom unfolded and amplified in more animated language, or in a more consistent tenor, than in the recorded parliamentary debates of Fox. Many have called in question his prudence, and the practicability of his politics in some of their branches; none have succeeded in fixing a stain upon the truly English temper of his heart.

The reason why Fox excelled in this reign William Pulteney, and other eminent leaders of opposition in the reign of George the Second, was, that his heart beat in accord to sentiments of liberty. The character of the English nation has improved since the year 1760. The two first kings of the House of Hanover did not aspire to the praise of encouragers of English literature, and had no passion for the fine arts; and their minister, Sir Robert Walpole, loved nothing, nor pretended to understand any thing, but finance, commerce, and peace. His opponents caught their tone from his, and their debates rather resembled those of the directors of a great trading company, than of men who were concerned with the passions, the morals, the ardent sentiments, and the religion of a generous and enlightened nation. The English seemed fast degenerating into such a people as the Dutch; but Burke and Fox, and other eminent characters not necessary to be mentioned here, redeemed us from the imminent depravity, and lent their efforts to make us the worthy inhabitants of a soil which had produced a Shakspeare, a Bacon, and a Milton.

Fox, in addition to the generous feelings of his heart, possessed, in a supreme degree, the powers of an acute logician. He seized with astonishing rapidity, the defects of his antagonist's arguments, and held them up in the most striking point of ridicule. He never misrepresented what his opponent had said, or attacked his accidental oversights, but fairly met and routed him when he thought himself strongest. Though he had at no time studied law as a profession, he never entered the lists in reasoning with a lawyer, that he did not shew himself superior to the gowned pleader at his own weapons. It was this singular junction of the best feelings of the human heart, with the acutest powers of the human understanding, that made Fox the wonderful creature he was.

Let us compare William Pitt in office, and Charles James Fox out of it; and endeavour to decide upon their respective claims to the gratitude of posterity. Pitt was surrounded with all that can dazzle the eye of a vulgar spectator; he possessed the plenitude of power; during a part of his reign, he was as nearly despotic as the minister of a mixed government can be: he dispensed the gifts of the crown; he commanded the purse of the nation; he wielded the political strength of England. Fox during almost all his life had no part of these advantages.

It has been said, that Pitt preserved his country from the anarchy and confusion which from a neighbouring nation threatened to infect us. This is a very doubtful proposition. It is by no means clear that the English people could ever have engaged in so wild, indiscriminate, ferocious and sanguinary a train of conduct as was exhibited by the people of France. It is by no means clear that the end which Pitt is said to have gained, could not have been accomplished without such bloody wars, such formidable innovations on the liberties of Englishmen, such duplicity, unhallowed dexterity and treachery, and so audacious a desertion of all the principles with which the minister commenced his political life as Pitt employed. Meanwhile it was the simple, ingenuous and manly office of Fox to protest against the madness and the despotical proceedings of his rival in administration: and, if he could not successfully counteract the measures of Pitt, the honour at least is due to him, to have brought out the English cha-

acter not fundamentally impaired, in the issue of the most arduous trial it was ever called to sustain.

The eloquence of these two renowned statesmen well corresponded with the different parts they assumed in public life. The eloquence of Pitt was cold and artificial. The complicated, yet harmonious, structure of his periods, bespoke the man of contrivance and study. No man knew so well as Pitt how to envelope his meaning in a cloud of words, whenever he thought obscurity best adapted to his purpose. No man was so skilful as Pitt to answer the questions of his adversary without communicating the smallest information. He was never taken off his guard. If Pitt ever appeared in some eyes to grow warm as he proceeded, it was with a measured warmth; there were not any starts, and sallies, and sudden emanations of the soul; he seemed to be as much under the minutest regulation in the most vehement swellings and apostrophes of his speech, as in his coldest calculation.

Fox, as an orator, appeared to come immediately from the forming hand of nature. He spoke well, because he felt strongly and earnestly. His oratory was impetuous as the current of the river Rhone; nothing could arrest its course. His voice would insensibly rise to too high a key; he would run himself out of breath. Every thing showed how little artifice there was in his eloquence. Though on all great occasions he was throughout energetic, yet it was by sudden flashes and emanations that he electrified the heart, and shot through the blood of his hearer. I have seen his countenance lighten up with more than mortal ardour and goodness; I have been present when his voice has been suffocated with the sudden bursting forth of a torrent of tears.

The love of freedom which marks the public proceedings of Fox, is exactly analogous to the natural temper of his mind: he seemed born for the cause which his talents were employed to support. He was the most unassuming of mankind. He was so far from dictating to others, that it was often imputed to him, though perhaps erroneously, that he suffered others to dictate to him. No man ever existed more simple in his manners, more single-hearted, or less artificial in his carriage. The set phrases of what is called polished life, made no part of

his ordinary speech; he courted no man; he practised adulation to none. Nothing was in more diametrical opposition to the affected than the whole of his behaviour. His feelings in themselves, and in the expression of them, were, in the most honourable sense of the word, childlike. Various anecdotes might be related of his innocent and defenceless manners in private and familiar life, which would form the most striking contrast with the vulgar notions of the studied and designing demeanour of a Statesman. This was the man that was formed to defend the liberties of Englishmen: his public and his private life are beautiful parts of a consistent whole, and reflect mutual lustre on each other.

To conclude, Fox is the great ornament of the kingdom of England during the latter part of the eighteenth century. What he did is the due result of the illumination of the present age, and of the character of our ancestors for ages past. Pitt (if I may be excused for mentioning him once again) was merely a statesman; he was formed to seize occasions, to possess himself of power. He belonged to ancient Carthage—he belonged to modern Italy—but there is nothing in him that expressly belongs to England. Fox, on the contrary—mark how he outshines his rival—how little the acquisition of power adds to the intrinsic character of the man!—is all over English. He is the mirror of the national character of the age in which he lived—its best, its purest, its most honourable representative. No creature that has the genuine feelings of an Englishman can recollect, without emotions of exultation, the temper, the endowments, and the public conduct of Fox. *Anonymous.*

§ 136. *Characters of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox.*

Two rival statesmen divide the opinion of the public—opposite in temperament, education, system, and in whatever constitutes character.—Shaded by the prophetic mantle of his father, there was, in the first appearance of the one, something of sublimity; splendid abilities, unusual sanctity of manners, bespoke and justified the confidence of his country.—Raised at once to a high station, pressed by business that must be instantly performed, he was obliged to accept of assistance from men hackneyed in the ways of office, and by degrees was compelled to relinquish

the favourite, honourable resolutions of his youth.—He did not consort with men who marked his first deviations. Courtiers are not always furnished with a moral plumb-rule to adjust the rectitude of a friend, though they sometimes apply it rather awkwardly to detect the obliquity of an enemy. The unbounded confidence of the public tempted the frailty of his nature, and he scrupled not to impose a little upon the *people*, who had imposed so much upon themselves.

The other statesman had a character to make. With the exuberant animation which usually accompanies genius, he ran the eccentric round of dissipation.—But this to him was a short and salutary experiment; the same social nature at his first entrance upon his political career led him to tolerate, perhaps to imitate, his companions:—but his taste and judgment soon disdained the mean arts and sordid objects of inferior ambition. His moral character has been gradually formed by the conviction of his understanding, and perhaps not a single year has been added to his life, which has not added to his virtue.

The philosophic eye will perceive the influence of character, not only in the conduct of affairs, but in the deliberation of the Senate. When the melodious voice of the minister steals upon the ear, when he leads us ‘through many a bout of lengthened sweetness,’ far away from the object which we sought, we feel as if our understandings had been convinced, when our senses only have been gratified. When he assumes the tone of argument, we admire the lucid order, the beautiful connexion, the high polish of his orations. It is true the parts are put together with dexterity; the joinings and defects in the materials are exquisitely concealed by workmanship. The varnish is so delicate, that no rude hand ventures to deface it. But, when it yields to time, and reveals the wretched materials which it covered, we are amazed to see so much skill and ingenuity bestowed upon such a worthless fabric.

His opponent rises—we forget the orator, and sympathize with every feeling of the man. With the energy of a master-hand he strikes out at every blow a distinct idea. He never spins the slight gossamer of sophistry, to catch the feeble and fluttering attention; but, with Herculean nerve, we see him forge out, link by link, the chain of demonstration. There

is no pause, no respite, till the massive length is complete, and riveted round the mind.

In a commercial nation, it is natural to look more to the financier, than to the statesman; but these are not times when fiscal abilities can save an empire. Ministers who have furnished their memories with statistical tables, and all the detail of diplomatic learning, are well qualified, in times of tranquillity, to trim the balance of Europe, and to calculate its nice libations: but in the hour of tempest and danger, we abandon these refined speculations: we look for a statesman, who, when he finds himself hurried on by the irresistible current of affairs, governs himself by a bolder prudence, and who, whilst the storm rages, dares to rely on the rapid suggestions of a vigorous and comprehensive mind.

Edgeworth.

§ 137. *Character of Mr. GRATTAN.*

It is now about forty years since Ireland began to have a history. The past was fable or affliction; a desert traversed by furious faction, or covered with the sad memorials of what, under better times, might have made the living strength of the land, a field of battle or a grave. From Mr. Grattan’s first emergence, a milder light rested upon the public mind, and Ireland began to take upon her the robes and aspect of a settled polity. It was his own language of her constitution, “that he had stood by its cradle, and followed its hearse.” This was the phrase of a moment of strong and melancholy feeling. But he had at least seen its birth, and he had done more, he had poured of his spirit upon it, and anointed the infant for aspirations and triumphs, glorious beyond the youth of any other freedom. In England we are a grave people, and steadily loving our public rights, our value for them is chastened by long possession. We are not led for the first time into the knowledge of our inheritance. We take possession of our estate, after having been trained in the sight of heir-looms and escutcheons of the magnificence of freedom, and hallowed ancestral memorials of heroic achievements, in the public cause. But in Ireland all was new. It was poverty starting into sudden wealth. It was a desolated mind suddenly filled with prosperous and splendid imaginations. It was the breath of life breathed

into the nostrils of a human image, and awaking him to cast his eyes round a new creation. This language is not exaggerated. The enthusiasm, the rejoicing, the gratitude of Ireland, on her first possession of public rights, were beyond all language. The proceedings of the first few years after 1782, were like a continued triumph. The man who had led the battle, led the march to the capitol; but, unlike the triumph of the Roman, his glory was that his car was followed by no slave. In after years, this man was repelled by the same heated and impetuous spirit which then rushed, rejoicing, before, and around, and behind his progress. The popular feeling grew disturbed. It was a time of European perplexity. The first advances of the great convulsion, which was yet to lift temples and thrones upon it, like weeds upon a wave, were felt in the quiverings of the earth, and the overshadowing of the air; and, far as Ireland was from the central shock, she was reached by the general heave. But her first exultation was beyond all experience. It was the first beam of the sun upon Memnon's statue; and if, as the day advanced, the voice died, and the form was tinged with a darker hue, the early miracle was yet the great testimony and tribute, neither to be forgotten nor retracted.

It is the praise of Mr. Grattan, and no man needs desire a nobler epitaph, that, with powers supremely fitted to influence the multitude, he restrained himself from popular excitement. The Irish have habitual propensities to public speaking; and Mr. Grattan's celebrity had still more strongly turned the powers of her ambitious minds to oratory. But he withdrew from the temptations of the hustings and the highway, to devote his mind under the only roof where public freedom can be worshipped without reproach and without fear. His place was in the house of commons. There he laboured, and there he lived. It was full of his trophies. He was its true architect. It might have been said of him, "*Si monumentum ejus quæris, circumspice.*" And for this he had his reward. The long succession of demagogues, who each misled the public mind, and who, for the time, were borne above him, perished like the foam when the storm is done. Mr. Grattan's name always rose with the falling of the surge,

and in the returned calmness and sunshine of the great popular expanse, his firm renown stood up like a rock from the bosom of the ocean.

The chief instrument of those successes was his eloquence. It had the first mark of genius, originality. With Burke, Curran, and Sheridan, for his contemporaries, his senatorial oratory had a form and countenance altogether its own. All definitions of the powers of those gifted men have grown common-place; but with a portion of what made the splendour of each, he had a direction distinct and peculiar. He was not a satellite of the most illustrious among them, but a new star, sweeping round its own orbit, and enlightening its own region, undisturbed, and unexhausted. But his style had the merit of being admirably fit for immediate impression. It kept clear from the solemn didactic with which Burke sometimes barred up the torrents of his oratory. It was not seduced into the fantastic wit with which Curran often made his audience laugh where he should have made them feel. The broad humour that impaired and drew down towards earth the loftiest imaginings of Sheridan, was never attempted by him. But for those he brought keen, solid, vivid thought; in language condensed, and close to its substance, shaped like the sheath to a sword. His powerful imagination never wasted itself on idle flights, never spread out its ætherial flames and colours to wanton before the eye. It was always strongly employed, always striking home upon its object with concentrated power. Its fault was mannerism:—this has been observed to be the natural fault of all original minds. The torrent and vigour of feeling which has forced away a new channel for its stream, can scarcely be soothed and subjected into other courses. The strength which it inherits from its first mighty bound never deserts it altogether; and, even in its gentlest flow, a trivial check chafes and rouses it into the torrent again. Mr. Grattan's habit of antithesis was the single fault of his style. It grew on him with the close of life. In his early speeches it was rare. Of those famous speeches nothing now remains but a few imperfect reports, and the fragments that are yet treasured in the memories of their ancient hearers, like oracles. But the true evidence of their

power is in what they had done. They found Ireland a place of desolation and savagery. They collected its scattered powers, and taught them wisdom and language; and, with more than the old miracle of Greece, built up the walls of their polity. Before Mr. Grattan, Ireland had scarcely a merchant, or a manufacturer, or a statesman, or a man of name in literature. He created them all, or rather he smote away the encumbrances of the soil, and left its native fertility to flourish and ascend in the light and air of constitution.

His conduct on the public questions which agitated Ireland, in common with the civilized world, was conformable to his wise and pure intelligence. He met the habitual fate of moderation, and was the object of offence to vulgar partisanship on both sides. But his fortitude was as little to be broken down, as his honour; and, when the lunacy of the hour was past, all venerated his cloudless and superior course with the same homage. In his conduct of the Catholic question, he gave a model for the pursuit of all great claims for the time to come. His heart was in his cause; but his zeal was without bigotry, rashness, or irritation. He saw intruders rush before him, and bear away his followers to unfruitful enterprises; but in this attempt to recover the ancient privileges, the Palestine of the Catholic, he neither quickened nor retarded his march for the enthusiasts who hastened to cover the desert with their bodies. His advance was deliberate, but it was secure. The leader reflected lustre on the host; and, before he died, he left them in sight of the city to which they had looked in hopelessness for a hundred years.

But Mr. Grattan is defrauded of his highest praise, if his integrity is forgotten. His powers might have commanded all that ambition covets. He was impregnable to place and title. He refused all honours and emoluments, even when they were offered by hands which he honoured. He declared himself to be the purchased servant of the country, and to be incapable of adopting another master. No disclosure that death, the great unsealer of cabinets, has made, has been able to throw a shadow on the exalted patriotism of Mr. Grattan. No evil secrets are buried in his grave. He lived till he saw doubt and detraction perish before him,

and was assured of his immortality. But his grave does not bound the services of such a life. While there is memory in man, his name will be an incentive to the generous ambition of his country. But he is now gathered to the great repository of the human race, and belongs to the infinite assemblage of all tongues, and ages, and nations, that have been. The virtues of the dead patriot become the property of mankind. The small seed is buried in the earth, but from it springs the mighty tree gathering the dews of heaven in its branches, and covering the multitude with its shade. *Anonymous.*

§ 138. Character of Mr. CURRAN.

Like his great precursor in England, John Dunning, Lord Ashburton, in his face, form, and figure, there was nothing calculated to attract attention. Nature is never lavish of a variety of gifts; and therefore seldom unites a very handsome person with extraordinary mental accomplishments. Accordingly, it must be candidly allowed that the first appearance of this gentleman did not augur favourably of his talents. His stature was considerably below even the middle size; and being uncommonly thin, as well as agile, which qualities were combined with a certain playfulness of manner, he appeared at a distance like a boy. Nor, on a nearer approach, did his features display any of the finer traits, that look of animation, or those inexpressible characteristics which are usually supposed at once to betoken and to accompany genius.

Yet he gradually improved in conversation, and, as if to demonstrate that the want of beauty may be fully compensated by other accomplishments, all prejudice and prepossession gradually disappeared from the mind of the beholder.

But it was not until he became animated that Mr. Curran appeared interesting. Then indeed, more especially on great public occasions, he assumed a new and imposing aspect. His black piercing eyes lighted up a countenance which before seemed dark, dismal, and unmeaning; every feature became suddenly dilated; he appeared to rise taller and fairer in point of form and stature; and at length seemed actually to occupy a larger space in the eye of the delighted stranger. Every one present felt a generous compunction for the prejudices with which he had been at first viewed;

and at length the pleased and enraptured audience, as if unconscious of the dignity of a court of justice, or the imposing majesty of a representative senate, by one sudden and simultaneous burst of applause, seemed unequivocally to testify that he had awakened and excited all the noblest passions of which the human heart is susceptible.

Of his character as a lawyer little requires to be said here. Having been chiefly employed in *nisi prius* and criminal causes, he doubtless possessed sufficient skill and reading for the purposes of his clients. It was rather, however, from the ample stores of his own mind than either "ancient" or "modern reports;" the depths of the "common," the conflicting but peremptory commands of the "statute law," or the almost-forgotten rolls, denominated the "year books," that he drew his chief resources. On trifling occasions he would condescend to harness and bring forward all the light artillery of raillery, satire, and invective. He dearly loved a classical and appropriate quotation; and did not disdain even a squib or a pun. By his pleasantry he appeared for a moment to conciliate even the bench. But it was his well-directed sarcasms that served instantly to abate the nuisance, or remove the petty injustice of which he complained; and, while the frequent sallies of a happy imagination played like lightning in the faces of his adversaries, the causticity of his wit seemed to smite, and wither, and shrivel up the puny efforts of his discomfited opponents.

On great events he affected *pathos*;

and then he himself appeared to be fully imbued with, and actuated by, a due and deep sense of the wrongs of which he complained. If we are to give full credit to the testimony of some of his contemporaries, he united two rare, distinct, and opposite qualifications in his own person: the fine style of defensive eloquence, once exhibited by an Erskine, with all the subtle, nice, and discriminating powers occasionally employed by a Garrow, when he was employed to detect subornation; to lay bare guilt; to support and establish innocence.

On several memorable occasions he defied the threats of commitment, and the frowns of the court: these indeed were formidable engines; but, when the life of a fellow-creature was at stake, he always exhibited a daring and a dauntless resistance. One memorable instance is recorded of his courage. At a time when Ireland was unhappily deluged with her own blood, and animosities sharpened to a deadly height, by the fatal feuds of party-politics and adverse religions, his eloquence was invoked for the protection of some prisoners, whose crimes appeared to him to have originated in the guilty fears of their prosecutors. As he was denouncing vengeance against these, many of whom were present and in uniform, some of the yeomen, incited by a sudden impulse, are said to have actually drawn their swords. On this he assumed a stern and undismayed look; and, after exclaiming aloud, "You may assassinate, but you shall not intimidate me," continued his speech as if nothing had occurred!

Anonymous.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

IN PROSE.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES,

WITH

HUMOROUS, FACETIOUS, AND OTHER MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

§ 1. *The Story of LE FEVRE.*

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe—When my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard;—the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack; 'tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack, and a thin toast.—*I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*—If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.—I hope in God he will still mend, continued he—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, and my service, and

tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining an high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host—And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do, Trim,—and ask if he knows his name.

—I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again—Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day: he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—Stay in the room a little, says my uncle Toby.—

Trim!—said my uncle Toby, after he

had lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow: my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.—Corporal! said my uncle Toby,—the corporal made his bow.—My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roque-laure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roque-laure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roque-laure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin.—I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it:—How shall we manage it?—Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant—I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a straight line, as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant—Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby—He is, said the corporal—And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight for-

wards, as I learnt it---Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done: so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke, as plain as a bow could speak it---“Your honour is good:”---And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,---and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked---That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby---I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;---that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.---If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,---we can hire horses from hence.---But alas! the poor gentleman will never go from hence, said the landlady to me,---for I heard the death-watch all night long:---and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him: for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;---but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth---Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.---I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.---I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.---The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.---Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,---he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;---I wish I had him here.

—I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:---What could be the matter with

me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father:—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou mightest have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby) he was heartily welcome to it:—he made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it was wrong, added the corporal.—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side; and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate;—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson:—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, —or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harassing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night upon his arms;—beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his

joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—he must say his prayers how and when he can.—I believe, said I—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.—Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not.—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then) it will be seen who has done their duties in this world, and who has not, and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will shew it thee to-morrow:—In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:—I hope not, said the corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it:—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side:—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me,—if he was of Leven's—said the lieutenant—I told him your honour was.—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre,

a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing ;—possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well.—Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband, about his neck, and kissed it twice.—Here, Billy, said he,—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh,—I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned ;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?—Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted ;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment ;—but finish the story thou art upon ;—'Tis finished already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good night ; young Le Fevre rose from off the bed and saw me to the bottom of the stairs ; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders—But, alas! said the corporal,—the lieutenant's last day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves—that notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly attached at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp: and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn ;

and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, he left Dendermond to itself—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good: and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

—That kind being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim ;—in the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse ; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders ;—True, quoth my uncle Toby,—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst my whatever was in my house,—thou shouldst have offered him my house too :—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim ; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him,—thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim,—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's and his boy's and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal ;—He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off :—An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave :—He shall march! cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby,

firmly.—A-well-o'day,—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die:—He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

—The *accusing spirit*, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

—My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches-pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician—he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology sat himself down upon the chair, by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him?——and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

—You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse;—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature: to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, super-added, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunateto come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, the son had insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and

were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then cast a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was,—was never broken.

Nature instantly ebb'd again,—the film returned to its place,—the pulse flutter'd—stopp'd—went on—throbb'd—stopp'd again—mov'd—stopp'd—shall I go on?—No. *Sterne.*

§ 2. YORICK'S Death.

A few hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stopt in, with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,—and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever.—I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke,—I hope not, Yorick, said he.—Yorick replied, with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand,—and that was all;—but it cut Eugenius to his heart.—Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him,—my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis, when thou most wantest them;—who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head: for my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare, I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough of thee left to make a bishop,—and that I may live to see it.—I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,—his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius—I beseech thee to take a view of my head.—I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that it is so bruised and mis-shapened with the blows which have been so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say

with Sancho Panza, that should I recover, and "mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail; not "one of them would fit it."—Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone;—and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakspeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he squeezed his hand,—and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door,—he then closed them—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble-slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph, and elegy—

Alas, poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him:—a foot-way crossing the church-yard close by his grave,—not a passenger goes by, without stopping to cast a look upon it,—and sighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

Sterne.

§ 3. *The Story of ALCANDER and SEPTIMIUS. Taken from a Byzantine Historian.*

Athens, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric the Ostrogoth repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together: the one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum, the other the most eloquent speaker in the Academic

grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together; when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians by these means soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love: and Alcander being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Sep-

timius: in a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius in a few years arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city-judge or prætor.

In the mean time Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning awaked him: to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoticed among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaci-

ated and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In those circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a farther inquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander being found, was immediately apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence, and thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still farther increased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal; Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted: shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived

afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

§ 4. *The Monk.*

A poor Monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was pre-determined not to give him a single sous, and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look; I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The Monk, as I judge from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—truth might lie between—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild—pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a Monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it on the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hand of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so; it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of entreaty; and as it now stands present to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got close up to him,

he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it—

—A better reason was, I had pre-determined not to give him a single sous.

—'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and Heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words “great claims,” he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—-I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—-a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—-are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm: the captive, who lies down counting over and over again the days of his affliction, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the order of Mercy, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate. The Monk made me a bow—But of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore—The Monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent—But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, for the love of God.

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him;

he showed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door—Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination; I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him: and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I considered his grey hairs—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me, what injury he had done me? and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along.

Sterne.

§ 5. *Sir Bertrand. A Fragment.*

—Sir Bertrand turned his steed towards the wolds, hoping to cross these dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but the brown heath surrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he should direct his course. Night overtook him in this situation. It was one of those nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering sky. Now and then she suddenly emerged in full splendour from her veil, and then instantly retired behind it; having just served to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide extended prospect over the desolate waste. Hope and native courage awhile urged him to push forwards, but at length the increasing darkness and fatigue of body and mind overcame him; he dreaded moving from the ground he stood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs, and alighting from his horse in despair, he threw himself on the ground. He had not long continued in that posture, when the sullen toll of a distant bell struck his ears—he started up, and turning towards the sound, discerned a dim twinkling light. Instantly he seized his horse's bridle, and with cautious steps advanced towards it. After a painful march, he was stopped by a moated ditch, surrounding the place from whence

the light proceeded; and by a momentary glimpse of moonlight he had a full view of a large antique mansion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were strongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demolished, and the windows broken and dismantled. A draw-bridge, with a ruinous gateway at each end, led to the court before the building—He entered, and instantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along and vanished; at the same moment the moon sunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was silent—Sir Bertrand fastened his steed under a shed: and approaching the house, traversed its whole front with light and slow footsteps—All was still as death—He looked in at the lower windows, but could not distinguish a single object through the impenetrable gloom. After a short parley with himself, he entered the porch, and seizing a massy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and hesitating, at length struck a loud stroke—the noise resounded through the whole mansion with hollow echoes. All was still again—he repeated the strokes more boldly and louder—another interval of silence ensued—A third time he knocked, and a third time all was still. He then fell back to some distance, that he might discern whether any light could be seen in the whole front—It again appeared in the same place, and quickly glided away as before—at the same instant a deep sullen toll sounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful stop—he was awhile motionless; then terror impelled him to make some hasty steps towards his steed—but shame stopt his flight; and urged by honour, and a resistless desire of finishing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and working up his soul to a full steadiness of resolution, he drew forth his sword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door creaking upon its hinges reluctantly yielded to his hand—he applied his shoulder to it, and forced it open—he quitted it, and stepped forward—the door instantly shut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled—he turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could seize it—but his utmost strength could not open it again. After several ineffectual attempts he looked behind him, and beheld, across

a hall, upon a large stair-case, a pale bluish flame, which cast a dismal gleam of light around. He again summoned forth his courage, and advanced towards it—it retired. He came to the foot of the stairs, and after a moment's deliberation ascended. He went slowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery—The flame proceeded along it, and he followed it in silent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footsteps startled him. It led him to the foot of another stair-case, and then vanished--At the same instant another toll sounded from the turret--Sir Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart. He was now in total darkness, and with his arms extended, began to ascend the second stair-case. A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forwards--he endeavoured to disengage himself, but could not,--he made a furious blow with his sword, and instantly a loud shriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerless with his--He dropt it, and rushed forwards with a desperate valour. The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stone. The stair case grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open—it led to an intricate winding passage, just large enough to admit a person upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light served to shew the nature of the place—Sir Bertrand entered—A deep hollow groan resounded from a distance through the vault.—He went forwards, and proceeding beyond the first turning, he discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him—He followed it. The vault, at length, suddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thrusting forwards the bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing gesture, and brandishing a sword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly sprung forwards; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanished, letting fall a massy iron key. The flame now rested upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin rested upon a bier, with a taper burning on each side

of it. Along the room, on both sides, were gigantic statues of black marble, attired in the Moorish habit, and holding enormous sabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the knight entered; at the same moment the lid of the coffin flew open and the bell tolled. The flame still glided forwards, and Sir Bertrand resolutely followed, till he arrived within six paces of the coffin. Suddenly a lady in a shroud and black veil rose up in it, and stretched out her arms towards him--at the same time the statues clashed their sabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady and clasped her in his arms--she threw up her veil, and kissed his lips; and instantly the whole building shook as with an earthquake, and fell asunder with a horrible crash. Sir Bertrand was thrown into a sudden trance, and on recovering found himself seated on a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure crystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle. The doors opening to soft music, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing splendour, entered, surrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the Graces--She advanced to the knight, and falling on her knees, thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head, and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him. The nymphs placed themselves at the table, and a numerous train of servants entering, served up the feast; delicious music playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment--he could only return their honours by courteous looks and gestures. After the banquet was finished, all retired but the lady, who leading back the knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words: —

— — — — —
— — — — —

Aikin's Miscel.

§ 6. *On Human Grandeur.*

An alchouse-keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may pro-

bably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout: at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those barefaced flatterers: but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal; and turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, "Vides, mi fili, quam leve discrimen, patibulum inter et statuam." "You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands: for, as popular applause is excited by what seems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet: her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice; and, perhaps, at last, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting at his train. "Pox take these fools," he would say, "how much

"joy might all this bawling give my lord mayor!"

We have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked-of predecessor; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much detest to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of commonplace, except by illustrating it, rather by the assistance of my memory than judgment; and, instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came into his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people which he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Ilixfou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpose, then, has he fasted to death, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China?"

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered quality in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole; and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymer who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts, all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immorta-

lity, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. "Where was there ever so much merit seen? no time so important as our own! ages, yet unborn, shall gaze with wonder and applause!" To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them whenever they went, who were bepraised by newspapers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present, we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations an herring fishery. *Goldsmith.*

§ 7. *A Dialogue between Mr. ADDISON and Dr. SWIFT.*

Dr. Swift. Surely, Addison, Fortune was exceedingly bent upon playing the fool (a humour her ladyship, as well as most other ladies of very great quality, is frequently in) when she made you a minister of state, and me a divine!

Addison. I must confess we were both of us out of our elements. But you do not mean to insinuate, that, if our destinies had been reversed, all would have been right?

Swift. Yes, I do---You would have made an excellent bishop, and I should have governed Great Britain, as I did Ireland, with an absolute sway, while I talked of nothing but liberty, property, and so forth.

Addison. You governed the mob of Ireland; but I never heard that you governed the kingdom. A nation and a mob are different things.

Swift. Aye, so you fellows that have no genius for politics may suppose. But there are times when, by putting himself at the head of the mob, an able man may get to the head of the nation. Nay, there are times when the nation itself is a mob,

and may be treated as such by a skilful observer.

Addison. I do not deny the truth of your axiom: but is there no danger that, from the vicissitudes of human affairs, the favourite of the mob should be mobbed in his turn?

Swift. Sometimes there may; but I risked it, and it answered my purpose. Ask the lord-lieutenants, who were forced to pay court to me instead of my courting them, whether they did not feel my superiority. And if I could make myself so considerable when I was only a dirty dean of St. Patrick's, without a seat in either house of parliament, what should I have done if fortune had placed me in England, unincumbered with a gown, and in a situation to make myself heard in the house of lords or of commons?

Addison. You would doubtless have done very marvellous acts! perhaps you might have then been as zealous a whig as lord Wharton himself: or, if the whigs had offended the statesman, as they unhappily did the doctor, who knows but you might have brought in the Pretender? Pray let me ask you one question, between you and me: If you had been first minister under that prince, would you have tolerated the Protestant religion or not?

Swift. Ha! Mr. Secretary, are you witty upon me? Do you think, because Sunderland took a fancy to make you a great man in the state, that he could also make you as great in wit as Nature made me? No, no: wit is like grace, it must come from above. You can no more get that from the king, than my lords the bishops can the other. And though I will own you had some, yet, believe me, my friend, it was no match for mine. I think you have not vanity enough to pretend to a competition with me.

Addison. I have been often told by my friends that I was rather too modest: so, if you please, I will not decide this dispute for myself, but refer it to Mercury, the god of wit, who happens just now to be coming this way, with a soul he has newly brought to the shades.

Hail, divine Hermes! A question of precedence in the class of wit and humour, over which you preside, having arisen between me and my countryman Dr. Swift, we beg leave---

Mercury. Dr. Swift, I rejoice to see you.---How does my old lad? How does honest Lemuel Gulliver? Have you been

in Lilliput lately, or in the Flying Island, or with your good nurse Glumdalelitch? Pray, when did you eat a crust with Lord Peter? Is Jack as mad still as ever? I hear the poor fellow is almost got well by more gentle usage. If he had but more food he would be as much in his senses as brother Martin himself. But Martin, they tell me, has spawned a strange brood of fellows, called Methodists, Moravians, Hutchinsonians, who are madder than Jack was in his worst days. It is a pity you are not alive again to be at them; they would be excellent food for your tooth; and a sharp tooth it was, as ever was placed in the gum of a mortal; aye, and a strong one too. The hardest food would not break it, and it could pierce the thickest skulls. Indeed it was like one of Cerberus's teeth; one should not have thought it belonged to a man.—Mr. Addison, I beg your pardon, I should have spoken to you sooner; but I was so struck with the sight of the doctor, that I forgot for a time the respect due to you.

Swift. Addison, I think our dispute is decided before the judge has heard the cause.

Addison. I own it is in your favour, and I submit—but---

Mercury. Do not be discouraged, friend Addison. Apollo perhaps would have given a different judgment. I am a wit, and a rogue, and a foe to all dignity. Swift and I naturally like one another: he worships me more than Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer; but yet, I assure you, I have a great value for you.—Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, the country gentleman in the Freeholder, and twenty more characters, drawn with the finest strokes of natural wit and humour in your excellent writings, seat you very high in the class of my authors, though not quite so high as the dean of St. Patrick's. Perhaps you might have come nearer to him, if the decency of your nature and cautiousness of your judgment would have given you leave. But if in the force and spirit of his wit he has the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the polite and elegant graces; in the fine touches of delicate sentiment; in developing the secret springs of the soul; in shewing all the mild lights and shades of a character; in marking distinctly every line, and every soft gradation of tints which would escape the common eye! Who ever painted like

you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the shade even of the greatest simplicity, or the most ridiculous weaknesses; so that we are forced to admire, and feel that we venerate, even while we are laughing? Swift could do nothing that approaches to this.—He could draw an ill face very well, or caricature a good one with a masterly hand: but there was all his power; and, if I am to speak as a god, a worthless power it is. Yours is divine: it tends to improve and exalt human nature.

Swift. Pray, good Mercury (if I may have leave to say a word for myself,) do you think that my talent was of no use to correct human nature? Is whipping of no use to mend naughty boys?

Mercury. Men are not so patient of whipping as boys, and I seldom have known a rough satirist mend them. But I will allow that you have done some good in that way, though not half so much as Addison did in his. And now you are here, if Pluto and Proserpine would take my advice, they should dispose of you both in this manner:—When any hero comes hither from earth, who wants to be humbled (as most heroes do,) they should set Swift upon him to bring him down. The same good office he may frequently do to a saint swollen too much with the wind of spiritual pride, or to a philosopher vain of his wisdom and virtue. He will soon shew the first that he cannot be holy without being humble; and the last, that with all his boasted morality, he is but a better kind of Yahoo. I would also have him apply his anticosmetic wash to the painted face of female vanity, and his rod, which draws blood at every stroke, to the hard back of insolent folly or petulant wit. But you, Mr. Addison, should be employed to comfort and raise the spirits of those whose good and noble souls are dejected with a sense of some infirmities in their nature. To them you should hold your fair and charitable mirror, which would bring to their sight all their hidden perfections, cast over the rest a softening shade, and put them in a temper fit for Elysium.—Adieu: I must now return to my business above.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 8. *A Dialogue of the Dead between Cicero and Lord Chesterfield.*

Esse quam videri. SALL.

Cicero. Mistake me not. I know how to value the sweet courtesies of life. Affa-

bility, attention, decorum of behaviour, if they have not been ranked by philosophers among the virtues, are certainly related to them, and have a powerful influence in promoting social happiness. I have recommended them, as well as yourself. But I contend, and no sophistry shall prevail upon me to give up this point, that, to be truly amiable, they must proceed from goodness of heart.---Assumed by the artful to serve the purposes of private interest, they degenerate to contemptible grimace, and detestable hypocrisy.

Chest. Excuse me, my dear Cicero; I cannot enter farther into the controversy at present. I have a hundred engagements at least; and see yonder my little elegant French Comtesse. I promised her and myself the pleasure of a promenade. Pleasant walking enough in these elysian groves. So much good company too, that if it were not that the canaille are apt to be troublesome, I should not much regret the distance from the Thuilleries.---But adieu, mon cher ami, for I see Madame ***** is joining the party. Adieu, adieu!

Cic. Contemptible fop!

Chest. Ah! what do I hear? Recollect that I am a man of honour, unused to the pity or the insults of an upstart, a *novus homo*. But perhaps your exclamation was not meant of me---if so, why---

Cic. I am as little inclined to insult as to flatter you. Your levity excited my indignation; but my compassion for the degeneracy of human nature, exhibited in your instance, absorbs my contempt.

Chest. I could be a little angry, but as *bienséance* forbids it, I will be a philosopher for once.---A propos, pray how do you reconcile your, what shall I call it---your unsmooth address to those rules of decorum, that gentleness of manners, of which you say you know and teach the propriety as well as myself?

Cic. To confess the truth, I would not advance the external embellishment of manners to extreme refinement. Ornamental education, or an attention to the graces, has a connexion with effeminacy. In acquiring the gentleman, I would not lose the spirit of a man. There is a gracefulness in a manly character, a beauty in an open and ingenuous disposition, which all the professed teachers of the arts of pleasing know not how to communicate.

Chest. You and I lived in a state of manners, as different as the periods at which we lived were distant. You Romans, pardon me, my dear, you Romans ---had a little of the brute in you. Come, come, I must overlook it. You were obliged to court plebeians for their suffrages; and if *similis simili gaudet*, it must be owned, that the greatest of you were secure of their favour. Why Beau Nash would have handed your Catos and Brutuses out of the ball-room, if they had shown their unmannerly heads in it; and my Lord Modish, animated with the conscious merit of the largest or smallest buckles in the room, according to the temporary ton, would have laughed Pompey the Great out of countenance. Oh, Cicero, had you lived in a modern European court, you would have caught a degree of that undescribable grace, which is not only the ornament, but may be the substitute of all those laboured attainments which fools call solid merit. But it was not your good fortune, and I make allowances.

Cic. The vivacity you have acquired in studying the writings and the manners of the degenerate Gauls, has led you to set too high a value on qualifications which dazzle the lively perceptions with a momentary blaze, and to depreciate that kind of worth which can neither be obtained nor understood without serious attention and sometimes painful efforts. But I will not contend with you on the propriety or impropriety of the outward modes which delight fops and coxcombs. I will not spend arguments in proving that gold is more valuable than tinsel, though it glitters less. But I must censure you, and with an asperity too, which, perhaps, your graces may not approve, for recommending vice as graceful, in your memorable letters to your son.

Chest. That the great Cicero should know so little of the world, really surprises me. A little libertinism, my dear, that's all; how can one be a gentleman without a little libertinism?

Cic. I ever thought that to be a gentleman, it was requisite to be a moral man. And surely you, who might have enjoyed the benefit of a light to direct you, which I wanted, were blamable in omitting religion and virtue in your system.

Chest. What! superstitious too!---You have not then conversed with your supe-

rior, the philosopher of Ferney. I thank heaven, I was born in the same age with that great luminary. Prejudice had else, perhaps, chained me in the thralldom of my great grandmother. These are enlightened days; and I find I have contributed something to the general illumination, by my posthumous letters.

Cic. Boast not of them. Remember you were a father.

Chest. And did I not endeavour most effectually to serve my son, by pointing out the qualifications necessary to a foreign ambassador, for which department I always designed him? Few fathers have taken more pains to accomplish a son than myself. There was nothing I did not condescend to point out to him.

Cic. True: your condescension was great indeed. You were the pander of your son. You not only taught him the mean arts of dissimulation, the petty tricks which degrade nobility; but you corrupted his principles, fomented his passions, and even pointed out objects for their gratification. You might have left the task of teaching him fashionable vice to a vicious world. Example, and the corrupt affections of human nature, will ever be capable of accomplishing this unnatural purpose. But a parent, the guardian appointed by nature for an uneducated offspring introduced into a dangerous world, who himself takes upon him the office of seduction, is a monster indeed. I also had a son. I was tenderly solicitous for the right conduct of his education. I intrusted him, indeed, to Critippus at Athens; but, like you, I could not help transmitting instructions dictated by paternal love. Those instructions are contained in my book of offices; a book which has ever been cited by the world as a proof to what a height the morality of the heathens was advanced without the light of revelation. I own I feel a conscious pride in it; not on account of the ability which it may display, but for the principles it teaches, and the good, I flatter myself, it has diffused. You did not, indeed, intend your instructions for the world; but as you gave them to a son you loved, it may be concluded that you thought them true wisdom, and withheld them only because they were contrary to the professions of the unenlightened. They have been generally read, and tend to introduce the manners, vices, and frivolous habits of the nation you admired---to

your own manly nation, who, of all others, once approached most nearly to the noble simplicity of the Romans.

Chest. Spare me, Cicero. I have never been accustomed to the rough conversation of an old Roman. I feel myself little in his company. I seem to shrink in his noble presence. I never felt my insignificance so forcibly as now. French courtiers and French philosophers, of the age of Louis the Fourteenth, have been my models; and amid the dissipation of pleasure, and the hurry of affected vivacity, I never considered the gracefulness of virtue, and the beauty of an open, sincere, and manly character.

Knox's Essays.

§ 9. *The Hill of Science. A Vision.*

In that season of the year when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expression of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded; new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared: The mountain before thee, said he, is the Hill of Science. On the top is the Temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive.

I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the gate of languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first enclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices, and dissonant sounds: which increased upon me to such a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel. The road was also rough and stony; and rendered more difficult by heaps of rubbish continually tumbled down from the higher parts of the mountain; and broken ruins of ancient buildings, which the travellers were obliged to climb over at every step; insomuch that many, disgusted with so rough a beginning, turned back, and attempted the mountain no more; while others, having conquered this difficulty, had no spirits to ascend further, and sitting down on some fragment of the rubbish, harangued the multitude below with the greatest marks of importance and self-complacency.

About half way up the hill, I observed on each side the path a thick forest covered with continual fogs, and cut out into labyrinths, cross alleys, and serpentine walks entangled with thorns and briars. This was called the wood of Error: and I heard the voices of many who were tost up and down in it, calling to one another, and endeavouring in vain to extricate themselves. The trees in many places shot their boughs over the path, and a thick mist often rested on it; yet never so much but that it was discernible by the light which beamed from the countenance of Truth.

In the pleasantest part of the mountain were placed the bowers of the Muses, whose office it was to cheer the spirits of the travellers, and encourage their fainting steps with songs from their divine harps. Not far from hence were the fields of Fiction, filled up with a variety of wild flowers springing up in the greatest luxuriance, of richer scents and brighter colours than I had observed in any other climate. And near them was the dark walk of Allegory, so artificially shaded, that the light at noonday was never stronger than that of a bright moon-shine. This gave it a pleasingly romantic air for those who delighted in contemplation. The paths and alleys were perplexed with intri-

cate windings, and were all terminated with the statue of a Grace, a Virtue, or a Muse.

After I had observed these things, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent, and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain, and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When Pleasure warbled in the valley he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made so many excursions from the road, that his feebler companions often outstripped him. I observed that the Muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned, and turned aside her face. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights; I saw a person of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress. Indeed there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness; for, beside the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside by a numerous crowd of Appetites, Passions and Pleasures, whose importunity, when they had once complied with, they became less and less able to resist; and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt, the hill appeared more steep and rugged, the fruits which were wholesome and refreshing seemed harsh and ill-tasted, their sight grew dim, and their feet tript at every little obstruction.

I saw, with some surprise, that the Muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of Pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the Passions; they accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away, with-

out resistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery. Amongst the innumerable seducers, who were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence (for so she was called) far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom, before they suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity, which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the stream of Insignificance; a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulf of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Passion could often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid, or asleep, to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted, and seldom resisted, till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other ever-greens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddess seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. Happy, said I, are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!—but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I saw standing beside me a form of diviner features

and a more benign radiance. Happier, said she, are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content! What, said I, does Virtue then reside in the vale? I am found, said she, in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain: I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity!—While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation. *Aikin's Miscel.*

§ 10. *On the Love of Life.*

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long prospective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence then is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that Nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every

pleasure, equips Imagination in the spoils? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us, increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not choose," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance; from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages: not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinwang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead; and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O Chinwang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison: the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace: I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed; in

that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to the earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it, husband the wasting treasure with increasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be, in youth, so displeasing," cried he to himself, "what will it appear when age comes on? if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable." This thought embittered every reflection; till, at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprized, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would then have faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live; and served that society by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion. *Goldsmith.*

§ 11. *The Canal and the Brook.
A Reverie.*

A delightfully pleasant evening succeeding a sultry summer day, invited me to take a solitary walk; and leaving the dust

of the highway, I fell into a path which led along a pleasant little valley watered by a small meandering brook. The meadow ground on its banks had been lately mown, and the new grass was springing up with a lively verdure. The brook was hid in several places by the shrubs that grew on each side, and intermingled their branches. The sides of the valley were roughened by small irregular thickets; and the whole scene had an air of solitude and retirement, uncommon in the neighbourhood of a populous town. The Duke of Bridgewater's canal crossed the valley, high raised on a mound of earth, which preserved a level with the elevated ground on each side. An arched road was carried under it, beneath which the brook that ran along the valley was conveyed by a subterraneous passage. I threw myself upon a green bank, shaded by a leafy thicket, and resting my head upon my hand, after a welcome indolence had overcome my senses, I saw, with the eyes of fancy, the following scene.

The firm built side of the aqueduct suddenly opened, and a gigantic form issued forth, which I soon discovered to be the Genius of the Canal. He was clad in a close garment of russet hue. A mural crown, indented with battlements, surrounded his brow. His naked feet were discoloured with clay. On his left shoulder he bore a huge pick-axe; and in his right hand he held certain instruments, used in surveying and levelling. His looks were thoughtful, and his features harsh. The breach through which he proceeded instantly closed, and with a heavy tread he advanced into the valley. As he approached the brook, the Deity of the stream arose to meet him. He was habited in a light green mantle, and the clear drops fell from his dark hair, which was encircled with a wreath of water-lily interwoven with sweet-scented flag; an angling rod supported his steps. The Genius of the Canal eyed him with a contemptuous look, and in a hoarse voice thus began:

“Hence, ignoble rill, with thy scanty tribute to thy lord the Mersey; nor thus waste thy almost exhausted urn in lingering windings along the vale. Feeble as thine aid is, it will not be unacceptable to that master stream himself; for, as I lately crossed his channel, I perceived his sands loaded with stranded vessels. I saw and pitied him, for undertaking a

task to which he is unequal. But thou, whose languid current is obscured by weeds, and interrupted by mis-shapen pebbles; who losest thyself in endless mazes, remote from any sound but thy own idle gurgling; how canst thou support an existence so contemptible and useless? For me, the noblest child of Art, who hold my unremitting course from hill to hill, over vales and rivers; who pierce the solid rock for my passage, and connect unknown lands with distant seas; wherever I appear I am viewed with astonishment, and exulting Commerce hails my waves. Behold my channel thronged with capacious vessels for the conveyance of merchandise, and splendid barges for the use and pleasure of travellers; my banks crowned with airy bridges and huge warehouses, and echoing with the busy sounds of industry! Pay then the homage due from Sloth and Obscurity to Grandeur and Utility.”

“I readily acknowledge,” replied the Deity of the Brook, in a modest accent, “the superior magnificence and more extensive utility of which you so proudly boast; yet, in my humble walk, I am not void of a praise less shining, but not less solid than yours. The nymph of this peaceful valley, rendered more fertile and beautiful by my stream; the neighbouring sylvan deities, to whose pleasure I contribute; will pay a grateful testimony to my merit. The windings of my course, which you so much blame, serve to diffuse over a greater extent of ground the refreshment of my waters; and the lovers of Nature and the Muses, who are fond of straying on my banks, are better pleased that the line of beauty marks my way, than if, like yours, it were directed in a straight unvaried line. They prize the irregular wildness with which I am decked, as the charms of beautiful simplicity. What you call the weeds which darken and obscure my waves, afford to the botanist a pleasing speculation of the works of nature; and the poet and painter think the lustre of my stream greatly improved by glittering through them. The pebbles which diversify my bottom and make these rippings in my current, are pleasing objects to the eye of taste; and my simple murmurs are more melodious to the learned ear than all the rude noises of your banks, or even the music that resounds from your stately barges.

If the unfeeling sons of Wealth and Commerce judge of me by the mere standard of usefulness, I may claim no undistinguished rank. While your waters, confined in deep channels, or lifted above the valleys, roll on, a useless burden to the fields, and only subservient to the drudgery of bearing temporary merchandises, my stream will bestow unvarying fertility on the meadows, during the summers of future ages. Yet I scorn to submit my honours to the decision of those whose hearts are shut up to taste and sentiment: let me appeal to nobler judges. The philosopher and poet, by whose labours the human mind is elevated and refined, and opened to pleasures beyond the conception of vulgar souls, will acknowledge that the elegant deities who preside over simple and natural beauty, have inspired them with their charming and instructive ideas. The sweetest and most majestic bard that ever sung, has taken a pride in owning his affection to woods and streams: and while the stupendous monuments of Roman grandeur, the columns which pierced the skies, and the aqueducts which poured their waves over mountains and valleys, are sunk in oblivion, the gently winding Mincius still retains his tranquil honours. And when thy glories, proud Genius! are lost and forgotten; when the flood of commerce, which now supplies thy urn, is turned into another course, and has left thy channel dry and desolate; the softly flowing Avon shall still murmur in song, and his banks receive the homage of all who are beloved by Phœbus and the Muses." *Aikin's Miscel.*

§ 12. *The Story of a disabled Sailor.*

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than, That one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in

the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence; the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded: and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them; and were sure of subsistence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself in an atti-

tude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows :

“ As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks ; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain : there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot ; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

“ I was born in Shropshire ; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old ; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all ; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters ; but the master of the work-house put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet ; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away ; but what of that ? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late ; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself ; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

“ In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none : when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me, and I believe the devil put it in my head to sling my stick at it :---well, what will you have on't ? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me ; he called me a poacher and a villain ; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell on my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed,

and generation ; but, though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account ; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate in order to be transported as a vagabond.

“ People may say this and that of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my belly full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever ; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage, for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air ; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes ; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

“ When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so I did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

“ I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang : I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier : I chose the latter ; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here ; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

“ When the peace came on I was discharged ; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East India company's service. I have fought the French in six pitched battles ; and I verily believe that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me

a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money: but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, to be idle; but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost my money.

"Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night as I was asleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand; 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French sentries' brains?' 'I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a hand.' 'Then follow me,' says he, 'and I hope we shall do some business.' So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

"Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset Privateer, who were glad of so many good hands, and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it

we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest; but, by good fortune, we were re-taken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers off the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not on board a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza!"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it. *Goldsmith.*

§ 13. *A Dialogue between ULYSSES and CIRCE, in CIRCE'S Island.*

Circe. You will go then, Ulysses; but why will you go? I desire you to speak the thoughts of your heart. Speak without reserve---What carries you from me?

Ulysses. Pardon, goddess, the weakness of human nature. My heart will sigh for my country. It is a tenderness which all my attachment to you cannot overcome.

Circe. This is not all. I perceive you are afraid to declare your whole mind: but what do you fear? my terrors are gone. The proudest goddess on earth, when she has favoured a mortal as I have favoured you, has laid her divinity and power at his feet.

Ulysses. It may be so, while there still remains in her heart the fondness of love, or in her mind the fear of shame. But you, *Circe*, are above those vulgar sensations.

Circe. I understand your caution, it

belongs to your character; and, therefore, to take all diffidence from you, I swear by Styx, I will do no harm to you or your friends for any thing which you say, though it should offend me ever so much, but will send you away with all the marks of my friendship. Tell me, now, truly, what pleasures you hope to enjoy in the barren island of Ithaca, which can compensate for those you leave in this paradise, exempt from all cares, and overflowing with all delights?

Ulysses. The pleasures of virtue; the supreme happiness of doing good. Here I do nothing; my mind is in a palsy; its faculties are benumbed. I long to return into action again, that I may employ those talents and virtues which I have cultivated from the earliest days of my youth. Toils and cares fright not me: they are the exercise of my soul; they keep it in health and in vigour. Give me again the fields of Troy, rather than these vacant groves; there I could reap the bright harvest of glory; here I am hid from the eyes of mankind, and begin to appear contemptible in my own. The image of my former self haunts and seems to upbraid me wherever I go: I meet it under the gloom of every shade; it even intrudes itself into your presence, and chides me from your arms. O goddess! unless you have power to lay that troublesome spirit, unless you can make me forget myself, I cannot be happy here, I shall every day be more wretched.

Circe. May not a wise and good man, who has spent all his youth in active life and honourable danger, when he begins to decline, have leave to retire, and enjoy the rest of his days in quiet and pleasure?

Ulysses. No retreat can be honourable to a wise and good man, but in company with the Muses; I am deprived of that sacred society here. The Muses will not inhabit the abodes of voluptuousness and sensual pleasure. How can I study, how can I think, while so many beasts (and the worst beasts I know are men turned into beasts) are howling, or roaring, or grunting about me?

Circe. There is something in this; but this is not all: you suppress the strongest reason that draws you to Ithaca. There is another image, besides that of your former self, which appears to you in all parts of this island,---which follows your walks, which interposes itself between you and

me, and chides you from my arms: it is Penelope, Ulysses: I know it is.---Do not pretend to deny it; you sigh for her in my bosom itself.---And yet she is not an immortal.---She is not, as I am, endowed with the gift of unfading youth: several years have past since her's has been faded. I think, without vanity, that she was never so handsome as I. But what is she now?

Ulysses. You have told me yourself, in a former conversation, when I inquired of you about her, that she is true to my bed, and as fond of me now, after twenty years absence, as when I left her to go to Troy. I left her in the bloom of her youth and her beauty. How much must her constancy have been tried since that time! how meritorious is her fidelity! Shall I reward her with falsehood? shall I forget her who cannot forget me? who has nothing so dear to her as my remembrance?

Circe. Her love is preserved by the continual hope of your speedy return. Take that hope from her: let your companions return, and let her know that you have fixed your abode here with me: that you have fixed it for ever: let her know that she is free to dispose of her heart and her hand as she pleases: send my picture to her; bid her compare it with her own face---If all this does not cure her of the remains of her passion, if you do not hear of her marrying Eurymachus in a twelvemonth, I understand nothing of womankind.

Ulysses. O cruel goddess! why will you force me to tell you those truths I wish to conceal? If by such unjust, such barbarous usage, I could lose her heart, it would break mine. How should I endure the torment of thinking that I had wronged such a wife? what could make me amend for her not being mine, for her being another's? Do not frown, Circe; I own (since you will have me speak) I own you could not: with all your pride of immortal beauty, with all your magical charms to assist those of nature, you are not such a powerful charmer as she. You feel desire, and you give it; but you never felt love, nor can you inspire it. How can I love one who would have degraded me into a beast? Penelope raised me into a hero: her love ennobled, invigorated, exalted my mind. She bid me go to the siege of Troy, though the parting with me was worse than death to her-

self: she bid me expose myself there to all perils among the foremost heroes of Greece, though her poor heart trembled to think of the least I should meet, and would have given all its own blood to save a drop of mine. Then there was such a conformity in all our inclinations! when Minerva taught me the lessons of wisdom, she loved to be present; she heard, she retained the moral instructions, the sublime truths of nature; she gave them back to me, softened and sweetened with the peculiar graces of her own mind. When we unbent our thoughts with the charms of poetry, when we read together the poems of Orpheus, Musæus, and Linus, with what taste did she mark every excellence in them! My feelings were dull, compared to her's. She seemed herself to be the Muse who had inspired those verses, and had tuned their lyres to infuse into the hearts of mankind the love of wisdom and virtue, and the fear of the gods. How beneficent was she, how good to my people! what care did she take to instruct them in the finer and more elegant arts; to relieve the necessities of the sick and the aged; to superintend the education of children; to do my subjects every good office of kind intercession; to lay before me their wants; to assist their petitions; to mediate for those who were objects of mercy; to sue for those who deserved the favours of the crown! And shall I banish myself for ever from such a consort? shall I give up her society for the brutal joys of a sensual life, keeping indeed the form of a man, but having lost the human soul, or at least all its noble and godlike powers? Oh, Circe, forgive me; I cannot bear the thought.

Circe. Be gone---do not imagine I ask you to stay. The daughter of the Sun is not so mean-spirited as to solicit a mortal to share her happiness with her. It is a happiness which I find you cannot enjoy. I pity you and despise you. That which you seem to value so much, I have no notion of. All you have said seems to me a jargon of sentiments fitter for a silly woman than for a great man. Go, read, and spin too, if you please, with your wife. I forbid you to remain another day in my island. You shall have a fair wind to carry you from it. After that, may every storm that Neptune can raise pursue and overwhelm you! Be gone, I say; quit my sight.

Ulysses. Great goddess, I obey---but remember your oath.-----

§ 14. *Love and Joy, a Tale.*

In the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Where they appeared the flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them so soon as they were arrived at maturer years: but in the mean time the sons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin overran the earth with giant strides; and Astrea, with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abodes: Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse Sorrow, the daughter of Atè: he complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable; her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypress and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her Pity. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove pursued by a hawk flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien, that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears; and often, when the vir-

gins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in amongst them, and captivate their hearts by her tales, full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland composed of her father's myrtles twisted with her mother's cypress.

One day, as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since, the Muses' spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is so; and when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride. *Aikin's Miscel.*

§ 15. *Scene between Colonel RIVERS and Sir HARRY; in which the Colonel, from Principles of Honour, refuses to give his Daughter to Sir HARRY.*

Sir Har. Colonel, your most obedient; I am come upon the old business; for, unless I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miss Rivers, I shall be the most miserable of all human beings.

Riv. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you personally, I cannot listen to your proposals.

Sir Har. No, Sir!

Riv. No, Sir: I have promised my daughter to Mr. Sidney. Do you know that, Sir?

Sir Har. I do: but what then? Engagements of this kind, you know—

Riv. So then, you do know I have promised her to Mr. Sidney?

Sir Har. I do---but I also know that matters are not finally settled between Mr. Sidney and you; and I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine; therefore—

Riv. Sir Harry, let me ask you one question before you make your consequence.

Sir Har. A thousand, if you please, Sir.

Riv. Why then, Sir, let me ask you, what you have ever observed in me, or my conduct, that you desire me so fami-

liarly to break my word? I thought, Sir, you considered me as a man of honour.

Sir Har. And so I do, Sir--a man of the nicest honour.

Riv. And yet, Sir, you ask me to violate the sanctity of my word: and tell me directly, that it is my interest to be a rascal!

Sir Har. I really don't understand you, Colonel: I thought, when I was talking to you, I was talking to a man who knew the world: and as you have not yet signed—

Riv. Why, this is mending matters with a witness! And so you think, because I am not legally bound, I am under no necessity of keeping my word! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honour; they want no bond but the rectitude of their own sentiments: and laws are of no use but to bind the villains of society.

Sir Har. Well! but my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, shew some little regard for your daughter.

Riv. I shew the greatest regard for my daughter, by giving her to a man of honour; and I must not be insulted with any farther repetition of your proposals.

Sir Har. Insult you, Colonel! Is the offer of my alliance an insult? Is my readiness to make what settlements you think proper—

Riv. Sir Harry, I should consider the offer of a kingdom an insult, if it were to be purchased by the violation of my word. Besides, though my daughter shall never go a beggar to the arms of her husband, I would rather see her happy than rich; and if she has enough to provide handsomely for a young family, and something to spare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I shall think her as affluent as if she were mistress of Mexico.

Sir Har. Well, Colonel, I have done; but I believe—

Riv. Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done, we will, if you please, retire to the ladies. I shall be always glad of your acquaintance, though I cannot receive you as a son-in-law; for a union of interest I look upon as a union of dishonour, and consider a marriage for money at best but a legal prostitution.

§ 16. *A Dialogue between MERCURY, an English Duellist, and a North-American Savage.*

Duellist. Mercury, Charon's boat is on
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the other side of the water; allow me, before it returns, to have some conversation with the North-American Savage whom you brought hither at the same time as you conducted me to the shades. I never saw one of that species before, and am curious to know what the animal is. He looks very grim.—Pray, Sir, what is your name? I understand you speak English.

Savage. Yes, I learned it in my childhood, having been bred up for some years in the town of New-York; but before I was a man I returned to my countrymen, the valiant Mohawks; and being cheated by one of yours in the sale of some rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the hatchet for them with the rest of my tribe in the war against France, and was killed while I was out upon a scalping party. But I died very well satisfied: for my friends were victorious, and before I was shot I had scalped seven men and five women and children. In a former war I had done still greater exploits. My name is The Bloody Bear: it was given to me to express my fierceness and valour.

Duellist. Bloody Bear, I respect you, and am much your humble servant. My name is Tom Pushwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by my birth, and by profession a gamester, and man of honour. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honourable single combat, but do not understand cutting the throats of women and children.

Savage. Sir, that's our way of making war. Every nation has its own customs. But by the grimness of your countenance, and that hole in your breast, I presume you were killed, as I was myself, in some scalping party. How happened it that your enemy did not take off your scalp?

Duellist. Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me some money; after two or three years, being in great want himself, he asked me to pay him; I thought his demand an affront to my honour, and sent him a challenge. We met in Hyde Park; the fellow could not fence: I was the adroitest swordsman in England. I gave him three or four wounds; but at last he ran upon me with such impetuosity, that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the lungs. I died the next day as a man of honour should, without any sniveling signs of re-

pentance: and he will follow me soon, for his surgeon has declared his wound to be mortal. It is said that his wife is dead of her fright, and that his family of seven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged; and that is a comfort. For my part, I had no wife.—I always hated marriage; my whore will take good care of herself, and my children are provided for at the Foundling Hospital.

Savage. Mercury, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman; he has murdered his friend. I say I won't go in a boat with that fellow, I will swim over the river: I can swim like a duck.

Mercury. Swim over the Styx! it must not be done; it is against the laws of Pluto's empire. You must go in the boat, and be quiet.

Savage. Do not tell me of laws: I am a Savage: I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Englishman: there are laws in his country, and yet you see he did not regard them. For they could never allow him to kill his fellow-subject in time of peace, because he asked him to pay a debt. I know that the English are a barbarous nation; but they cannot be so brutal as to make such things lawful.

Mercury. You reason well against him. But how comes it that you are so offended with murder; you who have massacred women in their sleep, and children in their cradles?

Savage. I killed none but my enemies; I never killed my own countrymen: I never killed my friend. Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat; but see that the murderer does not sit upon it, or touch it; if he does I will burn it in the fire I see yonder. Farewell.—I am resolved to swim over the water.

Mercury. By this touch of my wand I take all thy strength from thee.—Swim now, if thou canst.

Savage. This is a very potent enchantment.—Restore me my strength, and I will obey thee.

Mercury. I restore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you, otherwise worse will befall you.

Duellist. Mercury, leave him to me, I will tutor him for you. Sirrah, Savage, dost thou pretend to be ashamed of my company? Dost thou know that I have kept the best company in England?

Savage. I know thou art a scoundrel.

---Not pay thy debts! kill thy friend, who lent thee money, for asking thee for it! Get out of my sight. I will drive thee into Styx.

Mercury. Stop—I command thee. No violence.—Talk to him calmly.

Savage. I must obey thee.—Well, Sir, let me know what merit you had to introduce you into good company? What could you do?

Duellist. Sir, I gamed, as I told you.--- Besides, I kept a good table.---I ate as well as any man in England or France.

Savage. Eat! Did you ever eat the chine of a Frenchman, or his leg, or his shoulder? There is fine eating! I have eat twenty.---My table was always well served. My wife was the best cook for dressing of man's flesh in all North America. You will not pretend to compare your eating with mine.

Duellist. I danced very finely.

Savage. I will dance with thee for thy ears.---I can dance all day long. I can dance the war-dance with more spirit and vigour than any man of my nation: let us see thee begin it. How thou standest like a post! Has Mercury struck thee with his enfeebling rod? or art thou ashamed to let us see how awkward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou hast not yet learnt. I would make thee caper and leap like a buck. But what else canst thou do, thou bragging rascal?

Duellist. Oh, heavens! must I bear this? what can I do with this fellow? I have neither sword nor pistol; and his shade seems to be twice as strong as mine.

Mercury. You must answer his questions. It was your own desire to have a conversation with him. He is not well bred; but he will tell you some truths which you must hear in this place. It would have been well for you if you had heard them above. He asked you what you could do besides eating and dancing.

Duellist. I sung very agreeably.

Savage. Let me hear you sing your death-song, or the war-whoop. I challenge you to sing,—the fellow is mute.—Mercury, this is a liar.—He tells us nothing but lies. Let me pull out his tongue.

Duellist. The lie given me!—and, alas! I dare not resent it. Oh! what a disgrace to the family of the Pushwells! this indeed is damnation.

Mercury. Here, Charon, take these two savages to your care. How far the barbarism of the Mohawk will excuse his horrid acts, I leave Minos to judge; but the Englishman, what excuse can he plead? The custom of duelling? A bad excuse at the best! but in his case it cannot avail. The spirit that made him draw his sword in this combat against his friend, is not that of honour; it is the spirit of the furies, of Alecto herself. To her he must go, for she hath long dwelt in his merciless bosom.

Savage. If he is to be punished, turn him over to me. I understand the art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin with this kick on your breech. Get you into the boat, or I'll give you another. I am impatient to have you condemned.

Duellist. Oh, my honour, my honour, to what infamy art thou fallen!

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 17. *BAYES's Rules for Composition.*

Smith. How, Sir, helps for wit!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's my position: and I do here aver, that no man the sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules.

Smith. What are those rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*, changing verse into prose, and prose into verse, alternately, as you please.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why thus, Sir; nothing so easy, when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere (for that's all one); if there be any wit in't (as there is no book but has some) I transverse; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse (but that takes up some time); and if it be verse put it into prose.

Smith. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose, should be called transprosing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, it is a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smith. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own; 'tis so changed that no man can know it—My next rule is the rule of concord, by way of table-book. Pray observe.

Smith. I hear you, Sir; go on.

Bayes. As thus: I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort; I make as if I minded no-

thing (do ye mark?) but as soon as any one speaks—pop, I slap it down, and make that too my own.

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore by force, what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, Sir, the world's unmindful; they never take notice of these things.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, that's my third rule: that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder?

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do, but presently turn over my book of Drama common-places, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject; and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own—the business is done.

Smith. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the play-house and you shall judge of them by the effects.—But now, pray, Sir, may I ask you how you do when you write?

Smith. Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good health.

Bayes. Ay, but I mean, what do you do when you write?

Smith. I take pen, ink, and paper, and sit down.

Bayes. Now I write standing; that's one thing: and then another thing is— with what do you prepare yourself?

Smith. Prepare myself! What the devil does the fool mean?

Bayes. Why I'll tell you now what I do:—If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physic and let blood: for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part.—In fine, you must purge the belly.

Smith. By my troth, Sir, this is a most admirable receipt for writing.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis my secret; and, in good earnest, I think one of the best I have.

Smith. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, Sir, I'm sure on't. *Experto crede Roberto.* But I must give you this caution by the way—be sure you never take snuff when you write.

Smith. Why so, Sir?

Bayes. Why, it spoiled me once one of the sparkishest plays in all England. But a friend of mine, at Gresham College, has promised to help me to some spirit of brains—and that shall do my business.

§ 18. *A Dialogue between PLINY the Elder and PLINY the Younger.*

Pliny the Elder. The account that you give me, nephew, of your behaviour amidst the terrors and perils that accompanied the first eruption of Vesuvius, does not please me much. There was more of vanity in it than true magnanimity. Nothing is great that is unnatural and affected. When the earth shook beneath you, when the heavens were obscured with sulphureous clouds, full of ashes and cinders thrown up from the bowels of the new-formed volcano, when all nature seemed on the brink of destruction, to be reading Livy, and making extracts, as if all had been safe and quiet about you, was an absurd affectation.—To meet danger with courage is the part of a man, but to be insensible of it, is brutal stupidity: and to pretend insensibility where it cannot exist, is a ridiculous falseness. When you afterwards refused to leave your aged mother, and save yourself without her by flight, you indeed acted nobly. It was also becoming a Roman to keep up her spirits, amidst all the horrors of that dreadful scene, by shewing yourself undismayed and courageous. But the merit and glory of this part of your conduct is sunk by the other, which gives an air of ostentation and vanity to the whole.

Pliny the Younger. That vulgar minds should suppose my attention to my studies in such a conjuncture unnatural and affected, I should not much wonder: but that you would blame it as such, I did not expect: you, who approached still nearer than I to the fiery storm, and died by the suffocating heat of the vapour.

Pliny the Elder. I died, as a good and brave man ought to die, in doing my duty. Let me recall to your memory all the

particulars, and then you shall judge yourself on the difference of your conduct and mine. I was the præfect of the Roman fleet, which then lay at Misenum. Upon the first account I received of the very unusual cloud that appeared in the air, I ordered a vessel to carry me out to some distance from the shore, that I might the better observe the phenomenon, and try to discover its nature and cause. This I did as a philosopher, and it was a curiosity proper and natural to a searching, inquisitive mind. I offered to take you with me, and surely you should have desired to go; for Livy might have been read at any other time, and such spectacles are not frequent; but you remained fixed and chained down to your book with a pedantic attachment. When I came out from my house I found all the people forsaking their dwellings, and flying to the sea, as the safest retreat. To assist them, and all others who dwelt on the coast, I immediately ordered the fleet to put out, and sailed with it round the whole bay of Naples, steering particularly to those parts of the shore where the danger was greatest, and from whence the inhabitants were endeavouring to escape with the most trepidation. Thus I spent the whole day, and preserved by my care some thousands of lives; noting at the same time, with a steady composure and freedom of mind, the several forms of and phenomena of the eruption. Towards night, as we approached to the foot of Vesuvius, all the galleys were covered with ashes and embers, which grew hotter and hotter; then showers of pumice-stones, and burnt and broken pyrites, began to fall on our heads; and we were stopped by the obstacles which the ruins of the mountains had suddenly formed by falling into the sea, and almost filling it up on the part of the coast. I then commanded my pilot to steer to the villa of my friend Pomponianus, which you know was situated in the inmost recess of the bay. The wind was very favourable to carry me thither, but would not allow him to put off from the shore, as he wished to have done. We were therefore constrained to pass the night in his house. They watched, and I slept, until the heaps of pumice-stones, which fell from the clouds, that had now been impelled to that side of the bay, rose so high in the area of the apartment I lay in, that I could not have got out had I staid any

longer; and the earthquakes were so violent, as to threaten every moment the fall of the house: we therefore thought it more safe to go into the open air, guarding our heads as well as we could with pillows tied upon them. The wind continuing adverse, and the sea very rough, we remained on the shore until a sulphureous and fiery vapour oppressed my weak lungs, and ended my life.—In all this I hope that I acted as the duty of my station required, and with true magnanimity. But on this occasion, and in many other parts of your life, I must say, my dear nephew, that there was a vanity mixed with your virtue, which hurt and disgraced it. Without that, you would have been one of the worthiest men that Rome has produced; for none ever excelled you in the integrity of your heart and greatness of your sentiments. Why would you lose the substance of glory by seeking the shadow? Your eloquence had the same fault as your manners: it was too affected. You professed to make Cicero your guide and your pattern: but when one reads his panegyric upon Julius Cæsar, in his oration for Marcellus, and yours upon Trajan; the first seems the language of nature and truth, raised and dignified with all the majesty of the most sublime eloquence; the latter appears the studied harangue of a florid rhetorician, more desirous to shine and set off his own wit, than to extol the great man he was praising.

Pliny the Younger. I have too high a respect for you, uncle, to question your judgment either of my life or my writings; they might both have been better, if I had not been too solicitous to render them perfect. But it is not for me to say much on that subject: permit me therefore to return to the subject on which we began our conversation. What a direful calamity was the eruption of Vesuvius, which you have now been describing! Do you not remember the beauty of that charming coast, and of the mountain itself, before it was broken and torn with the violence of those sudden fires that forced their way through it, and carried desolation and ruin over all the neighbouring country? The foot of it was covered with corn-fields and rich meadows, interspersed with fine villas and magnificent towns; the sides of it were clothed with the best vines in Italy, producing the richest and noblest wines. How

quick, how unexpected, how dreadful the change! all was at once overwhelmed with ashes, and cinders, and fiery torrents, presenting to the eye the most dismal scene of horror and destruction!

Pliny the Elder. You paint it very truly.—But has it never occurred to your mind, that this change is an emblem of that which must happen to every rich, luxurious state? While the inhabitants of it are sunk in voluptuousness, while all is smiling around them, and they think that no evil, no danger is nigh, the seeds of destruction are fermenting within; and, breaking out on a sudden, lay waste all their opulence, all their delights; till they are left a sad monument of divine wrath, and of the fatal effects of internal corruption.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 19. *Humorous Scene at an Inn between BONIFACE and AIMWELL.*

Bon. This way, this way, Sir.

Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, Sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. O, Mr. Boniface, your servant.

Bon. O, Sir,—What will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Lichfield much famed for ale; I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar, ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy; and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, Sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll shew you such ale.—Here, tapster; broach number 1706, as the saying is—Sir, you shall taste my anno domini.—I have lived in Lichfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and, I believe, have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal you mean, if one may guess by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, Sir; I have fed purely upon ale; I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon my ale.

Enter Tapster with a Tankard.

Now, Sir, you shall see—Your worship's health: [*Drinks*]—Ha! delicious, deli-

cious!—Fancy it Burgundy, only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. [*Drinks*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! it must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years upon my credit, Sir: but it kill'd my wife, poor woman! as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, Sir---she would not let the ale take its natural course, Sir: she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh---but the poor woman was never well after---But however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her?

Bon. My Lady Bountiful said so---She, good lady, did what could be done: she cured her of three tympanies; but the fourth carried her off: but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon. Odds my life, Sir, we'll drink her health: [*Drinks*]---My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a-year; and, I believe, she lays out one-half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours.

Aim. Has the lady any children?

Bon. Yes, Sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles; the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest fortune. She has a son too, by her first husband, 'Squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day: if you please, Sir, we'll drink his health. [*Drinks.*]

Aim. What sort of a man is he?

Bon. Why, Sir, the man's well enough: says little, thinks less, and does nothing at all, faith: but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim. A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, he's a man of pleasure: he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Aim. A fine sportsman, truly!--and married you say?

Bon. Aye; and to a curious woman,

Sir,—But he's my landlord, and so a man, you know, would not—Sir, my humble service to you. [*Drinks.*]—Though I value not a farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—but no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. Boniface; pray what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

Aim. O that's right, you have a good many of those gentlemen: pray how do you like their company?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em. They're full of money, and pay double for every thing they have. They know, Sir, that we paid good round taxes for the making of 'em; and so they are willing to reimburse us a little: one of 'em lodges in my house. [*Bell rings.*]—I beg your worship's pardon—I'll wait on you in half a minute.

§ 20. *A Dialogue between M. APICIUS and DARTENEUF.*

Darteneuf. Alas! poor Apicius—I pity thee much for not having lived in my age and my country. How many good dishes have I ate in England, that were unknown at Rome in thy days!

Apicius. Keep your pity for yourself—how many good dishes have I ate in Rome, the knowledge of which has been lost in these latter degenerate days! the fat paps of a sow, the livers of scari, the brains of phenicopters, and the tripotatum, which consisted of three sorts of fish for which you have no names, the lupis marinus, the myxo, and the murænus.

Darteneuf. I thought the muræna had been our lamprey. We have excellent ones in the Severn.

Apicius. No:—the muræna was a salt-water fish, and kept in ponds into which the sea was admitted.

Darteneuf. Why then I dare say our lampreys are better. Did you ever eat any of them potted or stewed?

Apicius. I was never in Britain. Your country then was too barbarous for me to go thither. I should have been afraid that the Britons would have ate me.

Darteneuf. I am sorry for you, very sorry: for if you never were in Britain, you never ate the best oysters in the whole world.

Apicius. Pardon me, Sir, your Sandwich oysters were brought to Rome in my time.

Darteneuf. They could not be fresh: they were good for nothing there:—You should have come to Sandwich to eat them: it is a shame for you that you did not.—An epicure talk of danger when he is in search of a dainty! did not Leander swim over the Hellespont to get to his mistress? and what is a wench to a barrel of excellent oysters?

Apicius. Nay—I am sure you cannot blame me for any want of alertness in seeking fine fishes. I sailed to the coast of Afric, from Minturnæ in Campania, only to taste of one species, which I heard was larger there than it was on our coast, and finding that I had received a false information, I returned again without deigning to land.

Darteneuf. There was some sense in that: but why did you not also make a voyage to Sandwich? Had you tasted those oysters in their perfection, you would never have come back: you would have ate till you burst.

Apicius. I wish I had:—It would have been better than poisoning myself, as I did, because, when I came to make up my accounts, I found I had not much above the poor sum of fourscore thousand pounds left, which would not afford me a table to keep me from starving.

Darteneuf. A sum of fourscore thousand pounds not keep you from starving! would I had had it! I should not have spent it in twenty years, though I had kept the best table in London, supposing I had made no other expence.

Apicius. Alas, poor man! this shews that you English have no idea of the luxury that reigned in our tables. Before I died, I had spent in my kitchen 807,291l. 13s. 4d.

Darteneuf. I do not believe a word of it: there is an error in the account.

Apicius. Why, the establishment of Lucullus for his suppers in the Apollo, I mean for every supper he ate in the room which he called by that name, was 5000 drachms, which is in your money 1614l. 11s. 8d.

Darteneuf. Would I had supped with

him there! But is there no blunder in these calculations?

Apicius. Ask your learned men that.---I count as they tell me.---But perhaps you may think that these feasts were only made by great men, like Lucullus, who had plundered all Asia to help him in his housekeeping. What will you say when I tell you, that the player *Æsopus* had one dish that cost him 6000 sestertia, that is, 4843l. 10s. English.

Darteneuf. What will I say! why, that I pity poor Ciber and Booth: and that, if I had known this when I was alive, I should have banged myself for vexation that I did not live in those days.

Apicius. Well you might, well you might.---You do not know what eating is. You never could know it. Nothing less than the wealth of the Roman empire is sufficient to enable a man to keep a good table. Our players were richer by far than your princes.

Darteneuf. Oh that I had but lived in the blessed reign of Caligula, or of Vitellius, or of Heliogabalus, and had been admitted to the honour of dining with their slaves!

Apicius. Ay, there you touch me.---I am miserable that I died before their good times. They carried the glories of their table much farther than the best eaters of the age that I lived in. Vitellius spent in eating and drinking, within one year, what would amount in your money to above seven millions two hundred thousand pounds. He told me so himself in a conversation I had with him not long ago. And the others you mentioned did not fall short of his royal magnificence.

Darteneuf. These indeed were great princes. But what affects me most is the dish of that player, that d---d fellow *Æsopus*. I cannot bear to think of his having lived so much better than I. Pray of what ingredients might the dish he paid so much for consist?

Apicius. Chiefly of singing birds. It was that which so greatly enhanced the price.

Darteneuf. Of singing birds! choke him---I never ate but one, which I stole from a lady of my acquaintance, and all London was in an uproar about it, as if I had stolen and roasted a child. But upon recollection, I begin to doubt whether I have so much reason to envy *Æsopus*; for the singing bird which I ate was no better in its taste than a fat lark or a thrush: it

was not so good as a wheat-ear or beca-figue; and therefore I suspect that all the luxury you have bragged of, was nothing but vanity and foolish expence. It was like that of the son of *Æsopus*, who dissolved pearls in vinegar, and drank them at supper. I will be d---d, if a haunch of venison, and my favourite ham-pie, were not much better dishes than any at the table of Vitellius himself. I do not find that you had ever any good soups, without which no man of taste can possibly dine. The rabbits in Italy are not fit to eat; and what is better than the wing of one of our English wild rabbits? I have been told that you had no turkeys. The mutton in Italy is very ill-flavoured; and as for your boars roasted whole, I despise them; they were only fit to be served up to the mob at a corporation feast, or election dinner. A small barbecued hog is worth a hundred of them; and a good collar of Shrewsbury brawn is a much better dish.

Apicius. If you had some kinds of meat that we wanted, yet our cookery must have been greatly superior to yours. Our cooks were so excellent, that they could give to hog's flesh the taste of all other meats.

Darteneuf. I should not have liked their d---d imitations. You might as easily have imposed on a good connoisseur the copy of a fine picture for the original. Our cooks, on the contrary, give to all other meats a rich flavour of bacon, without destroying that which makes the distinction of one from another. I have not the least doubt that our essence of hams is a much better sauce than any that ever was used by the ancients. We have a hundred ragouts, the composition of which exceeds all description. Had yours been as good, you could not have loll'd, as you did, upon couches, while you were eating; they would have made you sit up and attend to your business. Then you had a custom of hearing things read to you while you were at supper. This shews you were not so well entertained as we are with our meat. For my own part, when I was at table, I could mind nothing else: I neither heard, saw, nor spoke: I only smelt and tasted. But the worst of all is, that you had no wine fit to be named with good claret or Burgundy, or Champagne, or old hock, or Tokay. You boasted much of your Falernum; but I have tasted the Lacrymæ

Christi, and other wines that grow upon the same coast, not one of which would I drink above a glass or two of, if you would give me the kingdom of Naples. You boiled your wines, and mixed water with them, which shews that in themselves they were not fit to drink.

Apicius. I am afraid you beat us in wines, not to mention your cyder, perry, and beer, of all which I have heard great fame from some English with whom I have talked; and their report has been confirmed by the testimony of their neighbours who have travelled into England. Wonderful things have been also said to me of a liquor called punch.

Darteneuf. Ay--- to have died without tasting that is unhappy indeed! There is rum-punch and arrack-punch; it is hard to say which is best: but Jupiter would have given his nectar for either of them, upon my word and honour.

Apicius. The thought of it puts me into a fever with thirst. From whence do you get your arrack and your rum?

Darteneuf. Why, from the East and West Indies, which you knew nothing of. That is enough to decide the dispute. Your trade to the East Indies was very far short of what we carry on, and the West Indies were not discovered. What a new world of good things for eating and drinking has Columbus opened to us! Think of that, and despair.

Apicius. I cannot indeed but lament my ill fate, that America was not found before I was born. It tortures me when I hear of chocolate, pine-apples, and twenty other fine meats or fine fruits produced there, which I have never tasted. What an advantage it is to you, that all your sweetmeats, tarts, cakes, and other delicacies of that nature, are sweetened with sugar instead of honey, which we were obliged to make use of, for want of that plant! but what grieves me most is, that I never ate a turtle; they tell me that it is absolutely the best of all foods.

Darteneuf. Yes, I have heard the Americans say so:---but I never ate any; for, in my time, they were not brought over to England.

Apicius. Never eat any turtle! how didst thou dare to accuse me of not going to Sandwich to eat oysters, and didst not thyself take a trip to America to riot on turtles? But know, wretched man, that I am informed they are now as plentiful in England as sturgeon. There are turtle-

boats that go regularly to London and Bristol from the West Indies. I have just seen a fat alderman, who died in London last week of a surfeit he got at a turtle feast in that city.

Darteneuf. What does he say? does he tell you that turtle is better than venison?

Apicius. He says there was a haunch of venison untouched, while every mouth was employed on the turtle; that he ate till he fell asleep in his chair; and, that the food was so wholesome he should not have died, if he had not unluckily caught cold in his sleep, which stopped his perspiration, and hurt his digestion.

Darteneuf. Alas! how imperfect is human felicity! I lived in an age when the pleasure of eating was thought to be carried to its highest perfection in England and France; and yet a turtle feast is a novelty to me! Would it be impossible, do you think, to obtain leave from Pluto of going back for one day, just to taste of that food? I would promise to kill myself by the quantity I would eat before the next morning.

Apicius. You have forgot, Sir, that you have no body; that which you had has been rotten a great while ago; and you can never return to the earth with another, unless Pythagoras carries you thither to animate that of a hog. But comfort yourself, that, as you have eat dainties which I never tasted, so the next generation will eat some unknown to the present. New discoveries will be made, and new delicacies brought from other parts of the world. We must both be philosophers. We must be thankful for the good things we have had, and not grudge others better, if they fall to their share. Consider that, after all, we could but have eat as much as our stomachs would hold, and that we did every day of our lives.---But see, who comes thither? I think it is Mercury.

Mercury. Gentlemen, I must tell you that I have stood near you invisible, and heard your discourse; a privilege which we deities use when we please. Attend therefore to a discovery which I shall make to you, relating to the subject upon which you were talking. I know two men, one of whom lived in ancient, and the other in modern times, that had more pleasure in eating than either of you ever had in your lives.

Apicius. One of these, I presume, was

a Sybarite, and the other a French gentleman settled in the West Indies.

Mercury. No; one was a Spartan soldier, and the other an English farmer.---I see you both look astonished; but what I tell you is truth. The soldier never eat his black broth, till the exercises, to which by their discipline the Spartan troops were obliged, had got him such an appetite that he could have gnawed a bone like a dog. The farmer was out at the tail of his plough, or some other wholesome labour, from morning till night; and when he came home his wife dressed him a piece of good beef, or a fine barn-door fowl and a pudding, for his dinner, which he eat much more ravenously, and consequently with a great deal more relish and pleasure, than you did your tripotanium or your ham-pie. Your stomachs were always so overcharged, that I question if ever you felt real hunger, or eat one meal in twenty years without forcing your appetites, which makes all things insipid. I tell you therefore again, that the soldier and the farmer had much more of the joy of eating than you.

Darteneuf. This is more mortifying than not to have shared a turtle feast. I fear indeed we have been in quite a wrong system, and never had any true notions of pleasure.

Apicius. It is a sad thing not to know what good living is before one is dead. I wish, Mercury, you had taught me your art of cookery in my life-time, or held your tongue about it here.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 21. Scene between IAGO and CASSIO, in which CASSIO regrets his Folly in getting drunk.

Iago. What! are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation! Iago, my reputation---

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition: oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him, and he's your's.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd. ---Drunk! and squabble! swagger!

swear! and discourse fustian with one's own shadow! Oh thou invincible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? what had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should with joy, pleasure, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It has pleased the devil Drunkenness to give place to the devil Wrath; one imperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again ---he shall tell me I am a drunkard! --- Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! --- Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd; exclaim no more against it. And, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, Sir,---I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. Confess yourself freely to her; importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely ; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, Lieutenant : I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago.

Shakspeare.

§ 22. *A Dialogue between MERCURY and a modern fine Lady.*

Mrs. Modish. Indeed, Mr. Mercury, I cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon you now. I am engaged, absolutely engaged.

Mercury. I know you have an amiable affectionate husband, and several fine children : but you need not be told, that neither conjugal attachments, maternal affections, nor even the care of a kingdom's welfare or a nation's glory, can excuse a person who has received a summons to the realms of death. If the grim messenger was not as peremptory as unwelcome, Charon would not get a passenger (except now and then a hypochondriacal Englishman) once in a century. You must be content to leave your husband and family, and pass the Styx.

Mrs. Modish. I did not mean to insist on any engagement with my husband and children ; I never thought myself engaged to them. I had no engagements but such as were common to women of my rank. Look on my chimney-piece, and you will see I was engaged to the play on Mondays, balls on Tuesdays, the opera on Saturdays, and to card assemblies the rest of the week, for two months to come ; and it would be the rudest thing in the world not to keep my appointments. If you will stay for me till the summer season, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elysian fields may be less detestable than the country in our world. Pray, have you a fine Vauxhall and Ranelagh ? I think I should not dislike drinking the Lethe waters when you have a full season.

Mercury. Surely you could not like to drink the waters of oblivion, who have made pleasure the business, end, and aim of your life ! It is good to drown cares : but who would wash away the remembrance of a life of gaiety and pleasure ?

Mrs. Modish. Diversion was indeed the business of my life ; but as to pleasure, I have enjoyed none since the novelty of my amusements was gone off. Can one be pleased with seeing the same thing over

and over again ? Late hours and fatigue gave me the vapours, spoiled the natural cheerfulness of my temper, and even in youth wore away my natural vivacity.

Mercury. If this way of life did not give you pleasure, why did you continue in it ? I suppose you did not think it was very meritorious ?

Mrs. Modish. I was too much engaged to think at all : so far indeed my manner of life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diversions were necessary, and my doctor assured me dissipation was good for my spirits ; my husband insisted that it was not ; and you know that one loves to oblige one's friends, comply with one's doctor, and contradict one's husband ; and besides, I was ambitious to be thought *du bon ton*.

Mercury. *Bon ton!* what's that, Madam ? Pray define it.

Mrs. Modish. Oh, Sir, excuse me ; it is one of the privileges of the *Bon ton* never to define or be defined. It is the child and the parent of jargon. It is---I can never tell you what it is ; but I will try to tell you what it is not. In conversation it is not wit ; in manners it is not politeness ; in behaviour it is not address ; but it is a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain persons who have not certain virtues, and who have certain vices, and who inhabit a certain part of the town. Like a place by courtesy, it gets an higher rank than the person can claim, but which those who have a legal title to precedency dare not dispute, for fear of being thought not to understand the rules of politeness. Now, Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

Mercury. Then, Madam, you have wasted your time, faded your beauty, and destroyed your health, for the laudable purposes of contradicting your husband, and being this something and this nothing called the *bon ton!*

Mrs. Modish. What would you have had me do ?

Mercury. I will follow your mode of instructing : I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you sacrifice your time, your reason, and your duties to fashion and folly. I would not have had you neglect your husband's happiness, and your children's education.

Mrs. Modish. As to my daughters' education I spared no expence; they had a dancing-master, music-master, and drawing-master, and a French governess to teach them behaviour and the French language.

Mercury. So their religion, sentiments, and manners were to be learnt from a dancing-master, music-master, and a chamber-maid! perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *bon ton*. Your daughters must have been educated so as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am sorry for the sort of life they are commencing, and for that which you have just concluded. Minos is a sour old gentleman, without the least smattering of the *bon ton*; and I am in a fright for you. The best thing I can advise you is, to do in this world as you did in the other, keep happiness in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this side Styx; wander about without end or aim; look into the Elysian fields, but never attempt to enter into them, lest Minos should push you into Tartarus; for duties neglected may bring on a sentence not much less severe than crimes committed.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 23. *Scene between the Jews SHYLOCK and TUBAL; in which the latter alternately torments and pleases the former, by giving him an Account of the Extravagance of his Daughter JESSICA, and the Misfortunes of ANTONIO.*

Shy. How now, Tubal? What news from Genoa? hast thou heard of my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there! a diamond gone that cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now. Two thousand ducats in that and other precious, precious jewels! I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! O would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them; and I know not what spent in the search: loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding!

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too! Antonio, as I heard in Genoa—

Shy. What, what, what! ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosie cast away, coming from Tripoli.

Shy. Thank God! thank God! is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal; good news; good news!

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me; I shall never see my gold again; fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot but break.

Shy. I'm glad of it: I'll plague him, I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shew'd me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! thou torturest me, Tubal! It was my ruby, I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: go fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. *Shakspeare.*

§ 24. *Humorous Scene between Prince HENRY and FALSTAFF, in which the Prince detects FALSTAFF's monstrous Lies.*

P. Henry. Welcome, Jack!--Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy:---ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether socks and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]---You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward!--Go thy

ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old. Heaven help the while! A bad world! I say—plague of all cowards! I say still.

P. Henry. How now, Woolsack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more! You Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me that.

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hang'd ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me ---give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue if I drank to-day.

P. Henry. Oh villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drank'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*]
A plague of all cowards! still, say I.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us, it is: a hundred upon four of us.

P. Henry. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a handsaw, *ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!

P. Hen. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not

two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two legg'd creature.

P. Henry. Pray heav'n you have not murdered some of them!

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell you what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me a horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four! thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal, I told thee four.--- These four came all a front, and made a thrust at me: I made no more ado, but took all their seven points, in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why they were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

P. Henry. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven by those hills, or I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Aye, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of.

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought—seven of the eleven, I paid.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbeggotten knives in Kendal-green, came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.)

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou obscene greasy tallow-catch—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this? Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion!—No: were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on com-

pulsion! Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neat's tongue, you stock-fish! O, for breath to utter! what is like thee? you taylor's yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tuck—

P. Henry. Well, breathe awhile, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this:—Poins and I saw you four set on four: you bound them, and were masters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house. And Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard a bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Fal. Ha! ha! ha!--D'y'e think I did not know you?---By the Lord, I knew you as well as he that made you. Why hear ye, my master, was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct; I grant you: and I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content!--and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah!--no more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me. *Shakspeare.*

§ 25. Scene in which MOODY gives MANLY an Account of the Journey to LONDON.

Manly. Honest John!

Moody. Measter Manly! I am glad I ha' fun ye.---Well, and how d'ye do, Measter?

Manly. I am glad to see you in London, I hope all the good family are well.

Moody. Thanks be praised, your honour, they are all in pretty good heart; thof' we have had a power of crosses upo' the road.

Manly. What has been the matter, John?

Moody. Why, we came up in such a hurry, you mun think, that our tackle was not so tight as it should be.

Manly. Come, tell us all---Pray, how do they travel?

Moody. Why, i'the awld coach, Measter; and 'cause my lady loves to do things handsome, to be sure, she would have a couple of cart-horses clapt to the four old geldings, that neighbours might see she went up to London in her coach and six: and so Giles Joulter, the ploughman, rides postilion.

Manly. And when do you expect them here, John?

Moody. Why, we were in hopes to ha' come yesterday, an' it had no been that th'awld weazle-belly horse tired: and then we were so cruelly loaden, that the two fore-wheels came crash down at once, in Waggon-rut-lane, and there we lost four hours 'fore we could set things to rights again.

Manly. So they bring all their baggage with the coach, then?

Moody. Aye, aye, and good store on't there is---Why, my lady's gear alone were as much as filled four portmantel trunks, besides the great deal box that heavy Ralph and the monkey sit upon behind.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!--And pray how many are they within the coach?

Moody. Why there's my lady and his worship, and the young 'squire, and Miss Jenny, and the fat lap-dog, and my lady's maid Mrs. Handy, and Doll Tripe the cook, that's all---only Doll puked a little with riding backward; so they hoisted her into the coach-box, and then her stomach was easy.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!

Moody. Then you mun think, Measter; there was some stowage for the belly, as well as the back too; children are apt to be famish'd upo' the road; so we had such cargoes of plumb-cake, and baskets of tongues, and biscuits, and cheese, and

cold boil'd beef--and then, in case of sickness, bottles of cherry-brandy, plague-water, sack, tent, and strong-beer so plenty, as made th' awld coach crack again. Mercy upon them! and send them all well to town, I say.

Manly. Ay, and well out on't again, John.

Moody. Measter! you're a wise mon! and for that matter, so am I---whoam's whoam, I say; I am sure we ha' got but little good e'er sin' we turn'd our backs on't. Nothing but mischief! some devil's trick or other plagued us aw th' day lung. Crack goes one thing! bawnce goes another! Woa! says Roger--Then, sowse! we are all set fast in a slough. Whaw! cries Miss: Scream! go the maids: and bawl just as thof' they were stuck. And so, mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!

Moody. But I mun hie me whoam; the coach will be coming every hour naw.

Manly. Well, honest John---

Moody. Dear Measter Manly! the goodness of goodness bless and preserve you!

§ 26. *The Birth of MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.*

Nor was the birth of this great man unattended with prodigies: he himself has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dreamed she was brought to bed of a huge ink-horn, out of which issued several large streams of ink, as if it had been a fountain. This dream was by her husband thought to signify, that the child should prove a very voluminous writer. Likewise a crab-tree, that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a sudden laden with a vast quantity of crabs: this sign also the old gentleman imagined to be a prognostic of the acuteness of his wit. A great swarm of wasps played round his cradle without hurting him, but were very troublesome to all in the room besides. This seemed a certain presage of the effects of his satire. A dunghill was seen within the space of one night to be covered all over with mushrooms; this some interpreted to promise the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the father was of another opinion.

But what was of all most wonderful, was a thing that seemed a monstrous fowl, which just then dropped through the skylight, near his wife's apartment. It had

a large body, two little disproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at first sight for a swan, and was concluding his son would be a poet; but on a nearer view he perceived it to be speckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a paper-kite, which had broke its leash by the impetuosity of the wind. His back was armed with the art military, his belly was filled with phisic, his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers, the several nodes of his voluminous tail were diversified with several branches of science; where the Doctor beheld with great joy a knot of logic, a knot of metaphisic, a knot of casuistry, a knot of polemical divinity, and a knot of common law, with a lanthorn of Jacob Behmen.

There went a report in the family, that as soon as he was born he uttered the voice of nine several animals: he cried like a calf, bleated like a sheep, chattered like a magpie, grunted like a hog, neighed like a foal, croaked like a raven, mewed like a cat, gabbled like a goose, and brayed like an ass; and the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two owls which came down the chimney. His father was greatly rejoiced at all these signs, which betokened the variety of his eloquence, and the extent of his learning; but he was more particularly pleased with the last, as it nearly resembled what happened at the birth of Homer.

The Doctor and his Shield.

The day of the christening being come, and the house filled with gossips, the levity of whose conversation suited but ill with the gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he cast about how to pass this day more agreeable to his character; that is to say, not without some profitable conference, nor wholly without observance of some ancient custom.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the cradle of Hercules was a shield: and being possessed of an antique buckler, which he held as a most inestimable relic, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the study, to be shewn to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this shield, had caused him formerly to compile a dissertation concerning it, proving from the several properties, and particularly the colour of the rust, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatise and a moderate supper, he proposed to entertain his guests; though he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculation of his son's nativity.

He therefore took the buckler out of a case (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern rust) and entrusted it to his house-maid, with orders, that when the company was come, she should lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue satin.

The guests were no sooner seated, but they entered into a warm debate about the Triclinium, and the manner of Decubitus, of the ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:

"This day, my friends, I propose to exhibit my son before you; a child not wholly unworthy of inspection, as he is descended from a race of virtuosi. Let the physiognomist examine his features; let the chirographists behold his palm; but, above all, let us consult for the calculation of his nativity. To this end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not present him to you in a vulgar manner. He shall be cradled in my ancient shield, so famous through the universities of Europe. You all know how I purchased that invaluable piece of antiquity, at the great (though indeed inadequate) expence of all the plate of our family; how happily I carried it off, and how triumphantly I transported it hither, to the inexpressible grief of all Germany. Happy in every circumstance, but that it broke the heart of the great Melchior Inipidus!"

Here he stopped his speech, upon sight of the maid, who entered the room with the child: he took it in his arms, and proceeded:

"Behold then my child, but first behold the shield; behold this rust,—or rather let me call it this precious ærugo;—behold this beautiful varnish of time,—this venerable verdure of so many ages!"—In speaking these words, he slowly lifted up the mantle which covered it inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on sight of the whole the tremor became universal: the shield and the infant both dropped to the ground, and he had only strength enough to cry out, "O God! my shield! my shield!"

The truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master's honour) had scoured it as clean as her hand-irons.

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the guests stood astonished, the infant squallied, the maid ran in, snatched it up again in her arms, flew into her mistress's room, and told what had happened. Down stairs in an instant hurried all the gossips, where they found the Doctor in a trance: Hungary-water, hartshorn, and the confused noise of shrill voices, at length awakened him: when opening his eyes, he saw the shield in the hand of the house-maid. "O woman! woman!" he cried (and snatched it violently from her), "was it to thy ignorance that this relic owes its ruin? Where, where is the beautiful crust that covered thee so long? where those traces of time, and fingers, as it were, of antiquity? Where all those beautiful obscurities, the cause of much delightful disputation, where doubt and curiosity went hand in hand, and eternally exercised the speculations of the learned? And this the rude touch of an ignorant woman hath done away! The curious prominence at the belly of that figure, which some, taking for the cusps of a sword, denominated a Roman soldier; others, accounting the *insignia virilia*, pronounce to be one of the *Dii Termini*: behold she hath cleaned it in like shameful sort, and shown to be the head of a nail. O my shield! my shield! well may I say with Horace, *Non bene relicta parmula.*"

The gossips, not at all inquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the child had no hurt? and cried, "Come, come, all is well; what has the woman done but her duty? a tight cleanly wench, I warrant her: what a stir the man makes about a bason, that an hour ago, before her labour was bestowed upon it, a country barber would not have hung at his shop door!" "A bason! (cried another), no such matter; 'tis nothing but a paltry old sconce, with the nozzle broke off." The learned gentlemen, who till now had stood speechless, hereupon looking narrowly on the shield, declared their assent to this latter opinion, and desired Cornelius to be comforted; assuring him it was a sconce, and no other. But this, instead of comforting, threw the Doctor into such a violent fit of passion, that he

was carried off groaning and speechless to bed; where, being quite spent, he fell into a kind of slumber.

The Nutrition of SCRIBLERUS.

Cornelius now began to regulate the suction of his child: seldom did there pass a day without disputes between him and the mother, or the nurse, concerning the nature of aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her some dish or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day she had a longing desire to a piece of beef; and as she stretched her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and spoke to this effect: "Hadst thou read the ancients, O nurse, thou wouldst prefer the welfare of the infant which thou nourishest, to the indulging of an irregular and voracious appetite! Beef, it is true, may confer a robustness on the limbs of my son, but will hebetate and clog his intellects." While he spoke this the nurse looked upon him with much anger, and now and then cast a wishful eye upon the beef.—"Passion (continued the Doctor, still holding the dish), throws the mind into too violent a fermentation: it is a kind of fever of the soul; or, as Horace expresses it, a short madness. Consider, woman, that this day's suction of my son may cause him to imbibe many ungovernable passions, and in a manner spoil him for the temper of a philosopher. Romulus, by suckling a wolf, became of a fierce and savage disposition: and were I to breed some Ottoman emperor, or founder of a military commonwealth, perhaps I might indulge thee in this carnivorous appetite."—What! interrupted the nurse, beef spoil the understanding! that's fine indeed—how then could our parson preach as he does upon beef, and pudding too, if you go to that? Don't tell me of your ancients; had not you almost killed the poor babe, with a dish of dæmonial black broth?—"Lacedæmonian black broth, thou wouldst say (replied Cornelius); but I cannot allow the surfeit to have been occasioned by that diet, since it was recommended by the divine Lycurgus. No, nurse, thou must certainly have eaten some meats of ill digestion the day before; and that was the only cause of his disorder. Consider, woman, the different temperaments of different nations! What makes the English phlegmatic and melancholy, but

beef? What renders the Welsh so hot and choleric, but cheese and leeks? The French derive their levity from the soups, frogs, and mushrooms. I would not let my son dine like an Italian, lest, like an Italian, he should be jealous and revengeful. The warm and solid diet of Spain may be more beneficial, as it might endue him with a profound gravity; but, at the same time, he might suck in with their food their intolerable vice of pride. Therefore, nurse, in short, I hold it requisite to deny you, at present, not only beef, but likewise whatsoever any of those nations eat." During this speech, the nurse remained pouting and marking her plate with the knife, nor would she touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old gentleman observing, ordered, that the child, to avoid the risk of imbibing ill humours, should be kept from her breast all that day, and be fed with butter mixed with honey, according to a prescription he had met with somewhere in Eustathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the child a great looseness, but he was not concerned at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompensed by the improvements of his understanding. But from thenceforth he insisted every day upon a particular diet to be observed by the nurse; under which, having been long uneasy, she at last parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the paps of a sow with pig; taking it as the highest indignity, and a direct insult upon her sex and calling.

Play-Things.

Here follow the instructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the plays and play-things to be used by his son Martin.

"Play was invented by the Lydians, as a remedy against hunger. Sophocles says of Palamedes, that he invented dice to serve sometimes instead of a dinner. It is therefore wisely contrived by nature, that children, as they have the keenest appetites, are most addicted to plays. From the same cause, and from the unprejudiced and incorrupt simplicity of their minds it proceeds, that the plays of the ancient children are preserved more entire than any other of their customs. In this matter I would recommend to all who have any concern in my son's education, that they deviate not in the least from the primitive and simple antiquity.

“ To speak first of the whistle, as it is the first of all play-things. I will have it exactly to correspond with the ancient fistula, and accordingly to be composed *septem paribus disjuncta cicutis*.

“ I heartily wish a diligent search may be made after the true crepitaculum or rattle of the ancients, for that (as Architus Tarentinus was of opinion) kept the children from breaking earthen-ware. The China cups in these days are not at all the safer for the modern rattles; which is an evident proof how far their crepitacula exceeded ours.

“ I would not have Martin yet to scourge a top, till I am better informed whether the trochus, which was recommended by Cato, be really our present tops, or rather the hoop which the boys drive with a stick. Neither cross and pile, nor ducks and drakes, are quite so ancient as handy-daddy, though Macrobius and St. Augustine take notice of the first, and Minutius Fœlix describes the latter; but handy-daddy is mentioned by Aristotle, Plato, and Aristophanes.

“ The play which the Italians call *cinque* and the French *mourre*, is extremely ancient; it was played at by Hymen and Cupid at the marriage of Psyche, and termed by the Latins *digitis micare*.

“ Julius Pollux describes the omilla or chuck-farthing: though some will have our modern chuck-farthings to be nearer the apheetinda of the ancients. He also mentions the basilinda, or King I am; and mynda, or hoopers-hide.

“ But the chytrindra, described by the same author, is certainly not our hot-cockles; for that was by pinching, and not by striking; though there are good authors who affirm the rathapigismus to be yet nearer the modern hot-cockles. My son Martin may use either of them indifferently, they being equally antique.

“ Building of houses, and riding upon sticks, have been used by children of all ages, *Edificare ceasas, quitare in arundine longa*. Yet I much doubt whether the riding upon sticks did not come into use after the age of the centaurs.

“ There is one play which shews the gravity of ancient education, called the acinetinda, in which children contended who could longest stand still. This we have suffered to perish entirely; and if I might be allowed to guess, it was certainly lost among the French.

“ I will permit my son to play at apo-

didascinda, which can be no other than our puss in a corner.

“ Julius Pollux, in his ninth book, speaks of the melolonthe, or the kite; but I question whether the kite of antiquity was the same with ours: and though the *Opvυλοκοπια*, or quail-fighting, is what is most taken notice of, they had doubtless cock-matches also, as is evident from certain ancient gems and relievos.

“ In a word, let my son Martin disport himself at any game truly antique, except one, which was invented by a people among the Thracians, who hung up one of their companions in a rope, and gave him a knife, to cut himself down; which if he failed in, he was suffered to hang till he was dead; and this was only reckoned a sort of joke. I am utterly against this, as barbarous and cruel.

“ I cannot conclude without taking notice of the beauty of the Greek names, whose etymologies acquaint us with the nature of the sports; and how infinitely, both in sense and sound, they excel our barbarous names of plays.”

Notwithstanding the foregoing injunctions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet condescended to allow the child the use of some few modern play-things; such as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by instilling an early notion of the sciences. For example, he found that marbles taught him percussion, and the laws of motion; nut-crackers the use of the lever; swinging on the ends of a board, the balance; bottle-screws, the vice; whirligigs, the axis and peritrochia; bird-cages, the pulley; and tops, the centrifugal motion.

Others of his sports were further carried to improve his tender soul even in virtue and morality. We shall only instance one of the most useful and instructive, bob-cherry, which teaches at once two noble virtues, patience and constancy; the first in adhering to the pursuit of one end, the latter in bearing a dis-appointment.

Besides all these, he taught him, as a diversion, an old and secret manner of stealing, according to the custom of the Lacedæmonians; wherein he succeeded so well, that he practised it to the day of his death.

MUSIC.

The bare mention of music threw Cornelius into a passion; “ How can you dignify (quoth he) this modern fiddling with the name of music? Will any of

your best hautboys encounter a wolf now-a-days with no other arms but their instruments, as did that ancient piper Pitthorcaris? Have ever wild boars, elephants, deers, dolphins, whales, or turbots, shewed the least emotion at the most elaborate strains of your modern scrapers; all which have been, as it were, tamed and humanized by ancient musicians? Does not Ælian tell us how the Lybian mares were excited to horsing by music? (which ought in truth to be a caution to modest women against frequenting operas; and consider, brother, you are brought to this dilemma, either to give up the virtue of the ladies, or the power of your music). Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our morals? Is it not from the loss of an ancient music, by which (says Aristotle) they taught all the virtues? else might we turn Newgate into a college of Dorian musicians, who should teach moral virtues to those people. Whence comes it that our present diseases are so stubborn? whence is it that I daily deplore my sciatical pains? Alas! because we have lost their true cure, by the melody of the pipe. All this was well known to the ancients, as Theophrastus assures us (whence Cælius calls it *loca dolentia decentare*), only indeed some small remains of this skill are preserved in the cure of the tarantula. Did not Pythagoras stop a company of drunken bullies from storming a civil house, by changing the strain of the pipe to the sober spondæus? and yet your modern musicians want art to defend their windows from common nickers. It is well known, that when the Lacedæmonian mob were up, they commonly sent for a Lesbian musician to appease them, and they immediately grew calm as soon as they heard Terpander sing: yet I don't believe that the pope's whole band of music, though the best of this age, could keep his holiness's image from being burnt on the fifth of November." "Nor would Terpander himself (replied Albertus) at Billingsgate, nor Timotheus at Hockley-in-the-Hole, have any manner of effect: nor both of them together bring Horneck to common civility." "That's a gross mistake, (said Cornelius, very warmly); "and, to prove it so, I have here a small lyra of my own, framed, strung, and tuned, after the ancient manner. I can play some fragments of Lesbian tunes, and I wish I were to try them upon the most

passionate creatures alive."—"You never had a better opportunity (says Albertus), for yonder a couple of apple-women scolding, and just ready to uncoil one another." With that Cornelius, undressed as he was, jumps out into his balcony, his lyra in hand, in his slippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ankles, a stocking upon his head, and waistcoat of murrey-coloured satin upon his body; He touched his lyra with a very unusual sort of an harpegiatura, nor were his hopes frustrated. The odd equipage, the uncouth instrument, the strangeness of the man, and of the music, drew the ears and eyes of the whole mob that were got about the two female champions, and at last of the combatants themselves. They all approached the balcony, in as close attention as Orpheus's first audience of cattle, or that of an Italian opera, when some favourite air is just awakened. This sudden effect of his music encouraged him mightily; and it was observed he never touched his lyra in such a truly chromatic and enharmonic manner, as upon that occasion. The mob laughed, sung, jumped, danced, and used many odd gestures; all which he judged to be caused by the various strains and modulations. "Mark (quoth he), in this, the power of the Ionian; in that you see the effect of the Æolian." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw stones: Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greatest air of triumph in the world. "Brother, (said he) do you observe I have mixed, unawares, too much of the Phrygian; I might change it to the Lydian, and soften their riotous tempers: but it is enough: learn from this sample to speak with veneration of ancient music. If this lyra in my unskillful hands can perform such wonders, what must it not have done in those of a Timotheus or a Terpander?" Having said this, he retired with the utmost exultation in himself, and contempt of his brother; and, it is said, behaved that night with such unusual haughtiness to his family, that they had all reason to wish for some ancient Tibicen to calm his temper.

LOGIC.

Martin's understanding was so totally immersed in sensible objects, that he demanded examples from material things, of the abstracted ideas of logic; as for Crambe, he contented himself with the

words: and when he could but form some conceit upon them, was fully satisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his instructor, that all men were not singular; that individuality could hardly be predicated of any man, for it was commonly said, that a man is not the same he was; that madmen are beside themselves, and drunken men come to themselves; which shews, that few men have that most valuable logical endowment, individuality. Cornelius told Martin, that a shoulder of mutton was an individual, which Crambe denied, for he had seen it cut into commons. That's true (quoth the tutor), but you never saw it cut into shoulders of mutton: If it could, (quoth Crambe) it would be the most lovely individual of the university. When he was told, a substance was that which was subject to accidents; Then soldiers, (quoth Crambe) are the most substantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of accident, that it could be present or absent without the destruction of the subject; since there are a great many accidents that destroy the subject, as burning does a house, and death a man. But, as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a natural death, and a logical death; that though a man, after his natural death, was not capable of the least parish-office, yet he might still keep his stall amongst the logical predicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin sensible images: Thus, calling up the coachman, he asked him what he had seen in the bear-garden? The man answered, he saw two men fight a prize: one was a fair man, a serjeant in the guards; the other black, a butcher: the serjeant had red breeches, the butcher blue: they fought upon a stage about four o'clock, and the serjeant wounded the butcher in the leg. "Mark, (quoth Cornelius), how the fellow runs through the predicaments. Men, *substantiæ*; two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*; serjeant and butcher, *relatio*; wounded the other, *actio et passio*; fighting, *situs*; stage, *ubi*; two o'clock, *quando*; blue and red breeches, *habitus*." At the same time he warned Martin, that what he now learned as a logician, he must forget as a natural philosopher; that though he now taught them that accidents inhered in the subject, they would find in time there was no such thing; and that

colour, taste, smell, heat, and cold, were not in the things, but only phantasms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this secret, for Martin could not conceive how a habit of dancing inhered in a dancing-master, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the characteristics of relations. Crambe used to help him out by telling him, a cuckold, a losing gamester, a man that had not denied, a young heir that was kept short by his father, might be all known by their countenance; that, in this last case, the paternity and filiation leave very sensible impressions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greatest difficulty was when they came to the tenth predicament; Crambe affirmed that his *habitus* was more a substance than he was; for his clothes could better subsist without him, than he without his clothes.

The Seat of the Soul.

In this design of Martin to investigate the diseases of the mind, he thought nothing so necessary as an inquiry after the seat of the soul; in which, at first, he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodged in the brain, sometimes in the stomach, and sometimes in the heart. Afterwards he thought it absurd to confine that sovereign lady to one apartment; which made him infer, that she shifted it according to the several functions of life: the brain was her study, the heart her state-room, and the stomach her kitchen. But, as he saw, several offices of life went on at the same time, he was forced to give up this hypothesis also. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the soul to perform several operations by her little ministers, the animal spirits; from whence it was natural to conclude, that she resides in different parts, according to different inclinations, sexes, ages, and professions. Thus, in epicures he seated her in the mouth of the stomach: philosophers have her in the brain, soldiers in their heart, women in their tongues, fiddlers in their fingers, and rope-dancers in their toes. At length he grew fond of the glandula pinealis, dissecting many subjects to find out the different figure of this gland, from whence he might discover the cause of the different tempers in mankind. He supported that in factious and restless-spirited people, he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room

for the soul to repose herself; that in quiet tempers it was flat, smooth, and soft, affording to the soul, as it were, an easy cushion. He was confirmed in this by observing, that calves and philosophers, tigers and statesmen, foxes and sharpers, peacocks and fops, cock-sparrows and coquettes, monkeys and players, courtiers and spaniels, moles and misers, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the pineal gland. He did not doubt likewise to find the same resemblance in highwaymen and conquerors: In order to satisfy himself in which, it was, that he purchased the body of one of the first species (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happiness of one of the latter too under his anatomical knife.

The Soul, a Quality.

This is easily answered by a familiar instance. In every jack there is a meat-roasting quality, which neither resides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel in the jack, but is the result of the whole composition: so, in an animal, the self-consciousness is not a real quality inherent in one being (any more than meat-roasting in a jack) but the result of several modes or qualities in the same subject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the chords, &c. make one jack, so the several parts of the body make one animal. As perception or consciousness is said to be inherent in this animal, so is meat-roasting said to be inherent in the jack. As sensation, reasoning, volition, memory, &c. are the several modes of thinking; so roasting of beef, roasting of mutton, roasting of pullets, geese, turkeys, &c. are the several modes of meat-roasting. And as the general quality of meat-roasting, with its several modifications, as to beef, mutton, pullets, &c. does not inhere in any one part of the jack; so neither does consciousness, with its several modes of sensation, intellection, volition, &c. inhere in any one, but is the result from the mechanical composition of the whole animal.

Pope.

§ 27. *Diversity of Geniuses.*

I shall range these confined and less copious geniuses under proper classes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of animals of some sort or other; whereby he will be enabled at the first sight of such as shall

daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.

1. The Flying Fishes: These are writers who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the profound; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G.S. A.H. C.G.

2. The Swallows are authors that are eternally skimming and fluttering up and down; but all their agility is employed to catch flies. L.T. W.P. Lord H.

3. The Ostriches are such, whose heaviness rarely permits them to raise themselves from the ground; their wings are of no use to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they run very fast. D.F. L.E. The Hon. E.H.

The Parrots are they that repeat another's words in such a hoarse odd voice, as makes them seem their own. W.B. W.H. C.C. The Reverend D.D.

5. The Didappers are authors that keep themselves long out of sight, under water, and come up now and then where you least expected them. L.W. G.D. Esq. The Hon. Sir W.Y.

6. The Porpoises are unwieldy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempest: but whenever they appear in plain light (which is seldom) they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. I.D. C.G. I.O.

7. The Frogs are such as can neither walk nor fly, but can leap and bound to admiration; they live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noise whenever they thrust their heads above water. E.W. L.M. Esq. T.D. Gent.

8. The Eels are obscure authors, that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L.W. L.T. P.M. General C.

9. The Tortoises are slow and chill, and like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the most part a fine embroidered shell, and underneath it, a heavy lump. A.P. W.B. L.E. The Right Hon. E. of S.

These are the chief characteristics of the Bathos: and in each of these kinds we have the comfort to be blessed with sundry and manifold choice spirits in this our island.

The Advancement of the Bathos.

Thus have I (my dear countrymen)

with incredible pains and diligence, discovered the hidden sources of the Bathos, or, as I may say, broke open the abysses of this great deep. And having now established good and wholesome laws, what remains but that all true moderns, with their utmost might, do proceed to put the same in execution? In order whereto, I think I shall, in the second place, highly deserve of my country, by proposing such a scheme as may facilitate this great end.

As our number is confessedly far superior to that of the enemy, there seems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourselves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the Bathos do enter into a firm association, and incorporate into one regular body: whereof every member, even the meanest, will some-way contribute to the support of the whole: in like manner as the weakest reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our art ought to be put upon the same foot with other arts of this age. The vast improvement of modern manufactures ariseth from their being divided into several branches, and parcelled out to several trades; for instance in clock-making, one artist makes the balance, another the spring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the case, and the principal workman puts all together: to this economy we owe the perfection of our modern writers; and doubtless we also might that of our modern poetry and rhetoric, were the several parts branched out in like manner.

Nothing is more evident, than that divers persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong disposition to the formation of some particular trope or figure. Aristotle saith, that the hyperbole is an ornament fit for young men of quality; accordingly we find in those gentlemen a wonderful propensity towards it, which is marvellously improved by travelling: soldiers also and seamen are very happy in the same figure. The periphrasis or circumlocution is the peculiar talent of country farmers; the proverb and apologue, of old men at clubs; the illipsis, or speech by half-words, of ministers and politicians; the aposiopesis, of courtiers; the litotes, and diminution, of ladies, whisperers, and backbiters; and the anadiplosis, of common criers and hawkers, who, by redoubling the same words, persuade people to buy their oysters, green-hastings, or new ballads. Epithets may

be found in great plenty at *Billingsgate*, sarcasm and irony learned upon the water, and the epiphonema or exclamation frequently from the bear-garden, and as frequently from the 'Hear him' of the House of Commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular figure, would doubtless attain to perfection: and when each became incorporated and sworn into the society (as hath been proposed) a poet or orator would have no more to do but to send to the particular traders in each kind; to the metaphorist for his allegories, to the simile-maker for his comparisons, to the ironist for his sarcasms, to the apophthegmatist for his sentences, &c.; whereby a dedication or speech would be composed in a moment, the superior artist having nothing to do but to put together all the materials.

I therefore propose that there be contrived, with all convenient dispatch, at the public expence, a rhetorical chest of drawers, consisting of three stories; the highest for the deliberative, the middle for the demonstrative, and the lowest for the judicial. These shall be subdivided into loci or places, being repositories for matter and argument in the several kinds of oration or writing; and every drawer shall again be subdivided into cells, resembling those of cabinets for rarities. The apartment for peace or war, and that of the liberty of the press, may in a very few days be filled with several arguments perfectly new; and the vituperative partition will as easily be replenished with a most choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the present age. Every composer will soon be taught the use of this cabinet, and how to manage all the registers of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of those in an organ.

The keys of it must be kept in honest hands, by some reverend prelate, or valiant officer, of unquestionable loyalty and affection to every present establishment in church and state; which will sufficiently guard against any mischief which might otherwise be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in such hands, it may be at discretion let out by the day, to several great orators in both houses; from whence it is to be hoped much profit and gain will accrue to our society.

Dedications and Panegyrics.

Now of what necessity the foregoing

project may prove, will appear from this single consideration, that nothing is of equal consequence to the success of our works as speed and dispatch. Great pity it is, that solid brains are not, like other solid bodies, constantly endowed with a velocity in sinking proportionable to their heaviness; for it is with the flowers of the Bathos as with those of nature, which, if the careful gardener brings not hastily to market in the morning, most unprofitably perish and wither before night. And of all our productions none is so short-lived as the dedication and panegyric, which are often but the praise of a day, and become by the next utterly useless, improper, indecent, and false. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as these two are the sorts whereon in a manner depends that profit, which must still be remembered to be the main end of our writers and speakers.

We shall therefore employ this chapter in shewing the quickest method of composing them: after which we will teach a short way to epic poetry. And these being confessedly the works of most importance and difficulty, it is presumed we may leave the rest to each author's own learning or practice.

First of panegyric. Every man is honourable, who is so by law, custom, or title. The public are better judges of what is honourable than private men. The virtues of great men, like those of plants, are inherent in them, whether they are exerted or not; and the more strongly inherent, the less they are exerted; as a man is the more rich, the less he spends. All great ministers, without either private or economical virtue, are virtuous by their posts, liberal and generous upon the public money, provident upon public supplies, just by paying public interest, courageous and magnanimous by the fleets and armies, magnificent upon the public expences, and prudent by public success. They have by their office a right to a share of the public stock of virtues: besides, they are by prescription immemorial invested in all the celebrated virtues of their predecessors in the same stations, especially those of their own ancestors.

As to what are commonly called the colours of honourable and dishonourable, they are various in different countries: in this, they are blue, green, and red.

But, forasmuch as the duty we owe to the public doth often require that we

should put some things in a strong light, and throw a shade over others, I shall explain the method of turning a vicious man into a hero.

The first and chief rule is the golden rule of transformation; which consists in converting vices into their bordering virtues. A man who is a spendthrift, and will not pay a just debt, may have his injustice transformed into liberality; cowardice may be metamorphosed into prudence; intemperance into good-nature and good-fellowship; corruption into patriotism; and lewdness into tenderness and facility.

The second is the rule of contraries. It is certain the less a man is endued with any virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully bestowed, especially those good qualities of which the world generally believes he has none at all; for who will thank a man for giving him that which he has?

The reverse of these precepts will serve for satire; wherein we are ever to remark that whoso loseth his place, or becomes out of favour with the government, hath forfeited his share in public praise and honour. Therefore the truly public-spirited writer ought in duty to strip him whom the government hath stripped; which is the real poetical justice of this age. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be used in the praise and dispraise of ministerial and unministerial persons, I refer to our rhetorical cabinet; concluding with an earnest exhortation to all my brethren, to observe the precepts here laid down; the neglect of which has cost some of them their ears in a pillory.

A Recipe to make an Epic Poem.

An epic poem, the critics agree, is the greatest work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet is a genius. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifest, that an epic poem may be made without a genius, nay, without learning or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those who confess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. Moliere observes of making a

dinner, that any man can do it with money; and if a professed cook cannot do without it, he has his art for nothing: the same may be said of making a poem: it is easily brought about by him that has a genius, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and sure recipe, by which any author in the *Bathos* may be qualified for this grand performance.

To make an Epic Poem.

For the Fable. Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend (for instance, *Geoffry of Monmouth*, or *Don Belianis of Greece*) those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions: put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero, whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him in the midst of these adventures: there let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.

To make an Episode. Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the Moral and Allegory. These you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leisure: be sure you strain them sufficiently.

For the Manners. For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in the most celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication or poem. However, do not observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man. For the under-characters, gather them from *Homer* and *Virgil*, and change the names as occasion serves.

For the Machines. Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use: separate them into two equal parts, and keep *Jupiter* in the middle: let *Juno* put him in a ferment, and *Venus* mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile *Mercury*. If you have need of devils, draw them out of *Milton's Paradise*, and extract your spirits from *Tasso*. The use of these machines is evident: since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wit, seek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of *Horace*, in his *Art of Poetry*:

*Nec deus interit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit—*

That is to say, "A poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity."

For the Descriptions. For a tempest. Take *Eurus*, *Zephyr*, *Auster*, and *Boreas*, and cast them together in one verse; add to these of rain, lightning, and thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*; mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you set it a-blowing.

For a Battle. Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from *Homer's Iliad*, with a spice or two of *Virgil*; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a burning Town. If such a description be necessary (because it is certain there is one in *Virgil*) old *Troy* is ready burnt to your hand: but if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the *Theory of the Conflagration*, well circumscribed, and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.

As for similes and metaphors, they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may gather them: but the difficulty is in applying them. For this advise with your bookseller. *Pope.*

§ 28. *The Duty of a Clerk.*

No sooner was I elected into my office, but I laid aside the powdered gallantries

of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some wise of ecclesiastical dignity; since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of our clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Thou may'st conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I first took my place at the feet of the priest. When I raised the psalm, how did my voice quaver for fear! and when I arrayed the shoulders of the minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I said within myself, "Remember, Paul, thou standest before men of high worship; the wise Mr. Justice Freeman, the grave Mr. John Tonson, the good Lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters; nay, the great Sir Thomas Truby, Knight and Baronet, and my young master the Esquire, who shall one day be lord of this manor." Notwithstanding which it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I should glory therein.

* * * * *

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuses which had crept into the church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a sober dog which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness, though sore against my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples which they privily munched at church. But verily it pitied me; for I remember the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the sweat of my own hands I did make plain and smooth the dog's-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caused every Saturday to be swept with a besom, and trimmed.

Fifthly, and lastly, I caused the surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in fresh lavender (yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose-water); and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring clergy, forasmuch as no parish kept the minister in cleaner linen.

* * * * *

Shoes did I make (and, if entreated,

mend) with good approbation. Faces also did I shave; and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery also I practised in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my two-fold profession, there passed among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearsed: How that, being overtaken with liquor one Saturday evening, I shaved the priest with Spanish blacking for shoes instead of a washball, and with lamp-black powdered his perriwig. But these were sayings of men delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth: for it is well known, that great was my care and skill in these my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himself, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was sought unto to geld the Lady Frances her spaniel, which was wont to go astray: he was called Toby, that is to say, Tobias. And, thirdly, I was entrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the said Lady, to set an heel-piece thereon; and I received such praise therefore, that it was said all over the parish, I should be recommended unto the king to mend shoes for his majesty; whom God preserve! Amen. *Pope.*

§ 29. *Cruelty to Animals.*

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts caress or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up; and one of the first pleasures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes

into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky to destroy some sorts of birds, as swallows and martins. This opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us, by building under our roofs; so that this is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for Robin red-breasts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of "The children in the wood." However it be, I don't know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies, wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic may be any cause of the general persecution of owls (who are a sort of feathered cats) or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine: though I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alleged for the destruction of frogs is because they are like toads. Yet, amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures 'tis some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments, owls, cats, and frogs, may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports; in particular, hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contributes to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say, with

Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I must animadvert upon a certain custom, yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians: I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature.

Questuque cruentus,
Atque imploranti similis.—

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, pigs whipped to death, fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Those who (as Seneca expresses it), divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it: for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking, or horrid, than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of the creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, bestrewed with the scattered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

Pope.

§ 30. *Pastoral Comedy.*

I have not attempted any thing of a pastoral comedy, because I think the taste of our age will not relish a poem of that sort. People seek for what they call wit, on all subjects, and in all places; not considering that nature loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve. There is a certain majesty in simplicity, which is far above all the quaintness of wit: in-somuch, that the critics have excluded wit from the loftiest poetry, as well as the lowest, and forbid it to the epic no less than the pastoral. I should certainly displease all those who are charmed with Guarini and Bonarelli, and imitate Tasso not only in the simplicity of his thoughts, but in that of the fable too. If surprising discoveries should have place

in the story of a pastoral comedy, I believe it would be more agreeable to probability to make them the effects of chance than of design; intrigue not being very consistent with that innocence which ought to constitute a shepherd's character. There is nothing in all the *Aminta* (as I remember) but happens by mere accident; unless it be the meeting of *Aminta* with *Sylvia* at the fountain, which is the contrivance of *Daphne*; and even that is the most simple in the world; the contrary is observable in *Pastor Fido*, where *Corisca* is so perfect a mistress of intrigue, that the plot could not have been brought about without her. I am inclined to think the pastoral comedy has another disadvantage, as to the manners: its general design is to make us in love with the innocence of a rural life, so that to introduce shepherds of a vicious character, must in some measure debase it; and hence it may come to pass, that even the virtuous characters will not shine so much for want of being opposed to their contrarieties.

Pope.

§ 31. *Dogs.*

Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of *Themistocles*, steps back again out of the way of his history, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one that followed his master across the sea to *Salamis*, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of *The Dog's Grave* to that part of the island where he was buried. This respect to a dog, in the most polite people in the world, is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog, (though we have but few such) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriously called the order of the Elephant) was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named *Wild-brat*, to one of their kings, who had been deserted by his subjects: he gave his order this motto, or to this effect (which still remains) "*Wild-brat was faithful.*" *Sir William Trumball* has told me a story, which he heard from one that was present; *King Charles I.* being with some of his court during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or grey-hound,

the king gave his opinion on the part of the grey-hound, because (he said) it has all the good-nature of the other without the fawning. A good piece of satire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my discourse of dogs. Call me a cynic, or what you please, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me, when I say a bold word for a Christian, that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than, Yours, &c. *Ibid.*

§ 32. *Lady Mary Wortley Montague.*

The more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myself. *Me* thinks it is a noble spirit of contradiction to fate and fortune, not to give up those that are snatched from us; but to follow them the more, the farther they are removed from the sense of it. Sure flattery never travelled so far as three thousand miles; it is now only for truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this distance. 'Tis a generous piece of popery, that pursues even those who are to be eternally absent into another world; whether you think it right or wrong, you'll own the very extravagance a sort of piety. I can't be satisfied with strewing flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing lost; but must consider you as a glorious though remote being, and be sending addresses after you. You have carried away so much of me, that what remains is daily languishing and dying over my acquaintance here; and, I believe, in three or four months more I shall think *Aurat Bazer* as good a place as *Covent-garden*. You may imagine this is railery; but I am really so far gone, as to take pleasure in reveries of this kind. Let them say I am romantic; so is every one said to be, that either admires a fine thing, or does one. On my conscience, as the world goes, 'tis hardly worth any body's while to do one for the honour of it: glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other just debts; and neither *Mrs. Macfarland*, for immolating her lover, nor you for constancy to your lord, must ever hope to be compared to *Lucretia* or *Portia*.

I write this in some anger; for having, since you went, frequented those people most, who seemed most in your favour, I heard nothing that concerned you talked of so often, as that you went away in a

black full-bottomed wig; which I did but assert to be a bob, and was answered, "Love is blind." I am persuaded your wig had never suffered this criticism; but on the score of your head, and the two eyes that are in it.

Pray, when you write to me, talk of yourself; there is nothing I so much desire to hear of: talk a great deal of yourself, that she who I always thought talked the best, may speak upon the best subject. The shrines and reliques you tell me of, no way engage my curiosity; I had ten times rather go on a pilgrimage to see one such face as yours, than both St. John Baptist's heads. I wish (since you are grown so covetous of golden things,) you had not only all the fine statues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar set up, provided you were to travel no farther than you could carry it.

The court of Vienna is very edifying. The ladies, with respect to their husbands, seem to understand that text literally, that commands to bear one another's burdens: but, I fancy, many a man there is like Issachar, an ass between two burdens. I shall look upon you no more as a Christian, when you pass from that charitable court to the land of jealousy. I expect to hear an exact account how, and at what places, you leave one of the thirty-nine articles after another, as you approach to the land of infidelity. Pray how far have you got already? Amidst the pomp of high mass, and the ravishing thrills of a Sunday opera, what did you think of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England? Had you, from your heart, a reverence for Sternhold and Hopkins? How did your Christian virtues hold out in so long a voyage? You have, it seems, (without passing the bounds of Christendom,) out-travelled the sin of fornication; in a little time you'll look upon some others with more patience than the ladies here are capable of. I reckon, you'll time it so well as to make your religion last to the verge of Christendom, that you may discharge your chaplain (as humanity requires,) in a place where he may find some business.

I doubt not but I shall be told (when I come to follow you through these countries,) in how pretty a manner you accommodated yourself to the customs of the true Musselmen. They will tell me at what town you practised to sit on the

sofa, at what village you learned to fold a turban, where you was bathed and anointed, and where you parted with your black full-bottom. How happy must it be for a gay young woman, to live in a country where it is a part of religious worship to be giddy-headed! I shall hear at Belgrade how the good bashaw received you with tears of joy, how he was charmed with your agreeable manner of pronouncing the words Allah and Muhamed; and how earnestly you joined with him in exhorting your friend to embrace that religion. But I think his objection was a just one; that it was attended with some circumstances under which he could not properly represent his Britannic Majesty.

Lastly, I shall hear how, the first night you lay at Pera, you had a vision of Mahomet's paradise, and happily awaked without a soul; from which blessed moment the beautiful body was left at full liberty to perform all the agreeable functions it was made for.

I see I have done in this letter, as I often have done in your company; talked myself into a good humour, when I begun in an ill one: the pleasure of addressing you makes me run on: and 'tis in your power to shorten this letter as much as you please, by giving over when you please: so I'll make it no longer by apologies.

Pope.

§ 33. *The Manners of a Bookseller.*

To the Earl of Burlington.

My Lord,

If your mare could speak, she would give an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprising Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tinson, who, mounted on a stone-horse (no disagreeable companion to your lordship's mare) overtook me in Windsor-forest. He said, he heard I designed for Oxford, the seat of the Muses; and would, as my bookseller, by all means accompany me thither.

I asked him where he got his horse? He answered, he got it of his publisher: "For that rogue, my printer, (said he,) disappointed me: I hoped to put him in good humour by a treat at the Tavern, of a brown fricassée of rabbits, which cost two shillings, with two quarts of wine,

besides my conversation. I thought myself cock-sure of his horse, which he readily promised me, but said that Mr. Tonson had just such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. —; and if Mr. Tonson went, he was pre-engaged to attend him, being to have the printing of the said copy.

“So, in short, I borrowed this stone-horse of my publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent me, too, the pretty boy you see after me; he was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me near two hours to wash the ink off his face; but the devil is a fair-conditioned devil, and very forward in his catechise: if you have any more bags, he shall carry them.”

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected; so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts, and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an instant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner;—“Now, damn them! what if they should put it in the news-paper how you and I went together to Oxford? what would I care? If I should go down into Sussex, they would say I was gone to the speaker: but what of that? If my son were but big enough to go on with the business, by G—d I would keep as good company as old Jacob.”

Hereupon I inquired of his son, “The lad, (says he,) has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly; much as you are—I spare for nothing in his education at Westminster. Pray don't you think Westminster to be the best school in England? Most of the late ministry came out of it, so did many of this ministry; I hope the boy will make his fortune.”

Don't you design to let him pass a year at Oxford? “To what purpose? (said he,) the universities do but make pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of business.”

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude. Nothing, says he; I can bear it well enough; but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest awhile under the woods. When we were alighted, “See here, what a mighty pretty kind of Horace I have in my pocket!

what if you amused yourself in turning an ode, till we mount again? Lord! if you pleased, what a clever miscellany might you make at your leisure hours!” Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on; that motion is an aid to my fancy; a round trot very much awakens my spirits: then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence ensued for a full hour: after which Mr. Lintot lugg'd the reins, stopp'd short, and broke out. “Well, Sir, how far have you gone?” I answered, Seven miles. “Z—ds! Sir,” said Lintot, “I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimbledon-hill, would translate a whole ode in half this time. I'll say that for Oldsworth, (though I lost by his Timothy's,) he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King would write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak: and there's Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet-ditch and St. Giles's pound, shall make you half a job.”

Pray, Mr. Lintot, (said I,) now you talk of translators, what is your method of managing them? “Sir, (replied he,) those are the saddest pack of rogues in the world; in a hungry fit, they'll swear they understand all the languages in the universe: I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter, and cry, Ay, this is Hebrew, I must read it from the latter end. By G—d, I can never be sure in these fellows; for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself. But this is my way; I agree with them for ten shillings per sheet, with a proviso, that I will have their doings corrected by whom I please: so by one or other they are led at last to the true sense of an author; my judgment giving the negative to all my translators.” But how are you secure those correctors may not impose upon you? “Why, I get any civil gentleman (especially any Scotchman,) that comes into my shop, to read the original to me in English; by this I know whether my translator be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not.

“I'll tell you what happened to me last month: I bargained with S— for a new version of Lucretius, to publish against Tonson's: agreeing to pay the author so many shillings on his produc-

ing so many lines. He made a great progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin; but he went directly to Creech's translation, and found it the same, word for word, all but the first page. Now, what d'ye think I did? I arrested the translator for a cheat; nay, and I stopped the corrector's pay too, upon this proof, that he had made use of Creech instead of the original."

Pray tell me next how you deal with the critics? "Sir, (said he,) nothing more easy, I can silence the most formidable of them: the rich ones with a sheet a-piece of the blotted manuscript, which costs me nothing; they'll go about with it to their acquaintance, and say they had it from the author, who submitted to their correction: this has given some of them such an air, that in time they come to be consulted with, and dedicated to, as the top critics of the town.—As for the poor critics, I'll give you one instance of my management, by which you may guess at the rest. A lean man, that looked like a very good scholar, came to me t'other day; he turned over your Homer, shook his head, shrugged up his shoulders, and pished at every line of it. One would wonder, (says he,) at the strange presumption of some men; Homer is no such easy task, that every stripling, every versifier—He was going on, when my wife called to dinner.—Sir, said I, will you please to eat a piece of beef with me? Mr. Lintot, (said he,) I am sorry you should be at the expence of this great book; I am really concerned on your account.—Sir, I am much obliged to you: if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding.—Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would but condescend to advise with men of learning.—Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you please to go in—My critic complies, he comes to a taste of your poetry; and tells me in the same breath, that your book is commendable and the pudding excellent.

"Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. Lintot,) in return to the frankness I have shewn, pray tell me, Is it the opinion of your friends at court that my Lord Lansdown will be brought to the bar or not?" I told him, I heard he would not; and I hoped it, my lord being one I had particular obligations to. "That may be, (replied Mr. Lintot): but, by G—d, if he

is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good trial."

These, my Lord, are a few traits by which you may discern the genius of Mr. Lintot: which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropt him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my lord Carlton at Middleton.

The conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleasures from them only to be equalled when I meet your Lordship. I hope in a few days to cast myself from your horse at your feet. Pope.

§ 34. *Description of a Country Seat.*

To the Duke of Buckingham.

In answer to a letter in which he inclosed the description of Buckingham-house, written by him to the D. of Sh.

Pliny was one of those few authors who had a warm house over his head, nay, two houses; as appears by two of his epistles. I believe, if any of his contemporary authors durst have informed the public where they lodged, we should have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited as those of Fleet-street; but 'tis dangerous to let creditors into such a secret; therefore we may presume that then, as well as now-a-days, nobody knew where they lived but their booksellers.

It seems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodging at all; he first introduced himself to Augustus by an epigram beginning *Noctua pluit tota*—an observation which probably he had not made, unless he had lain all night in the street.

Where Juvenal lived, we cannot affirm; but in one of his satires he complains of the excessive price of lodging; neither do I believe he would have talked so feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bed-fellow in it.

I believe, with all the ostentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have changed both his houses for your grace's one; which is a country-house in the summer, and a town-house in the winter, and must be owned to be the properest habitation for a wise man, who sees all the world change every season, without ever changing himself.

I have been reading the description of Pliny's house, with an eye to your's: but finding they will bear no comparison, will try if it can be matched by the large

country-seat I inhabit at present, and see what figure it may make by the help of a florid description.

You must expect nothing regular in my description, any more than in the house; the whole vast edifice is so disjointed, and the several parts of it so detached one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time; where the cottages, having taken a country dance together, had been all out, and stood stone-still with amazement ever since.

You must excuse me, if I say nothing of the front; indeed I don't know which it is. A stranger would be grievously disappointed, who endeavoured to get into the house the right way. One would reasonably expect, after the entry through the porch, to be let into the hall: alas, nothing less! you find yourself in the house of office. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing room; but, upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like those of the ancients, continually smoking; but it is with the steams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and spacious, flanked on one side with a very long table, a true image of ancient hospitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monstrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbusses, and a rusty match-lock-musket or two, which we were informed had served in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass; one shining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preserves the memory of a knight, whose iron armour is long since perished with rust, and whose alabaster nose is mouldered from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor, in another piece, owes more to that single pane than to all she glasses the ever consulted in her life. After this, who can say that glass is frail, when it is not half so frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I can't but sigh to think that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a stone. In former days there have dined in this hall gartered knights, and courtly

dames, attended by ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but last night that an owl flew hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threshold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell, with all their brimstone about them: these are carefully set at the further corner; for the windows being every where broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard seed, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour, as I said before, lies the pigeon-house; by the side of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and t'other into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study: then follow a brewhouse, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy: a little further, on the right the servants' hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet for her private devotions; which has a lattice into the hall, intended (as we imagine) that at the same time as she pray'd she might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground-floor, in all, twenty-six apartments; among which I must not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that seems to have been either a bedstead, or a cyder-press.

The kitchen is built in form of a rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house; where one aperture serves to let out the smoke, and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country people, that they believe the witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the devil treats them with infernal venison, a roasted tiger stuffed with ten-penny nails.

Above stairs we have a number of rooms: you never pass out of one into another, but by the ascent or descent of two or three stairs. Our best room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a band box. In most of these rooms there are hangings of the finest work in the

world, that is to say, those which Arachne spins from her own bowels. Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miserable scene of naked walls, flaw'd ceiling, broken windows, and rusty locks. The roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower we may expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as those to the cabins of packet-boats. These rooms have, for many years, had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this seat, for the very rats of this venerable house are grey; since these have not yet quitted it, we hope at least that this ancient mansion may not fall during the small remnant these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a small subsistence left them, in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never seen half what I have described, but for a starch'd grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He entertained us as we passed from room to room with several relations of the family; but his observations were particularly curious when he came to the cellar; he informed us where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toasts in the morning; he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture: "This (says he, with tears) was poor Sir Thomas! once master of all this drink. He had two sons, poor young masters! who never arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very room, and never went out on their own legs." He could not pass by a heap of broken bottles, without taking up a piece, to shew us the arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the tower by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms one above another. One of these was nailed up, and our guide whispered to us a secret, the occasion of it; it seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted, about two centuries ago, by a freak of the lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring prior; ever since which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery-

Chamber. The ghost of lady Frances is supposed to walk there, and some prying maids of the family report that they have seen a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole, but this matter is hushed up, and the servants are forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you with this long description; but what engaged me in it was a generous principle to preserve the memory of that, which itself must soon fall into dust, nay perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old house the same kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his last extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted study, where no one that passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even those who would dine with us dare not stay under our roof! Any one that sees it, will own I could not have chosen a more likely place to converse with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I shall have the sense to endeavour to converse with the best of them, and shall therefore, as soon as possible, tell you in person how much I am, &c. Pope.

§ 35. *Apology for his religious Tenets.*

My Lord,

I am truly obliged by your kind condolence on my father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true I have lost a parent, for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent, But that was not my only tie; I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature;—*Genitrix est mihi*—and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

Nequeam lachrymas perferre parentis.

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but sure it is a virtuous one: at least I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever.

Ignaram hujus quodcumque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linguam?

For she, my lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the success of such an adventure (for an adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity.) Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows; this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks, so, justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the part of joining with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy; but I think it would not be so, to renounce the other.

Your lordship has formerly advised me to read the best controversies between the churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old, (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books;) there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of king James the Second; I warmed my head with them, and the consequence was, that I found myself a papist and a protestant by turns, according to the last book I read. I am afraid most seekers are in the same case; and when they stop they are not so properly converted as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And, after all, I verily believe your lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another; and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the temporal side of the question, I can have no dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, I have less inclination (if possible) than ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life, where most people end theirs, with a disrelish of all that the world calls ambition: I don't know why 'tis called so, for to me it always seemed to be rather stooping

than climbing. I'll tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience, in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which, whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over princes and states. I am a catholic, in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see, are not a Roman catholic, or a French catholic, or a Spanish catholic, but a true catholic: and not a king of Whigs, or a king of Tories, but a king of England. Which God of his mercy grant his present majesty may be, and all future majesties. You see, my lord, I end like a preacher: this is *sermo ad clerum*, not *ad populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever your,
Pope.

§ 36. Defence against a noble Lord's Reflections.

There was another reason why I was silent, as to that paper—I took it for a lady's (on the printer's word in the title-page) and thought it too presuming, as well as indecent, to contend with one of that sex in altercation: for I never was so mean a creature as to commit my anger against a lady to paper, though but in a private letter. But soon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a noble person of real honour and truth. Your lordship indeed said you had it from a lady, and the lady said it was your lordship's; some thought the beautiful bye-blow had two fathers, or (if one of them will hardly be allowed a man) two mothers; indeed I think both sexes had a share in it, but which was uppermost, I know not; I pretend not to determine the exact method of this witty fornication: and, if I call it your's, my lord, 'tis only

because, whoever got it, you brought it forth.

Here, my lord, allow me to observe the different proceeding of the ignoble poet, and his noble enemies. What he has written of Fanny, Adonis, Sappho, or who you will, he owned, he published, he set his name to: what they have published of him, that they have denied to have written; and what they have written of him, they have denied to have published. One of these was the case in the past libel, and the other in the present; for, though the parent has owned it to a few choice friends, it is such as he has been obliged to deny, in the most particular terms, to the great person whose opinion concerned him most.

Yet, my lord, this epistle was a piece not written in haste, or in a passion, but many months after all pretended provocation; when you was at full leisure at Hampton-Court, and I the object singled, like a deer out of season, for so ill-timed and ill-placed a diversion. It was a deliberate work, directed to a reverend person, of the most serious and sacred character, with whom you are known to cultivate a strict correspondence, and to whom, it will not be doubted, but you open your secret sentiments, and deliver your real judgment of men and things. This, I say, my lord, with submission, could not but awaken all my reflection and attention. Your lordship's opinion of me as a poet, I cannot help; it is yours, my lord, and that were enough to mortify a poor man; but it is not yours alone; you must be content to share it with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, and (it may be) with many more innocent and ingenious gentlemen. If your lordship destroys my poetical character, they will claim their part in the glory: but, give me leave to say, if my moral character be ruined, it must be wholly the work of your lordship; and will be hard even for you to do, unless I myself co-operate.

How can you talk (my most worthy lord) of all Pope's works as so many libels; affirm, that he has not invention but in defamation; and charge him with selling another man's labours printed with his own name? Fie, my lord, you forget yourself. He printed not his name before a line of the person's you mention; that person himself has told you and all the world, in the book itself, what part he had in it, as may be seen at the conclusion

of his notes to the Odyssey. I can only suppose your lordship (not having at that time forgot your Greek) despised to look upon the translation; and ever since entertained too mean an opinion of the translator to cast an eye upon it. Besides, my lord, when you said he sold another man's works, you ought in justice to have added that he bought them, which very much alters the case. What he gave him was five hundred pounds: his receipt can be produced to your lordship. I dare not affirm he was as well paid as some writers (much his inferiors) have been since; but your lordship will reflect, that I am no man of quality, either to buy or sell scribbling so high: and that I have neither place, pension, nor power to reward for secret services. It cannot be, that one of your rank can have the least envy to such an author as I am; but, were that possible, it were much better gratified by employing not your own, but some of those low and ignoble pens to do you this mean office. I dare engage you'll have them for less than I gave Mr. Broome, if your friends have not raised the market. Let them drive the bargain for you, my lord; and you may depend on seeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) verses, as these of your lordship.

And would it not be full as well, that my poor person should be abused by them, as by one of your rank and quality? Cannot Curl do the same? nay, has he not done it before your lordship, in the same kind of language, and almost the same words? I cannot but think, the worthy and discreet clergyman himself will agree, it is improper, nay, unchristian, to expose the personal defects of our brother; that both such perfect forms as yours, and such unfortunate ones as mine, proceed from the hand of the same Maker, who fashioneth his vessels as he pleaseth; and that it is not from their shape we can tell whether they were made for honour or dishonour. In a word, he would teach you charity to your greatest enemies; of which number, my lord, I cannot be reckoned, since, though a poet, I was never your flatterer.

Next, my lord, as to the obscurity of my birth (a reflection, copied also from Mr. Curl and his brethren), I am sorry to be obliged to such a presumption as to name my family in the same leaf with your lordship's: but my father had the honour,

in one instance, to resemble you, for he was a younger brother. He did not indeed think it a happiness to bury his elder brother, though he had one who wanted some of those good qualities which yours possessed. How sincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived your family of as much wit and honour as he left behind him in any branch of it! But as to my father, I could assure you, my lord, that he was no mechanic (neither a hatter, nor, which might please your lordship yet better, a cobbler) but in truth, of a very tolerable family; and my mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that lady whom your lordship made choice of to be the mother of your own children; whose merit, beauty, and vivacity (if transmitted to your posterity) will be a better present than even the noble blood they derive only from you: a mother, on whom I was never obliged so far to reflect, as to say, she spoiled me; and a father, who never found himself obliged to say of me, that he disapproved my conduct. In a word, my lord, I think it enough, that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a blush; and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear.

I have purposely omitted to consider your lordship's criticisms on my poetry. As they are exactly the same with those of the fore-mentioned authors, I apprehend they would justly charge me with partiality, if I gave to you what belongs to them; or paid more distinction to the same things when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be shewing both them and you (my lord) a more particular respect, to observe how much they are honoured by your imitation of them, which indeed is carried through your whole epistle. I have read somewhere at school (though I make it no vanity to have forgot where) that Tully naturalized a few phrases at the instance of some of his friends. Your lordship has done more in honour of these gentlemen; you have authorized not only their assertions, but their style. For example, A flow that wants skill to restrain its ardour, —A dictionary that gives us nothing at its own expense—As luxuriant branches bear but little fruit, so wit unprun'd is but raw fruit—While you rehearse ignorance, you still know enough to do it in

verse—Wits are but glittering ignorance—The account of how we pass our time—and, The weight on Sir R. W——'s brain. You can ever receive from no head more than such a head (as no head) has to give: your lordship would have said, never receive instead of ever, and any head instead of no head. But all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enriched our language. *Pope.*

§ 37. *The Death of Mr. GAY.*

It is not a time to complain that you have not answered my two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears); it is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked for you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensbury's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will. —Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! Few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.

I shall never see you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest; but I love you as well, and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable nor so good! but that's a wish, for our own sakes, not for his. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deserve happiness, it must be his. Adieu! I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. *Ibid.*

§ 38. *Envy.*

Envy is almost the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place: the only passion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation; its effects, therefore, are every where discoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impossible to mention a name, which any advantageous distinction has made eminent, but some latent animosity

will burst out. The wealthy trader, however he may abstract himself from public affairs, will never want those who hint with Shylock, that ships are but boards, and no man can properly be termed rich whose fortune is at the mercy of the winds. The beauty adorned only with the unambitious graces of innocence and modesty, provokes, whenever she appears, a thousand murmurs of detraction, and whispers of suspicion. The genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain with pleasing images of nature, or instruct by uncontested principles of science, yet suffers persecutions from innumerable critics, whose acrimony is excited merely by the pain of seeing others pleased, of hearing applauses which another enjoys.

The frequency of envy makes it so familiar, that it escapes our notice: nor do we often reflect upon its turpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its influence. When he that has given no provocation to malice, but by attempting to excel in some useful art, finds himself pursued by multitudes whom he never saw, with implacability of personal resentment; when he perceives clamour and malice let loose upon him as a public enemy, and incited by every stratagem of defamation; when he hears the misfortunes of his family, or the follies of his youth, exposed to the world; and every failure of conduct, or defect of nature, aggravated and ridiculed; he then learns to abhor those artifices at which he only laughed before, and discovers how much the happiness of life would be advanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Envy is, indeed, a stubborn weed of the mind, and seldom yields to the culture of philosophy. There are, however, considerations, which, if carefully implanted and diligently propagated, might in time overpower and repress it, since no one can nurse it for the sake of pleasure, as its effects are only shame, anguish, and perturbation.

It is, above all other vices, inconsistent with the character of a social being, because it sacrifices truth and kindness to very weak temptations. He that plunders a wealthy neighbour, gains as much as he takes away, and improves his own condition in the same proportion as he impairs another's; but he that blasts a flourishing reputation must be content with a small dividend of additional fame, so small

as can afford very little consolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

I have hitherto avoided mentioning that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is so base and detestable, so vile in its original, and so pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almost any other quality is to be desired. It is one of those lawless enemies of society, against which poisoned arrows may honestly be used. Let it therefore be constantly remembered, that whoever envies another, confesses his superiority, and let those be reformed by their pride, who have lost their virtue.

It is no slight aggravation of the injuries which envy incites, that they are committed against those who have given no intentional provocation; and that the sufferer is marked out for ruin, not because he has failed in any duty, but because he has dared to do more than was required.

Almost every other crime is practised by the help of some quality which might have produced esteem or love, if it had been well employed; but envy is a more unmixed and genuine evil; it pursues a hateful end by despicable means, and desires not so much its own happiness as another's misery. To avoid depravity like this, it is not necessary that any one should aspire to heroism or sanctity; but only, that he should resolve not to quit the rank which nature assigns, and wish to maintain the dignity of a human being.

Rambler.

§ 39. EPICURUS, a Review of his Character.

I believe you will find, my dear Hamilton, that Aristotle is still to be preferred to Epicurus. The former made some useful experiments and discoveries, and was engaged in a real pursuit of knowledge, although his manner is much perplexed. The latter was full of vanity and ambition. He was an impostor, and only aimed at deceiving. He seemed not to believe the principles which he has asserted. He committed the government of all things to chance. His natural philosophy is absurd. His moral philosophy wants its proper basis, the fear of God. Monsieur Bayle, one of his warmest advocates, is of the last opinion, where he says, *On ne sauroit pas dire assez de bien de l'honnêteté de ses mœurs, ni assez de mal de ses opinions sur la religion.* His general maxim, That happiness consisted in pleasure, was too

much unguarded, and must lay a foundation of a most destructive practice: although, from his temper and constitution, he made his life sufficiently pleasurable to himself and agreeable to the rules of true philosophy. His fortune exempted him from care and solicitude; his valetudinarian habit of body from intemperance. He passed the greatest part of his time in his garden, where he enjoyed all the elegant amusements of life. There he studied. There he taught his philosophy. This particular happy situation greatly contributed to that tranquillity of mind and indolence of body, which he made his chief ends. He had not, however, resolution sufficient to meet the gradual approaches of death, and wanted that constancy which Sir William Temple ascribes to him: for in his last moments, when he found that his condition was desperate, he took such large draughts of wine, that he was absolutely intoxicated and deprived of his senses; so that he died more like a bacchanal than a philosopher.

Orrery's Life of Swift.

§ 40. *Example, its Prevalence.*

Is it not Pliny, my lord, who says, that the gentlest, he should have added the most effectual way of commanding, is by example? *Mitius jubetur exemplo.* The harshest orders are softened by example, and tyranny itself becomes persuasive. What pity is it that so few princes have learned this way of commanding! But again; the force of example is not confined to those alone that pass immediately under our sight: the examples that memory suggests have the same effect in degree, and an habit of recalling them will soon produce the habit of imitating them. In the same epistle from whence I cited a passage just now, Seneca says, that Cleanthes had never become so perfect a copy of Zeno, if he had not passed his life with him; that Plato, Aristotle, and the other philosophers of that school, profited more by the example than by the discourses of Socrates. (But here, by the way, Seneca mistook; Socrates died two years according to some, and four years according to others, before the birth of Aristotle; and his mistake might come from the inaccuracy of those who collected for him; as Erasmus observes, after Quintilian, in his judgment on Seneca.) But be this, which was scarce worth a parenthesis, as it will, he adds, that Metrodorus, Hermachus,

and Polyxenus, men of great note, were formed by living under the same roof with Epicurus, not by frequenting his school. These are instances of the force of immediate example. But your lordship knows, citizens of Rome placed the images of their ancestors in the vestibules of their houses; so that whenever they went in or out, these venerable bustoes met their eyes, and recalled the glorious actions of the dead, to fire the living, to excite them to imitate and even emulate their great forefathers.

The success answered the design. The virtue of one generation was transfused, by the magic of example, into several: and a spirit of heroism was maintained through many ages of that commonwealth.

Dangerous, when copied without Judgment.

Peter of Medicis had involved himself in great difficulties, when those wars and calamities began which Lewis Sforza first drew on and entailed on Italy, by flattering the ambition of Charles the Eighth, in order to gratify his own, and calling the French into that country. Peter owed his distress to his folly in departing from the general tenor of conduct his father Laurence had held, and hoped to relieve himself by imitating his father's example in one particular instance. At a time when the wars with the Pope and king of Naples had reduced Laurence to circumstances of great danger, he took the resolution of going to Ferdinand, and of treating in person with that prince. The resolution appears in history imprudent and almost desperate; were we informed of the secret reasons on which this great man acted, it would appear very possibly a wise and safe measure. It succeeded, and Laurence brought back with him public peace and private security. When the French troops entered the dominions of Florence, Peter was struck with a panic terror, went to Charles the Eighth, put the port of Leghorn, the fortresses of Pisa, and all the keys of the country into this prince's hands: where by he disarmed the Florentine commonwealth, and ruined himself. He was deprived of his authority, and driven out of the city, by the just indignation of the magistrates and people; and in the treaty which they made afterwards with the king of France, it was stipulated that he should not remain within an hundred miles of

the state, nor his brothers within the same distance of the city of Florence. On this occasion Guicciardini observes how dangerous it is to govern ourselves by particular examples; since to have the same success, we must have the same prudence, and the same fortune; and since the example must not only answer the case before us in general, but in every minute circumstance.

Bolingbroke.

§ 41. *Exile only an imaginary Evil.*

To live deprived of one's country is intolerable. Is it so? How comes it then to pass that such numbers of men live out of their countries by choice? Observe how the streets of London and of Paris are crowded. Call over those millions by name, and ask them, one by one, of what country they are: how many will you find, who from different parts of the earth come to inhabit these great cities, which afford the largest opportunities and the largest encouragement to virtue and vice? Some are drawn by ambition, and some are sent by duty; many resort thither to improve their minds, and many to improve their fortunes; others bring their beauty, and others their eloquence to market. Remove from hence and go to the utmost extremities of the East or West; visit the barbarous nations of Africa, or the inhospitable regions of the North, you will find no climate so bad, no country so savage, as not to have some people who come from abroad, and inhabit those by choice.

Among numberless extravagances which pass through the minds of men, we may justly reckon for one that notion of a secret affection, independent of our reason, and superior to our reason, which we are supposed to have for our country; as if there were some physical virtue in every spot of ground, which necessarily produced this effect in every one born upon it.

Amor patriæ ratione valentior omni.

This notion may have contributed to the security and grandeur of states. It has therefore been not unartfully cultivated, and the prejudice of education has been with care put on its side. Men have come in this case, as in many others, from believing that it ought to be so, to persuade others, and even to believe themselves, that it is so.

Cannot hurt a reflecting Man.

Whatever is best is safest; lies out of reach of human power; can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature, the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, whereof it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours, and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march therefore intrepidly wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature.

We shall see the same virtues and vices, flowing from the same principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end, the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolution of seasons, and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be every where spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets which roll, like ours, in different orbs round the same central sun; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe; innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them: and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon. *Ibid.*

§ 42. *The Love of Fame.*

I can by no means agree with you in thinking that the love of fame is a passion which either reason or religion condemns. I confess, indeed, there are some who have represented it as inconsistent with both; and I remember, in particular, the excellent author of *The Religion of Nature delineated*, has treated it as highly irrational and absurd. As the passage falls in so thoroughly with your own turn of thought, you will have no objection, I imagine, to my quoting it at large, and I give it you, at the same time, as a very

great authority on your side. "In reality," says that writer, "the man is not known ever the more to posterity, because his name is transmitted to them: He doth not live because his name does. When it is said, Julius Cæsar subdued Gaul, conquered Pompey, &c. it is the same thing as to say, the conqueror of Pompey was Julius Cæsar, i. e. Cæsar and the conqueror of Pompey is the same thing; Cæsar is as much known by one designation as by the other. The amount then is only this: that the conqueror of Pompey conquered Pompey; or rather, since Pompey is as little known now as Cæsar, somebody conquered somebody. Such a poor business is this boasted immortality! and such is the thing called glory among us! To discerning men this fame is mere air; and what they despise, if not shun."

But surely "'twere to consider too curiously," as Horatio says to Hamlet, "to consider thus." For though fame with posterity should be, in the strict analysis of it, no other than what it is here described, a mere uninteresting proposition amounting to nothing more than that something acted meritoriously; yet it would not necessarily follow, that true philosophy would banish the desire of it from the human breast. For this passion may be (as most certainly it is) wisely implanted in our species, notwithstanding the corresponding object should in reality be very different from what it appears in imagination. Do not many of our most refined and even contemplative pleasures owe their existence to our mistakes? It is but extending (I will not say, improving) some of our senses to a higher degree of acuteness than we now possess them, to make the fairest views of nature, or the noblest productions of art, appear horrid and deformed. To see things as they truly and in themselves are, would not always, perhaps, be of advantage to us in the intellectual world, any more than in the natural. But, after all, who shall certainly assure us, that the pleasure of virtuous fame dies with its possessor, and reaches not to a farther scene of existence? There is nothing, it should seem, either absurd or unphilosophical in supposing it possible, at least, that the praises of the good and the judicious, that sweetest music to an honest ear in this world, may be echoed back to the mansions of the next: that the poet's description of fame may

be literally true, and though she walks upon earth, she may yet lift her head into heaven.

But can it be reasonable to extinguish a passion which nature has universally lighted up in the human breast, and which we constantly find to burn with most strength and brightness in the noblest and best-formed bosoms? Accordingly, revelation is so far from endeavouring (as you suppose) to eradicate the seed which nature hath thus deeply planted, that she rather seems, on the contrary, to cherish and forward its growth. To be *exalted with honour*, and to be *had in everlasting remembrance*, are in the number of those encouragements which the Jewish dispensation offered to the virtuous; as the person from whom the sacred author of the Christian system received his birth, is herself represented as rejoicing that *all generations should call her blessed*.

To be convinced of the great advantage of cherishing this high regard to posterity, this noble desire of an after-life in the breath of others, one need only look back upon the history of the ancient Greeks and Romans. What other principle was it, which produced that exalted strain of virtue in those days, that may well serve as a model to these? Was it not the *consentiens laus bonorum*, the *incorrupta vox bene judicantium* (as Tully calls it), the concurrent approbation of the good, the uncorrupted applause of the wise, that animated their most generous pursuits?

To confess the truth, I have been ever inclined to think it a very dangerous attempt, to endeavour to lessen the motives of right conduct, or to raise any suspicion concerning their solidity. The temper and dispositions of mankind are so extremely different, that it seems necessary they should be called into action by a variety of incitements. Thus, while some are willing to wed virtue for her personal charms, others are engaged to take her for the sake of her expected dowry: and since her followers and admirers have so little hopes from her in present, it were pity, methinks, to reason them out of any imagined advantage in reversion.

Fitzosborne's Letters.

§ 43. *Enthusiasm.*

Though I rejoice in the hope of seeing enthusiasm expelled from her religious dominions, let me entreat you to leave her

in the undisturbed enjoyment of her civil possessions. To own the truth, I look upon enthusiasm, in all other points but that of religion, to be a very necessary turn of mind; as indeed it is a vein which nature seems to have marked with more or less strength in the tempers of most men. No matter what the object is, whether business, pleasures, or the fine arts; whoever pursues them to any purpose, must do so *con amore*: and innamoratos, you know, of every kind, are all enthusiasts. There is indeed a certain heightening faculty which universally prevails through our species; and we are all of us, perhaps, in our several favourite pursuits, pretty much in the circumstances of the renowned knight of La Mancha, when he attacked the barber's brazen bason, for Mambrino's golden helmet.

What is Tully's *aliquid immensum infinitumque*, which he professes to aspire after in oratory, but a piece of true rhetorical Quixotism? Yet never, I will venture to affirm, would he have glowed with so much eloquence, had he been warmed with less enthusiasm. I am persuaded, indeed, that nothing great or glorious was ever performed, where this quality had not a principal concern; and as our passions add vigour to our actions, enthusiasm gives spirit to our passions. I might add too, that it even opens and enlarges our capacities. Accordingly, I have been informed, that one of the great lights of the present age never sits down to study till he has raised his imagination by the power of music. For this purpose, he has a band of instruments placed near his library, which play till he finds himself elevated to a proper height; upon which he gives a signal, and they instantly cease.

But those high conceits which are suggested by enthusiasm, contribute not only to the pleasure and perfection of the fine arts, but to most other effects of our action and industry. To strike this spirit therefore out of the human constitution, to reduce things to their precise philosophical standard, would be to check some of the main wheels of society, and to fix half the world in an useless apathy. For if enthusiasm did not add an imaginary value to most of the objects of our pursuit; if fancy did not give them their brightest colours, they would generally, perhaps, wear an appearance too contemptible to excite desire:

Wearied we should lie down in death,
This cheat of life would take no more,
If you thought fame an empty breath,
If Phillis but a perjurd whore. PRIOR.

In a word, this enthusiasm for which I am pleading, is a beneficent enchantress, who never exerts her magic but to our advantage, and only deals about her friendly spells in order to raise imaginary beauties, or to improve real ones. The worst that can be said of her is, that she is a kind deceiver, and an obliging flatterer.

Fitzosborne's Letters.

§ 44. *Free-thinking, the various Abuses committed by the Vulgar in this point.*

The publication of Lord Bolingbroke's posthumous works has given new life and spirit to free-thinking. We seem at present to be endeavouring to unlearn our catechism, with all that we have been taught about religion, in order to model our faith to the fashion of his lordship's system. We have now nothing to do, but to throw away our Bibles, turn the churches into theatres, and rejoice that an act of parliament now in force gives us an opportunity of getting rid of the clergy by transportation. I was in hopes the extraordinary price of these volumes would have confined their influence to persons of quality. As they are placed above extreme indigence and absolute want of bread, their loose notions would have carried them no further than cheating at cards, or perhaps plundering their country; but if these opinions spread among the vulgar, we shall be knocked down at noon-day in our streets, and nothing will go forward but robberies and murders.

The instances I have lately seen of free-thinking in the lower part of the world, make me fear they are going to be as fashionable and as wicked as their betters. I went the other night to the Robin Hood, where it is usual for the advocates against religion to assemble, and openly avow their infidelity. One of the questions for the night was, "Whether Lord Bolingbroke had not done greater service to mankind by his writings, than the apostles or evangelists?" As this society is chiefly composed of lawyers' clerks, petty tradesmen, and the lowest mechanics, I was at first surprised at such amazing erudition among them. Toland, Tindal, Collins, Chubb, and Mandeville, they seemed to have got by heart. A shoe-

maker harangued us five minutes upon the excellence of the tenets maintained by Lord Bolingbroke; but I soon found that his reading had not been extended beyond the Idea of a Patriot King, which he had mistaken for a glorious system of free-thinking. I could not help smiling at another of the company, who took pains to shew his disbelief of the gospel by unsainting the apostles, and calling them by no other title than plain Paul or plain Peter. The proceedings of this society have indeed almost induced me to wish that (like the Roman Catholics) they were not permitted to read the Bible, rather than they should read it only to abuse it.

I have frequently heard many wise tradesmen settling the most important articles of our faith over a pint of beer. A baker took occasion, from Canning's affair, to maintain, in opposition to the Scriptures, that man might live by bread alone, at least that woman might; "for else," said he, "how could the girl have been supported for a whole month by a few hard crusts?" In answer to this, a barber-surgeon set forth the improbability of that story; and thence inferred, that it was impossible for our Saviour to have fasted forty days in the wilderness. I lately heard a midshipman swear that the Bible was all a lie; for he had sailed round the world with Lord Anson, and if there had been any Red Sea, he must have met with it. I know a bricklayer, who, while he was working by line and rule, and carefully laying one brick upon another, would argue with a fellow-labourer, that the world was made by chance; and a cook, who thought more of his trade than his Bible, in a dispute concerning the miracles, made a pleasant mistake about the nature of the first, and gravely asked his antagonist what he thought of the supper at Cana.

This affectation of free-thinking among the lower class of people, is at present happily confined to the men. On Sundays, while the husbands are toping at the alehouse, the good women, their wives, think it their duty to go to church, say their prayers, bring home the text, and hear the children their catechism. But our polite ladies are, I fear, in their lives and conversations, little better than free-thinkers. Going to church, since it is now no longer the fashion to carry on intrigues there, is almost wholly laid

aside: and I verily believe, that nothing but another earthquake can fill the churches with people of quality. The fair-sex in general are too thoughtless to concern themselves in deep inquiries into matters of religion. It is sufficient that they are taught to believe themselves angels. It would therefore be an ill compliment, while we talk of the heaven they bestow, to persuade them into the Mahometan notion, that they have no souls: though perhaps our fine gentlemen may imagine, that by convincing a lady that she has no soul, she will be less scrupulous about the disposal of her body.

The ridiculous notions maintained by free-thinkers in their writings, scarce deserve a serious refutation; and perhaps the best method of answering them would be to select from their works all the absurd and impracticable notions which they so stiffly maintain in order to evade the belief of the Christian religion. I shall here throw together a few of their principal tenets, under the contradictory title of

The Unbeliever's Creed.

I believe that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter; and that it is no matter whether there is any God or no.

I believe also, that the world was not made; that the world made itself; that it had no beginning; that it will last for ever, world without end.

I believe that a man is a beast; that the soul is the body, and the body is the soul; and that after death there is neither body nor soul.

I believe that there is no religion; that natural religion is the only religion; and that all religion is unnatural.

I believe not in Moses; I believe in the first philosophy; I believe not the evangelists; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Morgan, Mandeville, Woolston, Hobbes, Shaftesbury; I believe in Lord Bolingbroke; I believe not St. Paul.

I believe not revelation; I believe in tradition; I believe in the Talmud; I believe in the Alcoran; I believe not the Bible; I believe in Socrates; I believe in Confucius; I believe in Sanconiathon; I believe in Mahomet; I believe not in Christ.

Lastly, I believe in all unbelief.

Connoisseur.

§ 45. *Fortune not to be trusted.*

The sudden invasion of an enemy overthrows such as are not on their guard; but they who foresee the war, and prepare themselves for it before it breaks out, stand without difficulty the first and the fiercest onset. I learned this important lesson long ago, and never trusted to fortune, even while she seemed to be at peace with me. The riches, the honours, the reputation, and all the advantages which her treacherous indulgence poured upon me, I placed so that she might snatch them away without giving me any disturbance. I kept a great interval between me and them. She took them, but she could not tear them from me. No man suffers by bad fortune, but he who has been deceived by good. If we grow fond of her gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us; if we lean upon them and expect to be considered for them, we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief, as soon as these false and transitory benefits pass away, as soon as our vain and childish minds, unfringed with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported with prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both these states; and having explored our strength, we shall be sure of it; for in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

Her evils disarmed by patience.

Banishment, with all its train of evils, is so far from being the cause of contempt, that he who bears up with an undaunted spirit against them, while so many are dejected by them, erects on his very misfortune a trophy to his honour: for such is the frame and temper of our minds, that nothing strikes us with greater admiration than a man intrepid in the midst of misfortunes. Of all ignominies, an ignominious death must be allowed to be the greatest; and yet where is the blasphemer who will presume to defame the death of Socrates! This saint entered the prison with the same countenance with which he reduced thirty tyrants, and he took off ignominy from the place; for how could it be deemed a prison when Socrates was there? Aristides was led to execution in the same city; all those who met the sad

procession, cast their eyes to the ground, and with throbbing hearts bewailed, not the innocent man, but Justice herself, who was in him condemned. Yet there was a wretch found, for monsters are sometimes produced in contradiction to the ordinary rules of nature, who spit in his face as he passed along. Aristides wiped his cheek, smiled, turned to the magistrate, and said, "Admonish this man not to be so nasty for the future."

Ignominy then can take no hold on virtue; for virtue is in every condition the same, and challenges the same respect. We applaud the world when she prospers; and when she falls into adversity we applaud her. Like the temples of the gods, she is venerable even in her ruins. After this, must it not appear a degree of madness to defer one moment acquiring the only arms capable of defending us against attacks, which at every moment we are exposed to? Our being miserable, or not miserable, when we fall into misfortunes, depends on the manner in which we have enjoyed prosperity.

Bolingbroke.

§ 46. *Delicacy constitutional, and often dangerous.*

Some people are subject to a certain delicacy of passion, which makes them extremely sensible to all the accidents of life, and gives them a lively joy upon every prosperous event, as well as a piercing grief when they meet with crosses and adversity. Favours and good offices easily engage their friendship, while the smallest injury provokes their resentment. Any honour or mark of distinction elevates them above measure; but they are as sensibly touched with contempt. People of this character have, no doubt, much more lively enjoyments, as well as more pungent sorrows, than men of good and sedate tempers: but I believe, when every thing is balanced, there is no one who would not rather choose to be of the latter character, were he entirely master of his own disposition. Good or ill fortune is very little at our own disposal: and when a person who has this sensibility of temper meets with any misfortune, his sorrow or resentment takes entire possession of him, and deprives him of all relish in the common occurrences of life; the right enjoyment of which forms the greatest part of our happiness. Great pleasures are much less frequent than

great pains; so that a sensible temper cannot meet with fewer trials in the former way than in the latter: not to mention, that men of such lively passions are apt to be transported beyond all bounds of prudence and discretion, and to take false steps in the conduct of life, which are often irretrievable.

Delicacy of taste desirable.

There is a delicacy of taste observable in some men, which very much resembles this delicacy of passion, and produces the same sensibility to beauty and deformity of every kind, as that does to prosperity and adversity, obligations and injuries. When you present a poem or a picture to a man possessed of this talent, the delicacy of his feelings makes him to be touched very sensibly with every part of it; nor are the masterly strokes perceived with more exquisite relish and satisfaction, than the negligencies or absurdities with disgust and uneasiness. A polite and judicious conversation affords him the highest entertainment: rudeness or impertinence is as great a punishment to him. In short, delicacy of taste has the same effect as delicacy of passion: it enlarges the sphere both of our happiness and misery, and makes us sensible to pains as well as pleasures which escape the rest of mankind.

I believe, however, there is no one who will not agree with me, that, notwithstanding this resemblance, a delicacy of taste is as much to be desired and cultivated as a delicacy of passion is to be lamented, and to be remedied if possible. The good or ill accidents of life are very little at our disposal; but we are pretty much masters of what books we shall read, what diversions we shall partake of, and what company we shall keep. Philosophers have endeavoured to render happiness entirely independent of every thing external that is impossible to be attained: but every wise man will endeavour to place his happiness on such objects as depend most upon himself; and that is not to be attained so much by any other means, as by this delicacy of sentiment. When a man is possessed of that talent, he is more happy by what pleases his taste, than by what gratifies his appetites; and receives more enjoyment from a poem or a piece of reasoning, than the most expensive luxury can afford.

That it teaches us to select our Company.

Delicacy of taste is favourable to love and friendship, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and conversation of the greatest part of men. You will very seldom find that mere men of the world, whatever strong sense they may be endowed with, are very nice in distinguishing of characters, or in marking those insensible differences and gradations which make one man preferable to another. Any one that has competent senses is sufficient for their entertainment: they talk to him of their pleasures and affairs with the same frankness as they would to any other; and finding many who are fit to supply his place, they never feel any vacancy or want in his absence. But, to make use of the allusion of a famous French author, the judgment may be compared to a clock or watch, where the most ordinary machine is sufficient to tell the hours; but the most elaborate and artificial can only point the minutes and seconds, and distinguish the smallest differences of time. One who has well digested his knowledge both of books and men, has little enjoyment but in the company of a few select companions. He feels too sensibly how much all the rest of mankind fall short of the notions which he has entertained; and his affections being thus confined within a narrow circle, no wonder he carries them further than if they were more general and undistinguished. The gaiety and frolic of a bottle companion improves with him into a solid friendship; and the ardours of a youthful appetite into an elegant passion.

Hume's Essays.

§ 47. *Detraction a detestable Vice.*

It has been remarked, that men are generally kind in proportion as they are happy; and it is said, even of the Devil, that he is good-humoured when he is pleased. Every act, therefore, by which another is injured, from whatever motive, contracts more guilt and expresses greater malignity, if it is committed in those seasons which are set apart to pleasantry and good-humour, and brightened with enjoyments peculiar to rational and social beings.

Detraction is among those vices which

the most languid virtue has sufficient force to prevent; because by detraction that is not gained which is taken away.—“He who filches from me my good name,” says Shakspeare, “enriches not himself, but makes me poor indeed.” As nothing therefore degrades human nature more than detraction, nothing more disgraces conversation. The detractor, as he is the lowest moral character, reflects greater dishonour upon his company, than the hangman; and he whose disposition is a scandal to his species, should be more diligently avoided, than he who is scandalous only by his office.

But for this practice, however vile, some have dared to apologize, by contending the report by which they injured an absent character, was true: this, however, amounts to no more than that they have not complicated malice with falsehood, and that there is some difference between detraction and slander. To relate all the ill that is true of the best man in the world, would probably render him the object of suspicion and distrust; and was this practice universal, mutual confidence and esteem, the comforts of society, and the endearments of friendship, would be at an end.

There is something unspeakably more hateful in those species of villany by which the law is evaded, than those by which it is violated and defiled. Courage has sometimes preserved rapacity from abhorrence, as beauty has been thought to apologize for prostitution; but the injustice of cowardice is universally abhorred, and, like the lewdness of deformity, has no advocate. Thus hateful are the wretches who detract with caution, and while they perpetrate the wrong, are solicitous to avoid the reproach: they do not say, that Chloe forfeited her honour to Lysander; but they say, that such a report has been spread, they know not how true. Those who propagate these reports frequently invent them; and it is no breach of charity to suppose this to be always the case: because no man who spreads detraction would have scrupled to produce it; and he who should diffuse poison in a brook, would scarce be acquitted of a malicious design, though he should allege that he received it of another who is doing the same elsewhere.

Whatever is incompatible with the highest dignity of our nature, should in-

deed be excluded from our conversation: as companions, not only that which we owe to ourselves, but to others, is required of us; and they who can indulge any vice in the presence of each other, are become obdurate in guilt, and insensible to infamy.

Rambler.

§ 48. *Learning should be sometimes applied to cultivate our Morals.*

Envy, curiosity, and our sense of the imperfection of our present state, incline us always to estimate the advantages which are in the possession of others above their real value. Every one must have remarked what powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine to be conferred by learning. A man of science is expected to excel the unlettered and unenlightened, even on occasions where literature is of no use, and among weak minds loses part of his reverence by discovering no superiority in those parts of life, in which all are unavoidably equal; as when a monarch makes a progress to the remoter provinces, the rustics are said sometimes to wonder that they find him of the same size with themselves.

These demands of prejudice and folly can never be satisfied, and therefore many of the imputations which learning suffers from disappointed ignorance, are without reproach. Yet it cannot be denied, that there are some failures to which men of study are peculiarly exposed. Every condition has its disadvantages. The circle of knowledge is too wide for the most active and diligent intellect, and while science is pursued with ardour, other accomplishments of equal use are necessarily neglected; as a small garrison must leave one part of an extensive fortress naked, when an alarm calls them to another.

The learned, however, might generally support their dignity with more success, if they suffered not themselves to be misled by superfluous attainments of qualification which few can understand or value, and by skill which they may sink into the grave without any conspicuous opportunities of exerting. Raphael, in return to Adam's inquiries into the courses of the stars and the revolutions of heaven, counsels him to withdraw his mind from idle speculations, and instead of watching motions which he had no power to

regulate, to employ his faculties upon nearer and more interesting objects, the survey of his own life, the subjection of his passions, the knowledge of duties which must daily be performed, and the detection of dangers which must daily be incurred.

This angelic counsel every man of letters should always have before him. He that devotes himself wholly to retired study, naturally sinks from omission to forgetfulness of social duties, and from which he must be sometimes awakened and recalled to the general condition of mankind.

Rambler.

Its Progress.

It hath been observed by the ancients, That all the arts and sciences arose among free nations; and that the Persians and Egyptians, notwithstanding all their ease, opulence, and luxury, made but faint efforts towards those finer pleasures, which were carried to such perfection by the Greeks, amidst continual wars, attended with poverty; and the greatest simplicity of life and manners. It had also been observed, that as soon as the Greeks lost their liberty, though they increased mightily in riches, by the means of the conquests of Alexander; yet the arts from that moment declined among them, and have never since been able to raise their head in that climate. Learning was transplanted to Rome, the only free nation at that time in the universe, and having met with so favourable a soil, it made prodigious shoots for above a century, till the decay of liberty produced also a decay of letters, and spread a total barbarism over the world. From these two experiments, of which each was double in its kind, and shewed the fall of learning in despotic governments, as well as its rise in popular ones, Longinus thought himself sufficiently justified in asserting, that the arts and sciences could never flourish but in a free government; and in this opinion he had been followed by several eminent writers in our country, who either confined their view merely to ancient facts, or entertained too great a partiality in favour of that form of government which is established amongst us.

But what would these writers have said to the instances of modern Rome and Florence? Of which the former carried to perfection all the finer arts of sculpture, painting, music, as well as poetry,

though they groaned under slavery, and under the slavery of priests: while the latter made the greatest progress in the arts and sciences after they began to lose their liberty by the usurpation of the family of Medicis. Ariosto, Tasso, Galilæo, no more than Raphael and Michael Angelo, were not born in republics. And though the Lombard school was famous as well as the Roman, yet the Venetians have had the smallest share in its honour, and seem rather inferior to the Italians in their genius for the arts and sciences. Rubens established his school at Antwerp, not at Amsterdam; Dresden, not Ham-burgh, is the centre of politeness in Germany.

But the most eminent instance of the flourishing state of learning in despotic governments, is that of France, which scarce ever enjoyed an established liberty, and yet has carried the arts and sciences as near perfection as any other nation. The English are, perhaps, better philosophers; and Italians better painters and musicians; the Romans were better orators; but the French are the only people, except the Greeks, who have been at once philosophers, poets, orators, historians, architects, sculptors, and musicians. With regard to the stage, they have excelled even the Greeks, who have far excelled the English: and in common life they have in a great measure perfected that art, the most useful and agreeable of any, *l'art de vivre*, the art of society and conversation.

If we consider the state of sciences and polite arts in our country, Horace's observation with regard to the Romans, may, in a great measure, be applied to the British,

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

The elegance and propriety of style have been very much neglected among us. We have no dictionary of our language, and scarce a tolerable grammar. The first polite prose we have, was wrote by a man who is still alive. As to Sprat, Locke, and even Temple, they knew too little of the rules of art to be esteemed very elegant writers. The prose of Bacon, Harrington, and Milton, is altogether stiff and pedantic; though their sense be excellent. Men in this country have been so much occupied in the great disputes of religion, politics, and philoso-

phy, that they had no relish for the minute observations of grammar and criticism. And though this turn of thinking must have considerably improved our sense and our talent of reasoning beyond those of other nations, it must be confessed, that even in those sciences above-mentioned, we have not any standard book which we can transmit to posterity; and the utmost we have to boast of, are a few essays towards a more just philosophy: which, indeed, promise very much, but have not, as yet, reached any degree of perfection.

Useless without Taste.

A man may know exactly all the circles and ellipses of the Copernican system, and all the irregular spirals of the Ptolemaic, without perceiving that the former is more beautiful than the latter. Euclid has very fully explained every quality of the circle, but has not, in any proposition, said a word of its beauty. The reason is evident. Beauty is not a quality of the circle. It lies not in any part of the line, whose parts are all equally distant from a common centre. It is only the effect which that figure operates upon the mind, whose particular fabric or structure renders it susceptible of such sentiments. In vain would you look for it in the circle, or seek it, either by your senses, or by mathematical reasonings, in all the properties of that figure.

The mathematician, who took no other pleasure in reading Virgil but that of examining Æneas's voyage by the map, might understand perfectly the meaning of every Latin word employed by that divine author, and consequently might have a distinct idea of the whole narration; he would even have a more distinct idea of it, than they could have who had not studied so exactly the geography of the poem. He knew, therefore, every thing in the poem. But he was ignorant of its beauty; because the beauty, properly speaking, lies not in the poem, but the sentiment or taste of the reader. And where a man has no such delicacy of temper as to make him feel this sentiment, he must be ignorant of the beauty, though possessed of the science and understanding of an angel.

Hume's Essays.

Its Obstructions.

So many hinderances may obstruct the acquisition of knowledge, that there is little

reason for wondering that it is in a few hands. To the greater part of mankind the duties of life are inconsistent with much study, and the hours which they would spend upon letters must be stolen from their occupations and their families. Many suffer themselves to be lured by more sprightly and luxurious pleasures from the shades of contemplation, where they find seldom more than a calm delight, such as, though greater than all others, if its certainty and its duration be reckoned with its power of gratification, is yet easily quitted for some extemporary joy, which the present moment offers, and another perhaps will put out of reach.

It is the great excellence of learning, that it borrows very little from time or place; it is not confined to season or to climates, to cities or to the country, but may be cultivated and enjoyed when no other pleasure can be obtained. But this quality, which constitutes much of its value, is one occasion of neglect; what may be done at all times with equal propriety, is deferred from day to day, till the mind is gradually reconciled to the omission, and the attention is turned to other objects. Thus habitual idleness gains too much power to be conquered, and the soul shrinks from the idea of intellectual labour and intensesness of meditation.

That those who profess to advance learning sometimes obstruct it, cannot be denied; the continual multiplication of books not only distracts choice, but disappoints inquiry. To him that has moderately stored his mind with images, few writers afford any novelty; or what little they have to add to the common stock of learning is so buried in the mass of general notions, that, like silver mingled with the ore of lead, it is too little to pay for the labour of separation; and he that has often been deceived by the promise of a title, at last grows weary of examining, and is tempted to consider all as equally fallacious.

Idler.

§ 49. *Mankind, a Portrait of.*

Vanity bids all her sons to be generous and brave,—and her daughters to be chaste and courteous.—But why do we want her instructions?—Ask the comedian, who is taught a part he feels not. —

Is it that the principles of religion want strength, or that the real passion for what

is good and worthy will not carry us high enough?—God! thou knowest they carry us too high—we want not to be—but to seem.—

Look out of your door,—take notice of that man; see what disquieting, intriguing, and shifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain-dealing;—three grains of honesty would save him all this trouble:—alas! he has them not.—

Behold, a second, under a shew of piety hiding the impurities of a debauched life,—he is just entering the house of God:—would he was more pure—or less pious!—but then he could not gain his point.

Observe a third going almost in the same track, with what an inflexible sanctity of deportment he sustains himself as he advances!—every line in his face writes abstinence;—every stride looks like a check upon his desires: see, I beseech you, how he is cloak'd up with sermons, prayers, and sacraments; and so bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose;—he has armour at least—Why does he put it on? Is there no serving God without all this? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide to the danger of its rending? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the secret—and, What is that?

—That the saint has no religion at all.

—But here comes GENEROSITY; giving—not to a decayed artist—but to the arts and sciences themselves.—See,—he builds not a chamber in the wall apart for the prophets, but whole schools and colleges for those who come after. LORD! how they will magnify his name!—'tis in capitals already; the first—the highest in the gilded rent-roll of every hospital and asylum—

One honest tear shed in private over the unfortunate, is worth it all.

What a problematic set of creatures does simulation make us! Who would divine that all the anxiety and concern so visible in the airs of one half of that great assembly should arise from nothing else, but that the other half of it may think them to be men of consequence, penetration, parts, and conduct?—What a noise amongst the claimants about it! Behold humility, out of mere pride—and honesty, almost out of knavery:—Chastity never once in harm's way;—and courage,

like a Spanish soldier upon an Italian stage—a bladder full of wind.—

—Hark! at the sound of that trumpet—let not my soldier run—'tis some good christian giving alms. O PITY, thou gentlest of human passions! soft and tender are thy notes, and ill-accord they with so loud an instrument.

Sterne's Sermons.

§ 50. *Hard words defended.*

Few faults of style, whether real or imaginary, excite the malignity of a more numerous class of readers, than the use of hard words.

If an author be supposed to involve his thoughts in voluntary obscurity, and to obstruct, by unnecessary difficulties, a mind eager in pursuit of truth: if he writes not to make others learned, but to boast the learning which he possesses himself, and wishes to be admired rather than understood, he counteracts the first end of writing, and justly suffers the utmost severity of censure, or the more afflictive severity of neglect.

But words are only hard to those who do not understand them; and the critic ought always to inquire, whether he is incommoded by the fault of the writer, or by his own.

Every author does not write for every reader; many questions are such as the illiterate part of mankind can have neither interest nor pleasure in discussing, and which therefore it would be an useless endeavour to level with common minds, by tiresome circumlocutions or laborious explanations; and many subjects of general use may be treated in a different manner, as the book is intended for the learned or the ignorant. Diffusion and explication are necessary to the instruction of those who, being neither able nor accustomed to think for themselves, can learn only what is expressly taught; but they who can form parallels, discover consequences, and multiply conclusions, are best pleased with involution of argument and compression of thought; they desire only to receive the seeds of knowledge which they may branch out by their own power, to have the way to truth pointed out which they can then follow without a guide.

The Guardian directs one of his pupils “to think with the wise, but speak with the vulgar.” This is a precept specious enough but not always practicable. Difference of thoughts will produce difference

of language. He that thinks with more extent than another, will want words of larger meaning; he that thinks with more subtilty, will seek for terms of more nice discrimination; and where is the wonder, since words are but the images of things, that he who never knew the originals should not know the copies?

Yet vanity inclines us to find faults any where rather than in ourselves. He that reads and grows wiser, seldom suspects his own deficiency; but complains of hard words and obscure sentences, and asks why books are written which cannot be understood.

Among the hard words which are no longer to be used, it has been long the custom to number terms of art. "Every man (says Swift) is more able to explain the subject of an art than its professors; a farmer will tell you in two words, that he has broken his leg; but a surgeon, after a long discourse, shall leave you as ignorant as you were before." This could only have been said but by such an exact observer of life, in gratification of malignity, or in ostentation of acuteness. Every hour produces instances of the necessity of terms of art. Mankind could never conspire in uniform affectation; it is not but by necessity that every science and every trade has its peculiar language. They that content themselves with general ideas may rest in general terms: but those whose studies or employments force them upon closer inspection, must have names for particular parts, and words by which they may express various modes of combination, such as none but themselves have occasion to consider.

Artists are indeed sometimes ready to suppose, that none can be strangers to words to which themselves are familiar, to talk to an incidental inquirer as they talk to one another and make their knowledge ridiculous by injudicious obtrusion. An art cannot be taught but by its proper terms, but it is not always necessary to teach the art.

That the vulgar express their thoughts clearly is far from true; and what perspicuity can be found among them proceeds not from the easiness of their language, but the shallowness of their thoughts. He that sees a building as a common spectator, contents himself with relating that it is great or little, mean or splendid, lofty or low: all these words are intelligible and common, but they convey no distinct

or limited ideas; if he attempts, without the terms of architecture, to delineate the parts, or enumerate the ornaments, his narration at once becomes unintelligible. The terms, indeed, generally displease, because they are understood by few; but they are little understood only, because few that look upon an edifice examine its parts, or analyze its columns into their members.

The state of every other art is the same; as it is cursorily surveyed or accurately examined, different forms of expression become proper. In morality it is one thing to discuss the niceties of the casuist, and another to direct the practice of common life. In agriculture, he that instructs the farmer to plough and sow, may convey his notions without the words which he would find necessary in explaining to philosophers the process of vegetation; and if he, who has nothing to do but to be honest by the shortest way, will perplex his mind with subtle speculations; or if he whose task is to reap and thresh, will not be contented without examining the evolution of the seed and circulation of the sap, the writers whom either shall consult are very little to be blamed, though it should sometimes happen that they are read in vain. *Idler.*

§ 51. *Discontent, the common Lot of all Mankind.*

Such is the emptiness of human enjoyments, that we are always impatient of the present. Attainment is followed by neglect, and possession by disgust; and the malicious remark of the Greek epigrammatist on marriage, may be applied to every course of life, that its two days of happiness are the first and the last.

Few moments are more pleasing than those in which the mind is concerting measures for a new undertaking. From the first hint that wakens the fancy to the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progress, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original scheme, suggests some new expedient to secure success, or discovers consequential advantages not hitherto foreseen. While preparations are made and materials accumulated, day glides after day through elysian prospects, and the heart dances to the song of hope.

Such is the pleasure of projecting, that many content themselves with a succession of visionary schemes, and wear out their

allotted time in the calm amusement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others, not able to feast their imagination with pure ideas, advance somewhat nearer to the grossness of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requisite to their design, and, after a thousand researches and consultations, are snatched away by death, as they stand *in procinctu* waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life than to find some adequate solace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himself in his own thoughts, and never suffers experience to shew him the vanity of speculation: for no sooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquillity and confidence forsake the breast; every day brings its task, and often without bringing abilities to perform it: difficulties embarrass, uncertainty perplexes, opposition retards, censure exasperates, or neglect depresses. We proceed, because we have begun; we complete our design, that the labour already spent may not be vain; but as expectation gradually dies away, the gay smile of alacrity disappears, we are necessitated to implore severer powers, and trust the event to patience and constancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the prospect of its end; for though in every long work there are some joyous intervals of self-applause, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination soothed by incidental excellencies not comprised in the first plan, yet the toil with which performance struggles after idea, is so irksome and disgusting, and so frequent is the necessity of resting below that perfection which we imagined within our reach, that seldom any man obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual resuscitation of desires which he feels himself unable to gratify.

So certainly is weariness and vexation the concomitant of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, consoles himself with the hope of change. He that has made his way by assiduity and vigilance to public employment, talks among his friends of nothing but the delight of retirement; he whom the necessity of solitary application secludes from

the world, listens with a beating heart to its distant noises, longs to mingle with living beings, and resolves, when he can regulate his hours by his own choice, to take his fill of merriment and diversions, or to display his abilities on the universal theatre, and enjoy the pleasure of distinction and applause.

Every desire, however innocent or natural, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes ascendant in the mind. When we have been much accustomed to consider any thing as capable of giving happiness, it is not easy to restrain our ardour, or to forbear some precipitation in our advances, and irregularity in our pursuits. He that has long cultivated the tree, watched the swelling bud and opening blossom, and pleased himself with computing how much every sun and shower added to its growth, scarcely stays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerness to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpose, we are willing to believe that we have attained it; and because we have already done much, too suddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is increased by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourselves so desirous to finish, as in the latter part of our work, or so impatient of delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Part of this unseasonable importunity of discontent may be justly imputed to languor and weariness, which must always oppress us more as our toil has been longer continued; but the greater part usually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that ease which we now consider as near and certain, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot suffer to be longer withheld. Rambler.

§ 52. Feodal System; History of its Rise and Progress.

The constitution of feuds had its origin from the military policy of the Northern or Celtic nations, the Goths, the Hunns, the Franks, the Vandals, and the Lombards, who all migrating from the same *officina gentium*, as Craig very justly intitles it, poured themselves in vast quantities into all the regions of Europe, at the declension of the Roman empire. It was brought by them from their own

countries, and continued in their respective colonies as the most likely means to secure their new acquisitions: and, to that end, large districts or parcels of land were allotted by the conquering general to the superior officers of the army, and by them dealt out again in smaller parcels or allotments to the inferior officers and most deserving soldiers. These allotments were called *feoda*, feuds, fiefs, or fees; which last appellation, in the northern languages, signifies a conditional stipend or reward. Rewards or stipends they evidently were: and the condition annexed to them was, that the possessor should do service faithfully, both at home and in the wars, to him by whom they were given; for which purpose he took the *juramentum fidelitatis*, or oath of fealty; and in case of the breach of this condition and oath, by not performing the stipulated service, or by deserting the lord in battle, the lands were again to revert to him who granted them.

Allotments thus acquired, naturally engaged such as accepted them to defend them: and, as they all sprang from the same right of conquest, no part could subsist independent of the whole; wherefore all givers, as well as receivers, were mutually bound to defend each other's possessions. But, as that could not effectually be done in a tumultuous, irregular way, government, and to that purpose subordination, was necessary. Every receiver of lands, or feudatory, was therefore bound, when called upon by his benefactor, or immediate lord of his feud or fee, to do all in his power to defend him. Such benefactor or lord was likewise subordinate to and under the command of his immediate benefactor or superior; and so upwards to the prince or general himself. And the several lords were also reciprocally bound, in their respective gradations, to protect the possessions they had given. Thus the feudal connexion was established, a proper military subjection was naturally introduced, and an army of feudatories were always ready enlisted, and mutually prepared to muster not only in defence of each man's own several property, but also in defence of the whole, and of every part of this their newly-acquired country: the prudence of which constitution was soon sufficiently visible in the strength and spirit with which they maintained their conquests.

The universality and early use of this

feodal plan, among all those nations which, in complaisance to the Romans, we still call barbarous, may appear from what is recorded of the Cimbræ and Tutoles, nations of the same northern original as those whom he has been describing, at their first irruption into Italy about a century before the Christian æra. They demanded of the Romans, "*ut martius populus aliquid sibi terræ daret quas stipendium: cæterum, ut vellet, manibus atque armis suis uteretur.*" The sense of which may be thus rendered: "they desired stipendiary lands (that is, feuds) to be allowed them, to be held by military and other personal services, whenever their lords should call upon them." This was evidently the same constitution that displayed itself more fully about seven hundred years afterwards; when the Salli, the Burgundians, and Franks, broke in upon Gaul, the Visigoths on Spain, and the Lombards upon Italy, and introduced with themselves this northern plan of polity, serving at once to distribute, and to protect the territories they had newly gained. And from hence it is probable, that the emperor Alexander Severus took the hint, of dividing lands conquered from the enemy, among his generals and victorious soldiery, on condition of receiving military service from them and their heirs for ever.

Scarce had these northern conquerors established themselves in their new dominions, when the wisdom of their constitutions, as well as their personal valour, alarmed all the princes of Europe; that is, of those countries which had formerly been Roman provinces, but had revolted, or were deserted by their old masters, in the general wreck of the empire. Wherefore most, if not all, of them, thought it necessary to enter into the same, or a similar plan of policy. For whereas, before, the possessions of their subjects were perfectly *allodial* (that is wholly independent, and held of no superior at all), now they parcelled out their royal territories, or persuaded their subjects to render up and retake their own landed property, under the like feudal obligation of military fealty. And thus in the compass of a very few years, the feudal constitution, or the doctrine of tenure, extended itself over all the western world. Which alteration of landed property, in so very material a point, necessarily drew after it an alteration of laws and customs;

so that the feudal laws soon drove out the Roman, which had universally obtained, but now became for many centuries lost and forgotten; and Italy itself (as some of the civilians, with more spleen than judgment, have expressed it) *belluinas, atque ferinas, immanesque Longobardorum leges accepit.*

But this feudal polity, which was thus by degrees established over all the continent of Europe, seems not to have been received in this part of our island, at least not universally, and as a part of the national constitution, till the reign of William the Norman. Not but that it is reasonable to believe, from abundant traces in our history and laws, that even in the times of the Saxons, who were a swarm from what Sir William Temple calls the same northern hive, something similar to this was in use: yet not so extensively, nor attended with all the rigour that was afterwards imported by the Normans. For the Saxons were firmly settled in this island at least as early as the year 600; and it was not till two centuries after, that feuds arrived to their full vigour and maturity, even on the continent of Europe.

This introduction, however, of the feudal tenures into England, by King William, does not seem to have been effected immediately after the conquest, nor by the mere arbitrary will and power of the conqueror; but to have been consented to by the great council of the nation long after his title was established. Indeed from the prodigious slaughter of the English nobility at the battle of Hastings, and the fruitless insurrections of those who survived, such numerous forfeitures had accrued, that he was able to reward his Norman followers with very large and extensive possessions: which gave a handle to the monkish historians, and such as have implicitly followed them, to represent him as having by the right of the sword, seized on all the lands of England, and dealt them out again to his own favourites. A supposition, grounded upon a mistaken sense of the word *conquest*; which, in its feudal acceptation signifies no more than *acquisition*: and this has led many hasty writers into a strange historical mistake, and one which, upon the slightest examination, will be found to be most untrue. However, certain it is, that the Normans now began to gain very large possessions in England:

and their regard for their feudal law, under which they had long lived, together with the king's recommendation of this policy to the English, as the best way to put themselves on a military footing, and thereby to prevent any future attempts from the continent, were probably the reasons that prevailed to effect his establishment here. And perhaps we may be able to ascertain the time of this great revolution in our landed property, with a tolerable degree of exactness. For we learn from the Saxon Chronicle, that in the nineteenth year of king William's reign, an invasion was apprehended from Denmark; and the military constitution of the Saxons being then laid aside, and no other introduced in its stead, the kingdom was wholly defenceless: which occasioned the king to bring over a large army of Normans and Bretons, who were quartered upon every landholder, and greatly oppressed the people. This apparent weakness, together with the grievances occasioned by a foreign force, might co-operate with the king's remonstrances, and the better incline the nobility to listen to his proposals for putting them in a posture of defence. For as soon as the danger was over, the king held a great council to inquire into the state of the nation; the immediate consequence of which was the compiling of the great survey called Domesday-book, which was finished in the next year: and in the latter end of that very year the king was attended by all his nobility at Sarum; where all the principal landholders submitted their lands to the yoke of military tenure, became the king's vassals, and did homage and fealty to his person. This seems to have been the æra of formally introducing the feudal tenures by law; and probably the very law thus made at the council of Sarum, is that which is still extant, and couched in these remarkable words: "*statuimus, ut omnes liberi homines fœdere & sacramento affirmant, quod intra & extra universum regnum Angliæ Wilhelmo regi domino suo fideles esse volunt; terras & honores illius omni fidelitate ubique servare cum eo, et contra inimicos alienigenas defendere.*" The terms of this law (as Sir Martin Wright has observed) are plainly feudal: for, first, it requires the oath of fealty, which made, in the sense of the feudists, every man that took it a tenant or vassal; and, secondly, the tenants

obliged themselves to defend their lord's territories and titles against all enemies foreign and domestic. But what puts the matter out of dispute, is another law of the same collection, which exacts the performance of the military feudal services, as ordained by the general council. "*Omnes comites, & barones, & milites, & servientes, & universi liberi homines, totius regni nostri prædicti, habeant & tenent se semper bene in armis & in equis, ut decet & oportet: & sint semper prompti & bene parati ad servitium suum integrum nobis explendum & peragendum cum opus fuerit; secundum quod nobis debent de factis & tenementis suis de jure facere; & sicut illis statuimus per commune concilium totius regni nostri prædicti.*"

This new policy therefore seems not to have been imposed by the conqueror, but nationally and freely adopted by the general assembly of the whole realm, in the same manner as other nations of Europe had before adopted it, upon the same principle of self-security. And, in particular, they had the recent example of the French nation before their eyes, which had gradually surrendered up all its allodial or free lands into the king's hands, who restored them to the owners as a *beneficium* or feud, to be held to them and such of their heirs as they previously nominated to the king: and thus by degrees, all the allodial estates of France were converted into feuds, and the freemen became the vassals of the crown. The only difference between this change of tenures in France, and that in England, was, that the former was effected gradually, by the consent of private persons; the latter was done at once, all over England, by the common consent of the nation.

In consequence of this change, it became a fundamental maxim and necessary principle (though in reality a mere fiction) of our English tenures, "that the king is the universal lord and original proprietor of all the lands in his kingdom; and that no man doth or can possess any part of it, but what has mediately or immediately been derived as a gift from him, to be held upon feudal services." For, this being the real case in pure, original, proper feuds, other nations who adopted this system were obliged to act upon the same supposition, as a substruction and foundation of their new polity, though the fact was indeed

far otherwise. And, indeed, by thus consenting to the introduction of feudal tenures, our English ancestors probably meant no more than to put the kingdom in a state of defence by a military system: and to oblige themselves (in respect of their lands) to maintain the king's title and territories, with equal vigour and fealty as if they had received their lands from his bounty upon these express conditions, as pure, proper beneficiary feudatories. But, whatever their meaning was, the Norman interpreters, skilled in all the niceties of the feudal constitutions, and well understanding the import and extent of the feudal terms, gave a very different construction to this proceeding, and thereupon took a handle to introduce, not only the rigorous doctrines which prevailed in the duchy of Normandy, but also such fruits and dependencies, such hardships and services, as were never known to other nations; as if the English had in fact, as well as theory, owed every thing they had to the bounty of their sovereign lord.

Our ancestors, therefore, who were by no means beneficiaries, but had barely consented to this fiction of tenure from the crown, as the basis of a military discipline, with reason looked upon those deductions as grievous impositions, and arbitrary conclusions from principles that, as to them, had no foundation in truth. However, this king, and his son William Rufus, kept up with a high hand all the rigours of the feudal doctrines: but their successor, Henry I. found it expedient, when he set up his pretensions to the crown, to promise a restitution of the laws of King Edward the Confessor, or ancient Saxon system; and accordingly, in the first year of his reign granted a charter, whereby he gave up the greater grievances, but still reserved the fiction of feudal tenure, for the same military purposes which engaged his father to introduce it. But this charter was gradually broke through, and the former grievances were revived and aggravated, by himself and succeeding princes; till, in the reign of King John, they became so intolerable, that they occasioned his barons, or principal feudatories, to rise up in arms against him; which at length produced the famous great charter at Running-mead, which with some alterations, was confirmed by his son Henry III. And though its immunities (especially as altered on its last edition by his son) are very

greatly short of those granted by Henry I. it was justly esteemed at the time a vast acquisition to English liberty. Indeed, by the further alteration of tenures that has since happened, many of these immunities may now appear to a common observer, of much less consequence than they really were when granted: but this, properly considered, will shew, not that the acquisitions under John were small, but that those under Charles were greater. And from hence also arises another inference; that the liberties of Englishmen are not (as some arbitrary writers would represent them) mere infringements of the king's prerogative, extorted from our princes by taking advantage of their weakness; but a restoration of that ancient constitution, of which our ancestors had been defrauded by the art and finesse of the Norman lawyers, rather than deprived by the force of the Norman arms.

Blackstone's Commentaries.

§ 53. *Of British Juries.*

The method of trials by juries, is generally looked upon as one of the most excellent branches of our constitution. In theory it certainly appears in that light. According to the original establishment, the jurors are to be men of competent fortunes in the neighbourhood; and are to be so avowedly indifferent between the parties concerned, that no reasonable exception can be made to them on either side. In treason, the person accused has a right to challenge five-and-thirty, and in felony twenty, without shewing cause of challenge. Nothing can be more equitable. No prisoner can desire a fairer field. But the misfortune is, that our juries are often composed of men of mean estates and low understandings, and many difficult points of law are brought before them, and submitted to their verdict, when perhaps they are not capable of determining, properly and judiciously, such nice matters of justice, although the judges of the court explain the nature of the case, and the law which arises upon it. But if they are not defective in knowledge, they are sometimes; I fear, from their station and indigence, liable to corruption. This, indeed, is an objection more to the privilege lodged with juries, than to the institution itself. The point most liable to objection, is the power, which any one or more of the twelve have, to starve the rest into a compliance with their opinion; so that the

verdict may possibly be given by strength of constitution, not by conviction of conscience: and 'wretches hang that jury-men may dine.' *Juryry.*

§ 54. *Justice, its Nature and real Import defined.*

Mankind, in general, are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word justice: it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This, I allow, is sometimes the import of the word, and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shewn to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not in their own nature virtues; and, if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is, at best, indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expences of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities; but they become vicious when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by law. It is a rule imposed on us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

Goldsmith's Essays.

§ 55. *Habit, the Difficulty of conquering.*

There is nothing which we estimate so fallaciously as the force of our own resolutions, nor any fallacy which we so unwillingly and tardily detect. He that has resolved a thousand times, and a thousand times deserted his own purpose, yet suffers no abatement of his confidence, but still believes himself his own master, and able, by innate vigour of soul, to press forward to his end, through all the obstructions that inconveniences or delights can put in his way.

That this mistake should prevail for a time, is very natural. When conviction is present, and temptation out of sight, we do not easily conceive how any reasonable being can deviate from his true interest. What ought to be done while it yet hangs only in speculation, is so plain and certain, that there is no place for doubt: the whole soul yields itself to the predominance of truth, and readily determines to do what, when the time of action comes, will be at last omitted.

I believe most men may review all the lives that have passed within their observation, without remembering one efficacious resolution, or being able to tell a single instance of a course of practice suddenly changed in consequence of a change of opinion, or an establishment of determination. Many indeed alter their conduct, and are not at fifty what they were at thirty, but they commonly varied imperceptibly from themselves, followed the train of external causes, and rather suffered reformation than made it.

It is not uncommon to charge the difference between promise and performance, between profession and reality, upon deep design and studied deceit; but the truth is that there is very little hypocrisy in the world; we do not so often endeavour or wish to impose on others as ourselves; we resolve to do right, we hope to keep our resolutions, we declare them to confirm our own hope, and fix our own inconstancy, by calling witnesses of our actions; but at last habit prevails, and those whom we invited to our triumph, laugh at our defeat.

Custom is commonly too strong for the most resolute resolver, though furnished for the assault with all the weapons of philosophy. "He that endeavours to free himself from an ill habit," says Bacon, "must not change too much at a time, lest he should be discouraged by dif-

faculty; nor too little, for then he will make but slow advances." This is a precept which may be applauded in a book, but will fail in the trial, in which every change will be found too great or too little. Those who have been able to conquer habit, are like those that are fabled to have returned from the realms of Pluto:

Pauci, quos æquus amavit.
Jupiter, atque ardens exivit ad æthera virtus.

They are sufficient to give hope but not security, to animate the contest, but not to promise victory.

Those who are in the power of evil habits, must conquer them as they can, and conquered they must be, or neither wisdom nor happiness can be attained; but those who are not yet subject to their influence, may, by timely caution, preserve their freedom, they may effectually resolve to escape the tyrant, whom they will very vainly resolve to conquer. *Idler.*

§ 56. *Halfpenny, its Adventures.*

"Sir,

"I shall not pretend to conceal from you the illegitimacy of my birth, or the baseness of my extraction: and though I seem to bear the venerable marks of old age, I received my being at Birmingham not six months ago. From thence I was transported, with many of my brethren of different dates, characters, and configurations, to a Jew pedlar in Duke's place, who paid for us in specie scarce a fifth part of our nominal and extrinsic value. We were soon after separately disposed of, at a more moderate profit, to coffee-houses, chop-houses, chandler's shops, and gin-shops. I had not been long in the world before an ingenious transmutter of metals laid violent hands on me; and observing my thin shape and flat surface, by the help of a little quicksilver exalted me into a shilling. Use, however, soon degraded me again to my native low station; and I unfortunately fell into the possession of an urchin just breeched, who received me as a Christmas-box of his godmother.

"A love of money is ridiculously instilled into children so early, that before they can possibly comprehend the use of it, they consider it as of great value: I lost therefore the very essence of my being, in the custody of this hopeful disciple of avarice and folly; and was kept only to be looked at and admired;

but a bigger boy, after a while, snatched me from him, and released me from my confinement.

“ I now underwent various hardships among his play-fellows, and was kicked about, hustled, tossed up, and chucked into holes, which very much battered and impaired me; but I suffered most by the pegging of tops, the marks of which I have borne about me to this day. I was in this state the unwitting cause of rapacity, strife, envy, rancour, malice, and revenge, among the little apes of mankind; and became the object and the nurse of these passions which disgrace human nature, while I appeared only to engage children in innocent pastimes. At length I was dismissed from their service, by a throw with a barrow-woman for an orange.

“ From her it is natural to conclude I posted to the gin-shop; where, indeed, it is probable I should have immediately gone, if her husband, a foot-soldier, had not wrested me from her, at the expence of a bloody nose, black eye, scratched face, and torn regimentals. By him I was carried to the Mall in St. James's Park, where I am ashamed to tell how I parted from him—let it suffice that I was soon after deposited in a night-cellar.

“ From hence I got into the coat-pocket of a blood, and remained there with several of my brethren for some days unnoticed. But one evening as he was reeling home from the tavern, he jerked a whole handful of us through a sash-window into the dining-room of a tradesman, who he remembered had been so unmannerly to him the day before as to desire payment of his bill. We reposed in soft ease on a fine Turkey carpet till the next morning, when the maid swept us up; and some of us were allotted to purchase tea, some to buy snuff, and I myself was immediately trucked away at the door for the Sweet-heart's Delight.

“ It is not my design to enumerate every little accident that has befallen me, or to dwell upon trivial and indifferent circumstances, as is the practice of those important egotists, who write narratives, memoirs, and travels. As useless to community as my single self may appear to be, I have been the instrument of much good and evil in the intercourse of mankind; I have contributed no small sum to the revenues of the crown, by my share in each newspaper; and in the consumption of tobacco, spirituous liquors, and other tax-

able commodities. If I have encouraged debauchery, or supported extravagance, I have also rewarded the labours of industry, and relieved the necessities of indigence. The poor acknowledge me as their constant friend; and the rich, though they affect to slight me, and treat me with contempt, are often reduced by their follies to distresses which it is even in my power to relieve.

“ The present exact scrutiny into our constitution has, indeed, very much obstructed and embarrassed my travels; though I could not but rejoice in my condition last Tuesday, as I was debarred having any share in maiming, bruising, and destroying the innocent victims of vulgar barbarity; I was happy in being confined to the mock encounters with feathers and stuffed leather; a childish sport, rightly calculated to initiate tender minds in acts of cruelty, and prepare them for the exercise of inhumanity on helpless animals.

“ I shall conclude, Sir, with informing you by what means I came to you in the condition you see. A choice spirit, a member of the kill-care club, broke a link-boy's pate with me last night, as a reward for lighting him across the kennel; the lad wasted half his tar flambeau in looking for me; but I escaped his search, being lodged snugly against a post. This morning a parish girl picked me up, and carried me with raptures to the next baker's shop to purchase a roll. The master, who was churchwarden, examined me with great attention, and then gruffly threatening her with Bridewell for putting off bad money, knocked a nail through my middle, and fastened me to the counter: but the moment the poor hungry child was gone, he whipt me up again, and sending me away with others in charge to the next customer, gave me this opportunity of relating my adventures to you.” *Adventurer.*

§ 57. *History; our natural Fondness for it, and its true Use.*

The love of history seems inseparable from human nature, because it seems inseparable from self-love. The same principle in this instance carries us forward and backward to future and to past ages. We imagine that the things which affect us, must affect posterity; this sentiment runs through mankind, from Cæsar down to the parish-clerk in Pope's Miscellany. We are fond of preserving, as far as is in our

frail power, the memory of our own adventures, of those of our own time, and of those that preceded it. Rude heaps of stones have been raised, and ruder hymns have been composed, for this purpose, by nations who had not yet the use of arts and letters. To go no further back, the triumphs of Odin were celebrated in Runic songs, and the feats of our British ancestors were recorded in those of their bards. The savages of America have the same custom at this day: and long historical ballads of their hunting and wars are sung at all their festivals. There is no need of saying how this passion grows among all civilized nations, in proportion to the means of gratifying it: but let us observe, that the same principle of nature directs us as strongly and more generally, as well as more early, to indulge our own curiosity, instead of preparing to gratify that of others. The child hearkens with delight to the tales of his nurse; he learns to read; and he devours with eagerness fabulous legends and novels. In riper years he applies to history, or to that which he takes for history, to authorized romance; and even in age the desire of knowing what has happened to other men, yields to the desire alone of relating what has happened to ourselves. Thus history, true or false, speaks to our passions always. What pity is it that even the best should speak to our understanding so seldom! That it does so, we have none to blame but ourselves. Nature has done her part. She has opened this study to every man who can read and think; and what she has made the most agreeable, reason can make the most useful application of to our minds. But if we consult our reason, we shall be far from following the examples of our fellow-creatures, in this as in most other cases, who are so proud of being rational. We shall neither read to sooth our indolence, nor to gratify our vanity: as little shall we content ourselves to drudge like grammarians and critics, that others may be able to study, with greater ease and profit, like philosophers and statesmen; as little shall we affect the slender merit of becoming great scholars at the expence of groping all our lives in the dark mazes of antiquity. All these mistake the true drift of study, and the true use of history. Nature gave us curiosity to excite the industry of our minds, but she never intended it to be made the principal, much less the sole object of their application. The true and

proper object of this application, is a constant improvement in private and in public virtue. An application to any study, that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men, and better citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, to use an expression of Tillotson: and the knowledge we acquire is a creditable kind of ignorance, nothing more. This creditable kind of ignorance is, in my opinion, the whole benefit which the generality of men, even of the most learned, reap from the study of history: and yet the study of history seems to me, of all other, the most proper to train us up to private and public virtue.

We need but to cast our eyes on the world, and we shall see the daily force of example: we need but to turn them inward, and we shall soon discover why example has this force. *Pauci prudentia*, says Tacitus, *honesta ab deterioribus, utilia obnoxiiis discernunt: plures alioem even-tus docentur*. Such is the imperfection of human understanding, such the frail temper of our minds, that abstract or general propositions, though never so true, appear obscure or doubtful to us very often, till they are explained by examples: and that the wisest lessons in favour of virtue go but a little way to convince the judgment and determine the will, unless they are enforced by the same means, and we are obliged to apply to ourselves that we see happen to other men. Instructions by precept have the further disadvantage of coming on the authority of others, and frequently require a long deduction of reasoning. *Homines amplius oculis quam auribus credunt: longum inter est per-præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla*. The reason of this judgment, which I quote from one of Seneca's epistles, in confirmation of my own opinion, rests, I think, on this, That when examples are pointed out to us, there is a kind of appeal, with which we are flattered, made to our senses, as well as our understandings. The instruction comes then upon our own authority: we frame the precept after our own experience, and yield to fact when we resist speculation. But this is not the only advantage of instruction by example; for example appeals not to our understanding alone, but to our passions likewise. Example assuages these or animates them; sets passion on the side of judgment, and makes the whole man of a-piece, which is more than the strongest

reasoning and the clearest demonstration can do; and thus forming habits by repetitions, example secures the observance of those precepts which example insinuates.

Bolingbroke.

§ 58. *Human Nature, its Dignity.*

In forming our notions of human nature we are very apt to make comparison betwixt men and animals, which are the only creatures endowed with thought, that fall under our senses. Certainly this comparison is very favourable to mankind; on the one hand, we see a creature, whose thoughts are not limited by any narrow bounds either of place or time, who carries his researches into the most distant regions of this globe, and beyond this globe, to the planets and heavenly bodies; looks backward to consider the first origin of the human race; casts his eyes forward to see the influence of his actions upon posterity, and the judgments which will be formed of his character a thousand years hence: a creature who traces causes and effects to great lengths and intricacy; extracts general principles from particular appearances; improves upon his discoveries, corrects his mistakes, and make his very errors profitable. On the other hand, we are presented with a creature the very reverse of this; limited in its observations and reasonings to a few sensible objects which surround it; without curiosity, without a foresight, blindly conducted by instinct, and arriving in a very short time at its utmost perfection, beyond which it is never able to advance a single step. What a difference is there betwixt these creatures; and how exalted a notion must we entertain of the former, in comparison of the latter.

Hume's Essays.

§ 59. *The Operations of Human Nature considered.*

We are composed of a mind and of a body, intimately united, and mutually affecting each other. Their operations indeed are entirely different. Whether the immortal spirit that enlivens this machine, is originally of a superior nature in various bodies, (which, I own, seems most consistent and agreeable to the scale and order of beings), or whether the difference depends on a symmetry, or peculiar structure of the organs combined with it, is beyond my reach to de-

termine. It is evidently certain, that the body is curiously formed with proper organs to delight, and such as are adapted to all the necessary uses of life. The spirit animates the whole; it guides the natural appetites, and confines them within just limits. But the natural force of this spirit is often immersed in matter; and the mind becomes subservient to passions, which it ought to govern and direct. Your friend Horace, although of the Epicurean doctrine, acknowledges this truth, where he says,

Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

It is no less evident, that this immortal spirit has an independent power of acting, and, when cultivated in a proper manner, seemingly quits the corporeal frame within which it is imprisoned, and soars into higher and more spacious regions; where, with an energy which I had almost said was divine, it ranges among those heavenly bodies that in this lower world are scarce visible to our eyes; and we can at once explain the distance, magnitude, and velocity of the planets, and can foretel, even to a degree of minuteness, the particular time when a comet will return, and when the sun will be eclipsed in the next century. These powers certainly evince the dignity of human nature, and the surprising effects of the immaterial spirit within us, which in so confined a state can thus disengage itself from the fetters of matter. It is from this pre-eminence of the soul over the body, that we are enabled to view the exact order and curious variety of different beings; to consider and cultivate the natural productions of the earth; and to admire and imitate the wise benevolence which reigns throughout the sole system of the universe. It is from hence that we form moral laws for our conduct. From hence we delight in copying that great original, who in his essence is utterly incomprehensible, but in his influence is powerfully apparent to every degree of his creation. From hence, too, we perceive a real beauty in virtue, and a distinction between good and evil. Virtue acts with the utmost generosity, and with no view to her own advantage: while Vice, like a glutton, feeds herself enormously, and then is willing to disgorge the nauseous offals of her feast.

Orrery.

§ 60. *Operas ridiculed, in a Persian Letter.*

The first objects of a stranger's curiosity are the public spectacles. I was carried last night to one they call an Opera, which is a concert of music brought from Italy, and in every respect foreign to this country. It was performed in a chamber as magnificent as the resplendent palace of our emperor, and as full of handsome women, as his seraglio. They had no eunuchs among them; but there was one who sung upon the stage, and by the luxurious tenderness of his airs, seemed fitter to make them wanton, than keep them chaste.

Instead of the habit proper to such creatures, he wore a suit of armour, and called himself Julius Cæsar.

I asked who Julius Cæsar was, and whether he had been famous for singing? They told me he was a warrior that had conquered all the world, and debauched half the women in Rome.

I was going to express my admiration at seeing him so represented, when I heard two ladies, who sat nigh me, cry out, as it were in ecstasy, "O that dear creature! I am dying for love of him."

At the same time I heard a gentleman say aloud, that both the music and singing were detestable.

"You must not mind him," said my friend, "he is of the other party, and comes here only as a spy."

"How!" said I, "have you parties in music?" "Yes," replied he, "it is a rule with us to judge of nothing by our senses and understanding, but to hear and see, and think, only as we chance to be differently engaged."

"I hope," said I, "that a stranger may be neutral in these divisions; and, to say the truth, your music is very far from inflaming me to a spirit of faction; it is much more likely to lay me asleep. Ours in Persia sets us all a-dancing; but I am quite unmoved with this."

"Do but fancy it moving," returned my friend, "and you will soon be moved as much as others. It is a trick you may learn when you will, with a little pains: we have most of us learnt it in our turns."

Lord Lyttelton.

§ 61. *Patience recommended.*

The darts of adverse fortune are always levelled at our heads. Some reach

us, and some fly to wound our neighbours. Let us therefore impose an equal temper on our minds, and pay without murmuring the tribute which we owe to humanity. The winter brings cold, and we must freeze: The summer returns with heat, and we must melt. The inclemency of the air disorders our health, and we must be sick. Here we are exposed to wild beasts, and there to men more savage than the beasts: and if we escape the inconveniences and danger of the air and the earth, there are perils by water, and perils by fire. This established course of things it is not in our power to change; but it is in our power to assume such a greatness of mind as becomes wise and virtuous men, as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourselves to the order of Nature, who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations. Let us submit to this order; let us be persuaded that whatever does happen ought to happen, and never be so foolish as to expostulate with nature. The best resolution we can take, is to suffer what we cannot alter, and to pursue without repining the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked to us: for it is enough to follow; and he is but a bad soldier who sighs, and marches with reluctance. We must receive the orders with spirit and cheerfulness, and not endeavour to slink out of the post which is assigned us in this beautiful disposition of things, whereof even sufferings make a necessary part. Let us address ourselves to God who governs all, as Cleanthes did in those admirable verses,

Parent of nature! Master of the world!
Where'er thy providence directs, behold
My steps with cheerful resignation turn;
Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on:
Why should I grieve, when grieving I must
bear;

Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might share?

Thus let us speak, and thus let us act. Resignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. But the sure mark of a pusillanimous and base spirit, is to struggle against, to censure the order of Providence, and, instead of mending our own conduct, to set up for correcting that of our Maker.

Bolingbroke.

§ 62. *Patience exemplified in the Story of an Ass.*

I was just receiving the dernier com-

pliments of Monsieur Le Blanc, for a pleasant voyage down the Rhone—when I was stopped at the gate—

'Twas by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosinary turnip-tops, and cabbage leaves, and stood dubious with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may,) I cannot bear to strike—there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him; on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance—and where those carry me not deep enough—in flying from my own heart into his, and seeking what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jackdaws, &c.—I never exchange a word with them—nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the same reason; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me silent: nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and for my dog, he would speak if he could)—yet, somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation—I can make nothing of a discourse with them, beyond the preposition, the reply, and rejoinder which terminated my father's and mother's conversation, in his beds of justice—and those uttered—there's an end of the dialogue—

—But with an ass, I can commune for ever.

Come, Honesty! said I—seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate—art thou for coming in or going out?

The ass twisted his head round to look up the street—

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver.

—He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way—

I understand thee perfectly, answered I—if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death—Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill spent.

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unsavouriness had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again—God help thee. Jack! said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for it's wages—'tis all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others.—And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot—(for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.—In saying this, I pulled out a paper of them, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit, of seeing how an ass would eat a macaroon—than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I press'd him to come in—the poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seemed to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and, as I pulled at his halter, it broke short in my hand—he look'd up pensive in my face—“Don't thrash me with it—but if you will, you may.”—If I do, said I, I'll be d—d.

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the abess of Andouillet's—(so there was no sin in it)—when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it!

cried I—but the interjection was equivocal—and, I think, wrong placed too—for the end of an osier, which had started out from the contexture of the ass's pannier, had caught hold of my breeches pocket as he rushed by me, and rent it in the most disastrous direction you can

imagine—so that the *Out upon it!* in my opinion, should have come in here.

Sterne.

§ 63. *Players in a country town described.*

The players, you must know, finding this a good town, had taken a lease the last summer of an old synagogue deserted by the Jews; but the mayor, being a presbyterian, refused to licence their exhibitions: however, when they were in the utmost despair, the ladies of the place joined in a petition to Mrs. Mayoress, who prevailed on her husband to wink at their performances. The company immediately opened their Synagogue theatre with the Merchant of Venice; and finding a quack doctor's zany, a droll fellow, they decoyed him into their service; and he has since performed the part of the Mock Doctor, with universal applause. Upon his revolt, the doctor himself found it absolutely necessary to enter of the company; and, having a talent for tragedy, has performed with great success the Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet.

The performers at our rustic theatre are far beyond those paltry strollers, who run about the country, and exhibit in a barn or a cow-house: for (as their bills declare) they are a company of Comedians from the Theatre Royal; and I assure you they are as much applauded by our country critics, as any of your capital actors. The shops of our tradesmen have been almost deserted, and a crowd of weavers and hardwaremen have elbowed each other two hours before the opening of the doors, when the bills have informed us, in enormous red letters, that the part of George Barnwell was to be performed by Mr. —, at the particular desire of several ladies of distinction. 'Tis true, indeed, that our principal actors have most of them had their education at Covent-garden or Drury-lane; but they have been employed in the business of the drama in a degree but just above a scenshifter. An heroine, to whom your managers in town (in envy to her rising merit) scarce allotted the humble part of a confidante, now blubbers out Andromache or Belvidera; the attendants on a monarch strut monarchs themselves, mutes find their voices, and message-bearers rise into heroes. The humour of our best comedian consists in shrugs and grimaces; he jokes in a wry mouth,

and repartees in a grin: in short, he practises on Congreve and Vanbrugh all those distortions which gained him so much applause from the galleries, in the drubs which he was obliged to undergo in pantomimes. I was vastly diverted at seeing a fellow in the character of Sir Harry Wildair, whose chief action was a continual pressing together of the thumb and fore-finger, which had he lifted them to his nose, I should have thought he designed as an imitation of taking snuff: but I could easily account for the cause of this single gesture, when I discovered that Sir Harry was no less a person than the dexterous Mr. Clippit, the candle-snuffer.

You will laugh to see how strangely the parts of a play are cast. They played Cato; and their Marcia was such an old woman, that when Juba came on with his—"Hail! charming maid!"—the fellow could not help laughing. Another night I was surprised to hear an eager lover talk of rushing into his mistress's arms, rioting on the nectar of her lips, and desiring (in the tragedy rapture) to "hug her thus, and thus, for ever;" though he always took care to stand at a most ceremonious distance. But I was afterwards very much diverted at the cause of this extraordinary respect, when I was told that the lady laboured under the misfortune of an ulcer in her leg, which occasioned such a disagreeable stench, that the performers were obliged to keep her at arm's length. The entertainment was Lethe; and the part of the Frenchman was performed by a South Briton; who, as he could not pronounce a word of the French language, supplied its place by gabbling in his native Welsh.

The decorations, or (in the theatrical dialect) the properties of our company, are as extraordinary as the performers. Othello raves about in a checked handkerchief; the ghost in Hamlet stalks in a postilion's leathern jacket for a coat of mail; and Cupid enters with a fiddle-case slung over his shoulders for a quiver. The apothecary of the town is free of the house, for lending them a pestle and mortar, to serve as the bell in Venice Preserv'd: and a barber-surgeon has the same privilege, for furnishing them with basons of blood to besmear the daggers in Macbeth. Macbeth himself carries a rolling-pin in his hand for a truncheon;

and, as the breaking of glasses would be very expensive, he dashes down a pewter pint-pot at the sight of Banquo's ghost.

A fray happened here the other night, which was no small diversion to the audience. It seems there had been a great contest between two of those mimic heroes, which was the fittest to play Richard the Third. One of them was reckoned to have the better person, as he was very round-shouldered, and one of his legs was shorter than the other; but his antagonist carried the part, because he started best in the tent scene. However when the curtain drew up, they both rushed in upon the stage at once; and bawling out together, "Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths," they both went through the whole speech without stopping.

Connoisseur.

§ 64. *Players often mistake one effect for another.*

The French have distinguished the artifices made use of on the stage to deceive the audience, by the expression of *Jeu de Theatre*, which we may translate, "the juggle of the theatre." When these little arts are exercised merely to assist nature and set her off to the best advantage, none can be so critically nice as to object to them; but when tragedy by these means is lifted into rant, and comedy distorted into buffoonery; though the deceit may succeed with the multitude, men of sense will always be offended at it. This conduct, whether of the poet or the player, resembles in some sort the poor contrivance of the ancients, who mounted their heroes upon stilts, and expressed the manners of their characters by the grotesque figures of their masks.

Ibid.

§ 65. *True Pleasure defined.*

We are affected with delightful sensations, when we see the inanimate parts of the creation, the meadows, flowers, and trees, in a flourishing state. There must be some rooted melancholy at the heart, when all nature appears smiling about us, to hinder us from corresponding with the rest of the creation, and joining in the universal chorus of joy. But if meadows and trees in their cheerful verdure, if flowers in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of the creation in their most advantageous dress, can inspire gladness into the heart, and drive away all sadness but despair; to see the rational creation

happy and flourishing, ought to give us a pleasure as much superior, as the latter is to the former in the scale of beings. But the pleasure is still heightened, if we ourselves have been instrumental in contributing to the happiness of our fellow-creatures, if we have helped to raise a heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived that barren and dry land, where no water was, with refreshing showers of love and kindness.

Seed's Sermons.

§ 66. *How Politeness is manifested.*

To correct such gross vices as lead us to commit a real injury to others, is the part of morals, and the object of the most ordinary education. Where that is not attended to, in some degree, no human society can subsist. But in order to render conversation and the intercourse of minds more easy and agreeable, good-manners have been invented, and have carried the matter somewhat farther. Wherever nature has given the mind a propensity to any vice, or to any passion disagreeable to others, refined breeding has taught men to throw the bias on the opposite side, and to preserve, in all their behaviour, the appearance of sentiments contrary to those which they naturally incline to. Thus, as we are naturally proud and selfish, and apt to assume the preference above others, a polite man is taught to behave with deference towards those with whom he converses, and to yield up the superiority to them in all the common incidents of society. In like manner, wherever a person's situation may naturally beget any disagreeable suspicion in him, 'tis the part of good manners to prevent it by a studied display of sentiments directly contrary to those of which he is apt to be jealous. Thus old men know their infirmities, and naturally dread contempt from youth: hence well-educated youth redouble their instances of respect and deference to their elders. Strangers and foreigners are without protection, hence, in all polite countries, they receive the highest civilities, and are entitled to the first place in every company. A man is lord in his own family, and his guests are, in a manner, subject to his authority, hence he is always the lowest person in the company; attentive to the wants of every one; and giving himself all the trouble, in order to please, which may not betray too visible an affectation, or impose too much constraint on his guests. Gallantry is nothing but an instance of the same generous and

refined attention. As nature has given man the superiority above woman, by endowing him with greater strength both of mind and body, 'tis his part to alleviate that superiority, as much as possible, by the generosity of his behaviour, and by a studied deference and complaisance for all her inclinations and opinions. Barbarous nations display this superiority, by reducing their females to the most abject slavery; by confining them, by beating them, by selling them, by killing them. But the male sex, among a polite people, discover their authority in a more generous, though not a lest evident manner; by civility, by respect, by complaisance, and in a word, by gallantry. In good company, you need not ask, who is master of the feast? The man who sits in the lowest place, and who is always industrious in helping every one, is most certainly the person. We must either condemn all such instances of generosity, as foppish and affected, or admit of gallantry among the rest. The ancient Muscovites wedded their wives with a whip instead of a wedded ring. The same people in their own houses, took always the precedence above foreigners, even foreign ambassadors. These two instances of their generosity and politeness are much of a-piece.

Hume's Essays.

§ 67. *The Business and Qualifications of a Poet described.*

“Wherever I went, I found that poetry was considered as the highest learning, and regarded with a veneration somewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the angelic nature. And it yet fills me with wonder, that, in almost all countries, the most ancient poets are considered as the best: whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition, gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the first poetry of every nation surprised them as a novelty, and retained the credit by consent, which it received by accident at first: or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe nature and passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and the most probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to those that followed them, but transcriptions of the same events and new combinations of the same images. Whatever be the reason, it is commonly ob-

served, that the early writers are in possession of nature, and their followers of art: that the first excel in strength and invention, and the latter in elegance and refinement.

“I was desirous to add my name to this illustrious fraternity. I read all the poets of Persia and Arabia, and was able to repeat by memory the volumes that are suspended in the mosque of Mecca. But I soon found that no man was ever great by imitation. My desire of excellence impelled me to transfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my subject, and men to be my auditors: I could never describe what I had not seen: I could not hope to move those with delight or terror, whose interests and opinions I did not understand.

“Being now resolved to be a poet, I saw every thing with a new purpose; my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified; no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and flower of the valley. I observed with equal care the crags of the rock, and the pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and sometimes watched the changes of the summer clouds. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination: he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast, or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety: for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth: and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction.

“All the appearances of nature I was therefore careful to study, and every country which I have surveyed has contributed something to my poetical powers.”

“In so wide a survey,” said the prince, “you must surely have left much unobserved. I have lived, till now, within the circuit of these mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the sight of something which I never beheld before, or never heeded.”

“The business of a poet,” said Imlac,

“ is to examine not the individual, but the species, to remark general properties and large appearances; he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features as recal the original to every mind; and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.

“ But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet: he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition, observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modified by various institutions, and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy to the despondence of decrepitude. He must divest himself of the prejudices of his age or country; he must consider right and wrong in their abstract and invariable state; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same: he must therefore content himself with the slow progress of his name; condemn the applause of his own time, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations, as a being superior to time and place.

“ His labour is not yet at an end: he must know many languages and many sciences; and, that his style may be worthy of his thoughts, must by incessant practice, familiarize to himself every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony.”

Johnson's Rasselas.

§ 68. *Remarks on some of the best Poets, both ancient and modern.*

’Tis manifest, that some particular ages have been more happy than others in the production of great men, and all sorts of arts and sciences; as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, and the rest, for stage poetry, among the Greeks; that of Augustus for heroic, lyric, dramatic, elegiac, and indeed all sorts of poetry, in the persons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others;

especially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth, wherein we find Varro, Lucretius and Catullus: and at the same time lived Cicero, Sallust, and Cæsar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, and his son Leo X. wherein painting was revived, poetry flourished, and the Greek language was restored.

Examples in all this are obvious: but what I would infer is this, that in such an age, ’tis possible some great genius may arise to equal any of the ancients, abating only for the language; for great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other; and mutual borrowing and commerce makes the common riches of learning, as it does of civil government.

But suppose that Homer and Virgil were the only poets of their species, and that nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again; yet the example only holds in heroic poetry. In tragedy and satire, I offer myself to maintain, against some of our modern critics, that this age and the last, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both these kinds.

Thus I might safely confine myself to my native country; but if I would only cross the seas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the person of the admirable Boileau, whose numbers are excellent, whose expressions are noble, whose thoughts are just, whose language is pure, whose satire is pointed, and whose sense is close. What he borrows from the ancients, he repays with usury of his own, in coin as good, and almost as universally valuable; for, setting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the stamp of a Louis, the patron of arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Augustus Cæsar. Let this be said without entering into the interests of factions and parties, and relating only the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit; a praise so just, that even we, who are his enemies, cannot refuse it to him.

Now, if it may be permitted me to go back again to the consideration of epic poetry, I have confessed that no man hitherto has reached, or so much as approached to the excellencies of Homer or Virgil; I must farther add, that Statius, the best versificator next Virgil, knew not how to design after him, though he had

the model in his eyes; that Lucan is wanting both in design and subject, and is besides too full of heat and affectation; that among the moderns, Ariosto neither designed justly, nor observed any unity of action, or compass of time, or moderation in the vastness of his draught; his style is luxurious, without majesty or decency; and his adventures without the compass of nature and possibility. Tasso, whose design was regular, and who observed the rules of unity in time and place more closely than Virgil, yet was not so happy in his action; he confesses himself to have been too lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the dignity of heroic verse, in his episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida; his story is not so pleasing as Ariosto's; he is too flatulent sometimes, and sometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almost always forced; and besides is full of conceptions, points of epigram, and witticisms; all which are not only below the dignity of heroic verse, but contrary to its nature. Virgil and Homer have not one of them: and those who are guilty of so boyish an ambition in so grave a subject, are so far from being considered as heroic poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's epigrams, and from Spenser to Fleckno; that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry. But to return to Tasso: he borrows from the invention of Boyardo, and in his alteration of his poem, which is infinitely the worst, imitates Homer so very servilely, that (for example) he gives the king of Jerusalem fifty sons only because Homer had bestowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngest in the same manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind which is not below those two Italians, and subject to a thousand more reflections, without examining their St. Louis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique. The English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning to have been perfect poets, and yet both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser; he aims at the accomplishment of no one action; he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures, and endows each of them with some par-

ticular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or preference. Every one is most valiant in his own legend; only we must do them the justice to observe, that magnanimity, which is the character of Prince Arthur, shines through the whole poem, and succours the rest, when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue which he thought most conspicuous in them; an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But Prince Arthur, or his chief patron Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and spirit to accomplish his design. For the rest, his obsolete language, and ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude: for notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Romans, and only Mr. Waller among the English.

Dryden.

§ 69. *Remarks on some of the best English Dramatic Poets.*

Shakspeare was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily; when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation; he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches; his serious, swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him; no

man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of Poets,

Quantùm lenta solent inter virburna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better treated in Shakspeare; and, however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at the highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greatest part of the courtiers, set our Shakspeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakspeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of players, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play which brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their *Philaster*; for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully; and the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ *Every Man in his Humour*. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakspeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better, whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of repartees, no poet can ever paint as they have done. That humour which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe: they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: what words have been taken in since are rather superfluous than necessary. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious

plays, which suits generally with all men's humour. Shakspeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humour also, in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such an height. Humour was his proper sphere, and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is not a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times, whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Cataline*. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of those writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously in his serious plays; perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed the idiom of their language, he did not enough comply with ours. If I would compare with him Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing: I admire him, but I love Shakspeare. To

conclude of him : as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his Discoveries, we have as many and as profitable rules for perfecting the stage as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

Dryden's Essays.

§ 70. *Defence of Riddles : In a Letter to a Lady.*

It is with wonderful satisfaction I find you are grown such an adept in the occult arts, and that you take a laudable pleasure in the ancient and ingenious study of making and solving riddles. It is a science, undoubtedly, of most necessary acquirement, and deserves to make a part in the meditation of both sexes. Those of yours may by this means very innocently indulge their usual curiosity of discovering and disclosing a secret ; whilst such amongst ours who have a turn for deep speculations, and are fond of puzzling themselves and others, may exercise their faculties this way with much private satisfaction, and without the least disturbance to the public. It is an art indeed which I would recommend to the encouragement of both the universities, as it affords the easiest and shortest method of conveying some of the most useful principles of logic, and might therefore be introduced as a very proper substitute in the room of those dry systems which are at present in vogue in those places of education. For as it consists in discovering truth under borrowed appearances, it might prove of wonderful advantage in every branch of learning, by habituating the mind to separate all foreign ideas, and consequently preserving it from that grand source of error, the being deceived by false connexions. In short, Timoclea, this your favourite science contains the sum of all human policy ; and as there is no passing through the world without sometimes mixing with fools and knaves, who would not choose to be master of the enigmatical art, in order, on proper occasions, to be able to lead aside craft and impertinence from their aim, by the convenient artifice of a prudent disguise ? It was the maxim of a very wise prince, that " he who knows not how to dissemble, knows not how to reign." and I desire you would receive it as mine, that " he who knows not how to riddle, knows not how to live."

But besides the general usefulness of this art, it will have a further recommen-

dation to all true admirers of antiquity, as being practised by the most considerable personages of early times. It is almost three thousand years ago since Samson proposed his famous riddle so well known ; though the advocates for ancient learning must forgive me, if in this article I attribute the superiority to the moderns ; for if we may judge of the skill of the former in this profound art by that remarkable specimen of it, the geniuses of those early ages were by no means equal to those which our times have produced. But as a friend of mine has lately finished, and intends very shortly to publish, a most learned work in folio, wherein he has fully proved that important point, I will not anticipate the pleasure you will receive by perusing this curious performance. In the mean while let it be remembered, to the immortal glory of this art, that the wisest man, as well as the greatest prince that ever lived, is said to have amused himself and a neighbouring monarch in trying the strength of each other's talents in this way ; several riddles, it seems, having passed between Solomon and Hiram, upon condition that he who failed in the solution should incur a certain penalty. It is recorded likewise of the great father of poetry, even the divine Homer himself, that he had a taste of this sort ; and we are told by a Greek writer of his life, that he died with vexation for not being able to discover a riddle which was proposed to him by some fishermen at a certain island called Jo.

Fitzosborne's Letters.

§ 71. *The true Use of the Senses perverted by Fashion.*

Nothing has been so often explained, and yet so little understood, as simplicity in writing ; and the reason of its remaining so much a mystery is, our own want of simplicity in manners. By our present mode of education, we are forcibly warped from the bias of nature, in mind as well as in body ; we are taught to disguise, distort, and alter our sentiments, until our thinking faculty is diverted into an unnatural channel ; and we not only relinquish and forget, but also become incapable of our original dispositions. We are totally changed into creatures of art and affectation : our perception is abused, and our senses are perverted ; our minds lose their nature, force, and flavour ; the

Imagination, sweated by artificial fire, produces nought but vapid and sickly bloom; the genius, instead of growing like a vigorous tree, that extends its branches on every side, buds, blossoms, and bears delicious fruit, resembles a lopped and stunted yew, tortured into some wretched form, projecting no shade or shelter, displaying no flower, diffusing no fragrance, and producing no fruit, and exhibiting nothing but a barren conceit for the amusement of the idle spectator.

Thus debauched from nature, how can we relish her genuine productions? As well might a man distinguish objects through the medium of a prism, that presents nothing but a variety of colours to the eye: or a maid pining in the green-sickness prefer a biscuit to a cinder.

It has often been alleged, that the passions can never be wholly deposed, and that by appealing to these, a good writer will always be able to force himself into the hearts of his readers; but even the strongest passions are weakened, nay, sometimes totally extinguished and destroyed, by mutual opposition, dissipation, and acquired insensibility. How often at our theatre, has the tear of sympathy and burst of laughter been repressed by a malignant species of pride, refusing approbation to the author and actor, and renouncing society with the audience? I have seen a young creature, possessed of the most delicate complexion, and exhibiting features that indicate sensibility, sit without the least emotion, and behold the most tender and pathetic scenes of Otway, represented with all the energy of action; so happy had she been in her efforts to conquer the prejudices of nature. She had been trained up to the belief that nothing was more awkward, than to betray a sense of shame or sympathy; she seemed to think that a consent of passion with the vulgar, would impair the dignity of her character; and that she herself ought to be the only object of approbation. But she did not consider that such approbation is seldom acquired by disdain; and that want of feeling is a very bad recommendation to the human heart. For my own share, I never fail to take a survey of the female part of an audience, at every interesting incident of the drama. When I perceive the tear stealing down a lady's cheek, and the sudden sigh escape from her breast, I am attracted towards her by an irresistible emo-

tion of tenderness and esteem; her eyes shine with enchanting lustre, through the pearly moisture that surrounds them; my heart warms at the glow which humanity kindles on her cheek, and keeps time with the accelerated heavings of her snowy bosom; I at once love her benevolence, and revere her discernment. On the contrary, when I see a fine woman's face unaltered by the distress of the scene, with which I myself am affected, I resent her indifference as an insult on my own understanding; I suppose her heart to be savage, her disposition unsocial, her organs indelicate, and exclaim, with the fox in the fable, *O pulchrum caput, sed cerebrum non habet!*

Yet this insensibility is not perhaps owing to any original defect. Nature may have stretched the string, though it has long ceased to vibrate. It may have been displaced and distracted by the first violence offered to the native machine; it may have lost its tone through long disuse; or be so twisted and overstrained as to produce an effect very different from that which was primarily intended. If so little regard is paid to nature when she knocks so powerfully at the breast, she must be altogether neglected and despised in her calmer mood of serene tranquillity, when nothing appears to recommend her but simplicity, propriety, and innocence. A clear, blue sky, spangled with stars, will prove a homely and insipid object to eyes accustomed to the glare of torches, tapers, gilding, and glitter: they will be turned with loathing and disgust from the green mantle of the spring, so gorgeously adorned with buds and foliage, flowers and blossoms, to contemplate a gaudy negligée, striped and intersected with abrupt unfriendly tints, that fetter the masses of light, and distract the vision; and cut and pinked into the most fantastic forms; and flounced and furbelowed, patched and fringed, with all the littleness of art, unknown to elegance. Those ears that are offended by the sweetly wild notes of the thrush, the black-bird, and the nightingale, the distant cawing of the rook, the tender cooing of the turtle, the soft sighing of reeds and osiers, the magic murmur of lapsing streams; will be regaled and ravished by the extravagant and alarming notes of a squeaking fiddle, extracted by a musician who has no other genius than that which lies in his fingers; they will even be entertained with the rattling

of coaches, the rumbling of carts, and the delicate cry of cod and mackarel.

The sense of smelling that delights in the scent of excrementitious animal juices, such as musk, civet, and urinous salts, will loath the fragraney of new mown hay, the hawthorn's bloom, the sweet briar, the honey-suckle, and the rose; and the organs that are gratified with the taste of sickly veal which has been bled into the palsy, rotten pullets crammed into fevers, brawn made up of dropsical pig, the abortion of pigeons and of poultry, 'sparagus gorged with the crude unwholesome juice of dung, pease without substance, peaches without taste, and pine-apples without flavour, will certainly nauseate the native, genuine, and salutary taste of Welsh beef, Banstead mutton, Hampshire pork, and barn-door fowls; whose juices are concocted by a natural digestion, and whose flesh is consolidated by free air and exercise.

In such a total perversion of the senses the ideas must be misrepresented, the powers of the imagination disordered, and the judgment of consequence unsound. The disease is attended with a false appetite, which the natural food of the mind will not satisfy. It must have sauces compounded of the most heterogeneous trash. The soul seems to sink into a kind of sleepy idiotism, or childish vacancy of thought. It is diverted by toys and baubles, which can only be pleasing to the most superficial curiosity. It is enlivened by a quick succession of trivial objects, that glisten, and glance, and dance before the eye; and, like an infant kept awake and inspired by the sound of a rattle, it must not only be dazzled and aroused, but also cheated, hurried and perplexed by the artifice of deception, business, intricacy, and intrigue, which is a kind of low juggle that may be termed the legerdemain of genius. This being the case, it cannot enjoy, nor indeed distinguish, the charms of natural and moral beauty or decorum. The ingenuous blush of native innocence, the plain language of ancient faith and sincerity, the cheerful resignation to the will of heaven, the mutual affection of the charities, the voluntary respect paid to superior dignity or station, the virtue of beneficence extended even to the brute creation, nay, the very crimson glow of health and swelling lines of beauty, are despised, detested, scorned, and ridiculed, as ignorance, rudeness, rusticity, and superstition. *Smollett.*

§ 72. *An Essay on Suicide.*

The last sessions deprived us of the only surviving member of a society, which (during its short existence) was equal both in principles and practice to the Mohocks and Hell-fire club of tremendous memory. This society was composed of a few broken gamblers and desperate young rakes, who threw the small remains of their bankrupt fortunes into one common stock, and thence assumed the name of the Last Guinea Club. A short life and a merry one, was their favourite maxim; and they determined, when their finances should be exhausted, to die as they had lived, like gentlemen. Some of their members had the luck to get a reprieve by a good run at cards, and others by snapping up a rich heiress or a dowager: while the rest, who were not cut off in the natural way by duels or the gallows, very resolutely made their *quietus* with laudanum or the pistol. The last that remained of this society had very calmly prepared for his own execution: he had cocked his pistol, deliberately placed the muzzle of it to his temple, and was just going to pull the trigger, when he bethought himself that he could employ it to better purpose upon Hounslow-heath. This brave man, however, had but a very short respite, and was obliged to suffer the ignominy of going out of the world in a vulgar way, by an halter.

The enemies of play will perhaps consider those gentlemen, who boldly stake their whole fortunes at the gaming-table, in the same view with these desperadoes; and they may even go so far as to regard the polite and honourable assembly at White's as a kind of Last Guinea Club. Nothing, they will say, is so fluctuating as the property of a gambler, who (when luck runs against him) throws away whole acres at every cast of the dice, and whose houses are as unsure a possession, as if they were built with cards. Many, indeed, have been reduced to their last guinea at this genteel gaming-house; but the most inveterate enemies to White's must allow, that it is but now and then that a gambler of quality, who looks upon it as an even bet whether there is another world, takes his chance, and dispatches himself, when the odds are against him in this.

But however free the gentlemen of White's may be from any imputation of

this kind, it must be confessed, that suicide begins to prevail so generally, that it is the most gallant exploit, by which our modern heroes choose to signalize themselves; and in this, indeed, they behave with uncommon prowess. From the days of Plato down to these, a suicide has always been compared to a soldier on guard deserting his post: but I should rather consider a set of these desperate men, who rush on certain death, as a body of troops sent out on the forlorn hope. They meet every face of death, however horrible, with the utmost resolution: some blow their brains out with a pistol; some expire, like Socrates, by poison; some fall, like Cato, on the point of their own swords; and others, who have lived like Nero, affect to die like Seneca, and bleed to death. The most exalted geniuses I ever remember to have heard of were a party of reduced gamblers, who bravely resolved to pledge each other in a bowl of laudanum. I was lately informed of a gentleman, who went among his usual companions at the gaming-table the day before he made away with himself, and coolly questioned them, which they thought the easiest and genteel method of going out of the world: for there is as much difference between a mean person and a man of quality in their manner of destroying themselves, as in their manner of living. The poor sneaking wretch, starving in a garret, tucks himself up in his list garters; a second, crossed in love, drowns himself like a blind puppy in Rosamond's pond; and a third cuts his throat with his own razor. But the man of fashion almost always dies by a pistol; and even the cobbler of any spirit goes off by a dose or two extraordinary of gin.

But this false notion of courage, however noble it may appear to the desperate and abandoned, in reality amounts to no more than the resolution of the highwayman, who shoots himself with his own pistol, when he finds it impossible to avoid being taken. All practicable means, therefore, should be devised to extirpate such absurd bravery, and to make it appear every way horrible, odious, contemptible and ridiculous. From reading the public prints, a foreigner might be naturally led to imagine, that we are the most lunatic people in the whole world. Almost every day informs us, that the coroner's inquest has sat on the body of some

miserable suicide, and brought in their verdict lunacy; but it is very well known, that the inquiry has not been made into the state of mind of the deceased, but into his fortune and family. The law has indeed provided, the deliberate self-murderer should be treated like a brute, and denied the rites of burial: but among hundreds of lunatics by purchase, I never knew this sentence executed but on one poor cobbler, who hanged himself in his own stall. A pennyless poor wretch, who has not left enough to defray the funeral charges, may perhaps be excluded the churchyard; but self-murder by a pistol qualifies the polite owner for a sudden death, and entitles him to a pompous burial, and a monument, setting forth his virtues, in Westminster Abbey. Every man in his sober senses must wish, that the most severe laws that could possibly be contrived were enacted against suicides. This shocking bravado never did (and I am confident never will,) prevail among the more delicate and tender sex in our own nation: though history informs us, that the Roman ladies were once so infatuated as to throw off the softness of their nature, and commit violence on themselves, till the madness was curbed by their exposing their naked bodies in the public streets. This, I think, would afford an hint for fixing the like mark of ignominy on our male suicides; and I would have every lower wretch of this sort dragged at the cart's tail, and afterwards hung in chains at his own door, or have his quarters put up *in terrorem* in the most public places, as a rebel to his Maker. But that the suicide of quality might be treated with more respect, he should be indulged in having his wounded corpse and shattered brains laid (as it were) in state for some days; of which dreadful spectacle we may conceive the horror from the following picture drawn by Dryden:

The slayer of himself too saw I there:
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
With eyes half clos'd, and mouth wide open lay,
And grim as when he breath'd his sullen soul
away.

The common murderer has his skeleton preserved at Surgeons' Hall, in order to deter others from being guilty of the same crime; and I think it would not be improper to have a charnel-house set apart to receive the bones of these more unnatural self-murderers, in which monuments

should be erected, giving an account of their deaths, and adorned with the glorious ensigns of their rashness, the rope, the knife, the sword, or the pistol.

The cause of these frequent self-murders among us has been generally imputed to the peculiar temperature of our climate. Thus a dull day is looked upon as a natural order of execution, and Englishmen must necessarily shoot, hang, and drown themselves in November. That our spirits are in some measure influenced by the air, cannot be denied: but we are not such mere barometers, as to be driven to despair and death by the small degree of gloom that our winter brings with it. If we have not so much sunshine as some countries in the world, we have infinitely more than many others; and I do not hear that men dispatch themselves by dozens in Russia or Sweden, or that they are unable to keep up their spirits even in the total darkness of Greenland. Our climate exempts us from many diseases, to which other more southern nations are naturally subject; and I can never be persuaded, that being born near the north pole is a physical cause for self-murder.

Despair, indeed, is the natural cause of these shocking actions; but this is commonly despair brought on by wilful extravagance and debauchery. These first involve men into difficulties, and then death at once delivers them of their lives and their cares. For my part, when I see a young profligate wantonly squandering his fortune in bagnios or at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking on him as hastening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave. As he is at last induced to kill himself by motives arising from his vices, I consider him as dying of some disease which those vices naturally produce. If his extravagance has been chiefly in luxurious eating and drinking, I imagine him poisoned by his wines, or surfeited by a favourite dish; and if he has thrown away his estate in bawdy-houses, I conclude him destroyed by rottenness and filthy diseases.

Another principal cause of the frequency of suicide is the noble spirit of free-thinking, which has diffused itself among all ranks of people. The libertine of fashion has too refined a taste to trouble himself at all about a soul or an hereafter; but the vulgar infidel is at wonderful pains to get rid of his Bible, and labours to persuade himself out of

his religion. For this purpose he attends constantly at the disputant societies, where he hears a great deal about free-will, free-agency, and predestination, till at length he is convinced that man is at liberty to do as he pleases, lays his misfortunes to the charge of Providence, and comforts himself that he was inevitably destined to be tied up in his own garters. The courage of these heroes proceeds from the same principles, whether they fall by their own hands, or those of Jack Ketch: the suicide, of whatever rank, looks death in the face without shrinking; as the gallant rogue affects an easy unconcern under Tyburn, throws away the psalm-book, bids the cart drive off with an oath, and swings like a gentleman.

Connoisseur.

§ 73. *An Enumeration of Superstitions observed in the Country.*

You must know, Mr. Town, that I am just returned from a visit of a fortnight to an old aunt in the North; where I was mightily diverted with the traditional superstitions, which are most religiously preserved in the family, as they have been delivered down (time out of mind) from their sagacious grandmothers.

When I arrived, I found the mistress of the house very busily employed, with her two daughters, in nailing an horseshoe to the threshold of the door. This, they told me, was to guard against the spiteful designs of an old woman, who was a witch, and had threatened to do the family a mischief, because one of my young cousins laid two straws across, to see if the old hag could walk over them. The young lady assured me, that she had several times heard Goody Cripple muttering to herself; and to be sure she was saying the Lord's Prayer backwards. Besides, the old woman had very often asked them for a pin: but they took care never to give her any thing that was sharp, because she should not bewitch them. They afterwards told me many other particulars of this kind, the same as are mentioned with infinite humour by the SPECTATOR; and to confirm them, they assured me, that the eldest miss, when she was little, used to have fits, till the mother flung a knife at another old witch, (whom the devil had carried off in an high wind), and fetched blood from her.

When I was to go to bed, my aunt made a thousand apologies for not putting

me in the best room in the house; which (she said) had never been lain in since the death of an old washerwoman, who walked every night, and haunted that room in particular. They fancied that the old woman had hid money somewhere, and could not rest till she had told somebody; and my cousin assured me, that she might have had it all to herself; for the spirit came one night to her bed-side, and wanted to tell her, but she had not courage to speak to it. I learned also, that they had a footman once, who hanged himself for love; and he walked for a great while, till they got the parson to lay him in the Red Sea.

I had not been here long, when an accident happened, which very much alarmed the whole family. Towzer one night howled most terribly; which was a sure sign, that somebody belonging to them would die. The youngest miss declared, that she had heard the hen crow that morning; which was another fatal prognostic. They told me, that, just before uncle died, Towzer howled so for several nights together, that they could not quiet him; and my aunt heard the dead-watch tick as plainly as if there had been a clock in the room; the maid too, who sat up with him, heard a bell toll at the top of the stairs, the very moment the breath went out of his body. During this discourse I overheard one of my cousins whisper the other, that she was afraid their mamma would not live long; for she smelt an ugly smell, like a dead carcass. They had a dairy-maid, who died the very week after an hearse had stopt at their door on its way to church; and the eldest miss, when she was but thirteen, saw her own brother's ghost (who was gone to the West Indies), walking in the garden; and to be sure, nine months after, they had an account, that he died on board the ship, the very same day, and hour of the day, that miss saw his apparition.

I need not mention to you the common incidents, which were accounted by them no less prophetic. If a cinder popped from the fire, they were in haste to examine whether it was a purse or a coffin. They were aware of my coming long before I arrived, because they had seen a stranger on the grate. The youngest miss will let nobody use the poker but herself; because, when she stirs the fire, it always burns bright, which is a sign she will have

a brisk husband; and she is no less sure of a good one, because she generally has ill luck at cards. Nor is the candle less oracular than the fire: for the 'squire of the parish came one night to pay them a visit, when the tallow winding-sheet pointed towards him; and he broke his neck soon after in a fox-chase. My aunt one night observed with great pleasure a letter in the candle; and the very next day one came from her son in London. We knew when a spirit was in the room, by the candle burning blue: but poor cousin Nancy was ready to cry one time, when she snuffed it out, and could not blow it in again, though her sister did it at a whiff, and consequently triumphed in her superior virtue.

We had no occasion for an almanack or the weather glass, to let us know whether it would rain or shine. One evening I proposed to ride out with my cousins the next day to see a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood; but my aunt assured us it would be wet, she knew very well, from the shooting of her corn. Besides, there was a great spider crawling up the chimney, and the blackbird in the kitchen began to sing; which were both of them as certain forerunners of rain. But the most to be depended on in these cases is a tabby cat, which usually lies basking on the parlour hearth. If the cat turned her tail to the fire, we were to have an hard frost; if the cat licked her tail, rain would certainly ensue. They wondered what stranger they should see, because puss washed her face over her left ear. The old lady complained of a cold, and her eldest daughter remarked it would go through the family; for she observed that poor Tab had sneezed several times. Poor Tab, however, once flew at one of my cousins; for which she had like to have been destroyed, as the whole family began to think she was no other than a witch.

It is impossible to tell you the several tokens by which they know whether good or ill luck will happen to them. Spilling the salt, or laying knives across, are every where accounted ill omens; but a pin with the head turned towards you, or to be followed by a strange dog, I found were very lucky. I heard one of my cousins tell the cook-maid, that she boiled away all her sweethearts, because she had let her dish-water boil over. The same young lady one morning came down

to breakfast with her cap wrong side out ; which the mother observing, charged her not to alter it all day, for fear she should turn luck.

But above all, I could not help remarking the various prognostics which the old lady and her daughters used to collect from almost every part of the body. A white speck upon the nails made them as sure of a gift as if they had it already in their pockets. The elder sister is to have one husband more than the youngest, because she has one wrinkle more in her forehead ; but the other will have the advantage of her in the number of children, as was plainly proved by snapping their finger-joints. It would take up too much room to set down every circumstance which I observed of this sort during my stay with them : I shall therefore conclude my letter with the several remarks on other parts of the body, as far as I could learn them from this prophetic family ; for as I was a relation, you know, they had less reserve.

If the head itches, it is a sign of rain. If the head aches, it is a profitable pain. If you have the tooth-ache, you don't love true. If your eye-brow itches, you will see a stranger. If your right eye itches, you will cry ; if your left, you will laugh : but left or right is good at night. If your nose itches you will shake hands with or kiss a fool, drink a glass of wine, run against a cuckold's door, or miss them all four. If your right ear or cheek burns, your left friends are talking of you ; if your left, your right friends are talking of you. If your elbow itches, you will change your bedfellow. If your right hand itches, you will pay away money ; if your left, you will receive. If your stomach itches, you will eat pudding. If your back itches, butter will be cheap when grass grows there. If your side itches, somebody is wishing for you. If your gartering-place itches, you will go to a strange place. If your foot itches, you will tread upon strange ground. Lastly, if you shiver, somebody is walking over your grave. *Connoisseur.*

§ 74. *Swearing an indelicate as well as a wicked Practice.*

As there are some vices which the vulgar have presumed to copy from the great, so there are others which the great have condescended to borrow from the vulgar. Among these, I cannot but set down the

shocking practice of cursing and swearing ; a practice, which (to say nothing at present of its impiety and profaneness) is low and indelicate, and places the man of quality on the same level with the chairman at his door. A gentleman would forfeit all pretensions to that title, who should choose to embellish his discourse with the oratory of Billingsgate, and converse in the style of an oyster-woman ; but it is accounted no disgrace to him to use the same coarse expressions of cursing and swearing with the meanest of the mob. For my own part, I cannot see the difference between a *By-gad* or a *Gad-dem-me*, minced and softened by a genteel pronunciation from well-bred lips, and the same expression bluntly bolted out from the broad mouth of a porter or hackney-coachman.

I shall purposely wave making any reflections on the impiety of this practice, as I am satisfied they would have but little weight either with the *beau-monde* or the *canaille*. The swearer of either station, devotes himself piecemeal, as it were, to destruction ; pours out anathemas against his eyes, his heart, his soul, and every part of his body : nor does he scruple to extend the same good wishes to the limbs and joints of his friends and acquaintance. This they both do with the same fearless unconcern ; but with this only difference, that the gentleman swearer damns himself and others with the greatest civility and good-breeding imaginable.

My predecessor the Tatler gives us an account of a certain humorist, who got together a party of noted swearers to dinner with him, and ordered their discourses to be taken down in short-hand ; which being afterwards repeated to them, they were extremely startled and surprised at their own common talk. A dialogue of this nature would be no improper supplement to Swift's *polite conversation* ; though, indeed, it would appear too shocking to be set down in print. But I cannot help wishing, that it were possible to draw out a catalogue of the fashionable oaths and curses in present use at Arthur's, or at any other polite assembly : by which means the company themselves would be led to imagine, that their conversation had been carried on between the lowest of the mob ; and they would blush to find, that they had gleaned the choicest phrases from lanes and alleys, and enriched their discourse with the ele-

gant dialect of Wapping and Broad St. Giles's.

The legislature has indeed provided against this offence, by affixing a penalty on every delinquent according to his station; but this law, like those made against gaming, is of no effect, while the gentleman sort of swearers put forth the same execrations at the hazard-table or in the tennis-courts, which the more ordinary gamblers repeat, with the same impunity, over the shuffle-board or in the skittle-alley. Indeed, were this law to be rigorously put in execution, there would appear to be little or no proportion in the punishment: since the gentleman would escape by depositing his crown; while the poor wretch, who cannot raise a shilling, must be clapt into the stocks, or sent to Bridewell. But as the offence is exactly the same, I would also have no distinction made in the treatment of the offenders: and it would be a most ridiculous but a due mortification to a man of quality, to be obliged to thrust his leg through the same stocks with a carman or a coal-heaver; since he first degraded himself, and qualified himself for their company, by talking in the same mean dialect.

I am aware that it will be pleaded in excuse for this practice, that oaths and curses are intended only as mere expletives, which serve to round a period, and give a grace and spirit to conversation. But there are still some old-fashioned creatures, who adhere to their common acceptation, and cannot help thinking it a very serious matter, that a man should devote his body to the devil, or call down damnation on his soul. Nay, the swearer himself, like the old man in the fable calling upon death, would be exceeding loath to be taken at his word; and while he wishes destruction to every part of his body, would be highly concerned to have a limb rot away, his nose fall off, or an eye drop out of the socket. It would therefore be advisable to substitute some other terms equally unmeaning, and at the same time remote from the vulgar cursing and swearing.

It is recorded to the honour of the famous Dean Stanhope, that in his younger days, when he was chaplain to a regiment, he reclaimed the officers, who were much addicted to this vulgar practice, by the following method of reproof: One evening, as they were all in company together,

after they had been very eloquent in this kind of rhetoric, so natural to the gentlemen of the army, the worthy dean took occasion to tell a story in his turn, in which he frequently repeated the words *bottle* and *glass*, instead of the usual expletives of *God*, *devil*, and *damn*, which he did not think quite so becoming for one of his cloth to make free with. I would recommend it to our people of fashion to make use of the like innocent phrases whenever they are obliged to have recourse to these substitutes for thought and expression. "Bottle and glass" might be introduced with great energy in the table-talk at the King's Arms or St. Alban's taverns. The gamester might be indulged, without offence, in swearing by the "knave of clubs," or "the curse of Scotland;" or he, might with some propriety retain the old execration of "the deuce take it." The beau should be allowed to swear by his "gracious self," which is the god of his idolatry; and the common expletives should consist of "upon my word and upon my honour;" which terms, whatever sense they might formerly bear, are at present understood only as words of course, without meaning. *Connoisseur.*

§ 75. *Sympathy a Source of the Sublime.*

It is by the passion of sympathy that we enter into the concerns of others; that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost any thing which men can do or suffer. For sympathy must be considered as a sort of substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in a good measure as he is affected; so that this passion may either partake of the nature of those which regard self-preservation, and turning upon pain may be a source of the sublime; or it may turn upon ideas of pleasure, and then, whatever has been said of the social affections, whether they regard society in general, or only some particular modes of it, may be applicable here.

It is by this principle chiefly that poetry, painting, and other affecting arts, transfuse their passions from one breast to another, and are often capable of grafting a delight on wretchedness, misery, and death itself. It is a common observation, that objects, which in the reality would shock, are, in tragical and such like representations, the source of a very

high species of pleasure. This, taken as a fact, has been the cause of much reasoning. This satisfaction has been commonly attributed, first, to the comfort we receive in considering that so melancholy a story is no more than a fiction: and next, the contemplation of our own freedom from the evils we see represented. I am afraid it is a practice much too common in inquiries of this nature, to attribute the cause of feelings which merely arise from the mechanical structure of our bodies, or from the natural frame and constitution of our minds, to certain conclusions of the reasoning faculty on the objects presented to us; for I have some reason to apprehend, that the influence of reason in producing our passions is nothing near so extensive as is commonly believed.

Burke on the Sublime.

§ 76. *Effects of Sympathy in the Distresses of others.*

To examine this point concerning the effect of tragedy in a proper manner, we must previously consider, how we are affected by the feelings of our fellow-creatures in circumstances of real distress. I am convinced we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others; for, let the affection be what it will in appearance, if it does not make us shun such objects, if, on the contrary, it induces us to approach them, if it makes us dwell upon them, in this case I conceive we must have a delight or pleasure, of some species or other, in contemplating objects of this kind. Do we not read the authentic histories of scenes of this nature with as much pleasure as romances or poems where the incidents are fictitious? The prosperity of no empire, nor the grandeur of no king, can so agreeably affect in the reading, as the ruin of the state of Macedon and the distress of its unhappy prince. Such a catastrophe touches us in history, as much as the destruction of Troy does in fable. Our delight in cases of this kind is very greatly heightened, if the sufferer be some excellent person who sinks under an unworthy fortune. Scipio and Cato are both virtuous characters: but we are more deeply affected by the violent death of the one, and the ruin of the great cause he adhered to, than with the deserved triumphs and uninterrupted prosperity of the other; for terror is a passion which always produces delight when it does not

press too close, and pity is a passion accompanied with pleasure, because it arises from love and social affection. Whenever we are formed by nature to any active purpose, the passion which animates us to it is attended with delight, or a pleasure of some kind, let the subject matter be what it will; and as our Creator has designed we should be united together by so strong a bond as that of sympathy, he has therefore twisted along with it a proportionable quantity of this ingredient; and always in the greatest proportion where our sympathy is most wanted, in the distresses of others. If this passion was simply painful, we should shun, with the greatest care, all persons and places that could excite such a passion, as some, who are so far gone in indolence as not to endure any strong impression, actually do. But the case is widely different with the greater part of mankind; there is no spectacle we so eagerly pursue, as that of some uncommon and grievous calamity; so that whether the misfortune is before our eyes, or whether they are turned back to it in history, it always touches with delight; but it is not an unmixed delight, but blended with no small uneasiness. The delight we have in such things, hinders us from shunning scenes of misery; and the pain we feel, prompts us to relieve ourselves in relieving those who suffer; and all this antecedent to any reasoning, by an instinct that works us to its own purposes, without our concurrence.

Ibid.

§ 77. *Tears not unworthy of an Hero.*

If tears are arguments of cowardice, what shall I say of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles pass for timorous because he wept, and wept on less occasions than Æneas? Herein Virgil must be granted to have excelled his master. For once both heroes are described lamenting their lost loves; Briseis was taken away by force from the Grecian; Creusa was lost for ever to her husband. But Achilles went roaring along the salt sea-shore, and like a booby was complaining to his mother, when he should have revenged his injury by his arms. Æneas took a nobler course; for, having secured his father and son, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if she had been above ground.

And here your lordship may observe the address of Virgil; it was not for nothing that this passage was related with

all these tender circumstances. Æneas told it; Dido heard it. That he had been so affectionate a husband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. Virgil has a thousand secret beauties, though I have not leisure to remark them.

Segrais, on the subject of a hero shedding tears, observes, that historians commend Alexander for weeping when he read the mighty actions of Achilles; and Julius Cæsar is likewise praised, when, out of the same noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But if we observe more closely, we shall find that the tears of Æneas were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he weeps out of compassion and tenderness of nature, when in the temple of Carthage he beholds the picture of his friends, who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deploras the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus; the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate; and the rest, which I omit. Yet even for these tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Æneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin's hero, always raining. One of these censors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice, when, in the beginning of the first book, he not only weeps but trembles at an approaching storm:

Extemplo Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra:
Ingemit, et duplices tendens ad sidera prima, &c.

But to this I have answered formerly, that his fear was not for himself, but his people. And what can give a sovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempest, and he wept: he was promised Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accomplishment of that promise. All this in the beginning of a storm; therefore he shewed the more early piety, and the quicker sense of compassion. Thus much I have urged elsewhere in the defence of Virgil; and since I have been informed by Mr. Moyl, a young gentleman whom I can never sufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accursed death. So that if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself and to his subjects.

Dryden.

§ 78. *Terror a Source of the Sublime.*

No passion so effectually robs the mind

of all the powers of acting and reasoning as fear; for fear being an apprehension of pain or death, it operates in a manner that resembles actual pain. Whatever therefore is terrible with regard to sight, is sublime too, whether this cause of terror be ended with greatness of dimensions or not; for it is impossible to look on any thing as trifling or contemptible, that may be dangerous. There are many animals, who, though far from being large, are yet capable of raising ideas of the sublime, because they are considered as objects of terror; as serpents and poisonous animals of almost all kinds. Even to things of great dimensions, if we annex any adventitious idea of terror, they become without comparison greater. An even plain of a vast extent on land, is certainly no mean idea; the prospect of such a plain may be as extensive as a prospect of the ocean; but can it ever fill the mind with any thing so great as the ocean itself? This is owing to several causes, but it is owing to none more than to this, that the ocean is an object of no small terror.

Burke on the Sublime.

§ 79. *Tragedy compared with Epic Poetry.*

To raise, and afterwards to calm the passions; to purge the soul from pride, by the examples of human miseries which befall the greatest; in few words, to expel arrogance and introduce compassion, are the greatest effects of tragedy. Great, I must confess, if they were altogether as lasting as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours warning: are radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure, but a skilful physician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not so much in haste; it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answered, that for this reason tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated; this is tacitly to confess, that there is more virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chemical medicines are observed to relieve oftener than to cure; for it is the nature of spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare

an epic poem, have more of body in them; they work by their substance and their weight. It is one reason of Aristotle's to prove that tragedy is the more noble, because it turns in a shorter compass, the whole action being circumscribed within the space of four-and-twenty hours. He might prove as well that a mushroom is to be preferred before a peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a night. A chariot may be driven round the pillar in less space than a large machine, because the bulk is not so great. Is the moon a more noble planet than Saturn, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days; and he in little less than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their several magnitudes; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And besides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem? where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice punished; and those more amply treated than the narrowness of the drama can admit? the shining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his constancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteristic virtue his poet gives him, raises first our admiration: we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire; and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious, as, for example, the choleric and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is instructive: and, besides, we are informed in the very proposition of the *Iliad*, that this anger was pernicious: that it brought a thousand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is proposed to imitation, not his pride and disobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the selling his body to his father: we abhor those actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: the poet only shews them, like rocks or quicksands, to be shunned.

By this example the critics have concluded, that it is not necessary the manners of the hero should be virtuous. They are poetically good, if they are of a piece. Though where a character of perfect virtue is set before us, 'tis more lovely: for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the *Æneas* of Virgil: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem, which painters

and statuaries have only in their minds, and which no hands are able to express. These are the beauties of a God in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with those warts and moles, and hard features, by those who represent him on the stage, or he is no more Achilles; for his creator Homer has so described him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the stage with all those imperfections; therefore they are either not faults in an heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, on the whole merits of the case, it must be acknowledged, that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the passions. The passions, as I have said, are violent; and acute distempers require medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the mind and chonical diseases are to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives: wherein though purges are sometimes necessary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exercise have the greatest part. The matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of poetry are of use for their proper ends. The stage is active, the epic poem works at greater leisure, yet is active too, when need requires; for dialogue is imitated by the drama, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit like the quinquina, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The sun enlightens and cheers us, dispels fogs, and warms the ground with his daily beams; but the corn is sowed, increases, is ripened, and reaped for use, in process of time, and its proper season. I proceed from the greatness of the action to the dignity of the actors; I mean to the persons employed in both poems. There likewise tragedy will be seen to borrow from the epopee; and that which borrows is always of less dignity, because it has not of its own. A subject, 'tis true, may lend to his sovereign; but the act of borrowing makes the king inferior, because he wants, and the subject supplies. And suppose the persons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention; because it was first, and Homer the common father of the stage. I know not of any one advantage which tragedy can boast above heroic poetry, but that it is represented to the view,

as well as read : and instructs in the closet, as well as on the theatre. This is an uncontested excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative; yet, I may be allowed to say without partiality, that herein the actors share the poet's praise. Your lordship knows some modern tragedies which are beautiful on the stage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Tryphon, the stationer, complains they are seldom asked for in his shop. The poet who flourished in the scene, is damned in the *ruelle*; nay more, is not esteemed a good poet, by those who see and hear his extravagances with delight. They are a sort of stately fustian and lofty childishness. Nothing but nature can give a sincere pleasure: where that is not imitated, 'tis grotesque painting; the fine woman ends in a fish's tail.

Dryden.

§ 80. *History of Translations.*

Among the studies which have exercised the ingenious and the learned for more than three centuries, none has been more diligently or more successfully cultivated than the art of translation; by which the impediments which bar the way to science are, in some measure removed, and the multiplicity of languages become less incommodious.

Of every other kind of writing, the ancients have left us models which all succeeding ages have laboured to imitate; but translation may justly be claimed by the moderns as their own. In the first ages of the world instruction was commonly oral, and learning traditional, and what was not written could not be translated. When alphabetical writing made the conveyance of opinions and the transmission of events more easy and certain, literature did not flourish in more than one country at once; for distant nations had little commerce with each other, and those few, whom curiosity sent abroad in quest of improvement, delivered their acquisitions in their own manner, desirous perhaps to be considered as the inventors of that which they had learned from others.

The Greeks for a time travelled into Egypt, but they translated no books from the Egyptian language; and when the Macedonians had overthrown the empire of Persia, the countries that became subject to the Grecian dominion studied only the Grecian literature. The books of the conquered nations, if they had any among

them, sunk in oblivion; Greece considered herself as the mistress, if not as the parent of arts, her language contained all that was supposed to be known, and, except the sacred writings of the Old Testament, I know not that the library of Alexandria adopted any thing from a foreign tongue.

The Romans confessed themselves the scholars of the Greek, and do not appear to have expected, what has since happened, that the ignorance of succeeding ages would prefer them to their teachers. Every man who in Rome aspired to the praise of literature, thought it necessary to learn Greek, and had no need of versions when they could study the originals. Translation, however, was not wholly neglected. Dramatic poems could be understood by the people in no language but their own, and the Romans were sometimes entertained with the tragedies of Euripides and the comedies of Menander. Other works were sometimes attempted; in an old scholiast there is mention of a Latin *Iliad*, and we have not wholly lost Tully's version of the poem of Aratus; but it does not appear that any man grew eminent by interpreting another, and perhaps it was more frequent to translate for exercise or amusement than for fame.

The Arabs were the first nation who felt the ardour of translation: when they had subdued the eastern provinces of the Greek empire, they found their captives wiser than themselves, and made haste to relieve their wants by imparted knowledge. They discovered that many might grow wise by the labour of a few, and that improvements might be made with speed, when they had the knowledge of former ages in their own language. They therefore made haste to lay hold on medicine and philosophy, and turned their chief authors into Arabic. Whether they attempted the poems is not known; their literary zeal was vehement, but it was short, and probably expired before they had time to add the arts of elegance to those of necessity.

The study of ancient literature was interrupted in Europe by the irruption of the northern nations who subverted the Roman empire, and erected new kingdoms with new languages. It is not strange that such confusion should suspend literary attention; those who lost, and those who gained dominion, had immediate difficulties to encounter, and immediate

miseries to redress, and had little leisure, amidst the violence of war, the trepidation of flight, the distresses of forced migration, or the tumults of unsettled conquest, to inquire after speculative truth, to enjoy the amusement of imaginary adventures, to know the history of former ages, or study the events of any other lives. But no sooner had this chaos of dominion sunk into order, than learning began again to flourish in the calm of peace. When life and possessions were secure, convenience and enjoyment were soon sought, learning was found the highest gratification of the mind, and translation became one of the means by which it was imparted.

At last, by a concurrence of many causes, the European world was roused from its lethargy; those arts which had been long obscurely studied in the gloom of monasteries, became the general favourites of mankind; every nation vied with its neighbour for the prize of learning; the epidemical emulation spread from south to north, and curiosity and translation found their way to Britain.

He that reviews the progress of English literature, will find that translation was very early cultivated among us, but that some principles, either wholly erroneous, or too far extended, hindered our success from being always equal to our diligence.

Chaucer, who is generally considered as the father of our poetry, has left a version of Boetius on the Comforts of Philosophy, the book which seems to have been the favourite of middle ages, which had been translated into Saxon by King Alfred, and illustrated with a copious comment ascribed to Aquinas. It may be supposed that Chaucer would apply more than common attention to an author of so much celebrity, yet he has attempted nothing higher than a version strictly literal, and has degraded the poetical parts to prose, that the constraint of versification might not obstruct his zeal for fidelity.

Caxton taught us typography about the year 1490. The first book printed in English was a translation. Caxton was both the translator and printer of the Destruction of Troye, a book which, in that infancy of learning, was considered as the best account of the fabulous ages, and which, though now driven out of notice by authors of no greater use or value, still continued to be read in Caxton's

English to the beginning of the present century.

Caxton proceeded as he began, and, except the poems of Gower and Chaucer, printed nothing but translations from the French, in which the original is so scrupulously followed, that they afford us little knowledge of our own language; though the words are English, the phrase is foreign.

As learning advanced, new works were adopted into our language, but I think with little improvement of the art of translation, though foreign nations and other languages offered us models of a better method; till in the age of Elizabeth we began to find that greater liberty was necessary to elegance, and that elegance was necessary to general reception; some essays were then made upon the Italian poets, which deserve the praise and gratitude of posterity.

But the old practice was not suddenly forsaken; Holland filled the nation with literal translation, and, what is yet more strange, the same exactness was obstinately practised in the version of the poets. This absurd labour of construing into rhyme was countenanced by Jonson, in his version of Horace; and, whether it be that more men have learning than genius, or that the endeavours of that time were more directed towards knowledge than delight, the accuracy of Jonson found more imitators than the elegance of Fairfax; and May, Sandys, and Holiday, confined themselves to the toil of rendering line for line, not indeed with equal felicity, for May and Sandys were poets, and Holiday only a scholar and a critic.

Feltham appears to consider it as the established law of poetical translation, that the lines should be neither more nor fewer than those of the original; and so long had his prejudice prevailed, that Denham praises Fanshaw's version of Guarini as the example of a "new and noble way," as the first attempt to break the boundaries of custom, and assert the natural freedom of the muse.

In the general emulation of wit and genius which the festivity of the Restoration produced, the poets shook off their constraint, and considered translation as no longer confined to servile closeness. But reformation is seldom the work of pure virtue or unassisted reason. Translation was improved more by accident

than conviction. The writers of the foregoing age had at least learning equal to their genius, and, being often more able to explain the sentiments and illustrate the allusions of the ancients, than to exhibit their graces and transfuse their spirit, were perhaps willing sometimes to conceal their want of poetry by profusion of literature, and therefore translated literally, that their fidelity might shelter their insipidity or harshness. The wits of Charles's time had seldom more than slight and superficial views, and their care was to hide their want of learning behind the colours of a gay imagination: they therefore translated always with freedom, sometimes with licentiousness, and perhaps expected that their readers should accept sprightliness for knowledge, and consider ignorance and mistake as the impatience and negligence of a mind too rapid to stop at difficulties, and too elevated to descend to minuteness.

Thus was translation made more easy to the writer, and more delightful to the reader; and there is no wonder if ease and pleasure have found their advocates. The paraphrastic liberties have been almost universally admitted: and Sherbourn, whose learning was eminent, and who had no need of any excuse to pass slightly over obscurities, is the only writer who, in later times, has attempted to justify or revive the ancient severity.

There is undoubtedly a mean to be observed. Dryden saw very early, that closeness best preserved an author's sense, and that freedom best exhibited his spirit: he therefore will deserve the highest praise who can give a representation at once faithful and pleasing; who can convey the same thoughts with the same graces, and who, when he translates, changes nothing but the language.

Idler.

§ 81. *What talents are requisite to form a good Translator.*

After all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all those graceful, by the posture, the shadow-

ings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original: much less can I behold with patience, Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets whom our Ogilbys have translated? But I dare assure them, that a good poet is no more like himself in a dull translation, than a carcase would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother-tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: 'tis impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us; the knowledge of men and manners; the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best of company of both sexes; and in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cry'd-up English poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to the subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. 'Tis it appears necessary, that a man should be a nice critic in his mother tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style; but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own: so that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Nei-

ther is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers; for, though all those are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and 'tis a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it: that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid are very different. Yet I see even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter (Sir P. Lely) that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were alike. And this happened to him because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness; as in that of sugar and in that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding in my translations out of four several poets; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct, grave, and majestic writer; one who weighed, not only every thought, but every word and syllable: who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is every where sounding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears; yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they

write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids, like the other, all synalæphas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another in the following word. But to return to Virgil: though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of synalæphas; and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and gross hyperboles: he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded as a great part of his character; but must confess, to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself: for where the original is close, no version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the nearest, the most poetical, and the most sonorous of any translation of the *Æneid*: yet though he takes the advantage of blank verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sense. Tasso tell us, in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek

orator. Virgil, therefore, being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagined by the reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious is to alter his character: and to translate him line for line is impossible, because the Latin is naturally a more succinct language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, which, by reason of its monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them. Virgil is much the closest of any Roman poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the English heroic.

Dryden.

§ 82. *The Nature of Wit in Writing.*

The composition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in poetry, or wit writing (if you will give me leave to use a school distinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it springs the quarry it hunted after; or, without a metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or historical poem; I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imagination of persons, actions, passions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme) nor the jingle of a more poor paranomasia; neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech that it sets before your eyes the absent object as perfectly and more delightfully than nature. So then the first happiness of a poet's imagination, is properly invention, or finding of the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, dressing or moulding of that thought, as the judgment represents it, proper to the subject; the third is elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning that thought so found and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words: the quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and accuracy in the expression. For the first of these, Ovid is famous

amongst the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid imagines more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions, or extremely discomposed by one. His words therefore are the least part of his care; for he pictures nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is to be supposed the effect of sudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions or use of tropes, or, in fine, any thing that shews remoteness of thought or labour in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almost all things as from himself, and therefore gains more liberty than the other to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa, of Ovid: for as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them; and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when actions or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he presents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

—————Totamque infusa per artus
Mens agit at molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas:

—————lumenque inventæ
Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflârat honores:
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.

See his tempest, his funeral sports, his

combats of Turnus and Æneas; and in his *Georgics*, which I esteem the divinest part of all his writings, the plague, the country, the battle of the bulls, the labour of the bees, and those many other excellent images of nature, most of which are neither great in themselves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up; but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was said by Ovid, *Materia superabat opus*: the very sound of his words has often somewhat that is conatural to the subject; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification: and this is it which Horace means in his epistle to the Pisos.

Dixerit egregiè notum si callida verbum
Reddiderat junctura novum——

Dryden.

§ 83. *Examples that Words may affect without raising Images.*

I find it very hard to persuade several, that their passions are affected by words from whence they have no ideas; and yet harder to convince them, that in the ordinary course of conversation, we are sufficiently understood without raising any images of the things concerning which we speak. It seems to be an odd subject of dispute with any man, whether he has ideas in his mind or not. Of this, at first view, every man in his own forum ought to judge without appeal. But strange as it may appear, we are often at a loss to know what ideas we have of things, or whether we have any ideas at all upon some subjects. It even requires some attention to be thoroughly satisfied on this head. Since I wrote these papers I found two very striking instances of the possibility there is, that a man may hear words without having any idea of the things which they represent, and yet afterwards be capable of returning them to others, combined in a new way, and with great propriety, energy, and instruction. The first instance is that of Mr. Blacklock, a poet blind from his birth. Few men blessed with the most perfect sight can describe visual objects with more spirit and justness than this blind man; which cannot possibly be owing to his having a

clearer conception of the things he describes than is common to other persons. Mr. Spence, in an elegant preface which he has written to the works of this poet, reasons very ingeniously, and, I imagine, for the most part very rightly, upon the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon; but I cannot altogether agree with him, that some improprieties in language and thought which occur in these poems, have arisen from the blind poet's imperfect conception of visual objects, since such improprieties, and much greater, may be found in writers even of an higher class than Mr. Blacklock, and who, notwithstanding, possessed the faculty of seeing in its full perfection. Here is a poet doubtless as much affected by his own descriptions as any that reads them can be; and yet he is affected with this strong enthusiasm by things of which he neither has, nor can possibly have any idea, further than that of a bare sound; and why may not those who read his works be affected in the same manner that he was, with as little of any real ideas of the things described? The second instance is of Mr. Saunderson, professor of mathematics in the university of Cambridge. This learned man had acquired great knowledge in natural philosophy, in astronomy, and whatever sciences depend upon mathematical skill. What was the most extraordinary, and the most to my purpose, he gave excellent lectures upon light and colours; and this man taught others the theory of those ideas which they had, and which he himself undoubtedly had not. But the truth is, that the words red, blue, green, answered to him as well as the ideas of the colours themselves; for the ideas of greater or lesser degrees of refrangibility being applied to these words, and the blind man being instructed in what other respects they were found to agree or to disagree, it was as easy for him to reason upon the words, as if he had been fully master of the ideas. Indeed, it must be owned, he could make no new discoveries in the way of experiment. He did nothing but what we do every day in common discourse. When I wrote this last sentence, and used the words *every day*, and *common discourse*, I had no images in my mind of any succession of time: nor of men in conference with each other: nor do I imagine that the reader will have any such ideas on reading it. Neither when I spoke of red, blue, and

green, as well as of refrangibility, had I these several colours, or the rays of light passing into a different medium, and there diverted from their course, painted before me in the way of images. I know very well that the mind possesses a faculty of raising such images at pleasure; but then an act of the will is necessary to this; and in ordinary conversation, or reading, it is very rarely that any image at all is excited in the mind. If I say, "I shall go to Italy next summer," I am well understood. Yet I believe nobody has by this painted in his imagination the exact figure of the speaker passing by land or by water, or both; sometimes on horseback, sometimes in a carriage; with all the particulars of the journey. Still less has he any idea of Italy, the country to which I proposed to go; or of the greenness of the fields, the ripening of the fruits, and the warmth of the air, with the change to this from a different season, which are the ideas for which the word *summer* is substituted; but least of all has he any image from the word *next*; for this word stands for the idea of many summers, with the exclusion of all but one: and surely the man who says *next summer*, has no images of such a succession, and such an exclusion. In short, it is not only those ideas which are commonly called abstract, and of which no image at all can be found, but even of particular real beings, that we converse without having any idea of them excited in the imagination; as will certainly appear on a diligent examination of our own minds.

Burke on the Sublime.

§ 84. *The real Characteristics of the Whig and Tory Parties.*

When we compare the parties of Whig and Tory to those of Roundhead and Cavalier, the most obvious difference which appears betwixt them, consists in the principles of passive obedience and indefeasible right, which were but little heard of among the Cavaliers, but became the universal doctrine, and were esteemed the true characteristic of a Tory. Were these principles pushed into their most obvious consequences, they imply a formal renunciation of all our liberties, and an avowal of absolute monarchy; since nothing can be a greater absurdity, than a limited power which must not be resisted, even when it exceeds its limitations. But as

the most rational principles are often but a weak counterpoise to passion, 'tis no wonder that these absurd principles, sufficient, according to a celebrated author, to shock the common sense of a Hottentot or Samoide, were found too weak for that effect. These Tories, as men, were enemies to oppression; and also, as Englishmen, they were enemies to despotic power. Their zeal for liberty was, perhaps, less fervent than that of their antagonists, but was sufficient to make them forget all their general principles, when they saw themselves openly threatened with a subversion of the ancient government. From these sentiments arose the Revolution; an event of mighty consequence, and the firmest foundation of British liberty. The conduct of the Tories, during that event and after it, will afford us a true insight into the nature of that party.

In the first place they appear to have had the sentiments of a True Briton in them in their affection to liberty, and in their determined resolution not to sacrifice it to any abstract principles whatsoever, or to any imaginary rights of princes. This part of their character might justly have been doubted of before the Revolution, from the obvious tendency of their avowed principles, and from their almost unbounded compliances with a court, which made little secret of its arbitrary designs. The Revolution shewed them to have been in this respect nothing but a genuine court party, such as might be expected in a British government; that is, lovers of liberty, but great lovers of monarchy. It must, however, be confessed that they carried their monarchical principles farther, even in practice, but more so in theory, than was in any degree consistent with a limited government.

Secondly, Neither their principles nor affections concurred, entirely or heartily, with the settlement made at the Revolution, or with that which has since taken place. This part of their character may seem contradictory to the former, since any other settlement, in those circumstances of the nation, must probably have been dangerous, if not fatal to liberty. But the heart of man is made to reconcile contradictions; and this contradiction is not greater than that betwixt passive obedience, and the resistance employed at the Revolution. A Tory, therefore, since the Revolution, may be defined in a few words

to be a lover of monarchy, though without abandoning liberty, and a partisan of the family of Stuart; as a Whig may be defined to be a lover of liberty, though without renouncing monarchy; and a friend to the settlement in the protestant line.

Hume's Essays.

§ 85. *Painting disagreeable in Women.*

A lady's face, like the coat in the Tale of a Tub, if left alone, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you destroy the original ground.

Among other matter of wonder on my first coming to town, I was much surprised at the general appearance of youth among the ladies. At present there is no distinction in their complexions, between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand climacteric; yet at the same time I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the same lady. I have known an olive beauty on Monday grow very ruddy and blooming on Tuesday; turn pale on Wednesday; come round to the olive hue again on Thursday; and, in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunts in this town, except a few unfashionable people, whom nobody knows; the rest still continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off, like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a mystery that I could not unriddle, till, on being introduced to some ladies, I unluckily improved the hue of my lips at the expence of a fair one, who unthinkingly had turned her cheek; and found that my kisses were given (as is observed in the epigram) like those of Pyramus, through a wall. I then discovered, that this surprising youth and beauty was all counterfeit; and that (as Hamlet says) "God had given them one face, and they had made themselves another."

I have mentioned the accident of my carrying off half a lady's face by a salute, that your courtly dames may learn to put on their faces a little tighter; but as for my own daughters, while such fashions prevail, they shall still remain in Yorkshire. There, I think, they are pretty safe; for this unnatural fashion will hardly make its way into the country, as this vamped complexion would not stand against the rays of the sun, and would inevitably melt away in a country dance.

The ladies have, indeed, been always the greatest enemies to their own beauty, and seem to have a design against their own faces. At one time the whole countenance was eclipsed in a black velvet mask; at another it was blotted with patches: and at present it is crusted over with plaster of Paris. In those battered belles who still aim at conquest, the practice is in some sort excusable; but it is surely as ridiculous in a young lady to give up beauty for paint, as it would be to draw a good set of teeth merely to fill their places with a row of ivory.

Indeed, so common is the fashion among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a group of beauties, I consider them as so many pretty pictures; looking about me with as little emotion as I do at Hudson's: and if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the tints, and delicate touches of the painter. Art very often seems almost to vie with nature: but my attention is too frequently diverted by considering the texture and hue of the skin beneath; and the picture fails to charm, while my thoughts are engrossed by the wood and canvass.

Connoisseur.

§ 86. *On the Progress of the Arts.*

The natural progress of the works of men is from rudeness to convenience, from convenience to elegance, and from elegance to nicety.

The first labour is enforced by necessity. The savage finds himself incommoded by heat and cold, by rain and wind; he shelters himself in the hollow of a rock, and learns to dig a cave where there was none before. He finds the sun and the wind excluded by the thicket, and when the accidents of the chase, or the convenience of pasturage, leads him into more open places, he forms a thicket for himself, by planting stakes at proper distances, and laying branches from one to another.

The next gradation of skill and industry produces a house, closed with doors, and divided by partitions; and apartments are multiplied and disposed according to the various degrees of power or invention: improvement succeeds improvement, as he that is freed from a greater evil grows impatient of a less, till ease in time is advanced to pleasure.

The mind, set free from the importunities of natural want, gains leisure to go

in search of superfluous gratifications, and adds to the uses of habitation the delights of prospect. Then begins the reign of symmetry; orders of architecture are invented, and one part of the edifice is conformed to another, without any other reason than that the eye may not be offended.

The passage is very short from elegance to luxury. Ionic and Corinthian columns are soon succeeded by gilt cornices, inlaid floors, and petty ornaments, which shew rather the wealth than the taste of the possessor. *Idler.*

§ 87. *The Study of Astronomy peculiarly delightful.*

In fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature, I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, moon, and stars, the fruits also and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions or their aspects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow and the glaring comet, are decorations of this mighty theatre; and the sable hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and the rich colours in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

When I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those phenomena that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of our Creator, is an affront to Providence of the same kind, (I hope it was not impious to make such a simile) as it would be to a good poet to sit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it. And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable scenes whereby the passions of a philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprise.

How many fox-hunters and rural squires are to be found over all Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have

lived all this time in a planet; that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and that there are several other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than our own! "Ay, but," says some illiterate fellow, "I enjoy the world, and leave it to others to contemplate it." Yes, you eat, and drink, and run about upon it; that is, you enjoy as a brute; but to enjoy as a rational being, is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and, by these reflections, to obtain just sentiments of the almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attends to the flux of things in heaven and things on earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convenient seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that passes on the stage of nature, while those about him are, some fast asleep, and others struggling for the highest places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at push-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profusion of good things that distinguish the seasons, yield a prospect which annihilates all human grandeur. *Tutler.*

§ 88. *The planetary and terrestrial Worlds comparatively considered.*

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can any where behold: it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with variety of beautiful decorations; whereas, to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears an uniform aspect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who still dwell at greater distances, it entirely disappears.

That which we call alternately the morning and the evening star (as in one part of the orbit she rides foremost in the procession of night, in the other ushers in and anticipates the dawn) is a planetary world, which with the four others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and

skies of their own; are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life; all which, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the sun; receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The sun, which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is in this respect fixed and immovable; 'tis the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their staid courses. The sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles; a girdle formed to go round its circumference would require a length of millions. Were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would overwhelm our understanding, and be almost beyond the power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy? Are we ready to cry out in a transport of surprise, "How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire, and keeps alive from age to age such an enormous mass of flame!" let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

This sun, with all his attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe: every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of the day: so that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence, all which are lost to our sight in unmeasurable wilds of ether. That the stars appear like so many diminutive and scarce distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is, since a ball, shot from a loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel at this impetuous rate almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could

reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries.

While, beholding this vast expanse, I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth, with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishing grand furniture of the skies? What, but a dim speck, hardly perceivable in the map of the universe? It is observed by a very judicious writer, that if the sun himself, which enlightens that part of the creation, was extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that their loss would leave scarce a blank in the immensity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a country? What are a few lordships, or the so much admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions: but when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size, how contemptible their figure! they shrink into pompous nothings. *Spectator.*

§ 89. *The Character of Toby Bumper.*

It is one of the greatest advantages of education, that it encourages an ingenious spirit, and cultivates a liberal disposition. We do not wonder that a lad who has never been sent to school, and whose faculties have been suffered to rust at the hall-house, should form too close an intimacy with his best friends, the groom and the game-keeper; but it would amaze us to see a boy well educated cherish this ill-placed pride, of being, as it is called, the head of the company. A person of this humble ambition will be very well content to pay the reckoning, for the honour of being distinguished by the title of 'the gentleman,' while he is unwilling to associate with men of fashion, lest they should be his superiors in rank or fortune; or with men of parts, lest they should exceed him in abilities. Sometimes indeed it happens that a person of genius and learning will

stoop to receive incense of mean and illiterate flatterers in a porter-house and cider-cellar; and I remember to have heard of a poet, who was once caught in a brothel, in the very fact of reading his verses to the good old mother, and a circle of her daughters.

There are some few, who have been led into low company, merely from an affectation of humour, and from a desire of seeing the droller scenes of life, have descended to associate with the meanest of the mob, and picked their cronies from lanes and alleys. The most striking instance I know of this low passion for drollery, is Toby Bumper, a young fellow of family and fortune, and not without talents, who has taken more than ordinary pains to degrade himself; and is now almost become as low a character, as any of those whom he has chosen for his companions. Toby will drink purl in a morning, smoke his pipe in a night-cellar, dive for a dinner, or eat black puddings at Bartholomew-fair, for the humour of the thing. He has also studied, and practises, all the plebeian arts and exercises, under the best masters; and has disgraced himself with every impolite accomplishment. He has had many a set-to with Buckhorse; and has now and then the honour of receiving a fall from the great Broughton himself. Nobody is better known among the hackney-coachmen, as a brother-whip; at the noble game of prison-bars, he is a match even for the natives of Essex and Cheshire; and he is frequently engaged at the Artillery ground with Faulkner and Dingate at cricket; and is himself esteemed as good a bat as either of the Bennets. Another of Toby's favourite amusements is, to attend the executions at Tyburn; and it once happened that one of his familiar intimates was unfortunately brought thither; when Toby carried his regard to his deceased friend so far, as to get himself knocked down in endeavouring to rescue the body from the surgeons.

As Toby affects to mimic, in every particular, the art and manner of the vulgar, he never fails to enrich his conversation with their emphatic oaths and expressive dialect, which recommends him as a man of excellent humour and high fun, among the Choice Spirits at Comus's Court, or at the meeting of the *Sons of sound Sense and Satisfaction*. He is also particularly famous for singing those cant songs,

drawn up in the barbarous dialect of sharpers and pick-pockets; the humour of which he often heightens, by screwing up his mouth, and rolling about a large quid of tobacco between his jaws. These and other like accomplishments frequently promote him to the chair in these facetious societies.

Toby has indulged the same notions of humour, even in his amours; and is well-known to every street-walker from Cheap-side to Charing-cross. This has given several shocks to his constitution, and often involved him in unlucky scrapes. He has been frequently bruised, beaten, and kicked, by the bullies of Wapping and Fleet-ditch; and was once soundly drubbed by a soldier for engaging with his trull. The last time I saw him he was laid up with two black eyes, and a broken pate, which he got in a midnight skirmish, about a mistress, in a night-cellar.

Connoisseur.

§ 90. *Causes of National Characters.*

The vulgar are very apt to carry all national characters to extremes; and having once established it as a principle, that any people are knavish, or cowardly, or ignorant, they will admit of no exception, but comprehend every individual under the same character. Men of sense condemn these undistinguishing judgments; though at the same time they allow, that each nation has a peculiar set of manners, and that some particular qualities are more frequently to be met with among one people than among their neighbours. The common people in Switzerland have surely more probity than those of the same rank in Ireland; and every prudent man will, from that circumstance alone, make a difference in the trust which he reposes in each. We have reason to expect greater wit and gaiety in a Frenchman than in a Spaniard, though Cervantes was born in Spain. An Englishman will naturally be thought to have more wit than a Dane, though Tycho Brahe was a native of Denmark.

Different reasons are assigned for these national characters, while some account for them from moral, and others from physical causes. By moral causes I mean all circumstances which are fitted to work on the mind, as motives or reasons, and which render a peculiar set of manners habitual to us. Of this kind are the nature of the government, the revolutions of public affairs, the plenty or penury in

which the people live, the situation of the nation with regard to its neighbours, and such like circumstances. By physical causes, I mean those qualities of the air and climate, which are supposed to work insensibly on the temper, by altering the tone and habit of the body, and giving a particular complexion; which, though reflection and reason may sometimes overcome, yet will it prevail among the generality of mankind, and have an influence on their manners.

That the character of a nation will very much depend on moral causes must be evident to the most superficial observer; since a nation is nothing but a collection of individuals, and the manners of individuals are frequently determined by these causes. As poverty and hard labour debase the minds of the common people, and render them unfit for any science and ingenious profession, so where any government becomes very oppressive to all its subjects, it must have a proportional effect on their temper and genius, and must banish all the liberal arts from amongst them.

The same principle of moral causes fixes the characters of different professions, and alters even the disposition which the particular members receive from the hand of nature. A soldier and a priest are different characters, in all nations and all ages, and this difference is founded on circumstances, whose operations is external and unalterable.

The uncertainty of their life makes soldiers lavish and generous, as well as brave: their idleness, as well as the large societies which they form in camps or garrisons, inclines them to pleasure and gallantry; by their frequent change of company they acquire good breeding and an openness of behaviour; being employed only against a public and open enemy, they become candid, honest, and undesigning; and as they use more the labour of the body than the mind, they are commonly thoughtless and ignorant.

'Tis a trite but not altogether a false maxim, that priests of all religions are the same; and though the character of the profession will not in every instance prevail over the personal character, yet is it sure always to predominate with the greater number. For as chemists observe, that spirits when raised to a certain height are all the same, from whatever materials they be extracted; so these men being

elevated above humanity, acquire an uniform character which is entirely their own, and which is, in my opinion, generally speaking, not the most amiable that is to be met with in human society; it is in most points opposite to that of a soldier, as is the way of life from which it is derived.

Hume's Essays.

§ 91. *The Characters of Gamesters.*

The whole tribe of gamesters may be ranked under two divisions: Every man who makes carding, dicing, and betting his daily practice, is either a dupe or a sharper; two characters equally the objects of envy and admiration. The dupe is generally a person of great fortune and weak intellects:

“ Who will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
“ As asses are.”

SHAKESPEARE.

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards and dice, but because it is the fashion; and if whist or hazard are proposed, he will no more refuse to make one at the table, than among a set of hard drinkers, he would object drinking his glass in turn, because he is not dry.

There are some few instances of men of sense, as well as family and fortune, who have been dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has seized them, that they have sacrificed every thing to it, and have seemed wedded to seven's the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of sense thus infatuated. He makes himself and family a prey to a gang of villains more infamous than highwaymen; and perhaps, when his ruin is completed, he is glad to join with the very scoundrels that destroyed him, and live upon the spoil of others, whom he can draw into the same follies that proved so fatal to himself.

Here we may take a survey of the character of a sharper; and that he may have no room to complain of foul play, let us begin with his excellences. You will perhaps be startled, Mr. Town, when I mentioned the excellences of a sharper; but a gamester, who makes a decent figure in the world, must be endued with many amiable qualities, which would undoubtedly appear with great lustre, were they not eclipsed by the odious character affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common business of his profession, he must be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with a stoical calmness of tem-

per, and a constant presence of mind. He must smile at the loss of thousands; and is not to be discomposed, though ruin stares him in the face. As he is to live among the great, he must not want politeness and affability; he must be submissive, but not servile; he must be master of an ingenuous liberal air, and have a seeming openness of behaviour.

These must be the chief accomplishments of our hero; but lest I should be accused of giving too favourable a likeness of him, now we have seen his outside, let us take a view of his heart. There we shall find avarice the main spring that moves the whole machine. Every gamester is eaten up with avarice; and when this passion is in full force, it is more strongly predominant than any other. It conquers even lust; and conquers it more effectually than age. At sixty we look at a fine woman with pleasure, but when cards and dice have engrossed our attention, women and all their charms are slighted at five-and-twenty. A thorough gamester renounces Venus and Cupid for Plutus and Ames-ace, and owns no mistress of his heart except the queen of trumps. His insatiable avarice can only be gratified by hypocrisy; so that all those specious virtues already mentioned, and which, if real, might be turned to the benefit of mankind, must be directed in a gamester towards the destruction of his fellow-creatures. His quick and lively parts serve only to instruct and assist him in the most dexterous method of packing the cards and cogging the dice; his fortitude, which enables him to lose thousands without emotion, must often be practised against the stings and reproaches of his conscience, and his liberal deportment and affected openness is a specious veil to recommend and conceal the blackest villany.

It is now necessary to take a second survey of his heart; and as we have seen its vices, let us consider its miseries. The covetous man, who has not sufficient courage or inclination to increase his fortune by bets, cards, or dice, but is contented to hoard up thousands by thefts less public, or by cheats less liable to uncertainty, lives in a state of perpetual suspicion and terror: but the avaricious fears of the gamester are infinitely greater. He is constantly to wear a mask; and like Monsieur St. Croix, *coadjuteur* to that famous *empoisonneuse*, Madame Brinvillier, if his

mask falls off, he runs the hazard of being suffocated by the stench of his own poison. I have seen some examples of this sort not many years ago at White's. I am uncertain whether the wretches are still alive; but if they are still alive, they breathe like toads under ground, crawling amidst old walls, and paths long since unfrequented.

But supposing that the sharper's hypocrisy remains undetected, in what a state of mind must that man be, whose fortune depends upon the insincerity of his heart, the disingenuity of his behaviour, and the false bias of his dice! What sensations must he suppress, when he is obliged to smile, although he is provoked; when he must look serene in the height of despair; and when he must act the stoic, without the consolation of one virtuous sentiment, or one moral principle! How unhappy must he be, even in that situation from which he hopes to reap most benefit; I mean amidst stars, garters, and the various herds of nobility! Their lordships are not always in a humour to play: they choose to laugh; they choose to joke; in the mean while our hero must patiently await the good hour, and must not only join in the laugh, and applaud the joke, but must humour every turn and caprice to which that set of spoiled children, called bucks of quality, are liable. Surely his brother Thicket's employment, of sauntering on horseback in the wind and rain till the Reading coach passes through Smallberry-green, is the more eligible, and no less honest occupation.

The sharper has also frequently the mortification of being thwarted in his designs. Opportunities of fraud will not for ever present themselves. The false dice cannot be constantly produced, nor the packed cards always be placed upon the table. It is then our gamester is in the greatest danger. But even then, when he is in the power of fortune, and has nothing but mere luck and fair play on his side, he must stand the brunt, and perhaps give away his last guinea, as coolly as he would lend a nobleman a shilling.

Our hero is now going off the stage, and his catastrophe is very tragical. The next news we hear of him is his death, achieved by his own hand, and with his own pistol. An inquest is bribed, he is buried at midnight—and forgotten before sun-rise.

These two portraits of a sharper, where-

in I have endeavoured to shew different likenesses in the same man, put me in mind of an old print, which I remember at Oxford, of Count Guiscard. At first sight he was exhibited in a full-bottomed wig, a hat and a feather, embroidered clothes, diamond buttons, and the full court dress of those days; but by pulling a string the folds of the paper were shifted, the face only remained, a new body came forward, and Count Guiscard appeared to be a devil.

Connoisseur.

§ 92. *The TATLER's Advice to his Sister Jenny; a good Lesson for young Ladies.*

My brother Tranquillus being gone out of town for some days, my sister Jenny sent me word she would come and dine with me, and therefore desired me to have no other company. I took care accordingly, and was not a little pleased to see her enter the room with a decent and matron-like behaviour which I thought very much became her. I saw she had a great deal to say to me, and easily discovered in her eyes, and the air of her countenance, that she had abundance of satisfaction in her heart, which she longed to communicate. However, I was resolved to let her break into her discourse her own way, and reduced her to a thousand little devices and intimations to bring me to the mention of her husband. But finding I was resolved not to name him, she begun of her own accord: "My husband," says she, "gives his humble service to you;" to which I only answered, "I hope he is well," and without waiting for a reply, fell into other subjects. She at last was out of all patience, and said, with a smile and manner that I thought had more beauty and spirit than I had ever observed before in her; "I did not think, brother, you had been so ill-natured. You have seen, ever since I came in, that I had a mind to talk of my husband, and you will not be so kind as to give me an occasion." "I did not know," said I, "but it might be a disagreeable subject to you. You do not take me for so old-fashioned a fellow as to think of entertaining a young lady with the discourse of her husband. I know nothing is more acceptable than to speak of one who is to be so; but to speak of one who is so—indeed, Jenny, I am a better bred man than you think me." She shewed a little dislike to my rallery, and by her bridling up, I perceived she expected to be treated hereafter not as Jen-

ny Distaff, but Mrs. Tranquillus. I was very well pleased with the change in her humour; and upon talking with her upon several subjects, I could not but fancy that I saw a great deal of her husband's way and manner in her remarks, her phrases, the tone of her voice, and the very air of her countenance. This gave me an unspeakable satisfaction, not only because I had found her a husband from whom she could learn many things that were laudable, but also because I looked upon her imitation of him as an infallible sign that she entirely loved him. This is an observation that I never knew fail, though I do not remember that any other has made it. The natural slyness of her sex hindered her from telling me the greatness of her own passion, but I easily collected it from the representation she gave me of his. "I have every thing in Tranquillus," says she, "that I can wish for and enjoy in him (what indeed you told me were to be met with in a good husband), the fondness of a lover, the tenderness of a parent, and the intimacy of a friend." It transported me to see her eyes swimming in tears of affection when she spoke. "And is there not, dear sister," said I, "more pleasure in the possession of such a man, than in all the little impertinences of balls, assemblies, and equipage, which it cost me so much pains to make you contemn?" She answered, smiling, "Tranquillus has made me a sincere convert in a few weeks, though I am afraid you could not have done it in your whole life. To tell you truly, I have only one fear hanging upon me, which is apt to give me trouble in the midst of all my satisfactions: I am afraid, you must know, that I shall not always make the same amiable appearance in his eyes that I do at present. You know, brother Bickerstaff, that you have the reputation of a conjuror, and if you have any one secret in your art to make your sister always beautiful, I should be happier than if I were mistress of all the worlds you have shewn me in a starry night." "Jenny," said I, "without having recourse to magic, I shall give you one plain rule, that will not fail of making you always amiable to a man who has so great a passion for you, and is of so equal and reasonable a temper as Tranquillus:—Endeavour to please, and you must please. Be always in the same disposition as you

are when you ask for this secret, and you may take my word, you will never want it; an inviolable fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the deceays of it invisible." *Taller.*

§ 93. *Curiosity.*

The love of variety, or curiosity of seeing new things, which is the same or at least a sister passion to it,—seems wove into the frame of every son and daughter of Adam; we usually speak of it as one of nature's levities, though planted within us for the solid purposes of carrying forward the mind to fresh inquiry and knowledge: strip us of it, the mind (I fear) would doze for ever over the present page; and we should all of us rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the parish or province where we first drew breath.

It is to this spur which is ever in our sides, that we owe the impatience of this desire for travelling: the passion is no ways bad,—but as others are—in its mismanagement or excess;—order it rightly, the advantages are worth the pursuit; the chief of which are—to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and understand the government and interest of other nations;—to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, and fit the mind more easily for conversation and discourse; to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the tracts of nursery mistakes; and by shewing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments—by tasting perpetually the varieties of nature, to know what is good—by observing the address and arts of men, to conceive what is sincere,—and by seeing the difference of so many various humours and manners—to look into ourselves, and form our own.

This is some part of the cargo we might return with; but the impulse of seeing new sights, augmented with that of getting clear from all lessons both of wisdom and reproof at home—carries our youth too early out, to turn this venture to much account; on the contrary, if the scene painted of the prodigal in his travels, looks more like a copy than an original—will it not be well if such an adventurer, with so unpromising a setting-out,—without care—without compass,—be not cast away for ever;—and may he not be said to escape well—if he returns

to his country only as naked as he first left it?

But you will send an able pilot with your son—a scholar.—

If wisdom could speak no other language but Greek or Latin—you do well—or if mathematics will make a gentleman,—or natural philosophy but teach him to make a bow—he may be of some service in introducing your son into good societies, and supporting him in them when he has done—but the upshot will be generally this, that in the most pressing occasions of address, if he is a man of mere reading, the unhappy youth will have the tutor to carry—and not the tutor to carry him.

But you will avoid this extreme; he shall be escorted by one who knows the world, not merely from books—but from his own experience:—a man who has been employed on such services, and thrice made the tour of Europe with success.

—That is, without breaking his own, or his pupil's neck;—for if he is such as my eyes have seen! some broken Swiss valet-de-chambre—some general undertaker, who will perform the journey in so many months, “if God permit,”—much knowledge will not accrue;—some profit at least,—he will learn the amount, to a halfpenny, of every stage from Calais to Rome;—he will be carried to the best inns,—instructed where there is the best wine, and sup a livre cheaper, than if the youth had been left to make the tour and bargain himself. Look at our governor! I beseech you:—see, he is an inch taller as he relates the advantages.—

—And here endeth his pride—his knowledge, and his use.

But when your son gets abroad, he will be taken out of his hands, by his society with men of rank and letters, with whom he will pass the greatest part of his time.

Let me observe, in the first place, that company which is really good is very rare and very shy: but you have surmounted this difficulty, and procured him the best letters of recommendation to the most eminent and respectable in every capital.

And I answer, that he will obtain all by them, which courtesy strictly stands obliged to pay on such occasions,—but no more.

There is nothing in which we are so

much deceived, as in the advantages proposed from our connexions and discourse with the literati, &c. in foreign parts; especially if the experiment is made before we are matured by years or study.

Conversation is a traffic; and if you enter into it without some stock of knowledge, to balance the account perpetually betwixt you—the trade drops at once; and this is the reason,—however it may be boasted to the contrary, why travellers have so little (especially good) conversation with natives,—owing to their suspicion,—or perhaps conviction, that there is nothing to be extracted from the conversation of young itinerants, worth the trouble of their bad language,—or the interruption of their visits.

The pain on these occasions is usually reciprocal; the consequence of which is, that the disappointed youth seeks an easier society; and as bad company is always ready,—and ever lying in wait—the career is soon finished; and the poor prodigal returns the same object of pity, with the prodigal in the gospel.

Sterne's Sermons.

§ 94. *Controversy seldom decently conducted.*

'Tis no uncommon circumstance in controversy, for the parties to engage in all the fury of disputation, without precisely instructing their readers, or truly knowing themselves, the particulars about which they differ. Hence that fruitless parade of argument, and those opposite pretences to demonstration, with which most debates, on every subject, have been infested. Would the contending parties first be sure of their own meaning, and then communicate their sense to others in plain terms and simplicity of heart, the face of controversy would soon be changed, and real knowledge, instead of imaginary conquest, would be the noble reward of literary toil.

Broune's Essays.

§ 95. *How to please in Conversation.*

None of the desires dictated by vanity is more general, or less blamable, than that of being distinguished for the arts of conversation. Other accomplishments may be possessed without opportunity of exerting them, or wanted without danger that the defect can often be remarked; but as no man can live otherwise than in an hermitage without hourly pleasure or vexation, from the fondness or neglect of

those about him, the faculty of giving pleasure is of continual use. Few are more frequently envied than those who have the power of forcing attention wherever they come, whose entrance is considered as a promise of felicity, and whose departure is lamented, like the recess of the sun from northern climates, as a privation of all that enlivens fancy and inspires gaiety.

It is apparent that to excellence in this valuable art, some peculiar qualifications are necessary; for every man's experience will inform him, that the pleasure which men are able to give in conversation holds no stated proportion to their knowledge or their virtue. Many find their way to the tables and the parties of those, who never consider them as of the least importance in any other place; we have all, at one time or other, been content to love those whom we could not esteem, and been persuaded to try the dangerous experiment of admitting him for a companion, whom we knew to be too ignorant for a counsellor, and too treacherous for a friend.

He that would please must rarely aim at such excellence as depresses his hearers in their own opinion, or debars them from the hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company. Merriment extorted by sallies of imagination, sprightliness of remark, or quickness of reply, is too often what the Latins call, the Sardinian laughter, a distortion of face without gladness of the heart.

For this reason no style of conversation is more extensively acceptable than the narrative. He who has stored his memory with slight anecdotes, private incidents, and personal peculiarities, seldom fails to find his audience favourable. Almost every man listens with eagerness to extemporary history; for almost every man has some real or imaginary connection with a celebrated character, some desire to advance or oppose a rising name. Vanity often co-operates with curiosity. He that is a hearer in one place, qualifies himself to become a speaker in another; for though he cannot comprehend a series of argument, or transport the volatile spirits of wit without evaporation, yet he thinks himself able to treasure up the various incidents of a story, and pleases his hopes with the information which he shall give to some inferior society.

Narratives are for the most part heard without envy, because they are not supposed to employ any intellectual qualities above the common rate. To be acquainted with facts not yet echoed by plebeian mouths, may happen to one man as well as to another, and to relate them when they are known, has in appearance so very little difficulty, that every one concludes himself equal to the task.

Rambler.

§ 96. *The various Faults in Conversation and Behaviour pointed out.*

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but rather point out such faults in discourse and behaviour, as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amusing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for conversation, where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among persons of fashion: there it is almost annihilated by universal card-playing; insomuch that I have heard it given as a reason, why it is impossible for our present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality scarce ever meet but to game. All their discourse turns upon the odd trick and the four honours; and it is no less a maxim with the votaries of whist than with those of Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

Every one endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can; but it often happens, that those who most aim at shining in conversation, overshoot their mark. Though a man succeeds, he should not (as is frequently the case) engross the whole talk to himself; for that destroys the very essence of conversation, which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball banded to and fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a foot-ball. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of our discourse to our company; and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of country justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over the whole conversation, than certain peculiarities, easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them, as are most commonly to be met with; and first to take notice of those buffoons in society, the Attitudina-

rians and Face-makers. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture; they assent with a shrug, and contradict with a twisting of the neck; are angry with a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper of a minuet step. They may be considered as speaking harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master. These should be condemned to converse only in dumb-show with their own persons in a looking-glass; as well as the Smirkers and Smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-sçai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of Mimics, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance: though they are such wretched imitators, that (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before we can discover any likeness.

Next to these, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the professed Speakers. And first, the emphatical; who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression: they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunctive *and*; which they seem to hawk up with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no less pain, into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe (as it were) the ears of a deaf man, through an hearing trumpet: though I must confess, that I am equally offended with the Whisperers or Low Speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the full exhalations of a stinking breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering gallery. The Wits, who will not condescend to utter any thing but a *bon mot*; and the Whistlers or Tune-hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert; and to those tinkling cymbals I would also add the sounding brass, the Bawler, who inquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

The Tatlers, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the "soft parts of conversation," and sweetly "prattling out of fashion," make very pretty music from a beautiful face and a female tongue; but from a rough manly voice and coarse features, mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. The Swearers I have spoken of in a former paper; but the Half-swearers, who split, and mince, and fritter their oaths into *gad's bud*, *ad's fish*, and *demme*; the Gothic humbuggers, and those who "nick-name God's creatures," and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and an unaccountable *muskin*, should never come into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation: nor dwell particularly on the Sensibles, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences; the Wonderers, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes; the Phraseologists, who explain a thing by *all that*, or enter into particulars with *this and that and 't'other*; and lastly, the Silent men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the precept of the gospel, by letting their conversation be only "yea yea, and nay nay."

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding: we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice or tools of folly; and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers, that even birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear to their own native wood-notes, as any signor or signora for an Italian air; that the boars of Westphalia grunt as expressively through the nose as the inhabitants in High-German; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak

as intelligibly as the natives jabber their Low-Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between Chatterers and monkeys, and Praters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once: Grunters and Growlers may justly be compared to hogs: Snarlors are curs, that continually shew their teeth, but never bite: and the spitfire Passionate are a sort of wild cats, that will not bear stroking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are screech-owls; and Story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are cuckoos. Poets that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than asses: Critics in general are venomous serpents, that delight in hissing; and some of them who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than magpies. *Connoisseur*.

§ 97. *A Citizen's Country House described.*

SIR,

I remember to have seen a little French novel, giving an account of a citizen of Paris making an excursion into the country. He imagines himself about to undertake a long voyage to some strange region, where the natives were as different from the inhabitants of his own city as the most distant nations. He accordingly takes boat, and is landed at a village about a league from the capital. When he is set on shore, he is amazed to see the people speak the same language, wear the same dress, and use the same customs with himself. He who had spent all his life within the sight of Pont Neuf, looked upon every one that lived out of Paris as a foreigner; and though the utmost extent of his travels was not three miles, he was as much surprised, as he would have been to meet with a colony of Frenchmen on the Terra Incognita.

In your late paper on the amusements of Sunday, you have set forth in what manner our citizens pass that day, which most of them devote to the country; but I wish you had been more particular in your descriptions of those elegant rural mansions, which at once shew the opulence and the taste of our principal merchants, mechanics, and artificers.

I went last Sunday, in compliance with

a most pressing invitation from a friend, to spend the whole day with him at one of these little seats, which he had fitted out for his retirement once a week from business. It is pleasantly situated about three miles from London, on the side of a public road, from which it is separated by a dry ditch, over which is a little bridge, consisting of two narrow planks, leading to the house. From the lower part of the house there is no prospect; but from the garrets, indeed, you may see two men hanging in chains on Kennington common, with a distant view of St. Paul's cupola enveloped in a cloud of smoke. I set out in the morning with my friend's book-keeper, who was my guide. When I came to the house, I found my friend in a black velvet cap sitting at the door smoking; he welcomed me into the country, and after having made me observe the turnpike on my left, and the Golden Sheaf on my right, he conducted me into his house, where I was received by his lady, who made a thousand apologies for being caught in such a dishabille.

The hall, (for so I was taught to call it) had its white walls almost hid by a curious collection of prints and paintings. On one side was a large map of London, a plan and elevation of the Mansion-house, with several lesser views of the public buildings and halls: on the other was the Death of the Stag, finely coloured by Mr. Overton: close by the parlour door there hung a pair of stag's horns; over which there was laid across a red roquelo, and an amber-headed cane. Over the chimney-piece was my friend's picture, who was drawn bolt upright in a full-bottomed perriwig, a laced cravat with the fringed ends appearing through a button-hole, a snuff-coloured velvet coat with gold buttons, a red velvet waistcoat trimmed with gold, one hand stuck in the bosom of his shirt, and the other holding out a letter with this superscription: "To Mr. ———, common council-man of Farringdon-ward without." My eyes were then directed to another figure in a scarlet gown, who I was informed was my friend's wife's great great uncle, and had been sheriff, and knighted in the reign of king James the First. Madam herself filled up a pannel on the opposite side, in the habit of a shepherdess, smelling to a nosegay, and stroking a ram with gilt horns.

I was then invited by my friend to see

what he was pleased to call his garden, which was nothing more than a yard about thirty feet in length, and contained about a dozen little pots ranged on each side with lilies and coxcombs, supported by some old laths painted green, with bowls of tobacco-pipes on their tops. At the end of this garden he bade me take notice of a little square building surrounded with filleroy, which he told me an alderman of great taste had turned into a temple, by erecting some battlements and spires of painted wood on the front of it: but concluded with a hint, that I might retire to it upon occasion.

As the riches of the country are visible in the number of its inhabitants, and the elegance of their dwellings, we may venture to say that the present state of England is very flourishing and prosperous: and if our taste for building increases with our opulence for the next century, we shall be able to boast of finer country-seats belonging to our shop-keepers, artificers, and other plebeians, than the most pompous descriptions of Italy or Greece have ever recorded. We read, it is true, of country-seats belonging to Pliny, Hortensius, Lucullus, and other Romans. They were patricians of great rank and fortune; there can therefore be no doubt of the excellence of their villas. But who has ever read of a Chinese bridge belonging to an Attic tallow-chandler, or a Roman pastry-cook? Or, could any of their shoemakers or tailors boast a villa with his tin cascades, paper statues, and Gothic root-houses? Upon the above principles we may expect, that posterity will perhaps see a cheesemonger's *apiarium* at Brentford, a poulterer's *theriotrophium* at Chiswick, and an *ornithon* in a fishmonger's garden at Putney. *Connoisseur.*

§. 98. *Humorous Scene between DENNIS the Critic (satirically represented by SWIFT as mad) and the Doctor.*

Scene, DENNIS's Garret.

DENNIS, DOCTOR, NURSE, LINTOT *the Bookseller, and another Author.*

DENNIS. [*Looking wise, and bringing out his words slowly, and formally.*]

Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you, as it did with your predecessor, the famous Hippocrates, whom the mistaken citizens of Abdera sent for, in this very

manner, to cure the philosopher Democritus. He returned full of admiration at the wisdom of the person whom he had supposed a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it was thus that Aristotle himself, and all the great ancients, spent their days and nights wrapt up in criticism, and beset all round with their own writings. As for me, be assured, I have no disease besides a swelling in my legs, of which I say nothing, since your art may farther certify you.

Doctor. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this swelling?

Dennis. By criticism.

Doctor. By criticism! that's a distemper I have never heard nor read of.

Dennis. Death, Sir, a distemper! it is no distemper; but a noble art. I have sat fourteen hours a day at it: and are you a doctor and don't know that there is a communication between the brain and the legs?

Doctor. What made you sit so many hours, Sir?

Dennis. Cato, Sir.

Doctor. Sir, I speak of your distemper. What gave you this tumour?

Dennis. Cato, Cato, Cato*.

Nurse. For God's sake, Doctor, name not this evil spirit; it is the whole cause of his madness. Alas! poor master will have his fits again. *[almost crying.]*

Lintot. Fits! with a pox! a man may well have fits and swelled legs, that sits writing fourteen hours in a day. The Remarks, the Remarks, have brought all his complaints upon him.

Doctor. The Remarks! what are they?

Dennis. Death! have you never read my Remarks? I'll be hang'd if this nig-gardly bookseller has advertised the book as it should have been.

Lintot. Not advertise it, quoth'a! pox! I have laid out pounds after pounds in advertising. There has been as much done for the book as could be done for any book in Christendom.

Doctor. We had better not talk of books, Sir, I am afraid they are the fuel that feed his delirium. Mention books no more.—I desire a word in private with this gentleman.—I suppose, Sir, you are his apothecary.

Gent. Sir, I am his friend.

Doctor. I doubt it not. What regimen have you observed since he has been un-

der your care? You remember, I suppose, the passage in Celsus, which says, "If the patient on the third day have an interval, suspend the medicines at night." Let fumigations be used to corroborate the brain. I hope you have, upon no account, promoted sternutation by hellebore.

Gent. Sir, you mistake the matter quite.

Doctor. What! an apothecary tell a physician he mistakes! you pretend to dispute my prescription! *Pharmacopola componant. Medicus solus præscribat.* Fumigate him, I say, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

Dennis. Death, Sir, do you take my friend for an apothecary! a man of genius and learning for an apothecary! Know, Sir, that this gentleman professes, like myself, the two noblest sciences in the universe, criticism and poetry. By the immortals, he himself is author of three whole paragraphs in my Remarks, had a hand in my public Spirit, and assisted me in my description of the furies and infernal regions in my Appius.

Lintot. He is an author. You mistake the gentleman, Doctor. He has been an author these twenty years, to his bookseller's knowledge, if to no one's else.

Dennis. Is all the town in a combination? shall poetry fall to the ground? must our reputation in foreign countries be quite lost? O destruction! perdition! cursed opera! confounded opera!* as poetry once raised critics, so, when poetry fails, critics are overturned, and the world is no more.

Doctor. He raves, he raves. He must be pinioned, he must be straight-waist-coated, that he may do no mischief.

Dennis. O I am sick! I am sick to death!

Doctor. That is a good symptom, a very good symptom. To be sick to death (says the modern theory) is *Symptoma præclarum*. When a patient is sensible of his pain he is half-cured. Pray, Sir, of what are you sick?

Dennis. Of every thing. Of every thing. I am sick of the sentiments, of the diction, of the protasis, of the epitasis, and the catastrophe.—Alas! for the lost drama! the drama is no more!

Nurse. If you want a dram, Sir, I will bring you a couple of penn'orths of gin in a minute. Mr. Lintot has drank the last of the noggin.

* He published Remarks on Cato, in the year 1712.

† He wrote a treatise to prove, that the decay of public spirit proceeds from the Italian opera.

Dennis. O scandalous want! O shameful omission! By all the immortals, here is not the shadow of a *paripatia*! no change of fortune in the tragedy!

Nurse. Pray, Sir, don't be uneasy about change. Give me the sixpence, and I'll get you change immediately at the gin shop next door.

Doctor. Hold your peace, good woman. His fit increases. We must call for help. Mr. Lintot, a——hold him, pray. [*Doctor gets behind Lintot.*]

Lintot. Plague on the man! I am afraid he is really mad. And if he be, who the devil will buy the Remarks? I wish [*scratching his head*] he had been besh-t, rather than I had meddled with his Remarks.

Doctor. He must use the cold bath, and be cupped on the head. The symptoms seem desperate. Avicen says, "If learning be mixed with a brain that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the brain ferments till it be totally exhausted." We must endeavour to eradicate these indigested ideas out of the pericranium, and to restore the patient to a competent knowledge of himself.

Dennis. Caitiffs, stand off! unhand me, miscreants! [*The Doctor, the Nurse, and Lintot, run out of the room in a hurry, and tumble down the garret stairs all together.*] Is the man, whose labours are calculated to bring the town to reason, mad? Is the man, who settles poetry on the basis of antiquity, mad? See Longinus in my right hand, and Aristotle in my left! [*Calls after the Doctor, Bookseller, and the Nurse, from the top of the stairs.*] I am the only man among the moderns, that supports the venerable ancients. And am I to be assassinated? shall a bookseller, who has lived upon my labours, take away that life to which he owes his support? [*Goes into his garret, and shuts the door.*].

§ 99. *The two Bees.*

On a fine morning in May, two Bees set forward in quest of honey: the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves for a time on the various dainties that were spread before them: the one loading his thigh at intervals with provisions for the hive against the distant winter; the other

revelling in sweets, without regard to any thing but his present gratification. At length they found a wide-mouthed phial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey ready-tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless epicure, spite of all his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The philosopher on the other hand, sipped a little with caution: but being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers: where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to inquire whether he would return to the hive; but found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave, as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament with his latest breath, that, though a taste of pleasure might quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitable destruction.

§ 100. *Pleasant Scene of Anger, and the Disappointment of it.*

There came into a bookseller's shop a very learned man, with an erect solemn air: who, though a person of great parts otherwise, is slow in understanding any thing which makes against himself. After he had turned over many volumes, said the seller to him,—Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first volume of French Sermons I formerly lent you. Sir, said the chapman, I have often looked for it but cannot find it: it is certainly lost; and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many years ago. Then, Sir, here is the other volume; I'll send you home that, and please to pay for both. My friend, replied he, can'st thou be so senseless, as not to know, that one volume is as imperfect in my library, as in your shop? Yes, Sir, but it is you have lost the first volume; and, to be short, I will be paid. Sir, answered the chapman, you are a young man; your book is lost; and learn, by this little loss, to bear much greater adversities; which you must expect to meet with. Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I must; but I have not lost now, for I say you have it, and shall pay me. Friend, you grow warm; I tell you, the

book is lost; and I foresee, in the course even of a prosperous life, that you will meet afflictions to make you mad, if you cannot bear this trifle. Sir, there is, in this case, no need of bearing, for you have the book. I say, Sir, I have not the book; but your passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn resignation betimes to the distresses of this life: nay, do not fret and fume; it is my duty to tell you that you are of an impatient spirit; and an impatient spirit is never without wo. Was ever any thing like this?—Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The loss is but a trifle; but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the least pain; therefore, let me advise you, be patient: the book is lost, but do not you, for that reason, lose yourself. *Spectator.*

§ 101. *Falstaff's Encomiums on Sack.*

A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it—It ascends me into the brain: dries me, there all the foolish, dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, inventive; full of nimbly, fiery, and delectable shapes, which delivered over to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.—The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which before, cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice. But the sherris warms it, and makes its course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and, then, the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage, and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris.—If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would

teach them, should be—To forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack. *Shakspeare.*

§ 102. *Hotspur reading a letter.*

“But, for mine own part, my lord, I “could be well contented to be there, in “respect of the love I bear your house.” —He could be contented to be there! —Why is he not then?—In respect of the love he bears our house! He shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. “The purpose you undertake is dangerous.”—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you my lord fool, out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower safety. “The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; and time itself, unsorted; and “your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.”—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lackbrain is this! Our plot is a good plot as ever was laid: our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue this is! Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself; lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan rascal is this! an infidel!—Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action.—Hang him! let him tell the king. We are prepared. I will set forward to-night. *Ibid.*

§ 103. *Falstaff's Soliloquy on Honour.*

Owe heaven a death! 'Tis not due yet; and I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me?—Well,

'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour pricks me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no; or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word honour? air: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. It is insensible then? yea to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it; therefore, I'll none of it; honour is a mere 'scutcheon; and so ends my catechism.

Shakspeare.

§ 104. *The perfect speaker.*

Imagine to yourselves a Demosthenes addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended.—How awful such a meeting! How vast the subject!—Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion? Adequate—yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject for a while superseded, by the admiration of his talents.—With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man, and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions!—To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses is here unemployed; not a faculty that he possesses but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy; without, every muscle, every nerve, is exerted: not a feature, not a limb, but speak. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously, and as it were with an electrical spirit, vibrates those energies from soul to soul.—Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become as it were, but one man, and have but one voice. The

universal cry is—Let us march against Philip—let us fight for our liberties—let us conquer—or die.

§ 105. *Distempers of the mind cured.*

Sir,

Being bred to the study of physic, and having observed, with sorrow and regret, that whatever success the faculty may meet with in bodily distempers, they are generally baffled by distempers of the mind, I have made the latter the chief subject of my attention, and may venture to affirm, that my labour has not been thrown away. Though young in my profession, I have had a tolerable share of experience, and have a right to expect, that the credit of some extraordinary cures I have performed will furnish me with opportunities of performing more. In the mean time, I require it of you, not as a favour to myself, but as an act of justice to the public, to insert the following in your chronicle.

Mr. Abraham Buskin, tailor, was horribly infected with the itch of stage-playing, to the grievous discomfiture of his wife, and the great detriment of nine small children. I prevailed with the manager of one of the theatres to admit him for a single night in the character of Othello, in which it may be remembered that a button-maker had formerly distinguished himself; when, having secured a seat in a convenient corner of the gallery, by the dexterous application of about three pecks of potatoes to the *sinciput* and *occiput* of the patient, I entirely cured him of his delirium; and he has ever since betaken himself quietly to his needle and thimble.

Mr. Edward Snap was of so choleric a temper, and so extremely apt to think himself affronted, that it was reckoned dangerous even to look at him. I tweaked him by the nose, and administered the proper application behind: and he is now so good-humoured, that he will take the greatest affront imaginable without shewing the least resentment.

The reverend Mr. Puff, a methodist preacher, was so extravagantly zealous and laborious in his calling, that his friends were afraid he would bawl himself into a consumption. By my interest with a noble lord, I procured him a living with a reasonable income: and he now behaves himself like a regular divine of

the established church, and never gets into a pulpit.

Mrs. Diana Bridle, a maiden lady, about forty years of age, had a conceit that she was with child. I advised her to convert her imaginary pregnancy into a real one, by taking a husband; and she has never been troubled with any *fancies* of that kind since.

Mr. William Moody, an elderly gentleman, who lived in a solitary part of Kent, was apt to be very low spirited in an easterly wind. I nailed his weathercock to a westerly point; and at present, whichever way the wind blows, he is equally cheerful.

Alexander Stingo, Esq. was so strongly possessed by the spirit of witticism, that he would not condescend to open his lips for any thing less than an epigram. Under the influence of this malady he has been so deplorably dull, that he has often been silent a whole week together. I took him into my own house; instead of laughing at his jests, I either pronounced them to be puns, or paid no attention to them at all. In a month I perceived a wonderful alteration in him for the better; from thinking without speaking, he began to speak without thinking: at present never says a good thing, and is a very agreeable companion.

I likewise cured a lady of a longing for ortolans, by a dozen of Dunstable larks! and could send you many other remarkable instances of the efficacy of my prescriptions; but these are sufficient for a specimen.

I am, &c.

Bonnel Thornton.

§ 106. *Character of a Choice Spirit.*

Sir,

That a tradesman has no business with humour, unless perhaps in the way of his dealing; or with writing, unless in his shop-book, is a truth, which I believe nobody will dispute with me. I am so unfortunate however as to have a nephew, who, not contented with being a grocer, is in danger of absolute ruin by his ambition of being a wit; and having forsaken his counter for Comus's Court, and dignified himself with the appellation of a Choice Spirit, is upon the point of becoming a bankrupt. Instead of distributing his shop-bills as he ought, he wastes a dozen in a morning, by scribbling shreds of his nonsense upon the back of them; and a few days since affronted an alder-

man, his best customer, by sending him a pound of prunes wrapped up in a ballad he had just written, called *The Citizen outwitted*, or a *Bob for the Mansion-House*.

He is likewise a regular frequenter of the play-houses, and, being acquainted with every underling of each theatre, is at an annual expence of ten pounds in tickets for their respective benefits. They generally adjourn together from the play to the tavern; and there is hardly a watchman within a mile of Covent Garden, but has had his head or his lantern broke by one or other of the ingenious fraternity.

I turned into his shop this morning, and had no sooner set my foot upon the threshold, than he leaped over the counter, threw himself into an attitude as he calls it, and asked me, in the words of some play that I remember to have seen formerly, "Whether I was a spirit of health, or goblin damned?" I told him he was an undoutful young dog for daring to accost his uncle in that irreverent manner; and bid him speak like a Christian, and a reasonable person. Instead of being sensible of my rebuke, he took off his wig, and having very deliberately given it two or three twirls upon his fist, and pitched it upon his head again, said I was a dry old fellow and should certainly afford them much entertainment at the club, to which he had the impudence to invite me; at the same time he thrust a card into my hand, containing a bill of fare for the evening's entertainment; and, as a further inducement, assured me, that Mr. Twister himself would be in the chair; that he was a great creature, and so prodigiously droll, that though he had heard him sing the same songs, and repeat the same stories a thousand times, he could still attend to him with as much pleasure as at first. I cast my eye over the list; and can recollect the following items:

"To all true Lovers of Fun and Jocularity.

"Mr. Twister will this evening take
"off a cat worried by two bull-dogs;
"ditto, making love in a gutter; the
"knife-grinder and his wheel; High-
"Dutch squabble; and a hog in a
"slaughter-house."

I assured him, that so far from having any relish for those detestable noises, the more they resembled the originals the less

I should like them ; and if I could ever be fool enough to go, I should at least be wise enough to stop my ears till I came out again.

Having lamented my deplorable want of taste, by the elevation of his eye brows and a significant shrug of his shoulders, he thrust his fore finger against the inside of his cheek, and plucking it out of his mouth with a jerk, made a noise which very much resembled the drawing of a cork: I found that by this signal he meant to ask me if I chose a whet? I gave my consent by a sulky kind of nod, and walked into the back room as much ashamed of my nephew as he ought to have been of himself. While he was gone to fetch a pint of mountain from the other side of the street, I had an opportunity to minute down a few of the articles of which the litter of his apartment consisted, and have selected these, as the most material, from among them :

On one of the sconces by the chimney, a smart grizzle bob-wig, well oiled and powdered, feather-topt and bag-fronted.

On the opposite sconce, a scratch.

On the window-seat, a Nankeen waist-coat, bound with silver twist without skirts or pockets, stained with red wine and pretty much shrunk.

Item, A pair of buckskin breeches, in one pocket a cat-call, in the other the mouth of a quart bottle, chipt and ground into a smooth ring, very fit to be used as a spying glass by those who never want one.

Item, A red plush frock lapped with ditto, one pocket stuffed with orange-peel, and the other with square bits of white paper ready cut and dried for a shower.

In the corner a walking-staff, not portable.

Item, A small switch.

On the head of the bureau, a letter-case, containing a play-bill, and a quack-bill ; a copy of verses, being an encomium upon Mr. Twister ; another of four lines, which he calls a distich ; and a third, very much blotted and scratched, and yet not finished, entitled, An Extempore Epigram.

Having taken this inventory of his goods and furniture, I sat down before the fire, to devise if possible, some expedient to reclaim him ; when, on a sud-

den, a sound like the braying of an ass at my elbow, alarmed me to such a degree, that I started from my seat in an instant, and to my further astonishment, beheld my nephew, almost black in the face, covering his ear with the hollow of his hand, and exerting the whole force of his lungs in imitating that respectable animal : I was so exasperated at this fresh instance of his folly, that I told him hastily, he might drink his wine alone, and that I would never see his face again, till he should think proper to appear in a character more worthy of himself and his family. He followed me to the door without making any reply ; and, having advanced to the middle of the street, fell to clapping his sides, and crowing like a cock, with the utmost vehemence ; and continued his triumphant ejaculation till I was fairly out of hearing.

Having reached my lodging, I immediately resolved to send you an account of his absurdities ; and shall take this opportunity to inform him, that as he is blest with such variety of useful talents, and so completely accomplished as a Choice Spirit, I shall not do him the injury to consider him as a tradesman, or mortify him hereafter by endeavouring to give him any assistance in his business.

I am, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 107. *A Citizen's Family setting out for Brighthelmstone.*

Sir,

That there are many disorders peculiar to the present age, which were entirely unknown to our forefathers, will (I believe) be agreed by all physicians, especially as they find an increase of their fees from them. For instance, in the language of the advertisement, " Never were " nervous disorders more frequent : " we can hardly meet with a lady that is not *na-a-arvous* to the last degree, though our mothers and grandmothers scarce ever heard the word *Nerves* : the gentlemen too are *affected* in the same manner ; and even in the country this disorder has spread like the small-pox, and infected whole villages. I have known a farmer toss off a glass of brandy in the morning to prevent his hand shaking, while his wife has been obliged to have recourse to the same cordial in her tea, because it otherwise would make her low-spirited. But there is an epidemical dis-

order (that was formerly quite unknown; and even now wants a name) which seizes whole families here in town at this season of the year. As I cannot define it, I shall not pretend to describe or account for it: but one would imagine, that the people were all bit by a mad dog, as the same remedy is thought necessary. In a word, of whatever nature the complaint may be, it is imagined that nothing will remove it, but spending the summer months in some dirty fishing town by the sea-shore; and the water is judged to be the most efficacious, where there is the greatest resort of afflicted persons.

I called upon a friend the other morning, in the city, pretty early, about business, when I was surprised to see a coach and four at the door, which the 'prentice and book-keeper were loading with trunks, portmanteaus, baskets, and band-boxes. The front glass was screened by two round paper hat-cases hung up before it; against one door was placed a guitar-case; and a red satin cardinal, lined and edged with fir, was pinned against the other; while the extremities of an enormous hoop-petticoat rested upon each window. These preparations were undoubtedly for a journey: and when I came in, I found the family were equipped accordingly. The lady-mother was dressed in a Joseph of scarlet duffil, buttoned down from the breast to the feet, with a black silk bonnet tied down to her head with a white handkerchief: little miss (about sixteen years of age) had a blue camblet jacket, cuffed and lapped with pink satin, with a narrow edging of silver lace, a black beaver hat, covered on the outside with white shag, and cocked behind, with a silver button and loop, and a blue feather. The old gentleman had very little particular in his dress, as he wore his usual pompadour-coloured coat with guilt buttons; only he had added to it a scarlet cloth waistcoat with a broad tarnished gold lace, which was made when he was chosen of the common-council. Upon my entrance, I naturally asked them if they were going into the country; to which the old lady replied in the affirmative, at the same time assuring me that she was sorry to take Mr. ——— from his business, but she was obliged to it on account of her health. "Health!" says the old gentleman, "I don't understand your

"whim-whams, not I; here it has cost me the Lord knows what in doctor's stuff already, without your being a pin the better for it; and now you must lug me and all the family to Brightelmstone." "Why, my dear," said the lady, "you know Dr. ——— tells me there is nothing will do my spirits so much good as bathing in the sea." "The sea!" said the old gentleman; "why then could you not have taken lodgings at Gravesend, where I might easily have come in the evening, and gone back time enough for 'Change in the morning?" The good lady told him that he had no taste, that people of the best fashion went to Brightelmstone, and that it was high time their girl should see a little of the world. To this miss assented, by declaring, that indeed she had been no where but to the play and the castle-concert, since she had left the boarding school. Both the females then asked me an hundred questions, such as, whether the sea looked green, and how much bigger it was than the Thames,—till the maid gave them notice that every thing was put up. Accordingly, I saw them into the coach; and the old lady did not forget to take the pug-dog with her, who, she declared, should go every morning into the sea, as she had been told it was good for the mange.

I cannot but agree with my city friend, that lodgings at Gravesend would answer all the common purposes of a jaunt to Brightelmstone; for though one pretence for visiting these places is, *going into the country*, people in fact do not leave town, but rather carry London with them. Their way of living is exactly the same as here, and their amusements not very different. They suffer themselves to be mewed up in a little dirty lodging, with not half so good a prospect, or so good an air, as in the high road at Islington or Knightsbridge. Their mornings are drawled away, with, perhaps, a saunter upon the beach, which commands the delightful view of half a dozen hoys, and as many fishing-smacks; and if it was not for a lounge at the coffee-house, or the bookseller's, they would be at a loss how to fill up the vacant hours till dinner. The evenings would hang no less heavy on their hands, but for the ingenious contrivance of the assembly-room; where, instead of enjoying the cool temperature of the open air, they choose to swelter in a crowd, and be almost suffo-

ated with their own breaths. Add to this the refreshing summer diversion of jiggling it to the delightful music of country scrapers,—to say nothing of the calmer and less sudorific exercise of the card-table. But what is most ridiculous, is the attention paid to dress in these public retirements, where a gentleman or a lady is expected to appear as gay as at court, or at Ranelagh; consequently, as soon as you arrive at them, you have bills civilly thrust into your hands, acquainting you, that there is such an one, a milliner, and such an one, a hair-dresser, *from London*.

I am a sincere well-wisher to your paper, &c.

ANTHONY FRESHWATER.
B. Thornton.

§ 108. *Character of a mighty good Kind of Man.*

Sir,

I have always thought your mighty good kind of man to be a very good-for-nothing fellow; and whoever is determined to think otherwise, may as well pass over what follows.

The good qualities of a mighty good kind of man (if he has any) are of the negative kind. He does very little harm; but you never find him do any good. He is very decent in appearance, and takes care to have all the externals of sense and virtue; but you never perceive the heart concerned in any word, thought, or action. Not many love him, though very few think ill of him: to him every body is his "Dear Sir," though he cares not a farthing for any body but himself. If he writes to you, though you have but the slightest acquaintance with him, he begins with "Dear Sir," and ends with, "I am, "good Sir, your ever sincere and affectionate friend, and most obedient humble servant." You may generally find him in company with older persons than himself, but always with richer. He does not talk much; but he has a "Yes," or a "True, Sir," or "You observe very right, Sir," for every word that is said; which with the old gentry, that love to hear themselves talk, makes him pass for a mighty sensible and discerning, as well as a mighty good kind of man. It is so familiar to him to be agreeable, and he has got such a habit of assenting to every thing advanced in company, that he does it without the trouble of thinking what he is about. I have known such a one, after having approved

an observation made by one of the company, assent with "What you say is very just," to an opposite sentiment from another: and I have frequently made him contradict himself five times in a minute. As the weather is a principal and favourite topic of a mighty good kind of man, you may make him agree, that it is very hot, very cold, very cloudy, a fine sunshine, or it rains, snows, hails, or freezes, all in the same hour. The wind may be high or not blow at all; it may be East, West, North, or South, South East and by East, or in any part in the compass, or any point not in the compass, just as you please. This, in a stage-coach, makes him a mighty agreeable companion, as well as a mighty good kind of man. He is so civil, and so well-bred, that he would keep you standing half an hour uncovered in the rain, rather than he would step into your chariot before you: and the dinner is in danger of growing cold, if you attempt to place him at the upper end of the table. He would not suffer a glass of wine to approach his lips, till he drank the health of half the company, and would sooner rise hungry from table, than not drink to the other half before dinner is over, lest he should offend any by his neglect. He never forgets to hob or nob with the lady of the family, and by no means omits to toast her fire-side. He is sure to take notice of little master and miss, when they appear after dinner, and is very assiduous to win their little hearts by almonds and raisins, which he never fails to carry about him for that purpose. This of course recommends him to mamma's esteem; and he is not only a mighty good kind of man, but she is certain he would make a mighty good husband.

No man is half so happy in his friendships. Almost every one he names is a friend of his, and every friend a mighty good kind of man. I had the honour of walking lately with one of those good creatures from the Royal Exchange to Piccadilly; and, I believe, he pulled off his hat to every third person we met, with a "How do you do, my dear Sir!" though I found he hardly knew the names of five of these intimate acquaintances. I was highly entertained with the greeting between my companion, and another mighty good kind of man that we met in the Strand. You would have thought they were brothers, and that they had not seen

one another for many years, by their mutual expressions of joy at meeting. They both talked together, not with a design of opposing each other, but through eagerness to approve what each other said. I caught them frequently crying, "Yes," together, and "very true," "You are very right, my dear Sir;" and at last, having exhausted their favourite topic of, what news, and the weather, they concluded with each begging to have the vast pleasure of an agreeable evening with the other very soon; but parted without naming either time or place.

I remember, at Westminster, a mighty good kind of boy, though he was generally hated by his school-fellows, was the darling of the dame where he boarded, as by his means she knew who did all the mischief in the house. He always finished his exercise before he went to play: you could never find a false concord in his prose, or a false quality in his verse; and he made huge amends for the want of sense and spirit in his compositions, by having very few grammatical errors. If you could not call him a scholar, you must allow he took great pains not to appear a dunce. At the university he never failed attending his tutor's lectures, was constant at prayers night and morning, never missed gates, or the hall at meal-times, was regular in his academical exercises, and took pride in appearing, on all occasions, with masters of arts, and he was happy, beyond measure, in being acquainted with some of the heads of houses, who were glad, through him, to know what passed among the under-graduates. Though he was not reckoned by the college to be a Newton, a Locke, or a Bacon, he was universally esteemed by the senior part, to be a mighty good kind of young man; and this even placid turn of mind has recommended him to no small preferment in the church.

We may observe, when these mighty good kind of young men come into the world, their attention to appearances and externals, beyond which the generality of people seldom examine, procures them a much better subsistence, and a more reputable situation in life, than ever their abilities, or their merit, could otherwise entitle them to. Though they are seldom advanced very high, yet, if such a one is in orders, he gets a tolerable living, or is appointed tutor to a dunce of quality, or is made companion to him on his travels;

and then, on his return, he is a mighty polite, as well as a mighty good kind of man. If he is to be a lawyer, his being such a mighty good kind of man will make the attorneys supply him with special pleadings, or bills and answers to draw, as he is sufficiently qualified by his low genius to be a dray-horse of the law. But though he can never hope to be a chancellor, or an archbishop, yet, if he is admitted of the medical college in Warwick-lane, he will have a good chance to be at the top of their profession, as the success of the faculty depends chiefly on old women, fanciful and hysterical young ones, whimsical men, and young children; among the generality of whom, nothing recommends a person so much as his being a mighty good kind of man.

I must own, that a good man, and a man of sense, certainly should have every thing that this kind of man has: yet, if he possesses no more, much is wanting to finish and complete his character. Many are deceived by French paste: it has the lustre and brilliancy of a real diamond, but the want of hardness, the essential property of this valuable jewel, discovers the counterfeit, and shews it to be of no intrinsic value whatsoever. If the head and the heart are left out in the character of any man, you might as well look for a perfect beauty in a female face without a nose, as to expect to find a valuable man without sensibility and understanding. But it often happens that these mighty good kind of men are wolves in sheep's clothing; that their want of parts is supplied by an abundance of cunning, and the outward behaviour and deportment calculated to entrap the short-sighted and unwary.

Where this is not the case, I cannot help thinking that these kind of men are no better than blanks in the creation: if they are not unjust stewards, they are certainly to be reckoned unprofitable servants, and I would recommend, that this harmless, inoffensive, insipid, mighty good kind of man should be married to a character of a very different stamp, the mighty good sort of woman—an account of whom I shall give you in a day or two.

I am your humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 109. *Character of a mighty good Sort of Woman.*

I suppose the female part of my readers

are very impatient to see the character of a mighty good sort of a woman; and doubtless every mighty good kind of man is anxious to know what sort of a wife I have picked out for him.

The mighty good sort of woman is civil without good-breeding, kind without good-nature, friendly without affection, and devout without religion. She wishes to be thought every thing she is not, and would have others looked upon to be every thing she really is. If you will take her word, she detests scandal from her heart: yet, if a young lady happens to be talked of as being too gay, with a significant shrug of her shoulders, and a shake of her head, she confesses, "It is too true, and the whole town says the same thing." She is the most compassionate creature living, and is ever *pitying* one person, and *sorry* for another. She is a great dealer in *buts*, and *ifs*, and half sentences, and does more mischief with a *may be*, and *I'll say no more*, than she could do by speaking out. She confirms the truth of any story more by her fears and doubts, than if she had given proof positive; though she always concludes with a "Let us hope otherwise."

One principal business of a mighty good sort of woman is the regulation of families; and she extends a visitatorial power over all her acquaintance. She is the umpire in all differences between man and wife, which she is sure to foment and increase by pretending to settle them; and her great impartiality and regard for both leads her always to side with one against the other. She has a most penetrating and discerning eye into the faults of the family, and takes care to pry into all their secrets, that she may reveal them. If a man happens to stay out too late in the evening, she is sure to rate him handsomely the next time she sees him, and takes special care to tell him, in the hearing of his wife, what a bad husband he is: or if the lady goes to Ranelagh, or is engaged in a party at cards, she will keep the poor husband company, that he might not be dull, and entertains him all the while with the imperfections of his wife. She has also the entire disposal of the children in her own hands, and can disinherit them, provide for them, marry them, or confine them to a state of celibacy, just as she pleases; she fixes the lad's pocket-money at school, and allowance at the university; and has sent many

an untoward boy to sea for education. But the young ladies are more immediately under her eye, and, in the grand point of matrimony, the choice or refusal depends solely upon her. One gentleman is too young, another too old; one will run out his fortune, another has too little; one is a professed rake, another a sly sinner; and she frequently tells the girl, "'Tis time enough to marry yet," till at last there is nobody will have her. But the most favourite occupation of a mighty good sort of woman is, the superintendence of the servants: she protests, there is not a good one to be got; the men are idle, and thieves, and the maids are sluts, and good-for-nothing hussies. In her own family, she takes care to separate the men from the maids at night, by the whole height of the house; these are lodged in the garret, while John takes up his roosting-place in the kitchen, or is stuffed into the turn-up seat in the passage, close to the street-door. She rises at five in the summer, and at day-light in the winter, to detect them in giving away broken victuals, coals, candles, &c. and her own footman is employed the whole morning in carrying letters of information to the masters and mistresses, wherever she sees, or rather imagines, this to be practised. She has caused many a man-servant to lose his place for romping in the kitchen, and many a maid has been turned away, upon her account, for *dressing at the men*, as she calls it, looking out at the window, or standing at the street-door, in a summer's evening. I am acquainted with three maiden-sisters, all mighty good sort of women, who, to prevent any ill consequences, will not keep a footman at all; and it is at the risk of their place, that the maids have any *comers after them*, nor will, on any account, a brother or a male cousin be suffered to visit them.

A distinguishing mark of a mighty good sort of a woman is, her extraordinary pretensions to religion: she never misses church twice a-day, in order to take notice of those who are absent; and she is always lamenting the decay of piety in these days. With some of them, the good Dr. Whitfield, or the good Dr. Romaine, is ever in their mouths: and they look upon the whole bench of bishops to be very Jews in comparison of these saints. The mighty good sort of woman is also very charitable in outward appearance,

for, though she would not relieve a family in the utmost distress, she deals out her halfpence to every common beggar, particularly at the church door; and she is eternally soliciting other people to contribute to this or that public charity, though she herself will not give sixpence to any one of them. An universal benevolence is another characteristic of a mighty good sort of woman, which renders her (as strange as it may seem) of a most unforgiving temper. Heaven knows, she bears nobody any ill-will; but if a tradesman has disobliged her, the honestest man in all the world becomes the most arrant rogue; and she cannot rest till she has persuaded all her acquaintance to turn him off as well as herself. Every one is with her "The best creature in the universe," while they are intimate; but upon any slight difference—"Oh—she was vastly mistaken in the person;—she thought them good sort of bodies—but—she has done with them:—other people will find them out as well as her self: that's all the harm she wishes them."—

As the mighty good sort of women differ from each other, according to their age and situation in life, I shall endeavour to point out their several marks by which we may distinguish them. And first, for the most common character:—If she happens to be of that neutral sex, an old maid, you may find her out by her prim look, her formal gesture, and the sea-saw motion of her head in conversation. Though a most rigid Protestant, her religion savours very much of the Roman Catholic, as she holds that almost every one must be damned except herself. But the leaven that runs mostly through her whole composition, is a detestation of that odious creature, man, whom she affects to loathe as much as some people do a rat or a toad; and this affectation she cloaks under a pretence of a love of God, at a time of life when it must be supposed, that she can love nobody, or rather nobody loves her. If the mighty good sort of body is young and unmarried, besides the usual tokens, you may know her by her quarrelling with her brothers, thwarting her sisters, snapping her father, and overruling her mother, though it is ten to one she is the favourite of both. All her acquaintances cry her up as a mighty discreet kind of body; and as she affects an indifference for the men, though not a total antipathy,

it is a wonder if the giddy girls, her sisters, are not married before her, which she would look upon as the greatest mortification that could happen to her. Among the mighty good sort of women in wedlock, we must not reckon the tame domestic animal, who thinks it her duty to take care of her house, and be obliging to her husband. On the contrary, she is negligent of her home affairs, and studies to recommend herself more abroad than in her own house. If she pays a regular round of visits, if she behaves decently at the card-table, if she is ready to come into any party of pleasure, if she pays no regard to her husband, and puts her children out to nurse, she is not a good wife, or a good mother, perhaps; but she is—a mighty good sort of woman.

As I disposed of the mighty good kind of man in marriage, it may be expected, that I should find out a proper match also for the mighty good kind of woman. To tell you my opinion then—if she is old, I would give her to a young rake, being the character she loves best at her heart:—or, if she is mighty young, mighty handsome, mighty rich as well as a mighty good sort of woman, I will marry her myself, as I am unfortunately a bachelor.

Your very humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 110. *On the affected strangeness of some Men of Quality.*

Sir,

As you are a mighty good kind of man, and seem willing to set your press to any subject whereby the vices or follies of your countrymen may be corrected or amended, I beg leave to offer you the following remarks on the extraordinary yet common behaviour of some part of our nobility towards their sometimes intimate, though inferior acquaintance.

It is no less common than extraordinary, to meet a nobleman in London, who stares you full in the face, and seems quite a stranger to it; with whom you have spent the preceding summer at Harwich or Brightelmstone; with whom you have often dined; who has often singled you out and taken you under his arm to accompany him with a *tête-à-tête* walk; who has accosted you all the summer, by your surname, but, in the winter, does not remember either your name, or any feature in your face.

I shall not attempt to describe the pain such right honourable behaviour, at first

meeting, gives to a man of sensibility and sentiment, nor the contempt he must conceive for such ennobled beings. Another class of these right honourable intimates are indeed so far condescending, as to submit to own you a little, if it be in a corner of the street; or even in the Park, if it be at a distance from any real good company. Their porters will even let you into their houses, if my lord has no company; and, they themselves will receive you very civilly, but will shun you a few hours after, at court as a pick-pocket (though you be a man of good sense, good family, and good character, for having no other blemish than that your modesty or diffidence perhaps has occasioned your being a long time in the army, without attaining the rank of a general, or at the law, without being called within the bar. I could recite many instances of this kind of polite high-breeding, that every man of little station, who has been a quality-broker, has often experienced; but I shall wave that, and conclude by shewing you, how certainly to avoid such contempt, and even decoy his lordship out of his walk to take notice of you, who would not have known you had you continued in his.

The method is this: suppose we see my lord coming towards Spring-garden, under Marlborough garden-walk; instead of meeting him, approach so near only, that you are certain, from the convexity of his eye (for they are all very near-sighted) that he sees you, and that he is certain you see and know him. This done, walk deliberately to the other side of the Mall, and my life for it, his lordship either trots over to you, or calls you by your surname, to him. His pride is alarmed; he cannot conceive the reason, why one, he has all along considered would be proud of the least mark of his countenance, should avoid taking an even chance for so great an honour as a bow or a nod. But I would not be understood, that his lordship is not much offended at you, though he make you a visit the next day, and never did before, in order to drop you for ever after, lest you should him. This is not conjecture, but what I have often put in practice with success, if any success it is to be so noticed, and, as a further proof of it, I do assure you, I had once the honour of being sometimes known to, and by, several lords, and lost all their friendship, because I would not let them know me at one time very intimately, at

another, not at all—for which loss I do not at all find myself the worse.

I am your humble servant,

B. Thornton.

§ 111. *On the Arrogance of younger Brothers of Quality.*

SIR,

Though it is commonly said, that pride and contempt for inferiors are strongly implanted in the breasts of our nobility, it must be allowed, that their politeness and good-breeding render it, in general, imperceptible; and, as one may well say,

He that has pride, not shewing that he's proud,
Let me not know it, he's not proud at all.

one may also affirm, with truth, of the British nobility, that he who has no pride at all cannot shew less than they do. They treat the meanest subject with the greatest affability, and take pains to make every person they converse with forget the distance that there is between him and them.

As the younger brothers and other near relations of the nobility have the same education and the same examples ever before their eyes, one might expect to see in them the same affable behaviour, the same politeness. But, strange as it is, nothing is more different than the behaviour of my lord, and my lord's brother. The latter you generally see proud, insolent, and overbearing, as if he possessed all the wealth and honour of the family. One might imagine from his behaviour, that the pride of the family, like the estates in some boroughs, always descended to the younger brother. I have known one of these young noblemen, with no other fortune than this younger brother's inheritance, above marrying a rich merchant's daughter, because he could not disgrace himself with a plebeian alliance; and rather chose to give his hand to a lady Betty or a lady Charlotte, with nothing but her title for her portion.

I know a younger brother in a noble family, who, twelve years ago, was so regardless of his birth, as to desire my lord his father to send him to a merchant's counting-house for his education; but, though he has now one of the best houses of business of any in Leghorn, and is already able to buy his father's estate, his brothers and sisters will not acknowledge him as a relation, and do not scruple to deny his being their brother, at the expence of their lady-mother's reputation.

It always raises my mirth to hear with

what contempt these younger brothers of quality speak of persons in the three learned professions, even those at the top of each. The bench of bishops are never distinguished by their with any higher appellation, than—those parsons: and when they speak of the judges, and those who hold the first places in the courts of justice to a gentleman at the bar, they say—your lawyers: and the doctors Heberden, Addington, and Askew, are, in their genteel dialect called—these physical people. Trade is such a disgrace, that there is no difference with them between the highest and lowest that are concerned in it; they rank the greatest merchants among common tradesmen, as they can see no difference between a counting house and a chandler's shop. They think the run of their father's or their brother's kitchen, a more genteel means of subsistence than what is afforded by any calling or occupation whatsoever, except the army or the navy; as if nobody was deserving enough of the honour to cut a Frenchman's throat but persons of the first rank and distinction.

As I live so far from the polite end of the town as Bedford-row, I undergo much decent raillery on that account, whenever I have the honour of a visit from one of these younger brothers of quality: he wonders who makes my wigs, my clothes, and my liveries; he praises the furniture of my house, and allows my equipage to be handsome: but declares he discovers more of expense than taste in either; he can discover that Hallat is not my upholsterer, and that my chariot was not made by Butler: in short, I find he thinks one might as well compare the Banqueting-house at Whitehall with the Mansion-house for elegance, as to look for that in Bedford-Row, which can only be found about St. James's. He will not touch any thing at my table but a piece of mutton: he is so cloyed with made dishes, that a plain joint is a rarity; my claret too, though it comes from Messrs. Brown and Whiteford, and no otherwise differs from my lord's than in being bought for ready money, is put by for my port. Though he politely hobs or nobs with my wife, he does it as if I had married my cook; and she is further mortified with seeing her carpet treated with as little ceremony as if it was an oil-cloth. If, after dinner, one of her damask chairs has the

honour of his lordly breech, another is indulged with the favour of raising his leg. To any gentleman who drinks to this man of fashion, he is his most obedient humble servant, without bending his body, or looking to see who does him this honour. If any person even under the degree of a knight speaks to him, he will condescend to say Yes or No; but he is as likely as Sir Francis Wronghead to say the one when he should say the other. If I presume to talk about any change in the ministry before him, he discovers great surprise at my ignorance, and wonders that we, at this end of the town, should differ so much from the people about Grosvenor-square. We are absolutely, according to him, as little alike as if we were not of the same species; and I find, it is as much impossible for us to know what passes at court, as if we lived at Rotherhithe or Wapping. I have very frequent opportunities of contemplating the different treatment I receive from him and his elder brother. My lord, from whom I have received many favours, behaves to me as if he was the person obliged; while his lordship's brother, who has conferred no favour on me but borrowing my money, which he never intends to pay, behaves as if he was the creditor, and the debt was a forlorn one.

The insolence which is so much complained of among nobleman's servants, is not difficult to account for: ignorance, idleness, high-living, and a consciousness of the dignity of the noble person they serve, added to the example of my lord's brother, whom they find no less dependent in the family than themselves, will naturally make them arrogant and proud. But this conduct in the younger brother must for ever remain unaccountable. I have been endeavouring to solve this phenomenon to myself, ever since the following occurrence happened to me.

When I came to settle in town, about five-and-twenty-years ago, I was strongly recommended to a noble peer, who promised to assist me. On my arrival I waited upon his lordship, and was told by the porter, with an air of great indifference, that he was not at home; and I was very near receiving the door in my face, when I was going to acquaint this civil person, that I had a letter in my pocket for his lord: upon my producing it, he said I might leave it; and immediately snatched

it from me. I called again the next day, and found, to my great surprise, a somewhat better reception from my friend the porter, who immediately, as I heard afterwards, by order from his lord, introduced me into the library. When I entered, I saw a gentleman in an arm-chair reading a pamphlet, whom, as I did not know him, I took for my lord himself, especially as he did not rise from his chair, or so much as offer to look towards me, on my entering. I immediately addressed myself to him with—"My lord"—But was instantly told by him, without taking his eyes from the pamphlet, that his brother was dressing: he read on, and left me to contemplate the situation I was in, that if I had been treated with so much contempt from the porter and my lord's brother, what must I expect from my noble patron? While I was thus reflecting, in comes a gentleman, running up to me, and taking me cordially by the hand, said, he was heartily glad to see me. I was greatly distressed to know how to behave. I could not imagine this to be his lordship, who was so affable and courteous, and I could not suppose it was any body who meant to insult me. My anxiety was removed by his pulling out the letter I had left, and saying, "He was very happy that it was in his power to comply with the contents of it;" at the same time introducing me to his brother, as a gentleman he was happy to know. This younger brother arose from his chair with great indifference; and, taking me coolly by the hand, said, "He should be proud of so valuable an acquaintance;" and, resuming his seat, proceeded to finish his pamphlet. Upon taking leave, my lord renewed his former declaration; but his brother was too intent on his reading to observe the bow made to him by the valuable acquaintance he a few minutes before professed himself so proud of.

I am not ignorant, however, that there are many younger brothers to peers, who acknowledge, with much concern, the truth of what has been said, and are ready to allow, that, in too many families of distinction, the younger brother is not the finer gentleman.

I am your humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 112. *Persons of Quality proved to be Traders.*

I always reflect with pleasure, that

strong as the fondness of imitating the French has been among people of fashion, they have not yet introduced among us their contempt for trade. A French marquis, who has nothing to boast of but his high birth, would scorn to take a merchant's daughter by the hand in wedlock, though her father should be as rich as the Bussy of the East Indies; as if a Frenchman was only to be valued, like a black-pudding, for the goodness of his blood; while our nobility not only go into the city for a wife, but send their younger sons to a merchant's counting-house for education. But, I confess, I never considered, till very lately, how far they have from time to time departed from this French folly in their esteem for trade: and I find, that the greatest part of our nobility may be properly deemed merchants, if not traders, and even shopkeepers.

In the first place we may consider many of our nobility in the same light as Beaver or Henson, or any other keepers of repositories. The breeding of running-horses is become a favourite traffic among them; and we know how very largely persons of the first fashion deal this way, and what great addition they make to their yearly income by winning plates and matches, and then selling the horse for a prodigious sum. What advantages must accrue to them if they have a mare of blood to breed from! But what a treasure have they if they are possessed of the stallion in fashion! I can therefore see no difference between this occupation of my lord and that of any Yorkshire dealer whatsoever: and if his lordship is not always so successful in his trade as the jockey of the North, it is not because he does not equally hold it fair to cheat his own brother in horse flesh. If a duke rides his own horses on the course, he does not, in my judgment, differ from any other jockey on the turf; and I think it the same thing, whether a man gets money by keeping a stallion, or whether he gets it by keeping a bull or a boar for the parish.

We know of many persons of quality whose passion for trade has made them dealers in fighting-cocks, and I heard one declare to me lately, that there was no trusting to servants in that business; that he should make nothing of it, if he did not look after the cocks himself; and that, for a month before he is to fight a match, he always takes care of and feeds them himself; and for that purpose (strange as it

may seem) he lies in a little room close by them every night. I cannot but admire this industry, which can make my noble friend quit his lady's bed, while tradesmen of a lower rank neglect their business for the charms of a kept mistress. But it must be allowed, that these dealers in live fowl are to be considered as poulterers, as well as those who sell the deer of their park are to be ranked among the butchers in Claremarket; though the latter endeavour artfully to avoid this, by selling their venison to pastry-cooks and fishmongers.

What shall we say of those who send venison, hares, pheasants, partridges, and all other game, to their poulterer and fishmonger in London, to receive an equivalent in poultry and fish in winter when they are in town?—Though these sportsmen do not truck their commodities for money, they are nothing less than higlers and hucksters, dealers and chapmen, in the proper sense of the words; for an exchange was never denied to be a sale, though it is affirmed to be no robbery.

I come now to the consideration of those who deal in a much larger and more extensive way, and are properly styled merchants, while those already mentioned are little more than traders in the retailing business; what immense sums are received by those electioneering merchants, whose fortunes and influence in many counties and boroughs enable them to procure a seat in parliament for any that will pay for it! How profitable has nursing the estates of extravagant persons of distinction proved to many a right honourable friend! I do not mean from his shewing himself a true steward, but from the weight and interest he has got by it at a general election. What Jew deals larger than many of our nobility in the stocks and in lottery tickets? and perhaps one should not find more bulls and bears at Jonathan's than at Arthur's. If you cannot, at this last place, insure your house from fire, or a ship from the danger of the seas, or the French, you may get largely underwrit on lives, and insure your own against that of your mother or grandmother for any sum whatsoever. There are those who deal as greatly in this practice of putting one life against another as any underwriter in the city of London: and indeed, the end of insuring is less answered by the latter than the former: for the prudent citizen will not set his name to any policy,

where the person to be insured is not in perfect health; while the merchants at St. James's, who insure by means of bets instead of policies, will pay you any sum whatsoever, if a man dies that is run through the body, shot through the head, or has tumbled off his chair in an apoplexy; for as there are persons who will lay on either side, he who wants to insure need only choose that which answers his purpose. And as to the dealings of these merchants of fashion in annuities upon lives, we often hear that one sells his whole estate, for his life, to another; and there is no other form of conveyance used between the buyer and seller, than by shuffling a pack of cards, or throwing a pair of dice; but I cannot look upon this sort of traffic in any other light than that, when a condemned felon sells his own body to a surgeon to be anatomized.

After all, there is no branch of trade that is usually extended so far, and has such a variety in it, as gaming; whether we consider it as carried on by cards, dice, horse-racing, pitting, betting, &c. &c. &c. These merchants deal in very various commodities, and do not seem to be very anxious in general about any difference in value, when they are striking a bargain: for, though some expect ready money for ready money when they play, as they would blood for blood in a duel; many, very many, part with their ready money to those who deal upon trust, nay oftentimes to those who are known to be incapable of paying. Sometimes I have seen a gentleman bet his gold with a lady who has ear-rings, bracelets, and other diamonds to answer her stake: but I have much oftener seen a lady play against a roll of guineas, with nothing but her virtue to part with to preserve her honour if she lost. The markets, in which the multiplicity of business of this kind is transacted, are very many, and are chiefly appropriated to that end and no other, such as routs, assemblies, Arthur's, Newmarket, and the courses in every county. Where these merchants trade in ready money only, or in bank notes, I consider them as bankers of quality: where in ready money against trust, and notes of hand of persons that are but little able to pay, they must be broken merchants: and whoever plays with money against a lady's jewels, should, in my mind, hang out the Three Blue Balls in a private alley; and the lady who stakes her virtue for

gold, should take the house of a late venerable matron in the Piazza to carry on her trade in that place.

But it is with pleasure I see our merchants of quality neglecting several branches of trade that have been carried on with success, and in which great fortunes have been raised in former times by some of their ancestors. What immense sums have, we know, been got by some great men in the smuggling trade! And we have heard of large profits being made by the sale of commissions in the army and navy; by procuring places and pensions; and vast sums received for quartering a lord's sister, nephew, or natural son on any one who holds a profitable post under the government. Smuggling, surely, should be left to our good friends on the shores of Kent and Sussex; and, I think, he who sells commissions in the navy or army, the free gifts of the prince, should suffer like a deserter, to be keel hauled to death under a first-rate man of war: and he who like a Turkish vizier, levies contributions on those who hold posts and places under his master, should, like him, be squeezed in his turn, till the sponge is dry, and then bow-stringed for the good of the people.

I am your humble servant,

B. Thornton.

§ 113. *On Pedantry.*

Sir,

To display the least symptom of learning, or to seem to know more than your footman, is become an offence against the rules of politeness, and is branded with the name of pedantry and ill-breeding. The very sound of a Roman or a Grecian name, of a hard name, as the ladies call it, though their own perhaps are harder by half, is enough to disconcert the temper of a dozen countesses, and to strike a whole assembly of fine gentlemen dumb with amazement.

This squeamishness of theirs is owing to their aversion to pedantry, which they understand to be a sort of mustiness that can only be contracted in a recluse and a studious life, and a foible peculiar to men of letters. But if a strong attachment to a particular subject, a total ignorance of every other, an eagerness to introduce that subject upon all occasions, and a confirmed habit of declaiming upon it without either wit or discretion, be the marks of a pedantic character, as they certainly

are, it belongs to the illiterate as well as the learned; and St. James's itself may boast of producing as arrant pedants as were even sent forth from a college.

I know a woman of fashion who is perpetually employed in remarks upon the weather, who observes from morning to noon that it is likely to rain, and from noon to night that it spits, that it misles, that it is set in for a wet evening; and, being incapable of any other discourse, is as insipid a companion, and just as pedantic, as he who quotes Aristotle over his tea, or talks Greek at a card-table.

A gentleman of my acquaintance is a constant attendant upon parliamentary business, and I have heard him entertain a large circle, by the hour, with the speeches that were made in a debate upon mum and perry. He has a wonderful memory, and a kind of oratorical tune in his elocution, that serves him instead of an emphasis. By those means he has acquired the reputation of having a deal to say for himself; but as it consists entirely of what others have said for themselves before him, and if he should be deaf during the sessions, he would certainly be dumb in the intervals, I must needs set him down for a pedant.

But the most troublesome, as well as most dangerous character of this sort that I am so unhappy as to be connected with, is a stripling who spends his whole life in a fencing-school. This amiable young pedant is, indeed, a most formidable creature; his whole conversation lies in *Quart* and *Tierce*; if you meet him in the street, he salutes you in the gymnastic manner, throws himself back upon his left hip, level his cane at the pit of your stomach, and looks as fierce as a prize-fighter. In the midst of a discourse upon politics, he starts from the table on a sudden, and splits himself into a monstrous lounge against the wainscot; immediately he puts a foil into your hand, insists upon teaching you his murdering thrust, and if, in the course of his instructions, he pushes out an eye or a fore-tooth, he tells you, that you *flapp'd your point*, or *dropp'd your wrist*, and imputes all the mischief to the awkwardness of his pupil.

The musical pedant, who, instead of attending to the discourse, diverts himself with humming an air, or, if he speaks, expresses himself in the language of the

orchestra; the Newmarket pedant, who has no knowledge but what he gathers upon the turf; the female pedant, who is an adept in nothing but the patterns of silk and flounces; and the coffee-house pedant, whose whole erudition lies within the margin of a newspaper, are nuisances so extremely common, that it is almost unnecessary to mention them. Yet, pedants as they are, they shelter themselves under the fashionableness of the foible, and, with all the properties of the character, generally escape the imputation of it. In my opinion, however, they deserve our censure more than the merest book-worm imaginable. The man of letters is usually confined to his study, and having but little pleasure in conversing with men of the world, does not often intrude himself into their company: these unlearned pedants, on the contrary, are to be met with every where; they have nothing to do but to run about and be troublesome, and are universally the bane of agreeable conversation. I am, Sir, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 114. *A Sunday in the Country.*

Sir, Aug. 8, 1761.

As life is so short, you will agree with me, that we cannot afford to lose any of that precious time, every moment of which should be employed in such gratifications as are suitable to our stations and dispositions. For this reason we cannot but lament, that the year should be curtailed of almost a seventh part, and that, out of three hundred and sixty-five days, fifty-two of them should be allotted, with respect to many persons, to dulness and insipidity. You will easily conceive, that, by what I have said, I allude to that enemy to all mirth and gaiety, Sunday, whose impertinent intrusion puts a check on our amusements, and casts a gloom over our cheerful thoughts. Persons, indeed, of high fashion regard it no more than the other part of the week, and would no more be restrained from their pleasures on this day, than they would keep fast on a fast-day: but others, who have the same taste and spirit, though less fortunes, are constrained, in order to save appearances, to debar themselves of every amusement except that of going to church, which they can only enjoy in common with the vulgar. The vulgar, it is true, have the happy privilege of converting this holy day into a day of extraordinary

festivity; and the mechanic is allowed to get drunk on this day, if on no other, because he has nothing else to do. It is true, that the citizen on this day gets loose from his counter, to which he had been fastened all the rest of the week like a bad shilling, and riots in the luxuries of Islington or Mile-end. But what shall be said of those who have no business to follow but the bent of their inclinations? on whose hands, indeed, all the days of their life would hang as heavy as Sundays, if they were not enlivened by the dear variety of amusements and diversions. How can a woman of any spirit pass her time on this dismal day, when the play-houses, and Vauxhall, and Ranelagh are shut, and no places of public meeting are open, but the churches? I talk not of those in higher life, who are so much above the world, that they are out of the reach of its censures; I mean those who are confined in a narrower sphere, so as to be obliged to pay some regard to reputation. But if people in town have reason to complain of this weekly bar put upon their pleasures, how unhappy must they be who are immured in the old mansion house in the country, and cloistered up (as it were) in a nunnery? 'This is my hard case: my aunt, who is a woman of the last age, took me down with her this summer to her house in Northamptonshire; nor shall I be released from my prison till the time of the coronation, which will be as joyful to me as the act of grace to an insolvent debtor. My time, however, is spent agreeably enough, as far as any thing can be agreeable in the country, as we live in a good neighbourhood, see a good deal of company, pay a good many visits, and are near enough Astrop-Wells for me to play at cards at all the public breakfastings, and to dance at the assemblies. But, as I told you, my aunt is an old-fashioned lady, and has got queer notions of I know not what. I dread nothing so much as the coming round of Sunday, which is sure to prove, to me at least, a day of penance and mortification. In the morning we are dragged, in the old family coach, to the parish church, not a stone's throw off the house, for grandeur sake; and, though I dress me ever so gay, the ignorant bumpkins take no more notice of me than they do of my aunt, who is muffled up to the chin. At dinner we never see a creature but the parson, who never fails coming for his customary fee of roast-

beef and plum pudding; in the afternoon the same dull work of church-going is repeated; and the evening is as melancholy as it is to a criminal who is to be executed the next morning. When I first came down, I proposed playing a game at whist, and invited the doctor to make a fourth; but my aunt looked upon the very mention of it as an abomination. I thought there could be no harm in a little innocent music; and therefore, one morning, while she was getting ready for church, I began to tune my guitar, the sound of which quickly brought her down stairs, and she vowed she would break it all to pieces, if I was so wicked as to touch it: though I offered to compromise the matter with her, by playing nothing but psalm-tunes to please her. I hate reading any thing, but especially good books, as my aunt calls them, which are dull at any time, but much duller on a Sunday; yet my aunt wonders I will not employ myself, when I have nothing to do, in reading Nelson on the Feasts and Fasts, or a chapter in the Bible. You must know, that the day I write this on is Sunday; and it happens to be so very rainy, that my aunt is afraid to venture herself in the damp church, for fear of increasing her rheumatism; she has therefore put on her spectacles, ordered the great family bible into the hall, and is going to read prayers herself to the servants. I excused myself from being present, by pretending an head-ach, and stole into my closet, in order to divert myself in writing to you. How I shall be able to go through the rest of the day, I know not; as the rain, I believe, will not suffer us to stir out, and we shall sit moping and yawning at one another, and looking stupidly at the rain out of the Gothic window in the little parlour, like the clean and unclean beasts in Noah's ark. It is said, that the gloomy weather in November induces Englishmen commonly to make away with themselves; and, indeed, considering the weather and all together, I believe I shall be tempted to drown myself at once in the pond before the door, or fairly tuck myself up in my own garters.

I am your very humble servant,

DOROTHY THURSDAY.

B. Thornton.

§ 115. *On the Militia.*

Sir,

Aug. 9, 1761.

The weather here in England is as un-

settled and variable as the tempers of the people; nor can you judge, from the appearance of the sky, whether it will rain or hold up for a moment together, any more than you can tell by the face of a man, whether he will lower in a frown, or clear up in a smile. An unexpected shower has obliged me to turn into the first inn; and I think I may e'en as well pass my time in writing for your paper, especially as I have nothing else to do, having examined all the prints in the room, read over all the rhymes, and admired all the *Dear Misses* and *Charming Misses* on the window-panes.

As I had the honour to pay my shilling at the ordinary in this town with some of the officers of the militia, I am enabled to send you a few thoughts on that subject. With respect to the common men, it will be sufficient to observe, that in many military practices, no body of regulars can possibly exceed them. Their prowess in marauding is unquestionable; as they are sure to take prisoners whatever stragglers they meet with on their march, such as geese, turkeys, chickens, &c. and have been often known to make a perfect desert of a farmer's yard. By-the-bye, it is possibly on this account, that a turkey bears so great an antipathy to the colour of red. These fellows are, indeed, so intrepid, that they will attack any convoy of provisions that falls in their way; and my landlord assures me, that as soon as they come into a town, they immediately lay close siege to the pantry and kitchen: which they commonly take by storm, and never give any quarter; as also, that they are excellent miners, in working their way into the cellar.

I little imagined that I should have met with my old university acquaintance *Jack Five Bar* in this part of the country, as I could not but think we had been at least two hundred miles asunder. Indeed I did not know him at his first accosting me, as he approached slowly to me with a distantly familiar air, and a sliding bow forward, and a "Sir, your most humble servant," instead of springing upon me like a greyhound, and clapping me on the shoulder like a bailiff, squeezing my four fingers in his rough palm, like a nut-cracker, and then whirling my arm to and fro, like the handle of a great pump, with a blunt "How dost do?—I am glad to see thee?—and a hearty *Damme* at the beginning

and end of it. Jack, you must know, by being a militia captain, is become a fine gentleman; so fine a one, indeed, that he affects to despise what he never knew, and asked me, if I had not, as well as himself, forgot all my *Greek*.

It is true, that my friend Jack (I beg his honour's pardon, I should say captain) has had the advantage of an Oxford education; and therefore it is not wonderful, that he has been worked, kneaded, moulded, fine-drawn, and polished into a better kind of pipe-maker's clay than the clods of which some of his brother officers were composed. Yet these, I found, had in some measure cast their slough, and put on the martial gentility with the dress: such are the surprising effects of a red coat, that it immediately dubs a man a gentleman; as, for instance, every private man in his majesty's foot-guards is dignified with the title of a gentleman-soldier.

To the honour of the militia be it spoken, their officers have made noble advances in the military arts, and are become as great proficient in them as any of the regulars; I mean those arts particularly, which will render them an ornament to their country in the time of peace. First then, with respect to dress and politeness of behaviour. The red coat, the cockade, the shoulder-knot, and the sword, have metamorphosed our plain country squires into as arrant beaux as any on the parade. The short jerkin, striped waistcoat, leather breeches, and livery of the hunt, are exchanged for an elegant laced uniform; the bob wig has sprouted to a queue; the boots are cast off for silk stockings and turned pumps; and the long whip has given place to a gold-hilted sword, with a flaming sword-knot. They have reconciled themselves to ruffles, and can make a bow, and come into a room with a good grace. With these accomplishments, our bumpkins have been enabled to shine at country assemblies; though it must be confessed, that these grown gentlemen stand somewhat in need of Mr. Duke's instructions. Some of them have also carried their politeness so far as to decide a point of honour with their swords; and at the last town I passed through, I was told, there had been a duel between a militia officer and the surgeon of the place; when the former being pricked in the sword-arm, his antagonist directly pulled out his salve-box, and

kindly dressed the wound upon the field of battle.

Another necessary qualification of a soldier is, cursing and swearing; in which exercise, I assure you, our militia gentry are very expert. It is true, they had had some practice in it before they left their native fields, but were not disciplined in discharging their oaths with right military grace. A common fellow may swear indeed like a trooper, as any one may let off a gun, or push with a sword; but to do it with a good air, is to be learned only in a camp. This practice, I suppose, was introduced among our regiments, and tolerated by the chaplains, that it might familiarize them to the most shocking circumstances; for, after they have intrepidly damned one another's eyes, limbs, blood, souls, and even their own, they must certainly be fearless of any harm that can happen to them.

Drinking is another absolute requisite in the character of a good officer: and in this our militia are not at all deficient. Indeed they are kept to such constant duty in this exercise, that they cannot fail of being very expert at it. No veterans in the service can charge their glasses in better order, or discharge them more regularly at the word of command. By the way, this is the only duty that is expected from the chaplain; and he is commonly as ready to perform it as any of the corps.

Intrigue is as essential to a soldier as his regimentals; you will therefore imagine the militia do not fall short of the regulars in this military accomplishment. Every woman is regarded by them as lawful plunder; some they besiege by secret sap and undermining, and some they take by assault. It has been frequently a practice in the most civilized armies, whenever they storm a town, not only to cut the throats of the men, but to ravish the women: and it is from this example, I suppose, that our officers think it an indispensable branch of their duty to debauch the wives and sisters of the inhabitants wherever they are quartered; or perhaps, considering the great loss of men we have sustained by sea and land, they are desirous of filling up the chasm, and providing recruits for a future war.

The last circumstance which I shall mention, as highly necessary in an officer, is, the spirit of gaming. The militia-officer was undoubtedly possessed of this spirit in some degree before, and would

back his own horses on the turf, or his own cocks in a main, or bye-battle; but he never thought of risking his whole patrimony on a single card, or the turn of a die. Some of them have suffered more by a peaceful summer's campaign, than if their estates had been overrun, pillaged, and laid waste by the invader; and what does it signify, whether the timber is cut down and destroyed by the enemy, or sold to satisfy a debt of honour to a sharper.

But—the rain is over, and I am glad of it—as I am growing serious, contrary to my usual humour. I have ordered my horse out—and have some miles to ride—so no more at present from

Your constant correspondent, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 116. *On going to Bath, Tunbridge, and other Watering-places, in the Summer.*

Nunc est bibendum. Sadlers-Wells.

It has long been a doubt with me, whether his majesty loses more subjects in the year by water or by spirituous liquors; I mean, I cannot determine within myself, whether Bath, Tunbridge, Scarborough, &c. &c. &c. do less harm to the constitutions of my fellow-creatures than brandy, gin, or even British spirits. I own, nothing gives me more surprise in the practice of the learned in Warwick-lane, than their almost unanimously concurring in ducking their patients in the sea, or drenching them with salt, steel, or sulphureous water, be their distemper what it may. If a man has a dropsy, they will not hesitate to give gallons of this element, as they do not scruple to give the strongest cordials sometimes in the most violent fever.

Though the faculty seemed to agree, one and all, that every patient should visit some watering-place or other in the summer, I do not find they are settled in their opinions, what particular waters suit particular disorders. I have visited them all for my amusement; and upon conversing with the invalids in each place, I have found, to my great surprise, in Bath, Tunbridge, Bristol, and Brighthelmstone, many persons drinking the waters for the gout, bilious colics, or weak nerves, as if the same effects could be produced by steel, salt, and sulphur; nay, a gentleman of my acquaintance was sent by different physicians to different places, though they were all agreed about the nature of his

case. I verily believe, if a man would consult every physician in the kingdom, he would visit every sink in the whole island, for there is not a hole or bottom in any county that has not its salutary spring; and every spring has its physician to prove, in a long pamphlet of hard words, that those waters are superior to any other, and that any patient, in any disorder whatever, may be sure of relief. In short, we seem to have a second deluge, not by the wickedness, but the folly of the people, and every one is taking as much pains to perish in it as Noah and his family did to escape it.

The present thirst after this element, which the physicians have created, makes it necessary for them to send their patients to some waters in vogue; but the choice being left to the doctor, he is determined in it by various circumstances: sometimes the patient is sent where the best advice and assistance may be had, in case the distemper should increase; sometimes where the physician of the place is a cousin or a pupil of the physician in town; sometimes where the doctor has an estate in the neighbourhood; and I have more than once known a patient sent to a place, for no other reason, but because the doctor was born within four miles of it.

I cannot easily suggest to myself any reason, why physicians in London are fond of sending their patients to waters at the greatest distance, whilst the country practitioners generally recommend the springs in their neighbourhood. I cannot come into the notion that prevails among many persons, that some of the faculty in London divide the fees with those they recommend in the country, like the lawyers who deal in agency: but I am induced to think that, as they are conscious the waters are out of the case, they hope the exercise and change of air in a long journey will lay the groundwork of that cure, which the temperance and dissipation prescribed by the doctor may possibly perform: on this account they decline sending their patients to Sadlers-Wells, Powis-Wells, Pancras-Wells, Acton-Wells, Bagnigge-Wells, the Dog and Duck, or Islington Spa, which are as salutary as those of Bath or Tunbridge for patients who live at a distance, and who can receive no benefit from the wells and spas in their neighbourhood.

Another circumstance confirms me in the opinion, that the waters of any spa do

nothing more towards the cure than what is to be had from any pump whatsoever. I never found the inhabitants of the place appear at the springs and wells with the company of foreigners; and as I have seen many invalids among them complaining of colics, asthmas, gouts, &c. as much as the visitors of the place, and if it is said, that many who come to Bath on crutches go away without them, I have seen, more than once, those very crutches supporting some miserable cripple of the town.

It may be urged, that many cures have been performed at these public places; but whether they are to be attributed to the waters, or the air, exercise, and temperance prescribed by the doctor, will appear from the following story.

An honest country baker having, by his close and anxious application to business in the day time, and a very constant attendance at the Three Horse-shoes at night, contracted a distemper that is best understood by the names of the Hip or the Horrors, was so very miserable, that he had made two attempts upon his own life; at length, by the persuasion of his friends, he applied to a physician in the neighbourhood for advice; the doctor (I suppose a quack, by the low fee which he demanded) told him, he would cure him in a month, if he would follow his directions; but he expected, in the mean time, a new quatern loaf whenever he should send for it. In return for the first quatern, he sent a box of pills, with directions for the baker to take three at six in the morning fasting, after which to walk four miles; to take the same number at six in the evening, and to walk the like number of miles; to repeat the same number of pills at eight, and to work them off with a pint of ale, without the use of his pipe, and the like number at ten o'clock going to bed. The baker kept his word with the doctor; and the doctor kept his with the patient; for at the end of the month, the honest fellow was in as good health, and enjoyed as high spirits, as when he was a boy. The cheapness of his cure induced the baker to inquire of his doctor, by what wonderful medicine so speedy and perfect a cure had been effected. The doctor, which is another proof of his not being regularly bred, told him, the pills were made of his own loaf, covered with gold leaf; and added, if he would take the same medicine, and follow the

same directions, whenever his relapsing into his former course of life should bring on the like disorder, he might be sure of as speedy and effectual a cure.

I should, however, want gratitude, as well as candour, if I did not acknowledge a very lasting obligation I lie under to Tunbridge waters; my wife and I had lamented, for two or three years, that the very good estate which I enjoyed, would, probably, after my death, go into another family, for want of an heir in my own. My wife was advised to go to Tunbridge, and to drink the waters for eight or nine months; we were very much grieved to part for so long a time; but such has been our amazing success, that the dear creature returned to me, at the end of half a year, four months gone with child.

B. Thornton.

§ 117. *The faint-hearted Lover.*

I do not doubt but every one of your readers will be able to judge of my case, as, without question, every one of them either has been, or is at present, as much in love as your humble servant. You must know, Sir, I am the very Mr. *Faint-heart* described in the proverb, who *never won fair lady*—for though I have paid my addresses to several of the sex, I have gone about it in so meek and pitiful a manner, that it might fairly be a question, whether I was in earnest. One of my Dulcineas was taken, as we catch mackerel, by a bit of scarlet; another was seduced from me by a suit of embroidery; and another surrendered, at the first attack, to the long sword of an Irishman. My present suit and service is paid to a certain lady who is as fearful of receiving any tokens of my affection as I am of offering them. I am only permitted to admire her at a distance; an ogle or a leer are all the advances I dare make; if I move but a finger it puts her all in a sweat; and, like the sensitive plant, she would shrink and die away at a touch. During our long courtship I never offered to salute her but once; and then she made such a wriggling with her body, such a struggling with her arms, and such a tossing and twirling of her head to and fro, that, instead of touching her lips, I was nearly in danger of carrying off the tip of her nose. I even dared at another time to take her round the waist; but she bounced away from me, and screamed out as if I had actually been going to

commit a rape upon her. I also once plucked up courage sufficient to attempt squeezing her by the hand, but she resisted my attack by so close a clench of her fist, that my grasp was presented with nothing but sharp-pointed knuckles, and a long thumb-nail; and I was directly after saluted with a violent stroke on my jaw-bone. If I walk out with her, I use all my endeavours to keep close at her side; but she whisks away from me as though I had some catching distemper about me: if there are but three of us, she eludes my design by skipping sometimes on one side and sometimes on t'other as I approach her; but when there are more of us in company she takes care to be sheltered from me by placing herself the very midmost of the rank. If we ride in a coach together, I am not only debarred from sitting on the same side, but I must be seated on the furthest corner of the seat opposite to her, that our knees may not meet. We are as much at a distance from one another at dinner, as if we were really man and wife, whom custom has directed to be kept asunder the whole length of the table; and when we drink tea, she would sooner run the risk of having the contents spilt over her, than take the cup and saucer from me any nearer than at both our arms length. If I mention a syllable that in the least borders upon love, she immediately reddens at it as much as if I had let drop a loose or indelicate expression; and when I desire to have a little private conversation with her, she wonders at my impudence, to think that she could trust herself with a man alone. In short, Sir, I begin to despair of ever coming to close contact with her: but what is still more provoking, though she keeps me at so respectful a distance, she tamely permits a strapping fellow of the guards to pat her on the cheek, play with her hand, and even approach her lips, and that too in my presence. If you, or any of your readers, can advise me what to do in this case, it will be a lasting obligation conferred on

Your very humble servant,
TIMOTHY MILDMAN.
B. Thornton.

§ 118. *A circumstantial Detail of every Particular that passed at the Coronation.*

[In a letter from a Gentleman to his Friend in the Country.]

Dear Sir,

Though I regret leaving you so soon, especially as the weather has since proved so fine, that it makes me long to be with you in the country, yet I honestly confess, that I am heartily glad I came to town as I did. As I have seen it, I declare I would not have missed the sight upon any consideration. The friendship of Mr. Rolles, who procured me a pass-ticket, as they call it, enabled me to be present both in the Hall and the Abbey; and as to the procession out of doors, I had a fine view of it from a one-pair of stairs room, which your neighbour, Sir Edward, had hired at the small price of one hundred guineas, on purpose to oblige his acquaintance. I wish you had been with me; but as you have been deprived of a sight, which probably very few that were present will ever see again, I will endeavour to describe it to you as minutely as I can while the circumstances are fresh in my memory, though my description must fall very short of the reality. First, then, conceive to yourself the fronts of the houses, in all the streets that could command the least point of view, lined with scaffolding, like so many galleries or boxes raised one above another to the very roofs. These were covered with carpets and cloths of different colours, which presented a pleasing variety to the eye; and if you consider the brilliant appearance of the spectators who were seated in them (many being richly dressed) you will easily imagine that this was no indifferent part of the show. The mob underneath made a pretty contrast to the rest of the company. Add to this, that though we had nothing but wet and cloudy weather for some time before, the day cleared up, and the sun shone auspiciously, as it were in compliment to the grand festival. The platform, on account of the uncertainty of the weather, had a shelving roof, which was covered with a kind of sail-cloth; but near the place, where I was, an honest Jack Tar climbed up to the top and stripped off the covering, which gave us not only a more extensive view, but let the light in upon every part of the procession. I should tell you that a rank of foot soldiers were placed on each side within the platform; and it was not a little surprising to see the officers familiarly conversing and walking arm in arm with many of them, till we were let into

the secret that they were gentlemen who had put on the dresses of common soldiers, for what purpose I need not mention. On the outside were stationed, at proper distances, several parties of horse-guards, whose horses, indeed, somewhat incommoded the people, that pressed incessantly upon them, by their prancing and capering; though luckily, I do not hear of any great mischief being done. I must confess, it gave it me much pain to see the soldiers, both horse and foot, most unmercifully belabouring the heads of the mob with their broad swords, bayonets, and muskets; but it was not unpleasant to observe several tipping the horse-soldiers slyly from time to time (some with halfpence, and some with silver, as they could muster up the cash) to let them pass between the horses to get nearer the platform; after which these unconscionable gentry drove them back again. As soon as it was day-break (for I chose to go to my place over-night) we were diverted with seeing the coaches and chairs of the nobility and gentry passing along with much ado; and several persons very richly dressed were obliged to quit their equipages, and be escorted by the soldiers through the mob to their respective places. Several carriages, I am told, received great damage: Mr. Jennings, whom you know, had his chariot broke to pieces; but providentially neither he nor Mrs. Jennings, who were in it, received any hurt.

Their majesties (to the shame of those be it spoken who were not so punctual) came in their chairs from St. James's through the Park to Westminster about nine o'clock. The king went into a room which they call the Court of Wards, and the queen into that belonging to the gentleman-usher of the black-rod. The nobility and others, who were to walk in the procession, were mustered and ranged by the officers of arms in the court of Requests, Painted Chamber, and House of Lords, from whence the cavalcade was conducted into Westminster-hall. As you know all the avenues and places about the Hall, you will not be at a loss to understand me. My pass-ticket would have been of no service, if I had not prevailed on one of the guards, by the irresistible argument of half-a-crown, to make way for me through the mob to the Hall-gate, where I got admittance just as their majesties were seated at the upper end, under

magnificent canopies. Her majesty's chair was on the left hand of his majesty; and they were attended by the great chamberlain, lord high constable, earl marshal, and other great officers. Four swords, I observed, and as many spurs, were presented in form, and then placed upon a table before the king.

There was a neglect, it seems, somewhere, in not sending for the dean and prebendaries of Westminster, &c. who, not finding themselves summoned, came of their own accord, preceded by the choristers, singers, &c. among whom was your favourite, as indeed he is of every one, Mr. Beard. The Hall-gate was now thrown open to admit this lesser procession from the Abbey, when the bishop of Rochester (that is, the dean) and his attendants brought the Bible and the following regalia of the king, *viz.* St. Edward's crown, rested on a cushion of gold cloth, the orb with the cross, a sceptre with the dove on the top, another tipped with a cross, and what they call St. Edward's staff. The queen's regalia were brought at the same time, *viz.* her crown upon a cushion, a sceptre with a cross, and a rod of ivory with a dove. These were severally laid before their majesties, and afterwards delivered to the respective officers who were to bear them in the procession.

Considering the length of the cavalcade, and the numbers that were to walk, it is no wonder that there should be much confusion in marshalling the ranks. At last, however, every thing was regularly adjusted, and the procession began to quit the Hall between eleven and twelve. The platform leading to the west door of the Abbey was covered with blue baize for the train to walk on; but there seemed to me a defect in not covering the upright posts that supported the awning, as it is called (for they looked mean and naked) with that or some other coloured cloth. As I carry you along, I shall wave mentioning the minute particulars of the procession, and only observe that the nobility walked two by two. Being willing to see the procession pass along the platform through the streets, I hastened from the Hall, and by the assistance of a soldier made my way to my former station at the corner of Bridge-Street, where the windows commanded a double view at the turning. I shall not attempt to describe the splendor

and magnificence of the whole; and words must fall short of that innate joy and satisfaction which the spectators felt and expressed, especially as their majesties passed by; on whose countenance a dignity suited to their station, tempered with the most amiable complacency, was sensibly impressed. It was observable, that as their majesties and the nobility passed the corner which commanded a prospect of Westminster-bridge, they stopped short, and turned back to look at the people, whose appearance, as they all had their hats off, and were thick planted on the ground, which rose gradually, I can compare to nothing but a pavement of heads and faces.

I had the misfortune not to be able to get to the Abbey time enough to see all that passed there; nor indeed when I got in, could I have so distinct a view as I could have wished. But our friend Harry Whitaker had the luck to be stationed in the first row of the gallery behind the seats allotted for the nobility, close to the square platform which was erected by the altar, with an ascent of three steps, for their majesties to be crowned on. You are obliged to him, therefore, for several particulars which I could not otherwise have informed you of. He tells me, as soon as their majesties entered the church, the choir struck up with an anthem; and after they were seated, and the usual recognition and oblations were made, the litany was chanted by the Bishops of Chester and Chichester, and the responses made by the whole choir, accompanied by the whole band of music. Then the first part of the communion-service was read; after which a sermon was preached by the bishop of Salisbury, now archbishop of York. I was not near enough to hear it, nor, perhaps you will say, did I much desire it; but, by my watch, it lasted only fifteen minutes. This done, Harry says he saw very distinctly his majesty subscribe the declaration, and take the coronation oath, the solemnity of which struck him with an unspeakable awe and reverence; and he could not help reflecting on the glorious privilege which the English enjoy, of binding their kings by the most sacred ties of conscience and religion. The king was then anointed by his grace of Canterbury on the crown of his head, his breast, and the palms of his hands; after which he was presented with the spurs, and girt

with the sword, and was then invested with the coronation-ropes, the armills, as they are called, and the imperial pall. The orb with the cross was also presented, and the ring was put upon the fourth finger of his majesty's right hand by the archbishop, who then delivered the sceptre with the cross, and the other with the dove; and being assisted by several bishops, he lastly placed the crown reverently upon his majesty's head. A profound awful silence had reigned till this moment, when at the very instant the crown was let fall on the king's head, a fellow having been placed on the top of the Abbey-dome, from whence he could look down into the chancel, with a flag which he dropt as a signal: the Park and Tower guns began to fire, the trumpets sounded, and the Abbey echoed with the repeated shouts and acclamations of the people. The peers, who before this time had their coronets in their hands, now put them on, as the bishops did their caps, and the representatives of the dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy their hats. The knights of the Bath in particular made a most splendid figure when they put on their caps, which were adorned with large plumes of white feathers. It is to be observed that there were no commoners knights of the Garter; consequently, instead of caps and vestments peculiar to their order, they, being all peers, wore the robes and coronets of their respective ranks. I should mention that the kings of arms also put on coronets.

Silence again assumed her reign, and the shouts ceasing, the archbishop proceeded with the rest of the divine service; and after he had presented the Bible to his majesty, and solemnly read the benedictions, his majesty kissed the archbishops and bishops one after another as they knelt before him. The *Te Deum* was now performed, and this being ended, his majesty was elevated on a superb throne, which all the peers approached in their order, and did their homages.

The coronation of the queen was performed in nearly the same manner with that of his majesty; the archbishop anointed her with the holy oil on the head and breast, and after he had put the crown upon her head, it was a signal for princess Augusta and the peeresses to put on their coronets. Her majesty then received the sceptre with the cross,

and the ivory rod with the dove, and was conducted to a magnificent throne on the left hand of his majesty.

I cannot but lament that I was not near enough to observe their majesties going through the most serious and solemn acts of devotion; but I am told, that the reverent attention which both paid, when (after having made their second oblations) the next ceremony was, their receiving the holy communion, it brought to the mind of every one near them, a proper recollection of the consecrated place in which they were. Prayers being over, the king and queen retired into St. Edward's chapel, just behind the altar. You must remember it—it is where the superstition of the Roman Catholics has robbed the tomb of that royal confessor of some of its precious ornaments: here their majesties received each of them a crown of state, as it is called; and a procession was made in the same manner as before, except in some trifling instances, back again to Westminster-hall, all wearing their coronets, caps, &c. You know I have often said if one loses an hour in the morning, one may ride after it the whole day without being able to overtake it. This was the case in the present instance; for, to whatever causes it might be owing, the procession most assuredly set off too late: besides, according to what Harry observed, there were such long pauses between some of the ceremonies in the Abbey, as plainly shewed all the actors were not perfect in their parts. However it be, it is impossible to conceive the chagrin and disappointment which the late return of the procession occasioned; it being so late indeed, that the spectators even in the open air, had but a very dim and gloomy view of it, while to those who had sat patiently in Westminster-hall, waiting its return for six hours, scarce a glimpse of it appeared, as the branches were not lighted till just upon his majesty's entrance. I had flattered myself that a new scene of splendid grandeur would have been presented to us in the return of the procession, from the reflection of the lights, &c. and had therefore posted back to the Hall with all possible expedition; but not even the brilliancy of the ladies' jewels, or the greater lustre of their eyes, had the power to render our *darkness visible*: the whole was confusion, irregularity, and disorder.

However, we were afterwards amply recompensed for this partial eclipse by

the bright picture which the lighting of the chandeliers presented to us. Your unlucky law suit has made you too well acquainted with Westminster-hall for me to think of describing it to you: but I assure you the face of it was greatly altered from what it was when you attended to hear the verdict given against you. Instead of the enclosures for the courts of Chancery and King's Bench at the upper end, which were both removed, a platform was raised with several ascents of steps, where their majesties in their chairs of state, and the royal family, sat at table. On each side, down the whole length of the Hall, the rest of the company was seated at long tables, in the middle of which were placed, on elevations painted to represent marble, the desserts, &c. Conceive to yourself, if you can conceive, what I own I am at a loss to describe, so magnificent a building as that of Westminster-hall, lighted up with near three thousand wax candles in most splendid branches; our crowned heads and almost the whole nobility, with the prime of our gentry, most superbly arrayed, and adorned with a profusion of the most brilliant jewels; the galleries on every side crowded with company for the most part elegantly and richly dressed: but to conceive it in all its lustre, I am conscious that it is absolutely necessary one must have been present. To proceed in my narration—Their majesties' table was served with three courses, at the first of which earl Talbot, as steward of his majesty's household, rode up from the Hall-gate to the steps leading to where their majesties sat; and on his returning the spectators were presented with an unexpected sight, in his lordship's backing his horse, that he might keep his face still towards the king. A loud clapping and huzzaing consequently ensued from the people present. The ceremony of the champion, you may remember we laughed at, at its representation last winter; but I assure you it had a very serious effect on those ladies who were near him (though his horse was very gentle) as he came up, accompanied by lord Effingham as earl-marshal, and the duke of Bedford as lord high-constable, likewise on horseback. It is needless to repeat what passed on this occasion. I am told that the horse which the champion rode was the same that his late majesty was mounted on at the glorious and memorable battle of Det-

tingen. The beast, as well as the rider, had his head adorned with a plume of white, red, and blue feathers.

You cannot expect that I should give you a bill of fare, or enumerate the number of dishes that were provided and sent from the temporary kitchens erected in Cotton-garden for this purpose. No less than sixty haunches of venison, with a surprising quantity of all sorts of game, were laid in for this grand feast: but that which chiefly attracted our eyes, was their Majesties' dessert, in which the confectioner had lavished all his ingenuity in rock-work and emblematical figures. The other desserts were no less admirable for their expressive devices. But I must not forget to tell you, that when the company came to be seated, the poor knights of the Bath had been overlooked, and no table provided for them: an airy apology, however, was served up to them instead of a substantial dinner; but the two junior knights, in order to preserve their rank of precedency to their successors, were placed at the head of the judges' table, above all the learned brethren of the coif. The peers were placed on the outermost side of the tables, and the peeresses within, nearest to the walls. You cannot suppose that there was the greatest order imaginable observed, during the dinner, but must conclude, that some of the company were as eager and impatient to satisfy the craving of their appetites as any of your country 'squires at a race or assize ordinary.

It was pleasant to see the various stratagems made use of by the company in the galleries to come in for a snack of the good things below. The ladies clubbed their handkerchiefs to be tied together to draw up a chicken or a bottle of wine; nay, even garters (I will not say of a different sex) were united for the same purpose. Some had been so provident as to bring baskets with them, which were let down, like the prisoners boxes at Ludgate, or the Gate-house, with a *Pray, remember the poor*.

You will think it high time that I should bring this long letter to a conclusion. Let it suffice then to acquaint you, that their majesties returned to St. James's a little after ten o'clock at night; but they were pleased to give time for the peeresses to go first, that they might not be incommoded by the pressure of the mob to see their majesties. After the nobility were

departed, the illustrious *mobility* were (according to custom) admitted into the Hall, which they presently cleared of all the moveables, such as the victuals, cloths, plates, dishes, &c. and, in short, every thing that could stick to their fingers.

I need not tell you, that several coronation medals, in silver, were thrown among the populace at the return of the procession. One of them was pitched into Mrs. Dixon's lap, as she sat upon a scaffold in Palace-yard. Some, it is said, were also thrown among the peeresses in the Abbey, just after the king was crowned; but they thought it below their dignity to stoop to pick them up.

My wife desires her compliments to you: she was *hugously* pleased with the sight. All friends are well, except that little Nancy Green has got a swelled face, by being up all night; and Tom Moffat has his leg laid upon a stool, on account of a broken shin, which he got by a kick from a trooper's horse, as a reward for his mobbing it. I shall say nothing of the illuminations at night: the newspapers must have told you of them, and that the Admiralty in particular was remarkably lighted up. I expected to have from you an account of the rejoicings at your little town: and desire to know whether you was able to get a slice of the ox which was roasted whole on this occasion.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours most heartily,
JAMES HEMMING.

P. S. The Princess Dowager of Wales, with the younger branches of the royal family, did not walk in the grand procession, but made up a lesser procession of their own; of which you will find a sufficient account in the public prints. They had a box to see the coronation in the Abbey, and afterwards dined in an apartment by themselves adjoining to the Hall.

Since my writing the above, I have been informed for certain, that the sword of state, by some mistake, being left behind at St. James's, the Lord Mayor's sword was carried before the king by the earl of Huntingdon, in its stead; but when the procession came into the Abbey, the sword of state was found placed upon the altar.

Our friend Harry, who was upon the scaffold, at the return of the procession,

closed in with the rear ; at the expence of half-a-guinea was admitted into the Hall ; got brim-full of his majesty's claret ; and in the universal plunder, brought off the glass her majesty drank in, which is placed in the beaufait as a valuable curiosity.

B. Thornton.

§ 119. *A Letter from a successful Adventurer in the Lottery.*

Sir,

You will not be at all surprised when I tell you, that I have had very ill-luck in the lottery ; but you will stare when I further tell you, it is because unluckily I have got a considerable prize in it. I received the glad tidings of my misfortune last Saturday night from your Chronicle, when on looking over the list of the prizes, as I was got behind my pipe at the club, I found that my ticket was come up a 20000. In the pride as well as joy of my heart, I could not help proclaiming to the company—my good luck, as I then foolishly thought it, and as the company thought it too, by insisting that I should treat them that evening. Friends are never so merry, or stay longer, than when they have nothing to pay : they never care too how extravagant they are on such an occasion. Bottle after bottle was therefore called for, and that too of claret, though not one of us, I believe, but had rather had port. In short, I reeled home as well as I could about four in the morning ; when thinking to pacify my wife, who began to rate me (as usual) for staying out so long, I told her the occasion of it ; but instead of rejoicing, as I thought she would, she cried—“ Pish, ONLY two thousand pounds ! ” However, she was at last reconciled to it, taking care to remind me, that she had chosen the ticket herself, and she was all along sure it would come up a prize, because the number was an odd one. We neither of us got a wink of sleep, though I was heartily inclined to it ; for my wife kept me awake—by telling me of this, that, and t'other thing which she wanted, and which she would now purchase, as we could afford it.

I know not how the news of my success spread so soon among my other acquaintance, except that my wife told it to every one she knew, or not knew, at church. The consequence was, that I had no less than seven very hearty friends came to dine with us by way of wishing

us joy ; and the number of these hearty friends was increased to above a dozen by supper-time. It is kind in one's friends to be willing to partake of one's success : they made themselves very merry literally at my expense ; and, at parting, told me they would bring some more friends, and have another jolly evening with me on this happy occasion.

When they were gone, I made shift to get a little rest, though I was often disturbed by my wife talking in her sleep. Her head, it seems, literally ran upon wheels, that is, the lottery-wheels ; she frequently called out that she had got ten thousand pounds ; she muttered several wild and incoherent expressions about gowns, and ruffles, and ear-rings, and necklaces ; and I once heard her mention the word *coach*. In the morning when I got up, how was I surprised to find my good fortune published to all the world in the news-paper ! though I could not but smile (and madam was greatly pleased at the printer's exalting me to the dignity of *Esquire*, having been nothing but plain Mr. all my life before. And now the misfortunes arising from my good fortune began to pour in thick upon me. In consequence of the information given in the news-paper, we were no sooner sat down to breakfast than we were complimented with a rat-a-tatoo from the drums, as if we had been just married : after these had been silenced by the usual method, another band of music saluted us with a peal from the marrow-bones and cleavers to the same tune. I was harassed the whole day with petitions from the hospital boys that drew the ticket, the commissioners clerks that wrote down the ticket, and the clerks of the office where I bought the ticket, all of them praying, “ That my *Honour* would consider them.” I should be glad you would inform me what these people would have given me if I had had a blank.

My acquaintance in general called to know when they should wait upon me to *wet* my good fortune. My own relations, and my wife's relations came in such shoals to congratulate me, that I hardly knew the faces of many of them. One insisted on my giving a piece of plate to his wife ; another recommended to me to put his little boy (my two-and-fortieth cousin) out 'prentice ; another, lately *white-washed*, proposed to me my setting

him up again in business; and several of them very kindly told me, they would borrow three or four hundred pounds of me, as they knew I could now spare it.

My wife in the mean time, you may be sure, was not idle in contriving to dispose of this new acquisition. She found out in the first place, (according to the complaint of most women) that she had not got a gown to her back, at least not one fit for her *now* to appear in. Her wardrobe of linen was no less deficient; and she discovered several chasms in our furniture, especially in the articles of plate and china. She also determined to *see a little pleasure*, as she calls it, and has actually made a party to go to the next opera. Now, in order to supply these immediate wants and necessities, she has prevailed on me (though at a great loss) to turn the prize into ready money; which I dared not refuse her, because the number was her own choosing: and she has further persuaded me (as we have had such good luck) to lay out a great part of the produce in purchasing more tickets, all of her own choosing. To me it is indifferent which way the money goes; for, upon my making out the balance, I already find I shall be a loser by my gains: and all my fear is, that one of the tickets may come up a five thousand or ten thousand.

I am,
Your very humble servant,
JEFFREY CHANCE.

P. S. I am just going to club—I hope they won't desire me to treat them again.

B. Thornton.

§ 120. *Characters of CAMILLA and FLORA.*

Camilla is really what writers have so often imagined; or rather, she possesses a combination of delicacies, which they have seldom had minuteness of virtue and taste enough to conceive; to say she is beautiful, she is accomplished, she is generous, she is tender, is talking in general, and it is the particular I would describe. In her person she is almost tall, and almost thin; graceful, commanding, and inspiring a kind of tender respect; the tone of her voice is melodious, and she can neither look nor move without expressing something to her advantage. Possessed of almost every excellence, she is unconscious of any, and this heightens

them all; she is modest and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the subject on which she gives it, and sees the question in its true light; she has neither pride, prejudice, nor precipitancy to misguide her; she is true, and therefore judges truly. If there are subjects too intricate, too complicated for the feminine simplicity of her soul, her ignorance of them serves only to display a new beauty in her character, which results from her acknowledging, nay, perhaps from her possessing that very ignorance. The great characteristic of Camilla's understanding is taste; but when she says most upon a subject, she still shews that she has much more to say, and by this unwillingness to triumph, she persuades the more. With the most refined sentiments, she possesses the softest sensibility, and it lives and speaks in every feature of her face. Is Camilla melancholy? does she sigh? Every body is affected; they inquire whether any misfortune has happened to Camilla; they find that she sighed for the misfortune of another, and they are affected still more. Young, lovely, and high born, Camilla, graces every company, and heightens the brilliancy of courts; wherever she appears, all others seem by a natural impulse to feel her superiority; and yet when she converses, she has the art of inspiring others with an ease which they never knew before: she joins to the most scrupulous politeness a certain feminine gaiety, free both from restraint and boldness; always gentle, yet never inferior; always unassuming, yet never ashamed or awkward; for shame and awkwardness are the effects of pride, which is too often miscalled modesty: nay, to the most critical discernment, she adds something of a blushing timidity, which serves but to give a meaning and piquancy even to her looks, an admirable effect of true superiority! by this silent unassuming merit she over-awes the turbulent and the proud, and stops the torrent of that indecent, that overbearing noise, with which inferior natures in superior stations overwhelm the slavish and the mean. Yes, all admire, and love, and reverence Camilla.

You see a character that you admire, and you think it perfect; do you therefore conclude that every different character is imperfect? what, will you allow a variety of beauty almost equally striking

in the art of a Correggio, a Guido, and a Raphael, and refuse it to the infinity of nature! How different from lovely Camilla is the beloved Flora; in Camilla, nature has displayed the beauty of exact regularity and the elegant softness of female propriety: in Flora, she charms with a certain artless poignancy, a graceful negligence, and an uncontroled, yet blameless freedom. Flora has something original and peculiar about her, a charm which is not easily defined; to know her and to love her is the same thing; but you cannot know her by description. Her person is rather touching than majestic, her features more expressive than regular, and her manner pleases rather because it is restrained by no rule; than because it is conformable to any that custom has established. Camilla puts you in mind of the most perfect music that can be composed; Flora, of the wild sweetness which is sometimes produced by the irregular play of the breeze upon the Æolian harp. Camilla reminds you of a lovely young queen; Flora of her more lovely maid of honour. In Camilla you admire the decency of the Graces; in Flora, the attractive sweetness of the Lovers. Artless sensibility, wild, native feminine gaiety, and the most touching tenderness of soul, are the strange characteristics of Flora. Her countenance glows with youthful beauty, which all art seems rather to diminish than increase, rather to hide than adorn: and while Camilla charms you with the choice of her dress, Flora enchants you with the neglect of hers. Thus different are the beauties which nature has manifested in Camilla and Flora! yet while she has, in this contrariety, shewn the extent of her power to please, she has also proved, that truth and virtue are always the same. Generosity and tenderness are the first principles in the minds of both favourites, and were never possessed in an higher degree than they are possessed by Flora; she is just as attentive to the interest of others, as she is negligent of her own; and though she could submit to any misfortune that could befall herself, yet she hardly knows how to bear the misfortunes of another. Thus does Flora unite the strongest sensibility with the most lively gaiety; and both are expressed with the most bewitching mixture in her countenance. While Camilla inspires a reverence that keeps you at a respectful,

yet admiring distance, Flora excites the most ardent, yet most elegant desire. Camilla reminds you of the dignity of Diana, Flora of the attractive sensibility of Calisto: Camilla almost elevates you to the sensibility of angels, Flora delights you with the loveliest idea of woman.

Greville.

§ 121. *A Fable by the celebrated Linnæus, translated from the Latin.*

Once upon a time the seven wise men of Greece were met together at Athens, and it was proposed that every one of them should mention what he thought the greatest wonder in the creation. One of them, of higher conceptions than the rest, proposed the opinion of some of the astronomers about the fixed stars, which they believed to be so many suns, that had each their planets rolling about them, and were stored with plants and animals like this earth. Fired with this thought, they agreed to supplicate Jupiter, that he would at least permit them to take a journey to the moon, and stay there three days, in order to see the wonders of that place, and give an account of them at their return. Jupiter consented, and ordered them to assemble on a high mountain, where there should be a cloud ready to convey them to the place they desired to see; they picked out some chosen companions, who might assist them in describing and painting the objects they should meet with. At length they arrived at the moon, and found a palace there well fitted up for their reception. The next day, being very much fatigued with their journey, they kept quiet at home till noon; and being still faint, they refreshed themselves with a most delicious entertainment, which they relished so well, that it overcame their curiosity. This day they only saw through the window that delightful spot, adorned with the most beautiful flowers, to which the beams of the sun gave an uncommon lustre, and heard the singing of most melodious birds till evening came on. The next day they rose very early in order to begin their observations; but some very beautiful young ladies of that country coming to make them a visit, advised them first to recruit their strength before they exposed themselves to the laborious task they were about to undertake.

The delicate meats, the rich wines, the

beauty of these damsels prevailed over the resolution of these strangers. A fine concert of music is introduced, the young ones begin to dance, and all is turned to jollity; so that this whole day was spent in gallantry, till some of the neighbouring inhabitants growing envious at their mirth, rushed in with swords. The elder part of the company tried to appease the younger, promising the very next day they would bring the rioters to justice. This they performed, and the third day the cause was heard; and what with accusations, pleadings, exceptions, and the judgment itself, the whole day was taken up, on which the term set by Jupiter expired. On their return to Greece, all the country flocked in upon them to hear the wonders of the moon described, but all they could tell was, for that was all they knew, that the ground was covered with green intermixed with flowers, and that the birds sung among the branches of the trees: but what kind of flowers they saw, or what kind of birds they heard, they were totally ignorant. Upon which they were treated every where with contempt.

If we apply this fable to men of the present age, we shall perceive a very just similitude. By these three days the fable denotes the three ages of man. First, youth, in which we are too feeble in every respect to look into the works of the Creator: all that season is given to idleness, luxury, and pastime. Secondly, manhood, in which men are employed in settling, marrying, educating children, providing fortunes for them, and raising a family.—Thirdly, old age, in which after having made their fortunes, they are overwhelmed with law-suits and proceedings relating to their estates. Thus it frequently happens that men never consider to what end they were destined, and why they were brought into the world.

B. Thornton.

122. § *Mercy recommended.*

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,—where just occasions presented, or called it forth—I know no man under whose arm I should sooner have taken shelter;—nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness in his intellectual parts— he was of a peaceful placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up so kindly within him: my uncle Toby

had scarcely a heart to retaliate upon a fly:—Go,—says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one who had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last as it flew by him; I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand:—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape:—go, poor devil,—get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world, surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

* * * This is to serve for parents and governors instead of a whole volume upon the subject. *Sterne.*

§ 123. *The Starling.*

—Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! said I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—’Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised—but strip it of its towers—fill up the fosse—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose ’tis some tyrant of a distemper, and not of a man—which holds you in it—the evil vanishes and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained “it could not get out,”—I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up I saw it was a Starling hung in a little cage—“I can’t get out,—I can’t get out,” said the Starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering, to the side towards which they approached it with the same lamentations of its captivity—“I can’t get out,” said the Starling—God help thee! said I, but I will let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twisted and

double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces,—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient. I fear poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty—"No," said the Starling. "I can't get out, I can't get out," said the Starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery! said I—still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change—no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled!—Gracious heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent—Grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

Sterne.

§ 124. *The Captive.*

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement: I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding however

affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then look-through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was that arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice—his children—

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed; a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn. *Ibid.*

§ 125. *Trim's Explanation of the Fifth Commandment.*

—Pr'ythee, Trim, quoth my father—What dost thou mean, by "honouring thy father and mother?"

Allowing them, a'nt please your honour, three halfpence a-day out of my pay, when they grow old.—And didst thou do that, Trim? said Yorick.—He did indeed, replied my uncle Toby.—Then, Trim, said Yorick, springing out of his chair, and taking the corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue! and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst had a hand in the Talmud itself. *Ibid.*

§ 126. *Health.*

O blessed health! thou art above all gold and treasure: 'tis thou who enlargest the soul—and openeth all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue.—He that has thee, has little more to wish for! and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants every thing with thee.

Sterne.

§ 127. *A Voyage to Lilliput.*

CHAP. I.

The Author gives some account of himself and family: his first inducements to travel. He is shipwrecked, and swims for his life: gets safe on shore in the country of Lilliput; is made a prisoner, and carried up the country.

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be some time or other my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden: there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master Mr. Bates to be surgeon to the Swallow, captain Abraham Pannel, commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back, I resolved to settle in London, to which Mr. Bates, my master encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old-Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs. Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in

Newgate-street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But, my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife, and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages for six years to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old-Jewry to Fetter-lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors: but it would not turn to account. After three years expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from captain William Pritchard, master of the *Antelope*, who was making a voyage to the South-sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4th, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas: let it suffice to inform him, that, in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's land. By an observation we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labour and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed by my coun-

putation about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was upset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom: but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile, before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any signs of houses or inhabitants, at least I was in so weak a condition, that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked, it was just day-light. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me; but in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin: when bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and

roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, *hekinah degul*: the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness; at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, *tolgo phonac*; when in an instant I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body, (though I felt them not) and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I felt a groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherways of me, when the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased: and about four yards from me, over-against my right ear,

I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it: from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *langro dekul san*; (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me.) Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear shewing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above an hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark.

I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, shewing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating, that a small quantity would not suffice me, and being a most ingenious people, they slung up with great dexterity one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first, *hekinah degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *borach mevolah*; and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of *hekinah degul*. I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them, for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour, soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people, who had treated me with so much expence and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature, as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forward up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue. And producing his credentials under the signet

royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution; often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in a few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to shew, that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds, but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know, that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the *hurgo* and his train withdrew with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, *peplom selan*, and I felt great numbers of people on my left side relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right, and to ease myself with making water; which I very plentifully did, to the great astonishment of the people, who conjecturing by my motion what I was going to do, immediately opened to the right and left on that side, to avoid the torrent which fell with such noise and violence from me. But before this, they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment very pleasant to the smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogshead of wine.

It seems that, upon the first moment I

was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express; and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related, (which was done in the night while I slept) that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution perhaps may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion; however, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous: for supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince hath several machines fixed on wheels for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men of war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which it seems set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of packthread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told, for, while the whole ope-

ration was performing, I lay in a profound sleep by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopt awhile, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently;* whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me, if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sun-rise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopt, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as prophane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side the king's smith

* It has been remarked, that courage in whatever cause, though it sometimes excites indignation, is never the object of contempt; but this appears to be true only because courage is supposed to imply superiority: for this officer in the guards becomes extremely ridiculous and contemptible by an act of the most daring curiosity, which sets him in comparison with Gulliver; to whom he was so much inferior, that a blast of the Man-mountain's nostrils would have endangered his life; and if heroism itself is not proof against ridicule, those surely are Lilliputians in philosophy, who consider ridicule as the test of truth

conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above an hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it, on pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semi-circle; but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAP. II.

The emperor of Lilliput, attended by several of the nobility, comes to see the author in his confinement. The emperor's person and habit described. Learned men appointed to teach the author their language. He gains favour by his mild disposition. His pockets are searched, and his sword and pistols taken from him.

When I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of

half a *stang*,* and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

I had been for some hours extremely pressed by the necessities of nature; which was no wonder, it being almost two days since I had last disburdened myself. I was under great difficulties between urgency and shame. The best expedient I could think on, was to creep into my house, which I accordingly did; and, shutting the gate after me, I went as far as the length of my chain would suffer, and discharged my body of that uneasy load. But this was the only time I was ever guilty of so uncleanly an action; for which I cannot but hope the candid reader will give some allowance, after he hath maturely and impartially considered my case, and the distress I was in. From this time my constant practice was, as soon as I rose, to perform that business in open air, at the full extent of my chain; and due care was taken every morning, before company came, that the offensive matter should be carried off in wheel-barrows by two servants appointed for that purpose. I would not have dwelt so long upon a circumstance, that perhaps at first sight may appear not very momentous, if I had not thought it necessary to justify my character, in point of cleanliness, to the world; which I am told some of my maligners have been pleased, upon this and other occasions, to call in question.

When this adventure was at an end, I came back out of my house, having occasion for fresh air. The emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet: but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat till his attendants ran in and held his bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration; but

kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cook and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forwards in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught, and so I did the rest. The empress, and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance, in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off; however, I had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold adorned with jewels, and a plume on his crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; † it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad, so that the spot they stood upon

* A *stang* is a pole or perch; sixteen feet and a half.

† The masculine strength of features, which Gulliver could not see till he laid his face upon the ground, and the awful superiority of stature in a being whom he held in his hand; the helmet, the plume, and the sword, are a fine reproof of human pride; the objects of which are trifling distinctions, whether of person or rank; the ridiculous parade and ostentation of a pigmy; which derive not only their origin but their use from the folly, weakness, and imperfection of ourselves and others.

seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers; but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits) who were commanded to address themselves to me, and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were high and low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and *Lingua Franca*; but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice, of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst, and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me, as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forwards with the butt-ends of their pikes into my reach; I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my pen-knife; but I soon put them out of fear; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds* of the common measure were brought in carriages, and worked up in my house; an hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length: and these were

four doubled, which however kept me but indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and cover-lids, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships:

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me; so that the villages were almost emptied; and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his imperial majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconveniency. He directed, that those who had already beheld me should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house without licence from court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the mean time the emperor held frequent councils, to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon dispatch me; but again they considered that the stench of so large a carcass might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behaviour to the six criminals above-mentioned, which made so favourable an impression in the breast of his majesty, and the whole board, in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages nine hundred yards round the city to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals, for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine, and other liquors; for the due payment of which his majesty gave assignments upon his treasury. For this prince lives chiefly upon his own de-

* Gulliver has observed great exactness in the just proportion and appearances of the object thus lessened. ORRERY.

nesses, seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expence. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board-wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered, that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes after the fashion of the country; that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility, and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these orders were duly put in execution, and in about three weeks I made great progress in learning their language; during which time the emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learnt were to express my desire, that he would please to give me my liberty, which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was, that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *lumos kelmin pesso desmar lonemposo*; that is, swear peace with him and his kingdom. However, that I should be used with all kindness; and he advised me to acquire, by my patience and discreet behaviour, the good opinion of himself and his subjects. He desired I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person. I said, his majesty should be satisfied; for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered part in words, and part in signs. He replied, that by the laws of the kingdom I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; that he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me, should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them. I took up the two officers in my hands,

put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs, and another secret pocket, which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries, that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of every thing they saw; and, when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is word for word as follows:

Imprinis, In the right coat-pocket of the great Man mountain (for so I interpret the words *Quibus Flestrin*) after the strictest search we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we the searchers were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces, set us both a sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the pallsadoes before your majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the Man-mountain combs his head; for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket on the right side of his middle cover (so I translate the word *raufulo*, by which they meant my breeches) we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber, larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket on the right

side were several round flat pieces of white and red metal of different bulk ; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy, that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped ; we could not without difficulty reach the top of them, as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece ; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was inclosed a prodigious plate of steel ; which, by our orders, we obliged him to shew us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us, that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and to cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter ; these he called his fobs : they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain with a wonderful engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain : which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal ; for on the transparent side we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by the lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise like that of a water-mill ; and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships ; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did any thing without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life.* From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use : we found therein several massy pieces of

yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

Having thus, in obedience to your majesty's command, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men ; and on the right a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them ; the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the Man-mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed, on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign.

Clefrin Frelock, Marsi Frelock.

When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scymeter, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the mean time he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge : but I did not observe it, for my eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty. He then desired me to draw my scymeter, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise ; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scymeter to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince,† was less daunted than I could expect ; he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I

* Perhaps the author intended to expose the probable fallacy of opinions derived from the relations of travellers, by shewing how little truth need to be misunderstood to make falsehood specious.

† He who does not find himself disposed to honour this magnanimity should reflect, that a right to judge of moral and intellectual excellence is with great absurdity and injustice arrogated by him who admires, in a being six feet high, any qualities that he despises in one whose stature does not exceed six inches.

CHAP. III.

could, about six feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded, was one of the hollow iron pillars; by which he meant my pocket-pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which by the closeness of my pouch happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide) I first cautioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scymeter. Hundreds fell down, as if they had been struck dead; and even the emperor, although he had stood his ground, could not recover himself in some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner I had done my scymeter, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more acute than ours: he asked the opinions of his learned men about it; which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating it; although indeed I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones: my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal book. My scymeter, pistols, and pouch, were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me.]

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes) a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniences; which being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled, if I ventured them out of my possession.

The author diverts the emperor and his nobility of both sexes in a very uncommon manner. The diversions of the court of Lilliput described. The author has his liberty granted him upon certain conditions.

My gentleness and good behaviour had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army, and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand: and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide and seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking their language. The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the ropedancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons, who are candidates for great employments, and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant either by death or disgrace (which often happens) five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to shew their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together upon a trencher, fixed on a rope, which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs; is, in my

opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; and the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to shew their dexterity: for by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them who hath not received a fall, and some of them, two or three. I was assured, that a year or two before my arrival Flimnap would have infallibly broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shewn before the emperor and empress, and first minister upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor hath a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the old or new world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it backwards and forwards several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with the most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third; which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court, who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my

hand, as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntsmen upon a large courser took my foot, shoe and all; which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly, and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks, and tied them parallel at each corner about two feet from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect; and extended it on all sides, till it was tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work, I desired the emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up one by one in my hands ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and in short discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the emperor was so much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up, and give the word of command; and, with great difficulty, persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, from whence she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune, that no ill accident happened in these entertainments, only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in

the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt, and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could; however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with this kind of feats, there arrived an express to inform his majesty, that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round as wide as his majesty's bed-chamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion; and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and stamping upon it, they found it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the Man-mountain; and if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion, that, before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident, which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it: and the next day the waggoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim within an inch and a half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor having ordered that part of his army, which quarters in and about his

metropolis, to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired I would stand like a colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four in a breast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot and a thousand horse. His majesty gave orders upon pain of death, that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest decency with regard to my person; which however could not prevent some of the younger officers from turning up their eyes as they passed under me; and, to confess the truth, my breeches were at that time in so ill a condition, that they afforded some opportunities for laughter and admiration.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his majesty at length mentioned the matter first in the cabinet, and then in a full council, where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was *galbet* or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two under secretaries, and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was determined to swear to the performance of them; first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method prescribed by their laws, which was to hold my right foot in my left hand, and also to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a transla-

tion of the whole instrument word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

Golbasto Momaren Evlame Gurcilo Shefin Mully Uly Gue, most mighty emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand *blustrugs*, (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime majesty proposeth to the Man-mountain, lately arrived at our celestial dominions, the following articles, which by a solemn oath he shall be obliged to perform.

1st. The Man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions without our licence under our great seal.

2d. He shall not presume to come into our metropolis without our express order; at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours warning to keep within doors.

3d. The said Man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

4th. As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

5th. If an express requires extraordinary dispatch, the Man-mountain shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse a six-days journey once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if required) safe to our imperial presence.

6th. He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu*, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

7th. That the said Man-mountain shall, at his times of leisure, be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones, towards covering the

wall of the principal park and other our royal buildings.

8th. That the said Man-mountain shall, in two moons time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

Lastly, That, upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said Man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favour. Given at our palace at Belsaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign.

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honourable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam, the high-admiral: whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himself in person did me the honour to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet, but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which, to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added, that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favours he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.

The reader may please to observe, that, in the last article for the recovery of my liberty, the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court how they came to fix on that determinate number, he told me that his majesty's mathematicians having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded, from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1724 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudence and exact economy of so great a prince.

* In his description of Lilliput he seems to have had England more immediately in view. In his description of Blefuscu, he seems to intend the people and kingdom of France. ORRERY,

CHAP. IV.

Mildendo, the metropolis of Lilliput, described, together with the Emperor's palace. A conversation between the author and a principal secretary concerning the affairs of that empire. The author's offers to serve the emperor in his wars.

The first request I made, after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have licence to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice by proclamation of my design to visit the town. The wall, which encompassed it, is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers at ten feet distance. I stept over the great western gate, and passed very gently, and sideling, through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection to avoid treading on any straggler, who might remain in the streets: although the orders were very strict, that all people should keep in their houses at their own peril. The garret windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run cross and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls; the houses are from three to five stories: the shops and markets well provided.

The emperor's palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great streets meet. It is enclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had his majesty's permission to step over this wall; and the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts; in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it ex-

tremely difficult; for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time the emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about an hundred yards distant from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand: I lifted this over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eighty feet wide: I then stept over the building very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the empress and the young princes in their several lodgings with their chief attendants about them. Her imperial majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

But I shall not anticipate the reader with further descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press, containing a general description of this empire, from its first erection, through a long series of princes, with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion, their plants and animals, their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful; my chief design at present being only to relate such events and transactions, as happened to the public or myself, during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresol, principal secretary of state (as they style him) for private affairs, came to my house attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired, I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as of the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said he might pretend to some merit in it; but however added, that, if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. For, said he, as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labour under two mighty evils; a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion by a most potent enemy from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand, that for above seventy moons past there have been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names of *Tramecksan*, and *Slamecksan** from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alleged indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his majesty is determined to make use only of low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe; and particularly, that his majesty's imperial heels are lower at least by a *drurr* than any of his court (*drurr* is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch.) The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat nor drink, nor talk with each other. We compute the *Tramecksan*, or high heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his imperial highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency towards the high-heels; at least, we can plainly discover, that one of his heels is higher than the other, which

gives him a hobble in his gait. Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his majesty. For as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world, inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain, that an hundred mortals of your bulk would, in a short time, destroy all the fruits and cattle of his majesty's dominions: besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions, than the great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six and thirty moons past: It began upon the following occasion: it is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we ate them, was upon the largest end; but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the emperor, his father, published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tells us, there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one emperor lost his life and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs, at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy; but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassa-

* High-church and Low-church, or Whig and Tory. As every accidental difference between man and man in person and circumstances is by this work rendered extremely contemptible; so speculative differences are shewn to be equally ridiculous, when the zeal with which they are opposed and defended too much exceeds their importance.

dors, accusing us of making a schism in religion by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great profet Lustrug, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundeceal (which is their Alcoran.) This however is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these; "That all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end." And which is the convenient end, should, in my humble opinion, be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now, the Big-endian exiles have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war hath been carried on between the two empires for six-and-thirty moons, with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his imperial majesty, placing a great confidence in your valour and strength, hath commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you.

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the emperor, and to let him know, that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready with the hazard of my life to defend his person and state against all invaders*.

CHAP. V.

The author, by an extraordinary stratagem prevents an invasion. A high title of honour is conferred upon him. Ambassadors arrive from the emperor of Blefuscu, and sue for peace. The empress's apartment on fire by an accident; the author instrumental in saving the rest of the palace.

The empire of Blefuscu is an island, situated to the north-east side of Lilliput, from whence it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appear-

ing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me, all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his majesty a project I formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet; which our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plummed; who told me, that in the middle, at high water, it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most. I walked towards the north-east coast, over against Blefuscu; where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective-glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men of war, and a great number of transports; I then came back to my house, and gave orders (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high-water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground; I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened, when they saw me, that they left out of their ships, and swam to shore, where they could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls: I then took my tackling, and, fastening a hook to the whole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face; and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infal-

* Gulliver, without examining the subject of dispute, readily engaged to defend the emperor against invasion: because he knew that no such monarch had a right to invade the dominions of another, for the propagation of truth.

libly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept among other little necessaries, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the emperor's searches. These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and thus armed went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect, farther than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving above two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men of war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul on each other; but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair, as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopt awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet in more pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner; but he was soon eased of his fears, for the

channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing; and holding up the end of the cable, by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant emperor of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

His majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think on nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefescu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy; of destroying the Big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavoured to divert him from this design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice: and I plainly protested, that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery. And when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

This open bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his imperial majesty, that he could never forgive me; he mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared at least by their silence to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions, which by a side-wind reflected on me. And from this time began an intrigue between his majesty and a junto of ministers maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefescu, with humble offers of a peace; which was soon concluded upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons; and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master, and the import-

ance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have at court, their excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valour and generosity, invited me to that kingdom in the emperor their master's name, and desired me to shew them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their excellencies to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the honour to present my most humble respects to the emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend before I returned to my own country: accordingly the next time I had the honour to see our emperor, I desired his general licence to wait on the Blefuscudian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could plainly perceive, in a very cold manner: but could not guess the reason, till I had a whisper from a certain person, that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection, from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed, that these ambassadors spoke to me by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongues, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbour; yet our emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials, and make their speech in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed, that from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles, which is mutual among them, and from the custom in each empire to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other, in order to polish themselves by seeing the world, and understanding men and man-

ners; there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the emperor of Blefuscu, which in the midst of great misfortunes, through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember that when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty; there were some which I disliked, upon account of their being too servile, neither could any thing but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a *nardao* of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the emperor (to do him justice) never once mentioned them to me. However it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his majesty, at least as I then thought, a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word *burglum* repeated incessantly: several of the emperor's court making their way through the crowd, entreated me to come immediately to the palace, where her imperial majesty's apartment was on fire by the carelessness of a maid of honour, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moonshine night, I made a shift to get to the palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of a large thimble, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could; but the flame was so violent that they did little good. I might easily have stifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable, and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if by a presence of mind unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I had the evening before drank plentifully of a most delicious wine, called *glimigram* (the Ble-

fuscudians call it *flunec*, but ours is esteemed the better sort) which is very diuretic. By the luckiest chance in the world I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flames, and by my labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urino; which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction.

It was now day-light, and I returned to my house, without waiting to congratulate with the emperor; because, although I had done a very eminent piece of service, yet I could not tell how his majesty might resent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any person, of what quality soever, to make water within the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a message from his majesty, that he would give orders to the grand justiciary for passing my pardon in form; which, however, I could not obtain. And I was privately assured, that the empress, conceiving the greatest abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the most distant side of the court, firmly resolved that those buildings should never be repaired for her use; and, in the presence of her chief confidants, could not forbear vowing revenge.

CHAP. VI.

Of the inhabitants of Lilliput; their learning, laws, and customs; the manner of educating their children. The author's way of living in that country. His vindication of a great lady.

Although I intend to leave the description of the empire to a particular treatise, yet in the mean time I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees: for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and a half, more or less; their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards, till you come to the smallest,

which to my sight were almost invisible; but nature hath adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view: they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And, to shew the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with observing a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly; and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk. Their tallest trees are about seven feet high: I mean some of those in the great royal park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist cleaved. The other vegetables are in the same proportion; but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which for many ages hath flourished in all its branches among them; but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right, like the Europeans; nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians; nor from up to down, like the Chinese: but aslant from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downwards, because they hold an opinion, that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again, in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall at their resurrection be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine, but the practice still continues in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar; and if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I shall mention relates to informers. All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but, if the person accused maketh his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death: and out of his goods or lands the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardships of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he hath been at in making his defence. Or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the

crown. The emperor also confers on him some public mark of his favour, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with death; for they allege, that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no fence against superior cunning; and it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing upon credit; where fraud is permitted and connived at, or hath no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember when I was once interceding with the king for a criminal, who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he had received by order, and ran away with; and happening to tell his majesty, by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust; the emperor thought it monstrous in me to offer as a defence the greatest aggravation of the crime; and truly I had little to say in return, farther than the common answer, that different nations had different customs; for, I confess, I was heartily ashamed*.

Although we usually call reward and punishment the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe this maxim to be put in practice by any nation, except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof that he hath strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons, hath a claim to certain privileges according to his quality and condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money out of a fund appropriated for that use; he likewise acquires the title of *Suil pall*, or *Legal*, which is added to his name, but doth not descend to his posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them, that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection: with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a

sword sheathed in her left, to shew she is more disposed to reward than to punish.

In choosing persons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for since government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understandings is fitted to some station or other, and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs to be a mystery, comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age: but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power, the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and at least, that the mistakes committed by ignorance, in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal, as the practices of a man whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and who had great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In like manner, the disbelief of a divine Providence renders a man incapable of holding any public station; for, since kings avowed themselves to be the deputies of Providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which he acteth.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the original institutions, and not the most scandalous corruptions, into which these people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on the ropes, or badges of favour and distinction by leaping over sticks, and creeping under them, the reader is to observe, that they were first introduced by the grandfather of the emperor now reigning, and grew to the present height by the gradual increase of party and faction.

* An act of parliament hath been since passed by which some breaches of trust have been made capital.

Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries : for they reason thus, that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor, must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he hath received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children, differ extremely from ours. For since the conjunction of male and female is founded upon the great law of nature, in order to propagate and continue the species, the Lilliputians will needs have it, that men and women are joined together like other animals by the motives of concupiscence; and that their tenderness towards their young proceeds from the like natural principle; for which reason they will never allow, that a child is under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world, which, considering the miseries of human life, was neither a benefit in itself, nor intended so by his parents, whose thoughts in their love encounters were otherwise employed. Upon these, and the like reasonings, their opinion is that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children: and therefore they have in every town public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and labourers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities, and to both sexes. They have certain professors well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities as well as inclination. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth are provided with grave and learned professors, and their several duties. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in the times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions, consisting of bodily exercises. They are

dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great, and the women attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together in smaller or greater numbers to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor, or one of his deputies; whereby they avoid those early bad impressions of folly and vice to which our children are subject. Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a year; the visit is to last but an hour; they are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweetmeats, and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts, are managed proportionably after the same manner, only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old, whereas those of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to twenty-one with us: but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex; but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found, that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practised by chambermaids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies there are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despise all personal ornaments beyond decency and cleanliness: neither did I perceive any difference in their education, made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust; and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and smaller compass of learning was

enjoined them ; for their maxim is, that, among people of quality a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurseries of females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of works proper for their sex, and their several degrees: those intended for apprentices are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept to eleven.

The meaner families, who have children at these nurseries, are obliged, besides their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings to be a portion for the child ; and therefore all parents are limited in their expences by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust, than for people in subservience of their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burden of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition ; and these funds are always managed with good husbandry and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public: but the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals: for begging is a trade unknown in this empire,

And here it may perhaps divert the curious reader to give some account of my domestics, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair, convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get: which however they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is

usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing on my neck, and another at my mid-leg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while a third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more: for by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist, and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck: upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat: but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them) they looked like the patch-work made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a colour.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes a-piece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table; an hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine and other liquors slung on their shoulders; all which the waiters above drew up, as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large that I have been forced to make three bits of it; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually ate at a mouthful, and I must confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his imperial majesty being in-

formed of my way of living, desired that himself and his royal consort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness (as he was pleased to call it) of dining with me. They came accordingly, and I placed them in chairs of state upon my table, just over against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, the lord high treasurer, attended there likewise with his white staff: and I observed he often looked on me with a sour countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but eat more than usual, in honour to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe, that this visit from his majesty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy, though he outwardly caressed me more than was usual to the moroseness of his nature. He represented to the emperor the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at great discount; that exchequer bills would not circulate under nine *per cent.* below par: that I have cost his majesty above a million and a half of *sprugs* (their greatest gold coin, about the bigness of a spangle); and upon the whole, that it would be advisable in the emperor to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me.

I am here obliged to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady, who was an innocent sufferer upon my account. The treasurer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him that her grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court-scandal ran for some time, that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood without any grounds, farther than that her grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she came often to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter, and some particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court. And I still appeal to my servants round, whether they at any time saw a coach at my door, without knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go imme-

diately to the door; and after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands (for if there were six horses, the postillion always unharnessed four) and placed them on a table, where I had fixed a moveable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents. And I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face toward them; and, when I was engaged with one set, the coachman would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer, or his two informers (I will name them, and let them make their best of it) Clustril and Drunlo, to prove that any person ever came to me *incognito*, except the secretary Reldresal, who was sent by express command of his imperial majesty, as I have before related. I should not have dwelt so long upon this particular, if it had not been a point wherein the reputation of a great lady is so nearly concerned, to say nothing of my own, though I then had the honour to be a nardac, which the treasurer himself is not; for all the world knows that he is only a *glumglum*, a title inferior by one degree, as that of a marquis is to a duke in England; yet I allow he preceded me in right of his post. These false informations, which I afterwards came to the knowledge of by an accident not proper to mention, made the treasurer to shew his lady for some time an ill countenance and me a worse; and although he was at last undeceived and reconciled to her, yet I lost all credit with him, and found my interest decline very fast with the emperor himself, who was indeed too much governed by that favourite.

CHAP. VII.

The author being informed of a design to accuse him of high treason, maketh his escape to Blesfucus. His reception there.

Before I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue, which had been for two months forming against me.

I had been hitherto all my life a stranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition. I had

indeed heard and read enough of the dispositions of great princes and ministers ; but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them in so remote a country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable, at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his imperial majesty) came to my house very privately at night in a close chair, and without sending his name, desired admittance; the chairmen were dismissed; I put the chair with his lordship in it, into my coat-pocket; and giving orders to a trusty servant to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table according to my usual custom, and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and inquiring into the reason, he desired I would hear him with patience in a matter that highly concerned my honour and my life. His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me.

You are to know, said he, that several committees of council have been lately called in the most private manner on your account; and it is but two days since his majesty came to a full resolution.

You are very sensible that Skyresh Bolgolam (*galbet*, or high-admiral) hath been your mortal enemy almost ever since your arrival: his original reasons I know not; but his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory as admiral is much obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap the high-treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Balmuff the grand justiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you for treason and other capital crimes.

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt; when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded:

Out of gratitude for the favours you have done me, I procured information of

the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles; wherein I venture my head for your service.

Articles of impeachment against Quinbus Flestrin, the Man-mountain.

ARTICLE I.

Whereas by a statute made in the reign of his imperial majesty Calin Deffar Plune, it is enacted, that whoever shall make water within the precincts of the royal palace, shall be liable to the pains and penalties of high treason; notwithstanding, the said Quinbus Flestrin, in open breach of the said law, under colour of extinguishing the fire kindled in the apartment of his majesty's most dear imperial consort, did maliciously, traitorously, and devilishly, by discharge of his urine, put out the said fire kindled in the said apartment, lying and being within the precincts of the said royal palace, against the statute in that case provided, &c. against the duty, &c.

ARTICLE II.

That the said Quinbus Flestrin having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his imperial majesty to seize all the other ships of the said empire of Blefuscu, and reduce that empire to a province to be governed by a vice-roy from hence, and to destroy and put to death not only all the *big-endian exiles*, but likewise all the people of that empire, who would not immediately forsake the *big-endian* heresy: he the said Flestrin, like a false traitor, against his most auspicious, serene, imperial majesty, did petition to be excused from the said service, upon pretence of unwillingness to force the consciences, or destroy the liberties and lives of an innocent people*.

ARTICLE III.

That whereas certain ambassadors arrived from the court of Blefuscu to sue for peace in his majesty's court: he the said Flestrin did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants to a prince who was lately an open enemy to his imperial majesty, and in open war against his said majesty.

* A lawyer thinks himself honest if he does the best he can for his client, and a statesman if he promotes the interest of his country; but the deau here inculcates an higher notion of right and wrong, and obligations to a larger community.

ARTICLE IV.

That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefuscu, for which he hath received only verbal licence from his imperial majesty; and under colour of the said licence doth falsely and traitorously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the emperor of Blefuscu, so late an enemy, and in open war with his imperial majesty aforesaid.

There are some other articles, but these are the most important of which I have read you an abstract.

In the several debates upon this impeachment, it must be confessed that his majesty gave many marks of his great lenity, often urging the services you had done him, and endeavouring to extenuate your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious death, by setting fire on your house at night, and the general was to attend with twenty thousand men armed with poisoned arrows to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts and sheets, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the utmost torture. The general came into the same opinion; so that for a long time there was a majority against you: but his majesty resolving, if possible, to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain.

Upon this incident Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the emperor to deliver his opinion, which he accordingly did: and therein justified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that still there was room for mercy, the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his majesty was so justly celebrated. He said, the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world, that perhaps the most honourable board might think him partial; however, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his sentiments. That if his majesty, in consideration of your services, and pursuant to his own merciful disposition, would

please to spare your life, and only give order to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived, that by this expedient justice might in some measure be justified, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of those who have the honour to be his counsellors. That the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his majesty: that blindness is an addition to courage by concealing dangers from us; that the fear you had for your eyes, was the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet; and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.

This proposal was received with the utmost disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam the admiral could not preserve his temper, but rising up in a fury said, he wondered how the secretary durst presume to give his opinion for preserving the life of a traitor; that the services you had performed were, by all true reasons of state, the great aggravation of your crimes; that you, who was able to extinguish the fire by discharge of urine in her majesty's apartment (which he mentioned with horror), might at another time raise an inundation by the same means to drown the whole palace; and the same strength which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet, might serve upon the first discontent to carry them back: that he had good reason to think you were a Big-endian in your heart; and as treason begins in the heart before it appears in overt acts, so he accused you as a traitor on that account, and therefore insisted that you should be put to death.

The treasurer was of the same opinion: he shewed to what straits his majesty's revenue was reduced by the charge of maintaining you, which would soon grow insupportable: that the secretary's expedient of putting out your eyes was so far from being a remedy against this evil, that it would probably increase it, as is manifest from the common practice of blinding some kind of fowl, after which they feed the faster, and grew sooner fat: that his sacred majesty and the council, who are your judges, were in their own consciences fully convinced of your guilt, which was a sufficient argument to condemn you to

death without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law*.

But his imperial majesty, fully determined against capital punishment, was graciously pleased to say, that since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a censure, some other may be inflicted hereafter. And your friend the secretary humbly desiring to be heard again, in answer to what the treasurer had objected concerning the great charge his majesty was at in maintaining you, said that his excellency, who had the sole disposal of the emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil, by gradually lessening your establishment; by which, for want of sufficient food, you would grow weak and faint, and lose your appetite, and consume in a few months; neither would the stench of your carcase be then so dangerous, when it should become more than half diminished; and immediately upon your death, five or six thousand of his majesty's subjects might in two or three days cut your flesh from your bones, and take it away by cart-loads, and bury it in distant parts to prevent infection, leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

Thus by the great friendship of the secretary the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined that the project of starving you by degrees should be kept a secret, but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books; none dissenting except Bolgolam the admiral, who, being a creature of the empress's, was perpetually instigated by her majesty to insist upon your death, she having borne perpetual malice against you, on account of that infamous and illegal method you took to extinguish the fire in her apartment.

In three days your friend the secretary will be directed to come to your house, and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to signify the great lenity and favour of his majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his majesty doth not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his ma-

esty's surgeons will attend, in order to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes, as you lie on the ground.

I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and to avoid suspicion, I must immediately return in as private a manner as I came.

His lordship did so, and I remained alone under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry (very different, as I have been assured, from the practices of former times) that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment, or the malice of a favourite, the emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published through the kingdom; nor did any thing terrify the people so much as those encomiums on his majesty's mercy; because it was observed, that, the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on, the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer more innocent. Yet as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier, either by birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things, that I could not discover the lenity and favour of this sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle. I sometimes thought of standing my trial: for, although I could not deny the facts alleged in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuation. But having in my life perused many state-trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision, in so critical a juncture, and against such powerful enemies. Once I was strongly bent upon resistance, for, while I had liberty, the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the emperor, the favours I had received from

* There is something so odious in whatever is wrong, that even those whom it does not subject to punishment endeavour to colour it with an appearance of right; but the attempt is always unsuccessful, and only betrays a consciousness of deformity by shewing a desire to hide it. Thus the Lilliputian court pretended a right to dispense with the strict letter of the law to put Gulliver to death, though by the strict letter of the law only he could be convicted of a crime; the intention of the statute not being to suffer the palace rather to be burnt than pissed upon.

him, and the high title of *nardac* he conferred upon me. Neither had I so soon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to persuade myself, that his majesty's present severities acquitted me of all past obligations.

At last I fixed upon a resolution, for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly: for, I confess, I owe the preserving mine eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rashness, and want of experience; because, if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less obnoxious than myself, I should with great alacrity and readiness have submitted to so easy a punishment. But hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his imperial majesty's licence to pay my attendance upon the emperor of Blefuscu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu, pursuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man of war, tied a cable to the prow, and, lifting up the anchors, I stript myself, put my clothes (together with my coverlet which I carried under my arm) into the vessel, and drawing it after me, between wading and swimming arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me; they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands, till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know I there waited his majesty's command. I had an answer, in about an hour, that his majesty attended by the royal family and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me. I advanced a hundred yards. The emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the empress and ladies from their coaches, and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his majesty's and the empress's hand. I told his majesty that I was come, according to my promise, and with the licence of the emperor my master to have the honour of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power consistent with my duty to my

own prince; not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design; neither could I reasonably conceive that the emperor would discover the secret, while I was out of his power; wherein however it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapt up in my coverlet.

CHAP. VIII.

The author, by a lucky accident, finds means to leave Blefuscu; and, after some difficulties, returns safe to his native country.

Three days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the north-east coast of the island, I observed about half a league off, in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and, wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide; and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might by some tempest have been driven from a ship: whereupon I returned immediately towards the city, and desired his imperial majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen, under the command of his vice-admiral. This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast, where I first discovered the boat; I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a sufficient strength. When the ships came up, I stript myself, and waded till I came within a hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the fore-part of the boat, and the other end to a man of war; but I found all my labour to little purpose; for being out of my depth I was not able to work. In this necessity, I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forwards as often as I could, with one of my hands; and the tide favouring me, I advanced so far, that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I

rested two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another shove, and so on till the sea was no higher than my armpits; and now, the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels which attended me; the wind being favourable, the seamen towed, and I shoved, till we arrived within forty yards of the shore, and, waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the assistance of two thousand men, with ropes and engines, I made a shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the emperor that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way to carry me to some place, from whence I might return into my native country, and begged his majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his licence to depart, which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any express relating to me from our emperor to the court of Blefuscu. But I was afterwards given privately to understand, that his imperial majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was gone to Blefuscu in performance of my promise, according to the licence he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days, when the ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence; and, after consulting with the treasurer and the rest of that cabal, a person of quality was dispatched with the copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Blefuscu the great lenity of his master, who was content to punish me no farther than with the loss of my eyes: that I had fled from justice; and if I did not return in two hours, I should be deprived of my title of *nardac*, and declared a traitor. The envoy further added, that in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected, that his brother of Blefuscu would give orders to have me sent back to

Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor.

The emperor of Blefuscu, having taken three days to consult, returned an answer, consisting of many civilities and excuses. He said, that, as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible; that although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. That however both their majesties might soon be made easy: for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given orders to fit up with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped in a few weeks both empires would be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance.

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput, and the monarch of Blefuscu related to me all that had passed; offering me at the same time (but under the strictest confidence) his gracious protection if I would continue in his service; wherein although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put confidence in princes or ministers where I could possibly avoid it; and therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favourable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him that, since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself in the ocean, rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs. Neither did I find the emperor at all displeased, and I discovered by a certain accident, that he was very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended, to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen fold of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search by the sea-shore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows for greasing my boat, and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber-trees for oars and masts, wherein I was however much assisted by his majesty's ship-carpenters,

who helped me in smoothing them after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his majesty's commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace; I lay down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me; so did the empress and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred *sprugs* a-piece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcases of an hundred oxen, and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country, and propagate the breed. And to feed them on board I had a good bundle of hay and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means permit; and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty engaged my honour not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire.

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the 24th day of September 1701, at six in the morning; and when I had gone about four leagues to the northward the wind being at south-east, at six in the evening I descried a small island about half a league to the north-west. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee-side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment, and went to my rest. I slept well, and as I conjecture at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I ate my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favourable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before; wherein I was directed by my pocket compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those Islands which I had reason to believe lay to the north-east of Van Dieman's land. I discovered nothing ail that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had by my computation made

twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the south-east; my course was due east; I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, September 26; but my heart leapt within me to see her English colours. I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchant-man returning from Japan by the north and south-seas; the captain Mr. John Biddle, of Deptford, a very civil man, and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude of 30 degrees south; there were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whither I was bound; which I did in few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I had underwent had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then shewed him the gold given me by the emperor of Blefuscu, together with his majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred *sprugs* each, and promised when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep big with young.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe ashore, and set them a grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary: neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a

voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit by shewing my cattle to many persons of quality, and others; and before I began my second voyage, I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.

I staid but two months with my wife and family; for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining stock I carried with me, part in money and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortunes. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land, near Epping, of about thirty pounds a year; and I had a long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter-Lane, which yielded me as much more; so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the grammar school, and a towardly child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needle-work. I took leave of my wife, and boy and girl with tears on both sides, and went on board the *Adventure*, a merchantship of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, captain John Nicholas of Liverpool, commander. But my account of this voyage must be deferred to the second part of my travels.

§ 128. *A Voyage to Brobdingnag.*

CHAP. I.

A great storm described, the long boat sent to fetch water, the author goes with it to discover the country. He is left on shore, is seized by one of the natives, and carried to a farmer's house. His reception, with several accidents that happened there. A description of the inhabitants.

Having been condemned by nature and fortune to an active and restless life, in two months after my return I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs on the 20th day of June 1702,

in the *Adventure*, captain John Nicholas, a Cornish man, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water, but discovering a leak, we unshipped our goods, and wintered there; for the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Streights of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five-degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together, during which time we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca islands, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the second of May, at which time the wind ceased, and it was a perfect calm, whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he, being a man well experienced in the navigation of these seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following: for a southern wind, called the southern monsoon, began to set in.

Finding it was likely to overblow, we took in our sprit-sail, and stood by to hand the fore-sail; but, making foul weather, we looked the guns were all fast, and handed the mizen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea, than trying or hulling. We reefed the fore-sail and set him, and hawled aft the fore-sheet; the helm was hard a-weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore down-hall: but the sail was split, and we hawled down the yard, and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous. We hawled off upon the lanuard of the whipstaff, and helped the man at the helm. We would not get down our top-mast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that, the top-mast being aloft, the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over, we set fore-sail and main-sail, and brought the ship to. Then

we set the mizen, main-top-sail, and the fore-top-sail. Our course was east-north-east, the wind was at south-west. We got the starboard tacks aboard, we cast off our weather-braces and lifts; we set in the lee-braces, and hawled forward by the weather-bowlings, and hawled them tight, and belayed them, and hawled over the mizen-tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as she would lie.

During this storm which was followed by a strong wind west-south-west, we were carried by my computation above five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was staunch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the north-west parts of Great Tartary, and into the frozen sea.

On the 16th day of June 1703, a boy on the top-mast discovered land. On the 17th we came in full view of a great island or continent (for we knew not whether) on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long boat, with vessels for water if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land, we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to halloo after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could: he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides: but our men had the start of him half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to over-

take the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated: but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a foot-path through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six feet high, and the upper stone above twenty. I was endeavouring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire-steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, from whence I saw him at the top of the stile looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came towards him with reaping hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or labourers they seemed to be: for upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However I made a shift to go forward, till I came to a part of the field

where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above an hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow, and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness in attempting a second voyage, against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world; where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me to appear as inconsiderable in this nation, as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes: for as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians, that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right when they tell us that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune to have let the Lilliputians find some nation, where the people were as diminutive with respect to them, as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally over-matched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery?

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death

under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping hook. And therefore when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me. Whereupon the huge creature trod short, and looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered me awhile, with the caution of one who endeavours to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it shall not be able either to scratch or to bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me up behind by the middle between his forefinger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air above sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise mine eyes towards the sun, and place my hands together, in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in an humble melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in. For I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal, which we have a mind to destroy*. But my good star would have it, that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the mean time I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer having (as I suppose by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a

* Our inattention to the felicity of sensitive beings, merely because they are small, is here forcibly reproved: many have wantonly crushed an insect, who would shudder at cutting the throat of a dog: but it should always be remembered, that the least of these

“In mortal sufferance feels a pang as great
“As when a giant dies.”

piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking-staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which it seems he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside, to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them (as I afterwards learned) whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me: he then placed me softly on the ground upon all four, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backwards and forwards, to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could; I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his sleeve) but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, besides twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another; but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer by this time was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me, but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me, but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground with the palm upwards, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey, and

for fear of falling, laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for farther security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and shewed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or of a spider. However, when she had awhile seen my behaviour, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of a husbandman) in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother: when they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor; I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram-cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily, that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cider, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher side; but as I walked on the table, being in great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners) and waving it over my head, made three huzzas to show I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forwards toward my master (as I shall henceforth call him) his youngest son, who sat next him; an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high

in the air, that I trembled every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear, as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy-dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my master to understand, as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again: whereupon I went to him and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner, my mistress's favourite cat leaped into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and, turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head, and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding, and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me, though I stood at the further end of the table, above fifty feet off, and although my mistress held her fast, for fear she might give a spring, and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger; for the cat took not the least notice of me, when my master placed me within three yards of her. And as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying or discovering fear before a fierce animal is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved in this dangerous juncture to shew no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me. I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is usual in farmer's houses; one of which was a mastiff equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have

heard from London-bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a plaything. The mother out of pure indulgence took me up, and put me towards the child, who presently seized me by the middle, and got my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frightened, and let me drop; and I should infallibly have broke my neck, if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse, to quiet her babe, made use of a rattle, which was a kind of hollow vessel filled with great stones, and fastened by a cable to the child's waist: but all in vain, so that she was forced to apply the last remedy, by giving it suck. I must confess no object ever disgusted me so much as the sight of her monstrous breast, which I cannot tell what to compare with, so as to give the curious reader an idea of its bulk, shape, and colour. It stood prominent six feet, and could not be less than sixteen in circumference. The nipple was about half the bigness of my head, and the hue both of that and the dug so varied with spots, pimples, and freckles, that nothing could appear more nauseous; for I had a near sight of her, she sitting down the more conveniently to give suck, and I standing on the table. This made me reflect upon the fair skins of our English ladies, who appear so beautiful to us, only because they are of our own size, and their defects not to be seen but through a magnifying-glass, where we find by experiment that the smoothest and whitest skins look rough and coarse, and ill-coloured.

I remember when I was at Lilliput, the complexion of those diminutive people appeared to me the fairest in the world; and talking upon this subject with a person of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he said that my face appeared much fairer and smoother when he looked on me from the ground, than it did upon a nearer view, when I took him up in my hand and brought him close, which he confessed was at first a very shocking sight. He said he could discover great holes in my skin; that the stumps of my beard were ten times stronger than the bristles of a boar, and my complexion made up of several colours altogether disagreeable; although I must beg leave to say for myself, that I am as fair as most of my sex and country, and very little sun-burnt by all my travels. On the other side, discoursing of the la-

dies in that emperor's court, he used to tell me one had freckles, another too wide a mouth, a third too large a nose, nothing of which I was able to distinguish. I confess this reflection was obvious enough; which, however, I could not forbear, lest the reader might think those vast creatures were actually deformed; for I must do them justice to say, they are a comely race of people; and particularly the features of my master's countenance, although he were but a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of sixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done, my master went out to his labourers, and, as I could discover by his voice and gesture, gave his wife a strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired, and disposed to sleep; which my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the main sail of a man of war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamed I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows, when I awaked, and found myself alone in a vast room, between two and three hundred feet wide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. Some natural necessities required me to get down; I durst not presume to call, and, if I had, it would have been in vain with such a voice as mine, at so great a distance as from the room where I lay to the kitchen, where the family kept. While I was under these circumstances, two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling backwards and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rose in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his fore feet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly, before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet, and the other seeing the fate of his comrade made his escape, but not without one good wound^s on the back, which I gave him as he fled; and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit I walked gently to and fro on the bed to recover my breath, and loss of spirits.

These creatures were of the size of a large mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce, so that if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep, I must infallibly have been torn to pieces and devoured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to drag the carcass off the bed where it lay still bleeding; I observed it had yet some life, but, with a strong slash across the neck, I thoroughly dispatched it.

Soon after my mistress came into the room, who seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, smiling, and making other signs to shew I was not hurt, whereat she was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs, and threw it out of the window. Then she set me on a table, where I shewed her my hanger all bloody, and, wiping it on the lappet of my coat, returned it to the scabbard. I was pressed to do more than one thing, which another could not do for me, and therefore endeavoured to make my mistress understand that I desired to be set down on the floor; which after she had done, my bashfulness would not suffer me to express myself farther, than by pointing to the door and bowing several times. The good woman with much difficulty at last perceived what I would be at, and taking me up again in her hand, walked into the garden where she set me down. I went on one side about two hundred yards, and beckoning her not to look or to follow me, I hid myself between two leaves of sorrel, and there discharged the necessities of nature.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me for dwelling on these and the like particulars, which however insignificant they may appear to grovelling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as well as private life, which was my sole design in presenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world; wherein I have been chiefly studious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of style. But the whole scene of this voyage made so strong an impression on my mind, and is so deeply fixed in my memory, that in committing it to paper I did not omit one material circumstance: however, upon a strict review, I

blotted out several passages of less moment which were in my first copy, for fear of being censured as tedious and trifling, whereof travellers are often, perhaps not without justice, accused.

CHAP. II.

A description of the farmer's daughter. The author carried to a market-town, and then to the metropolis. The particulars of his journey.

My mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towardly parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and skilful in dressing her baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night; the cradle was put into a small drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging shelf for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I stayed with those people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language, and make my wants known. This young girl was so handy, that, after I had once or twice pulled off my clothes before her, she was able to dress, and undress me, though I never gave her that trouble when she would let me do either myself. She made me seven shirts and some other linen of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than sack-cloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my school-mistress to teach me the language; when I pointed to any thing she told me the name of it in her own tongue, so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of Grildrig, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports what the Latins call *homunculus*, the Italians *homuncelino*, and the English *mannikin*. To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country: we never parted while I was there: I called her my *Glumdalclitch*, or little nurse; and should be guilty of great ingratitude, if I omitted this honourable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves, instead of being the innocent, but unhappy instrument of her disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

It now began to be known and talked

of in the neighbourhood, that my master had found a strange animal in the field, about the bigness of a *splacknuck*, but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature; which it likewise imitated in all its actions; seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the finest limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to inquire into the truth of this story. I was immediately produced, and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him in his own language how he did, and told him, he was welcome, just as my little nurse had instructed me. This man, who was old and dim-sighted, put on his spectacles to behold me better, at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like the full moon shining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who discovered the cause of my mirth, bore me company in laughing, at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of a great miser, and to my misfortune, he well deserved it, by the cursed advice he gave my master, to shew me as a sight upon a market day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two and twenty miles from our house. I guessed there was some mischief contriving, when I observed my master and his friend whispering long together, sometimes pointing at me, and my fears made me fancy that I overheard and understood some of their words. But the next morning *Glumdalclitch*, my little nurse, told me the whole of the matter, which she had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me in her bosom, and fell a weeping with shame and grief. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might squeeze me to death, or break one of my limbs by taking me in their hands. She had also observed how modest I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honour, and what an indignity I should conceive it to be exposed for money as a public spectacle

to the meanest of the people. She said, her papa and mamma had promised that Grildrig should be hers, but now she found they meant to serve her as they did last year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as soon as it was fat, sold it to a butcher. For my own part, I may truly affirm that I was less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong hope, which never left me, that I should one day recover my liberty; and as to the ignominy of being carried about for a monster, I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country, and that such a misfortune could never be charged upon me as a reproach, if ever I should return to England, since the King of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next day to a neighbouring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it for me to lie down on. However, I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it were but of half an hour. For the horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high, that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St. Alban's. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and after consulting awhile with the innkeeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the *grulbrud* or crier to give notice through the town, of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a *splack-nuck* (an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long) and in every part of the body resembling a human creature, could speak several words, and perform an hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table to take care of me, and direct what I should do. My master to avoid a crowd would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded: she asked me

questions, as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said they were welcome, and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble filled with liquor, which *Glum-dalclicht* had given me for a cup, and drank their health. I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learned the art in my youth. I was that day shewn to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to act over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation. For those who had seen me made such wonderful reports, that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in. My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except my nurse; and to prevent danger, benches were set round the table at such a distance, as to put me out of every body's reach. However, an unlucky school-boy aimed a hazel nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me; otherwise it came with so much violence, that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumpkin: but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten, and turned out of the room.

My master gave public notice, that he would shew me again the next market-day, and in the mean time he prepared a more convenient vehicle for me, which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs, or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home, all the neighbouring gentlemen from an hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could not be fewer than thirty persons with their wives and children (for the country is very populous); and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he shewed me at home, although it were only to a single family; so that for some time I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday, which is their sabbath), although I were not carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was like to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities in the kingdom. Having therefore provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife, and upon the 17th of August 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situated near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles distance from our house: my master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap in a box tied about her waist. The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath, furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessaries, and made every thing as convenient as she could. We had no other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was to shew me in all the towns by the way, and to step out of the road for fifty or an hundred miles to any village, or person of quality's house, where he might expect custom. We made easy journeys of not above seven or eight score miles a day; for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box at my own desire to give me air, and shew me the country, but always held me fast by a leading string. We passed over five or six rivers many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London bridge. We were ten weeks on our journey, and I was shewn in eighteen large towns, besides many villages and private families.

On the 26th day of October, we arrived at the metropolis, called in their language *Lorbrulgrud*, or *Pride of the Universe*. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put up bills in the usual form, containing an exact description of my person and parts. He hired a large room between three and four hundred feet wide, he provided a table sixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part, and palisadoed it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shewn ten times a day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people. I could now speak the lan-

guage tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word that was spoken to me. Besides, I had learned their alphabet, and could make a shift to explain a sentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had been my instructor while we were at home, and at leisure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket, not much larger than a Sanson's Atlas; it was a common treatise for the use of young girls, giving a short account of their religion; out of this she taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

CHAP. III.

The author sent for to court. The queen buys him of his master the farmer, and presents him to the king. He disputes with his majesty's great scholars. An apartment at court provided for the author. He is in high favour with the queen. He stands up for the honour of his own country. His quarrels with the queen's dwarf.

The frequent labours I underwent every day, made in a few weeks a very considerable change in my health: the more my master got by me, the more insatiable he grew. I had quite lost my stomach, and was almost reduced to a skeleton. The farmer observed it, and, concluding I must soon die, resolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reasoning and resolving with himself, a *sardral*, or gentleman-usher, came from court, commanding my master to carry me immediately thither for the diversion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to see me, and reported strange things of my beauty, behaviour, and good sense. Her majesty, and those who attended her, were beyond measure delighted with my demeanour. I fell on my knees and begged the honour of kissing her imperial foot; but this gracious princess held out her little finger towards me (after I was set on a table) which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it with the utmost respect to my lip. She made me some general questions about my country, and my travels, which I answered as distinctly, and in as few words as I could. She asked, Whether I would be content to live at court. I bowed down to the board of the table, and humbly answered that I was my master's slave: but if I were at my own disposal, I should be proud to

devote my life to her majesty's service. She then asked my master, whether he were willing to sell me at a good price. He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot, each piece being about the bigness of eight hundred moidores; but allowing for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, was hardly so great a sum as a thousand guineas would be in England. I then said to the queen, since I was now her majesty's most humble creature and vassal, I must beg the favour that Glumdaleclitch, who had always tended me with so much care and kindness, and understood to do it so well, might be admitted into her service, and continue to be my nurse and instructor. Her majesty agreed to my petition, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court, and the poor girl herself was not able to hide her joy: my late master withdrew, bidding me farewell, and saying he had left me in a good service; to which I replied not a word, only making him a slight bow.

The queen observed my coldness, and, when the farmer was gone out of the apartment, asked me the reason. I made bold to tell her majesty, that I owed no other obligation to my late master, than his not dashing out the brains of a poor harmless creature found by chance in his field; which obligation was amply recompensed by the gain he had made by me in shewing me through half the kingdom, and the price he had now sold me for. That the life I had since led, was laborious enough to kill an animal of ten times my strength. That my health was much impaired by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day; and that, if my master had not thought my life in danger, her majesty would not have got so cheap a bargain. But as I was out of all fear of being ill-treated under the protection of so great and good an empress, the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her subjects, the phoenix of the creation; so I hoped my late master's apprehensions would appear to be groundless, for I already found my spirits to revive by the influence of her most august presence.

This was the sum of my speech, deli-

vered with great improprieties and hesitation; the latter part was altogether framed in the style peculiar to that people, whereof I learned some phrases from Glumdaleclitch, while she was carrying me to court.

The queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveness in speaking, was however surprised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hand, and carried me to the king, who was then retired to his cabinet. His majesty, a prince of much gravity and austere countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the queen after a cold manner, how long it was since she grew fond of a *splack-nuck*? for such it seems he took me to be, as I lay upon my breast in her majesty's right hand. But this princess, who hath an infinite deal of wit and humour, set me gently on my feet upon the seruaire, and commanded me to give his majesty an account of myself, which I did in a very few words; and Glumdaleclitch, who attended at the cabinet door, could not endure I should be out of her sight, being admitted, confirmed all that had passed from my arrival at her father's house.

The king, although he be as learned a person as any in his dominions, had been educated in the study of philosophy, and particularly mathematics; yet when he observed my shape exactly, and saw me walk erect, before I began to speak, conceived I might be a piece of clock-work (which is in that country arrived to a very great perfection) contrived by some ingenious artist. But when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his astonishment. He was by no means satisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom, but thought it a story concerted between Glumdaleclitch and her father, who had taught me a set of words to make me sell at a better price. Upon this imagination he put several questions to me, and still received rational answers, no otherwise defective than by a foreign accent, and an imperfect knowledge in the language, with some rustic phrases which I had learned at the farmer's house, and did not suit the polite style of a court.

His majesty sent for three great scholars, who were then in their weekly waiting, according to the custom in that country. These gentlemen, after they had

a while examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed, that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preserving my life either by swiftness, or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet most quadrupeds being an over-match for me, and field mice with some others too nimble, they could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects, which they offered, by many learned arguments, to evince that I could not possibly do*. One of these virtuosi seemed to think that I might be an embryo, or abortive birth. But this opinion was rejected by the other two, who observed my limbs to be perfect and finished, and that I had lived several years, as it was manifest from my beard, the stumps whereof they plainly discovered through a magnifying glass. They would not allow me to be a dwarf, because my littleness was beyond all degrees of comparison; for the queen's favourite dwarf, the smallest ever known in that kingdom, was near thirty feet high. After much debate they concluded unanimously, that I was only *replum scalcali*, which is interpreted literally *lusus nature*; a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe, whose professors, disdaining the old evasion of occult causes, whereby the followers of Aristotle endeavoured in vain to disguise their ignorance, have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge.

After this decisive conclusion, I entreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the king, and assured his majesty that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes, and of my own stature; where the animals, trees, and houses were all in proportion, and where by consequence I might be as able to defend myself, and to find sustenance, as any of his majesty's subjects could do here; which I took for

a full answer to those gentlemen's arguments. To this they only replied with a smile of contempt, saying, that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson†. The king, who had a much better understanding, dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who by good fortune was not yet gone out of town: having therefore first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his majesty began to think that what we told him might possibly be true. He desired the queen to order that particular care should be taken of me, and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court; she had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box that might serve me for a bed chamber; after the model that Glumdalclitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist, and according to my directions, in three weeks finished for me a wooden chamber of sixteen feet square, and twelve high, with sash-windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bed-chamber. The board that made the ceiling was to be lifted up and down, by two hinges, to put in a bed ready furnished by her majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs with backs and frames, of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in: the smith, after several attempts, made the

* By this reasoning the author probably intended to ridicule the pride of those philosophers, who have thought fit to arraign the wisdom of Providence in the creation and government of the world; whose cavils are specious, like those of the Brobdingnagian sages, only in proportion to the ignorance of those to whom they are proposed.

† This satire is levelled against all who reject those facts for which they cannot perfectly account, notwithstanding the absurdity of rejecting the testimony by which they are supported.

smallest that ever was seen among them, for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it. The queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten to make me clothes, not much thicker than an English blanket, very cumbersome till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese, and are a very grave and decent habit.

The queen became so fond of my company, that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her majesty eat, just at her left elbow, and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool on the floor near my table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessaries, which in proportion to those of the queen, were not much bigger than what I have seen in a London toy-shop for the furniture of a baby-house: these my little nurse kept in her pocket in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the queen but the two princesses royal, the elder sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself; and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature. For the queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up at one mouthful as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was for some time a very nauseous sight*. She would crunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full grown turkey; and put a bit of bread in her mouth, as big as two twelve-penny loaves. She drank out of a golden-cup, above a hog'shead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe, set straight upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments, were all in

the same proportion. I remember, when Glumdalclitch carried me out of curiosity to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of these enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never till then beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom, that every Wednesday (which as I have before observed, is their sabbath) the king and queen, and the royal issue of both sexes, dine together in the apartment of his majesty, to whom I was now become a great favourite; and at these times my little chair and table were placed at his left hand before one of the salt-cellars. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, inquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess, that after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state; the prejudices of his education prevailed so far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and stroking me gently with the other, after an hearty fit of laughing, asked me, whether I was a whig or tory! Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff near as tall as the main-mast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I: and yet, says he, I dare engage, these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities: they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray. And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went several times with indignation to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress

* Among other dreadful and disgusting images which custom has rendered familiar, are those which arise from eating animal food; he who has ever turned with abhorrence from the skeleton of a beast which has been picked whole by birds of vermin, must confess that habit only could have enabled him to endure the sight of the mangled bones and flesh of a dead carcass which every day cover his table; and he who reflects on the number of lives that have been sacrificed to sustain his own, should inquire by what the account has been balanced, and whether his life has become proportionably of more value by the exercise of virtue and of piety, by the superior happiness which he has communicated to reasonable beings, and by the glory which his intellect has ascribed to God.

of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honour, and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.

But as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so upon mature thoughts I began to doubt whether I was injured or no. For, after having been accustomed several months to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object upon which I cast mine eyes to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had at first conceived from the bulk and aspect was so far worn off, that if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery and birth-day clothes, acting their several parts in the most courtly manner of strutting, and bowing, and prating, to say the truth, I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them, as the king and his grandees did at me. Neither indeed could I forbear smiling at my self, when the queen used to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glass, by which both our persons appeared before me in full view together: and there could be nothing more ridiculous than the comparison; so that I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf, who being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high), became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's anti-chamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness: against which I could only revenge myself by calling him brother, challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usual in the mouths of court pages. One day, at dinner, this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that raising himself upon the frame of her majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was sitting down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch in that instant happened to be at the other end of the room, and the queen was in such a fright that she wanted pre-

sence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed; however I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and as a farther punishment forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me; neither was he ever restored to favour; for soon after the queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the queen a laughing, although at the same time she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately cashiered him, if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again in the dish erect, as it stood before; the dwarf, watching his opportunity, while Glumdalclitch was gone to the side-board, mounted the stool that she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone, above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But, as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded, only my stockings and breeches in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my entreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen upon account of my fearfulness; and she used to ask me, whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself? The occasion was this: the kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer; and these odious insects, each of them as big as a Dunstable lark, hardly gave me any rest while I sat at dinner with their continual humming and buzzing about mine ears. They would sometimes alight upon my victuals, and leave their loathsome excrement or spawn behind, which to me was very visible, though not to the natives of that country, whose large optics were not so acute as mine in viewing smaller objects. Some-

times they would fix upon my nose or forehead, where they stung me to the quick, smelling very offensively, and I could easily trace that viscous matter, which, our naturalists tell us, enables those creatures to walk with their feet upwards upon a ceiling. I had much ado to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear starting when they came on my face. It was the common practice of the dwarf to catch a number of these insects in his hand, as school-boys do amongst us, and let them out suddenly under my nose, on purpose to frighten me and divert the queen. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife, as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember one morning, when Glumdalclitch had set me in my box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days to give me air (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England) after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet cake for my breakfast, above twenty wasps allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bagpipes. Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piece-meal away; others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I dispatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These insects were as large as partridges: I took out their stings, and found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all, and having since shewn them, with some other curiosities, in several parts of Europe, upon my return to England I gave three of them to Gresham College, and kept the fourth for myself.

CHAP. IV.

The country described. A proposal for correcting modern maps. The king's palace, and some account of the metropolis. The author's way of travelling. The chief temple described.

I now intended to give the reader a short description of this country, as far as

I travelled in it, which was not above two thousand miles round Lorbrulgrud, the metropolis. For the queen, whom I always attended, never went farther, when she accompanied the king in his progresses, and there staid till his majesty returned from viewing his frontiers. The whole extent of this prince's dominions reached about six thousand miles in length, and from three to five in breadth. From whence I cannot but conclude that our geographers of Europe are in a great error, by supposing nothing but sea between Japan and California; for it was ever my opinion, that there must be a balance of earth to counterpoise the great continent of Tartary; and therefore they ought to correct their maps and charts, by joining this vast tract of land to the north-west parts of America, wherein I shall be ready to lend them my assistance.

The kingdom is a peninsula, terminated to the north-east by a ridge of mountains thirty miles high, which are altogether impassable by reason of the volcanoes upon their tops; neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited at all. On the three other sides it is bounded by the ocean. There is not one sea-port in the whole kingdom, and those parts of the coast into which the rivers issue, are so full of pointed rocks, and the sea generally so rough that there is no venturing with the smallest of their boats; so that these people are wholly excluded from any commerce with the rest of the world. But the large rivers are full of vessels, and abound with excellent fish, for they seldom get any from the sea, because the sea-fish are of the same size with those in Europe, and consequently not worth catching: whereby it is manifest that nature, in the production of plants and animals of so extraordinary a bulk, is wholly confined to this continent, of which I leave the reasons to be determined by philosophers. However, now and then they take a whale that happens to be dashed against the rocks, which the common people feed on heartily. These whales I have known so large that a man could hardly carry one upon his shoulders; and sometimes for curiosity are brought in hampers to Lorbrulgrud; I saw one of them in a dish at the king's table, which passed for a rarity, but I did

not observe he was fond of it: for I think indeed the bigness disgusted him, although I have seen one somewhat larger in Greenland.

The country is well inhabited, for it contains fifty-one cities, near an hundred walled towns, and a great number of villages. To satisfy my curious readers it may be sufficient to describe Lorbrulgrud. This city stands upon almost two equal parts on each side the river that passes through. It contains above eighty thousand houses, and above six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is in length three *glomglungs* (which make about fifty-four English miles) and two and a half in breadth, as I measured it myself in the royal map made by the king's order, which was laid on the ground on purpose for me, and extended an hundred feet; I paced the diameter and circumference several times bare-foot, and computing by the scale, measured it pretty exactly.

The king's palace is no regular edifice, but an heap of building about seven miles round: the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion. A coach was allowed to Glumdalelitch and me, wherein her governess frequently took her out to see the town, or go among the shops: and I was always of the party, carried in my box; although the girl, at my own desire, would often take me out, and hold me in her hand, that I might more conveniently view the houses and the people, as we passed along the streets. I reckoned our coach to be about a square of Westminster-hall, but not altogether so high: however, I cannot be very exact. One day the governess ordered our coachman to stop at several shops, where the beggars, watching their opportunity, crowded to the sides of the coach, and gave me the most horrible spectacles that ever an European eye beheld. There was a woman with a cancer in her breast, swelled to a monstrous size, full of holes, in two or three of which I could have easily crept, and covered my whole body. There was a fellow with a wen in his neck larger than five woolpacks, and another with a couple of wooden legs, each about twenty feet high. But the most hateful sight of all was the lice crawling on their clothes. I could see distinctly the limbs of these vermin with my naked eye, much better than those of an Eu-

ropean louse through a microscope, and their snouts with which they routed like swine. They were the first I had ever beheld, and I should have been curious enough to dissect one of them, if I had had proper instruments (which I unluckily left behind me in the ship) although indeed the sight was so nauseous, that it perfectly turned my stomach.

Beside the large box in which I was usually carried, the queen ordered a smaller one to be made for me of about twelve feet square and ten high, for the convenience of travelling, because the other was somewhat too large for Glumdalelitch's lap, and cumbersome in the coach; it was made by the same artist, whom I directed in the whole contrivance. This travelling-closet was an exact square, with a window in the middle of three of the squares, and each window was latticed with iron wire on the outside, to prevent accidents in long journeys. On the fourth side, which had no window, two strong staples were fixed, through which the person that carried me when I had a mind to be on horseback, put a leathern belt, and buckled it about his waist. This was always the office of some grave trusty servant in whom I could confide, whether I attended the king and queen in their progresses, or were disposed to see the gardens, or pay a visit to some great lady or minister of state in the court, when Glumdalelitch happened to be out of order: for I soon began to be known and esteemed among the greatest officers, I suppose more upon account of their majesties' favour than any merit of my own. In journeys, when I was weary of the coach, a servant on horseback would buckle on my box, and place it upon a cushion before him; and there I had a full prospect of the country on three sides from my three windows. I had in this closet a field bed and a hammock hung from the ceiling, two chairs, and a table, neatly screwed to the floor, to prevent being tossed about by the agitation of the horse or the coach. And having been long used to sea-voyages, those motions, although sometimes very violent, did not much discompose me.

Whenever I had a mind to see the town, it was always in my travelling closet, which Glumdalelitch held in her lap in a kind of open sedan, after the fashion of the country, borne by four men, and attended by two others in the

queen's livery. The people, who had often heard of me, were very curious to crowd about the sedan: and the girl was complaisant enough to make the bearers stop, and to take me in her hand, that I might be more conveniently seen.

I was very desirous to see the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the highest in the kingdom. Accordingly one day my nurse carried me thither, but I may truly say I came back disappointed; for the height is not above three thousand feet, reckoning from the ground to the highest pinnacle top; which, allowing for the difference between the size of those people and us in Europe, is no great matter for admiration, nor at all equal in proportion (if I rightly remember) to Salisbury steeple. But, not to detract from a nation to which during my life I shall acknowledge myself extremely obliged, it must be allowed that whatever this famous tower wants in height, is amply made up in beauty and strength. For the walls are near an hundred feet thick, built of hewn stone, whereof each is about forty feet square, and adorned on all sides with statues of gods and emperors cut in marble larger than the life, placed in their several niches. I measured a little finger which had fallen down from one of these statues, and lay unperceived among some rubbish, and found it exactly four feet and an inch in length. Glumdalclitch wrapped it up in her handkerchief, and carried it home in her pocket, to keep among other trinkets, of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age usually are.

The king's kitchen is indeed a noble building, vaulted at top, and about six hundred feet high. The great oven is not so wide by ten paces as the cupola at St. Paul's; for I measured the latter on purpose after my return. But if I should describe the kitchen grate, the prodigious pots and kettles, the joints of meat turning on the spits, with many other particulars, perhaps I should be hardly believed; at least a severe critic would be apt to think I enlarged a little, as travellers are often suspected to do. To avoid which censure, I fear I have run too much into the other extreme; and that if this treatise should happen to be translated into the language of Brobdignag (which is the general name of that kingdom) and transmitted thither, the king and his people would

have reason to complain, that I had done them an injury by a false and diminutive representation.

His majesty seldom keeps above six hundred horses in his stables: they are generally from fifty-four to sixty feet high. But when he goes abroad on solemn days, he is attended for state by a militia guard of five hundred horse, which indeed I thought was the most splendid sight that could be ever beheld, till I saw part of his army in battalia, whereof I shall find another occasion to speak.

CHAP. V.

Several adventures that happened to the author. The execution of a criminal. The author shews his skill in navigation.

I should have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents: some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple trees, I must needs shew my wit by silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it doth in ours. Whereupon the malicious rogue; watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the mean time there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately by the force of it struck to the ground; and when I was down, the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however I made shift to creep on all four, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face on the lee-side of

a border of lemon-thyme, but so bruised from head to foot, that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because Nature in that country, observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hail-stone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe, which I can assert upon experience, having being so curious to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place, which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and having left my box at home, to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent and out of hearing, a small white spaniel belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay: the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth, ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune, he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright: he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did, but I was so amazed and out of breath, that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called; she severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at court; for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from hersome little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn

my hanger and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over, as I was walking alone and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I was more pleased or mortified to observe in those solitary walks, that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about me within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember, a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill, a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet, that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arms length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

The maids of honour often invited Glumdalclitch to their apartments, and desired she would bring me along with her, on purpose to have the pleasure of feeling and touching me. They would often strip me naked from top to toe, and lay me at full length in their bosoms; wherewith I was much disgusted; because, to say the truth, a very offensive smell came from their skins; which I do not mention, or intend, to the disadvantage of those excel-

lent ladies, for whom I have all manner of respect; but I conceive that my sense was more acute in proportion to my littleness, and that those illustrious persons were no more disagreeable to their lovers, or to each other, than people of the same quality are with us in England. And, after all, I found their natural smell was much more supportable, than when they used perfumes, under which I immediately swooned away. I cannot forget, that an intimate friend of mine in Lilliput took the freedom in a warm day, when I had used a good deal of exercise, to complain of a strong smell about me, although I am as little faulty that way as most of my sex: but I suppose his faculty in smelling was as nice with regard to me, as mine was to that of this people. Upon this point I cannot forbear doing justice to the queen my mistress and Glumdalclitch my nurse, whose persons were as sweet as those of any lady in England.

That which gave me most uneasiness among these maids of honour (when my nurse carried me to visit them) was to see them use me without any manner of ceremony, like a creature who had no sort of concupiscence: for they would strip themselves to the skin, and put on their smocks in my presence, while I was placed on their toilet, directly before their naked bodies, which I am sure to me was very far from being a tempting sight, or from giving me any other emotions than those of horror and disgust. Their skins appeared so coarse and uneven, so variously coloured, when I saw them near, with a mole here and there as broad as a trencher, and hairs hanging from it thicker than packthreads, to say nothing farther concerning the rest of their persons. Neither did they at all scruple, while I was by, to discharge what they had drank, to the quantity at least of two hogsheads, in a vessel that held above three tuns. The handsomest among these maids of honour, a pleasant frolicsome girl of sixteen, would sometimes set me astride upon one of her nipples, with many other tricks wherein the reader will excuse me for not being over particular. But I was so much displeased, that I entreated Glumdalclitch to contrive some excuse for not seeing that young lady any more.

One day a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurse's governess, came and pressed them both to see an execution: It

was of a man who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevailed on to be of the company, very much against her inclination, for she was naturally tender-hearted: and as for myself, although I abhorred such kind of spectacles, yet my curiosity tempted me to see something that I thought must be extraordinary. The malefactor was fixed in a chair upon a scaffold erected for that purpose, and his head cut off at one blow with a sword of about forty feet long. The veins and arteries spouted up such a prodigious quantity of blood, and so high in the air, that the great *jet d'eau* at Versailles was not equal for the time it lasted; and the head, when it fell on the scaffold floor, gave such a bounce as made me start, although I were at least half an English mile distant.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health? I answered that I understood both very well: for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often upon a pinch I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first rate man of war among us, and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her majesty said, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by instruction in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished the queen was so delighted, that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put into a cistern full of water with me in it by way of trial, where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars for want of room; but the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep, which being well pitched to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock

near the bottom to let out the water, when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans: and when they were weary, some of the pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I shewed my art by steering starboard or larboard, as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident which had like to have cost me my life; for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess, who attended Glumdalclitch, very officiously lifted me up to place me in the boat, but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the servants whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless to let a huge frog (not perceiving it slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then seeing a resting place climbed up and made it lean so much on one side, that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head backwards and forwards, daubing my face and clothes with its slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom, was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked

me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business, or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet-window, and skip about from one side to the other: whereat, although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of the room or box, but the monkey looking in at every side put me into such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which being of that country's silk, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me in his right fore-foot, and held me up as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe, that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody was opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window, at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted: that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my

mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for, without question, the sight was ridiculous enough to every body but myself. Some of the people threw upstones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else very probably my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey had rammed down my throat; but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle, and then I fell vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to inquire after my health, and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animals should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me what my thoughts and speculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw: how I liked the victuals he gave me: his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach. He desired to know, what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country. I told his majesty, that in Europe, we had no monkeys, except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small, that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they presumed

to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant) if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt, as I spoke) when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else besides a loud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect, how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour to do himself honour among those who are out of all degree of equality of comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England since my return, where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a footing with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with some ridiculous story; and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the queen, whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her majesty. The girl, who had been out of order, was carried by her governess to take the air about an hour's distance, or thirty miles from town. They alighted out of the coach near a small foot-path in a field, and Glumdalclitch setting down my travelling box, I went out of it to walk. There was a cow-dung in the path, and I must needs try my activity by attempting to leap over it. I took a run, but unfortunately jumped short, and found myself just in the middle up to my knees. I waded through with some difficulty, and one of the footmen wiped me as clean as he could with his handkerchief, for I was filthily bemired, and my nurse confined me to my box till we returned home: where the queen was soon informed of what had passed, and the footmen spread it about the court; so that all the mirth for some days was at my expence.

CHAP. VI.*

Several contrivances of the author to please the king and queen. He shews his skill in music. The king inquires into the state of England, which the author relates to him. The king's observations thereon.

I used to attend the king's levee once or twice a week, and had often seen him under the barber's hand, which indeed was at first very terrible to behold; for the razor was almost twice as long as an ordinary scythe. His majesty, according to the custom of the country, was only shaved twice a week. I once prevailed on the barber to give me some of the suds or lather out of which I picked forty or fifty of the strongest stumps of hair. I then took a piece of fine wood and cut it like the back of a comb, making several holes in it at equal distance with as small a needle as I could get from Glumdalclitch. I fixed in the stumps so artificially, scraping and sloping them with my knife towards the point, that I made a very tolerable comb; which was a seasonable supply, my own being so much broken in the teeth, that it was almost useless: neither did I know any artist in that country so nice and exact, as would undertake to make me another.

And this puts me in mind of an amusement, wherein I spent many of my leisure hours. I desired the queen's woman to save for me the combings of her majesty's hair, whereof in time I got a good quantity, and consulting with my friend the cabinet maker, who had received general orders to do little jobs for me, I directed him to make two chair-frames, no longer than those I had in my box, and then to bore little holes with a fine awl round those parts where I designed the backs and seats; through these holes I wove the strongest hairs I could pick out, just after the manner of cane-chairs in England. When they were furnished I made a present of them to her majesty who kept them in her cabinet, and used to shew them for curiosities, as indeed they were the wonder of every one that beheld them. The queen would have had me

sit upon one of these chairs, but I absolutely refused to obey her, protesting I would rather die a thousand deaths, than place a dishonourable part of my body on those precious hairs that once adorned her majesty's head. Of these hairs (as I had always a mechanical genius) I likewise made a neat little purse about five feet long, with her majesty's name decyphered in gold letters, which I gave to Glumdalclitch by the queen's consent. To say the truth, it was more for shew than use, being not of strength to bear the weight of the larger coins, and therefore she kept nothing in it but some little toys.

The king, who delighted in music, had frequent concerts at court, to which I was sometimes carried, and set in my box on a table to hear them: but the noise was so great, that I could hardly distinguish the tunes. I am confident that all the drums and trumpets of a royal army, beating and sounding together just at your ears, could not equal it. My practice was to have my box removed from the place where the performers sat, as far as I could, then to shut the doors and windows of it, and draw the window-curtains; after which I found their music not disagreeable.

I had learnt in my youth to play a little upon the spinet. Glumdalclitch kept one in her chamber, and a master attended twice a week to teach her: I called it a spinet, because it somewhat resembled that instrument, and was played upon in the same manner. A fancy came into my head, that I would entertain the king and queen with an English tune upon this instrument. But this appeared extremely difficult, for the spinet was near sixty feet long, each key being almost a foot wide, so that with my arms extended I could not reach to above five keys, and to press them down required a good smart stroke with my fist, which would be too great a labour, and to no purpose. The method contrived was this: I prepared two round sticks about the bigness of common cudgels; they were thicker at one end than the other, and I covered the thicker ends with a

* In this chapter he gives an account of the political state of Europe. ORRERY.

This is a mistake of the noble commentator, for Gulliver has here given a political account of no country but England: it is however a mistake to which any commentator would have been liable, who had read little more than the title or contents of the chapters into which this work is divided; for the word Europe has in some English, and all the Irish editions, been printed in the title of this chapter, instead of England.

piece of mouse's skin, that, by rapping on them, I might neither damage the tops of the keys, nor interrupt the sound. Before the spinet a bench was placed about four feet below the keys, and I was put upon the bench. I ran sideling upon it that way and this, as fast as I could, banging the proper keys with my two sticks, and made a shift to play a jig to the great satisfaction of both their majesties; but it was the most violent exercise I ever underwent, and yet I could not strike above sixteen keys, nor consequently play the bass and treble together, as other artists do, which was a great disadvantage to my performance.

The king, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet; he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box and sit down between three yards distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majesty, that the contempt he discovered towards Europe, and the rest of the world, did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind that he was master of: that reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body; on the contrary, we observed in our country that the tallest persons were usually least provided with it; that, among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity, than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majesty some signal service. The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He desired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs (for so he conjectured of other monarchs by my former discourses) he should be glad to hear of any thing that might deserve imitation.

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my own dear native country in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my discourse by informing his majesty, that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms under one sovereign, besides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil, and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament, partly made up of an illustrious body called the house of peers, persons of the noblest blood, and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counsellors both to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, from whence there could be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops, whose peculiar business it is to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives, and the depth of their erudition, who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament consisted of an assembly called the house of commons, who were all principal gentlemen, *freely* picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And that these two bodies made up the most august assembly in Europe, to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice, over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice, and protection of innocence. I mentioned the pru-

dent management of our treasury the valour and achievements of our forces by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect, or political party among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about an hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses, his majesty in the sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections upon every article. He asked what methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives. What course was taken to supply that assembly, when any noble family became extinct. What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords: whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady or a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements. What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort. Whether they were all so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them. Whether these holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the sanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times while they were common priests, or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow after they were admitted into that assembly.

He then desired to know, what arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners; whether a stranger with a strong purse might not influence the vulgar voters to choose him before

their own landlord, or the most considerable gentlemen in the neighbourhood. How it came to pass that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expence, often to the ruin of their families without any salary or pension: because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere; and he desired to know whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince in conjunction with a corrupted ministry. He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless inquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said in relation to our courts of justice, his majesty desired to be satisfied in several points: and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked what time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expence. Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive. Whether party in religion or politics were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice. Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs. Whether they or their judges had any part in penning those laws, which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and glossing upon at their pleasure. Whether they had ever at different times pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions. Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation. Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions. And particularly whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate.

He fell next upon the management of our treasury; and said he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a year, and when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted

to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate like a private person. He asked me, who were our creditors, and where we found money to pay them. He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbours, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings. He asked what business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet. Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army in the midst of peace, and among a free people. He said, if we were governed by our own consent in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not better be defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half a dozen rascals picked up at a venture in the streets for small wages, who might get an hundred times more by cutting their throats.

He laughed at my odd kind of arithmetic (as he was pleased to call it) in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the several sects among us in religion and politics. He said, he knew no reason why those who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public, should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second: for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials.

He observed, that among the diversions of our nobility and gentry I had mentioned gaming: he desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed; whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes: whether mean vicious people by their dexterity in that art might not ar-

rive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions, wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them by the losses they received to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others.

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century, protesting it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments; the very worst effects that avarice faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition, could produce.

His majesty in another audience was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: "My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved that ignorance, idleness, and vice are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which in its original might have been tolerable, but these are half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It doth not appear from all you have said, how any one perfection is required toward the procurement of any one station among you; much less, that men are ennobled on account of their virtue, that priests are advanced for their piety or learning, soldiers for their conduct or valour, judges for their integrity, senators for the love of their country, or counsellors for their wisdom. As for yourself, continued the king, who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious ace of little odious ver-

min that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

CHAP. VII.

The author's love of his country. He makes a proposal of much advantage to the king, which is rejected. The king's great ignorance in politics. The learning of that country very imperfect and confined. The laws and military affairs, and parties in the state.

Nothing but an extreme love of truth could have hindered me from concealing this part of my story. It was in vain to discover my resentments, which were always turned into ridicule; and I was forced to rest with patience, while my noble and most beloved country was so injuriously treated. I am as heartily sorry as any of my readers can possibly be, that such an occasion was given; but this prince happened to be so curious and inquisitive upon every particular, that it could not consist either with gratitude or good manners to refuse giving him what satisfaction I was able. Yet thus much I may be allowed to say in my own vindication, that I artfully eluded many of his questions, and gave to every point a more favourable turn by many degrees than the strictness of truth would allow. For I have always borne that laudable partiality to my own country, which Dionysius Halicarnassensis with so much justice recommends to an historian: I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother, and place her virtues and beauties in the most advantageous light. This was my sincere endeavour in those many discourses I had with that monarch, although it unfortunately failed of success.

But great allowances should be given to a king who lives wholly secluded from the rest of the world, and must therefore be altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs that must prevail in other nations: the want of which knowledge will ever produce many *prejudices*, and a certain *narrowness of thinking*, from which we and the politer countries of Europe are wholly exempted. And it would be hard indeed, if so remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a standard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now said, and further to shew the miserable effects of a *confined education*, I shall here insert a passage which will hardly obtain belief.

In hopes to ingratiate myself farther into his majesty's favour, I told him of an invention discovered between three or four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder, into an heap of which the smallest spark of fire falling would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air together, with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder rammed into a hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bigness, would drive a ball of iron or lead with such violence and speed, as nothing was able to sustain its force. That the largest balls thus discharged would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground, sink down ships, with a thousand men in each, to the bottom of the sea; and when linked by a chain together, would cut through masts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, burst and throw splinters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes of a size proportionable to all other things in his majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not be above one hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with a proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the wall of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis, if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands. This I humbly offered to his majesty as a small tribute of acknowledgment in return for so many marks that I had received of his royal favour and protection.

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given of these terrible engines, and the proposals I had made. He was amazed how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I (these were his expressions) could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation, which I

had painted as the common effects of those destructive machines, whereof he said some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom than be privy to such a secret, which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more.

A strange effect of *narrow principles* and *short views!* that a prince, possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning, endowed with admirable talents for government, and almost adored by his subjects, should, from a *nice unnecessary scruple*, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands, that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people. Neither do I say this with the least intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, whose character I am sensible will on this account be very much lessened in the opinion of an English reader; but I take this defect among them to have risen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For I remember very well in a discourse one day with the king, when I happened to say there were several thousand books among us written upon the art of government, it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy, or some rival nation, were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some other obvious topics which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

The learning of this people is very defective, consisting only in morality, history, poetry, and mathematics, wherein they must be allowed to excel. But the last of these is wholly applied to what may be useful in life, to the improvement of agriculture and all mechanical arts; so that among us it would be little esteemed. And as to ideas, entities, abstractions, and transcendentials, I could never drive the least conception into their heads.

No law of that country must exceed in words the number of letters in their alphabet, which consists only of two-and-twenty. But indeed few of them extend even to that length. They are expressed in the most plain and simple terms, wherein those people are not mercurial enough to discover above one interpretation; and to write a comment upon any law is a capital crime. As to the decision of civil causes, or proceedings against criminals, their precedents are so few, that they have little reason to boast of any extraordinary skill in either.

They have had the art of printing, as well as the Chinese, time out of mind; but their libraries are not very large; for that of the king, which is reckoned the largest, doth not amount to above a thousand volumes, placed in a gallery of twelve hundred feet long, from whence I had liberty to borrow what books I pleased. The queen's joiner had contrived in one of Glumdaleitch's rooms a kind of wooden machine, five-and-twenty feet high, formed like a standing ladder, the steps were each fifty feet long; it was indeed a moveable pair of stairs, the lowest end placed at ten feet distance from the wall of the chamber. The book I had a mind to read was put up leaning against the wall; I first mounted to the upper step of the ladder, and turned my face towards the book, began at the top of the page, and so walking to the right and left about eight or ten paces according to the length of the lines, till I had gotten a little below the level of mine eye, and then descended gradually till I came to the bottom; after which I mounted again, and began the other page in the same manner, and so turned over the leaf, which I could easily do with both my hands, for it was as thick and stiff as pasteboard, and in the largest folios not above eighteen or twenty feet long.

Their style is clear, masculine, and smooth, but not florid; for they avoid no-

thing more than multiplying unnecessary words, or using various expressions. I have perused many of their books, especially those in history and morality. Among the rest, I was very much diverted with a little old treatise, which always lay in Glumdalclichi's bed-chamber, and belonged to her governess, a grave elderly gentlewoman, who dealt in writings of morality and devotion. The book treats of the weakness of human kind, and is in little esteem, except among the women and the vulgar. However, I was curious to see what an author of that country could say upon such a subject. This writer went through all the usual topics of European moralists, shewing how diminutive, contemptible, and helpless an animal was man in his own nature; how unable to defend himself from inclemencies of the air, or the fury of wild beasts; how much he was excelled by one creature in strength, by another in speed, by a third in foresight, by a fourth in industry. He added, that nature was degenerated in these latter declining ages of the world, and could now produce only small abortive births, in comparison of those in ancient times. He said it was very reasonable to think, not only that the species of man were originally much larger, but also, that there must have been giants in former ages; which, as it is asserted by history and tradition, so it hath been confirmed by huge bones and skulls casually dug up in several parts of the kingdom, far exceeding the common dwindled race of man in our days. He argued, that the very laws of nature absolutely required we should have been made in the beginning of a size more large and robust, not so liable to destruction from every little accident of a tile falling from an house, or a stone cast from the hand of a boy, or being drowned in a little brook. From this way of reasoning, the author drew several moral applications useful in the conduct of life, but needless here to repeat. For my own part, I could not avoid reflecting how universally this talent was spread, of drawing lectures in morality, or indeed rather matter of discontent and repining, from the quarrels we raise with nature. And, I believe,

upon a strict inquiry, those quarrels might be shewn as ill grounded among us, as they are among that people*.

As to their military affairs, they boast that the king's army consists of an hundred and seventy-six thousand foot, and thirty-two thousand horse: if that may be called an army, which is made up of tradesmen in the several cities, and farmers in the country, whose commanders are only the nobility and gentry without pay or reward. They are indeed perfect enough in their exercises, and under very good discipline, wherein I saw no great merit: for how should it be otherwise, where every farmer is under the command of his own landlord, and every citizen under that of the principal men in his own city, chosen after the manner of Venice by ballot?

I have often seen the militia of Lorbrulgrud drawn out to exercise in a great field near the city of twenty miles *quare*. They were in all not above twenty-five thousand foot, and six thousand horse; but it was impossible for me to compute their number, considering the space of ground they took up. A cavalier, mounted on a large steed, might be about ninety feet high. I have seen this whole body of horse, upon a word of command, draw their swords at once, and brandish them in the air. Imagination can figure nothing so grand, so surprising, and so astonishing! it looked as if ten thousand flashes of lightning were darting at the same time from every quarter of the sky.

I was curious to know how this prince to whose dominions there is no access from any other country, came to think of armies, or to teach his people the practice of military discipline. But I was soon informed, both by conversation and reading their histories; for in the course of many ages they have been troubled with the same disease to which the whole race of mankind is subject; the nobility often contending for power, the people for liberty, and the king for absolute dominion. All which, however, happily tempered by the laws of that kingdom, have been sometimes violated by each of the three parties, and have more than once occasioned civil

* The author's zeal to justify Providence has before been remarked; and these quarrels with nature, or in other words with God, could not have been more forcibly proved than by shewing that the complaints upon which they are founded would be equally specious among beings of such astonishing superiority of stature and strength.

wars, the last whereof was happily put an end to by this prince's grandfather in a general composition; and the militia, then settled with common consent, hath been ever since kept in the strictest duty.

CHAP. VIII.

The king and queen make a progress to the frontiers. The author attends them. The manner in which he leaves the country very particularly related. He returns to England.

I had always a strong impulse, that I should some time recover my liberty, though it was impossible to conjecture by what means, or form any project with the least hope of succeeding. The ship in which I sailed was the first ever known to be driven within sight of that coast, and the king had given strict orders, that, if at any time another appeared, it should be taken ashore, and with all its crew and passengers brought in a tumbrel, to Lorbbrulgrud. He was strongly bent to get me a woman of my own size, by whom I might propagate the breed: but I think I should rather have died, than undergone the disgrace of leaving a posterity to be kept in cages like tame canary-birds, and perhaps in time sold about the kingdom to persons of quality for curiosities. I was indeed treated with much kindness: I was the favourite of a great king and queen, and delight of the whole court; but it was upon such a foot as ill became the dignity of human kind. I could never forget those domestic pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields, without being afraid of being trod to death like a frog, or young puppy. But my deliverance came sooner than I expected, and in a manner not very common: the whole story and circumstances of which I shall faithfully relate.

I had now been two years in this country: and about the beginning of the third Glumdalclitch and I attended the king and queen in a progress to the south coast of the kingdom. I was carried as usual in my travelling box, which as I have already described, was a very convenient closet of twelve feet wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed with silken ropes from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts, when a servant carried me before him on horseback, as I sometimes

desired, and would often sleep in my hammock while we were upon the road. On the roof of my closet, not directly over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut out a hole of a foot square, to give me air in hot weather, as I slept; which hole I shut at pleasure with a board that drew backwards and forwards through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end, the king thought proper to pass a few days at a palace he hath near Flanflasic, a city within eighteen English miles of the sea-side. Glumdalclitch and I were much fatigued; I had gotten a small cold, but the poor girl was so ill as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to see the ocean, which must be the only scene of my escape, if ever it should happen. I pretended to be worse than I really was, and desired leave to take the fresh air of the sea with a page whom I was very fond of, and who had sometimes been trusted with me. I shall never forget with what unwillingness Glumdalclitch consented, nor the strict charge she gave the page to be careful of me, bursting at the same time into a flood of tears, as if she had some foreboding of what was to happen. The boy took me out in my box about half an hour's walk from the palace towards the rocks on the sea-shore. I ordered him to set me down, and lifting up one of my sashes, cast many a wistful melancholy look towards the sea. I found myself not very well, and told the page that I had a mind to take a nap, in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy shut the window close down to keep out the cold. I soon fell asleep, and all I can conjecture is, that while I slept, the page, thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for bird's eggs, having before observed him from my window searching about, and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myself suddenly awaked with a violent pull upon the ring, which was fastened at the top of my box for the conveniency of carriage. I felt my box raised very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious speed. The first jolt had like to have shaken me out of my hammock, but afterwards the motion was easy enough. I called out several times as loud as I could raise my voice, but all to no purpose. I looked towards my windows, and could

see nothing but the clouds and sky. I heard a noise just over my head like the clapping of wings, and then began to conceive the woful condition I was in, that some eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak, with an intent to let it fall on a rock like a tortoise in a shell, and then pick out my body and devour it; for the sagacity and smell of this bird enabled him to discover his quarry at a great distance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board.

In a little time I observed the noise and flutter of wings to increase very fast, and my box was tossed up and down like a sign in a windy day. I heard several bangs or buffets, as I thought, given to the eagle (for such I am certain it must have been that held the ring of my box in his beak), and then all on a sudden felt myself falling perpendicularly down for above a minute, but with such incredible swiftness that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped with a terrible squash, that sounded louder to my ears than the cataract of Niagara*; after which I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to rise so high that I could see light from the tops of the windows. I now perceived that I was fallen in the sea.

My box, by the weight of my body the goods that were in it, and the broad plates of iron fixed for strength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated about five feet deep in water. I did then, and do now suppose, that the eagle which flew away with my box was pursued by two or three others, and forced to let me drop while he defended himself against the rest who hoped to share in the prey. The plates of iron fastened at the bottom of the box (for those were the strongest) preserved the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being broken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved, and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a sash, which kept my closet so tight that very little water came in. I got with much difficulty out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back the slip-board on the roof already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for

want of which I found myself almost stifled.

How often did I then wish myself with my dear Glumdalclitch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me! And I may say with truth, that in the midst of my own misfortunes I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse, the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travellers have not been under greater difficulties and distress than I was at this juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed to pieces, or at least upset by the first violent blast or rising wave. A breach in one single pane of glass would have been immediate death: nor could any thing have preserved the windows but the strong lattice wires placed on the outside against accidents in travelling. I saw the water ooze in at several crannies, although the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavoured to stop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet, which otherwise I certainly should have done, and sat on the top of it, where I might at least preserve myself some hours longer than by being shut up (as I may call it) in the hold. Or if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect but a miserable death of cold and hunger? I was four hours under these circumstances, expecting, and indeed wishing, every moment to be my last.

I have already told the reader that there were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box which had no window, and into which the servant who used to carry me on horseback would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconsolate state, I heard, or at least thought I heard, some kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed, and soon after I began to fancy, that the box was pulled or towed along in the sea; for I now and then felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief; although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which

* Niagara is a settlement of the French in North America, and the cataract is produced by the fall of a conflux of water (formed of the four vast lakes of Canada) from a rocky precipice, the perpendicular height of which is one hundred and thirty-seven feet; and it is said to have been heard fifteen leagues.

were always fastened to the floor; and having made a hard shift to screw it down again directly under the slipping-board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and thrusting it up the hole, waved it several times in the air, that if any boat or ship were near, the seamen might conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in the box.

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour or better, that side of the box where the staples were, and had no window, struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet like that of a cable, and the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up by degrees at least three feet higher than I was before. Whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was almost hoarse. In return to which, I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such transports of joy as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a trampling over my head, and somebody calling through the hole with a loud voice in the English tongue, If there be any body below, let them speak. I answered, I was an Englishman, drawn by ill fortune into the greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent, and begged by all that was moving to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in. The voice replied, I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship; and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover large enough to pull me out. I answered, that was needless, and would take up too much time, for there was no more to be done, but let one of his crew put his finger into the ring, and take the box out of the sea into the ship, and so into the captain's cabin*. Some of them upon hearing me talk so wildly thought I

was mad; others laughed; for indeed it never came into my head that I was now got among people of my own stature and strength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes saw a passage about four feet square, then let down a small ladder, upon which I mounted, and from thence was taken into the ship in a very weak condition.

The sailors were all in amazement, and asked me a thousand questions, which I had no inclination to answer. I was equally confounded at the sight of so many pigmies, for such I took them to be, after having so long accustomed my eyes to the monstrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr. Thomas Wilcocks, an honest worthy Shropshireman, observing I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, advising me to take a little rest, of which I had great need. Before I went to sleep, I gave him to understand that I had some valuable furniture in my box too good to be lost; a fine hammock; an handsome field-bed, two chairs, a table, and a cabinet. That my closet, was hung on all sides, or rather quilted, with silk and cotton: that if he would let one of the crew bring my closet into his cabin, I would open it there before him and shew him my goods. The captain hearing me utter these absurdities, concluded I was raving: however (I suppose to pacify me,) he promised to give order as I desired, and going upon deck, sent some of his men down into my closet, from whence (as I afterwards found) they drew up all my goods, and stripped off the quilting; but the chairs, cabinet, and bedstead, being screwed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the seamen, who tore them up by force.—Then they knocked off some of the boards for the use of the ship, and when they had got all they had a mind for, let the hull drop into the sea, which by reason of many breaches made in the bottom and sides, sunk to rights. And indeed I was glad not to have been a spectator of the havock they made; because I am confident it would have sensibly touched me, by bringing former

* There are several little incidents which shew the author to have had a deep knowledge of human nature; and I think this is one. Although the principal advantages enumerated by Gulliver in the beginning of this chapter, of mingling again among his countrymen, depended on their being of the same size with himself, yet this is forgotten in his ardour to be delivered; and he is afterwards betrayed into the same absurdity, by his zeal to preserve his furniture.

passages into my mind, which I had rather forget.

I slept some hours, but perpetually disturbed with dreams of the place I had left and the dangers I had escaped. However, upon waking I found myself much recovered. It was now about eight o'clock at night, and the captain ordered supper immediately, thinking I had already fasted too long. He entertained me with great kindness, observing me not to look wildly, or talk inconsistently; and, when we were left alone, desired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be set adrift in that monstrous wooden chest. He said, that about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glass, he spied it at a distance, and thought it was a sail, which he had a mind to make, being not much out of his course, in hopes of buying some biscuit, his own beginning to fall short. That upon coming nearer, and finding his error, he sent out his long boat to discover what I was; that his men came back in a fright, swearing they had seen a swimming house. That he laughed at their folly, and went himself in the boat, ordering his men to take a strong cable along with them. That the weather being calm, he rowed round me several times, observed my windows, and the wire lattices that defended them. That he discovered two staples upon one side, which was all of boards, without any passage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that side, and fastening a cable to one of the staples, ordered them to tow my chest (as they called it) towards the ship. When it was there, he gave directions to fasten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raise up my chest with pulleys, which all the sailors were not able to do above two or three feet. He said they saw my stick and handkerchief thrust out of the hole, and concluded that some unhappy man must be shut up in the cavity. I asked, whether he or the crew had seen any prodigious birds in the air about the time he first discovered me? to which he answered, that, discoursing the matter with the sailors while I was asleep, one of them said, he had observed three eagles flying towards the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the usual size, which I suppose must be imputed to the great height they were at: and he could not

guess the reason of my question. I then asked the captain, how far he reckoned we might be from land? he said, by the best computation he could make, we were at least an hundred leagues. I assured him that he must be mistaken by almost half, for I had not left the country from whence I came above two hours before I dropt into the sea. Whereupon he began again to think that my brain was disturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and advised me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided. I assured him I was well refreshed with his good entertainment and company, and as much in my senses as ever I was in my life. He then grew serious, and desired to ask me freely, whether I were not troubled in mind by the consciousness of some enormous crime, for which I was punished at the command of some prince by exposing me in that chest, as great criminals in other countries have been forced to sea in a leaky vessel without provisions; for although he should be sorry to have taken so ill a man into his ship, yet he would engagd his word to set me safe ashore in the first port where we arrived. He added that his suspicions were much increased by some very absurd speeches I had delivered at first to the sailors, and afterwards to himself, in relation to my closet or chest, as well as by my odd looks and behaviour while I was at supper.

I begged his patience to hear me tell my story, which I faithfully did from the last time I left England to the moment he first discovered me. And as truth always forceth its way into rational minds, so this honest worthy gentleman, who had some tincture of learning, and very good sense, was immediately convinced of my candour and veracity. But, farther to confirm all I had said, I entreated him to give order that my cabinet should be brought, of which I had the key in my pocket, (for he had already informed me how the seamen disposed of my closet) I opened it in his own presence, and shewed him the small collection of rarities I made in the country from whence I had been so strangely delivered. There was the comb I had contrived out of the stumps of the king's beard, and another of the same materials, but fixed into a paring of her majesty's thumb nail, which served for the back. There was a collection of needles and pins from a foot to half a yard long; four wasp stings, like joiner's tacks;

some combings of the queen's hair; a gold ring, which one day she made me a present of in a most obliging manner, taking it from her little finger, and throwing it over my head like a collar. I desired the captain would please to accept this ring in return of his civilities; which he absolutely refused. I shewed him a corn that I had cut off with my own hand from a maid of honour's toe; it was about the bigness of a Kentish pippin, and grown so hard, that, when I returned to England, I got it hollowed into a cup, and set in silver. Lastly, I desired him to see the breeches I had then on, which were made of a mouse's skin.

I could force nothing on him but a footman's tooth, which I observed him to examine with great curiosity, and found he had a fancy for it. He received it with abundance of thanks, more than such a trifle could deserve. It was drawn by an unskilful surgeon in a mistake from one of Glumdalclitch's men, who was afflicted with the tooth-ach, but it was as sound as any in his head. I got it cleaned, and put it into my cabinet. It was about a foot long, and four inches in diameter.

The captain was very well satisfied with this plain relation I had given him, and said, he hoped, when we returned to England, I would oblige the world by putting it on paper, and making it public. My answer was, that I thought we were already overstocked with books of travels; that nothing could now pass which was not extraordinary; wherein I doubted some authors less consulted truth, than their own vanity, or interest, or the diversion of ignorant readers; that my story could contain little besides common events, without those ornamental descriptions of strange plants, trees, birds, and other animals; or of the barbarous customs and idolatry of savage people, with which most writers abound. However, I thanked him for his good opinion, and promised to take the matter into my thoughts.

He said, he wondered at one thing very much, which was to hear me speak so loud, asking me whether the king or queen of that country were thick of hearing. I told him it was what I had been used to for above two years past; and that I admired as much at the voices of him and his men, who seemed to me only to whisper, and yet I could hear them well enough. But when I spoke in that country, it was like a man talking in the street

to another looking out from the top of a steeple, unless when I was placed on a table, or held in any person's hand. I told him, I had likewise observed another thing, that when I first got into the ship, and the sailors stood all about me, I thought they were the most little contemptible creatures I had ever beheld. For, indeed, while I was in that prince's country, I could never endure to look in a glass after mine eyes had been accustomed to such prodigious objects, because the comparison gave me so despicable a conceit of myself. The captain said, that while we were at supper he observed me to look at every thing with a sort of wonder, and that I often seemed hardly able to contain my laughter, which he knew not well how to take, but imputed it to some disorder in my brain. I answered it was very true; and I wondered how I could forbear when I saw his dishes of the size of a silver three-pence, a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not so big as a nut-shell; and so I went on describing the rest of his household stuff and provisions after the same manner. For although the queen had ordered a little equipage of all things necessary for me, while I was in her service, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I saw on every side of me, and I winked at my own littleness, as people do at their own faults. The captain understood my railery very well, and merrily replied with the old English proverb, that he doubted my eyes were bigger than my belly, for he did not observe my stomach so good, although I had fasted all day; and continuing in his mirth, protested he would have gladly given an hundred pounds to have seen my closet in the eagle's bill, and afterwards in its fall from so great a height into the sea, which would certainly have been a most astonishing object, worthy to have the description of it transmitted to future ages: and the comparison of Phaeton was so obvious, that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

The captain, having been at Tonquin, was in his return to England driven north eastward to the latitude of 44 degrees, and of longitude 143. But meeting a trade-wind two days after I came on board him, we sailed southward a long time, and coasting New Holland, kept our course west-south-west, and then south-south-west, till we doubled the Cape of

Good Hope. Our voyage was very prosperous; but I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. The captain called in at one or two ports, and sent in his long boat for provisions and fresh water, but I never went out of the ship till we came into the Downs, which was on the third day of June, 1706, about nine months after my escape. I offered to leave my goods in security for payment of my freight; but the captain protested he would not receive one farthing. We took a kind leave of each other, and I made him promise he would come to see me at my house in Rotherhithe. I hired a horse and guide for five shillings, which I borrowed of the captain.

As I was on the road, observing the littleness of the houses, the trees, the cattle, and the people, I began to think myself in Lilliput. I was afraid of trampling on every traveller I met, and often called aloud to have them stand out of the way, so that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own house, for which I was forced to inquire, one of the servants opening the door, I bent down to go in (like a goose under a gate) for fear of striking my head. My wife ran out to embrace me, but I stooped lower than her knees, thinking she could otherwise never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter kneeled to ask my blessing, but I could not see her till she arose, having been so long used to stand with my head and eyes erect to above sixty feet; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waist. I looked down upon the servants, and one or two friends who were in the house, as if they had been pigmies, and I a giant. I told my wife she had been too thrifty, for I found she had starved herself and her daughter to nothing. In short, I behaved myself so unaccountably, that they were all of the captain's opinion when he first saw me, and concluded I had lost my wits. This I mention as an instance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

In a little time, I and my family and friends came to a right understanding: but my wife protested I should never go to sea any more: although my evil destiny so ordered, that she had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the mean time, I here conclude the second part of my unfortunate voyages*.

Swift.

§. 129. *Detached Sentences.*

To be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing characteristic of a man of merit.

There is an heroic innocence, as well as an heroic courage.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itself hath its stated limits; which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel beforehand than to revenge it afterwards.

It is much better to reprove, than to be angry secretly.

No revenge is more heroic, than that which torments envy by doing good.

The discretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.

Money, like manure, does no good till it is spread. There is no real use of riches, except in the distribution; the rest is all conceit.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

A contented mind, and a good conscience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not how to fear, who dares to die.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being, who disposes of events, and governs futurity.

Philosophy is then only valuable, when it serves for the law of life, and not for the ostentation of science.

* From the whole of these two voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag arises one general remark, which, however obvious, has been overlooked by those who consider them as little more than the sport of a wanton imagination. When human actions are ascribed to pigmies and giants, there are few that do not excite either contempt, disgust, or horror; to ascribe them therefore to such beings was perhaps the most probable method of engaging the mind to examine them with attention, and judge of them with impartiality, by suspending the fascination of habit, and exhibiting familiar objects in a new light. The use of the fable then is not less apparent than important and extensive; and that this use was intended by the author, can be doubted only by those who are disposed to affirm, that order and regularity are the effects of chance.

Without a friend, the world is but a wilderness.

A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend think yourself happy.

When once you profess yourself a friend, endeavour to be always such. He can never have any true friends, that will be often changing them.

Prosperity gains friends, and adversity tries them.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handsome address, and graceful conversation.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Excess of ceremony shews want of breeding. That civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality.

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that the man was never yet found, who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

Truth is born with us; and we must do violence to nature, to shake off our veracity.

There cannot be a greater treachery, than first to raise a confidence and then deceive it.

By other's faults wise men correct their own.

No man hath a thorough taste of prosperity, to whom adversity never happened.

When our vices leave us, we flatter ourselves that we leave them.

It is as great a point of wisdom to hide ignorance, as to discover knowledge.

Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent; and habit will render it the most delightful.

Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools.

As, to be perfectly just, is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of man.

No man was ever cast down with the injuries of fortune, unless he had before suffered himself to be deceived by her favours.

Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of fools.

None more impatiently suffer injuries, than those that are most forward in doing them.

By taking revenge, a man is but even

with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miser robs himself.

We should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present. It is no part of wisdom, to be miserable to-day, because we may happen to be so to-morrow.

To mourn without measure, is folly; not to mourn at all, insensibility.

Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools and instruments; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ, when he only blew the bellows.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning; he can never be wise but by his own wisdom.

He who wants good sense is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby more ways of exposing himself.

It is ungenerous to give a man occasion to blush at his own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

The coin that is most current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

The character of the person who commends you, is to be considered before you set a value on his esteem. The wise man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous; the rest of the world, him who is most wealthy.

The temperate man's pleasures are durable, because they are regular: and all his life is calm and serene, because it is innocent.

A good man will love himself too well to lose, and all his neighbours too well to win, an estate by gaming. The love of gaming will corrupt the best principles in the world.

An angry man who suppresses his passions, thinks worse than he speaks; and

an angry man that will chide, speaks worse than he thinks.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

It is to affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs. Nature in her whole drama never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making.

It is the infirmity of little minds, to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every thing that sparkles; but great minds have but little admiration, because few things appear new to them.

It happens to men of learning, as to ears of corn: they shoot up, and raise their heads high, while they are empty; but when full and swelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

He that is truly polite knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

The failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deserving man shall meet with more reproaches, than all his virtues praise; such is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.

It is harder to avoid censure, than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age; but to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thousand talents to divide Asia equally with him, he answered, The earth cannot bear two suns, nor Asia two kings.—Parmenio, a friend of Alexander, hearing the great offers Darius had made, said, were I Alexander I would accept them. So would I, replied Alexander, were I Parmenio.

Nobility is to be considered only as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained.

Titles of honour conferred upon such as have no personal merit, are at best but the royal stamp set upon base metal.

Though an honourable title may be conveyed to posterity, yet the ennobling qualities which are the soul of greatness are a sort of incommunicable perfections, and cannot be transferred. If a man

could bequeath his virtues by will, and settle his sense and learning upon his heirs as certainly as he can his lands, a noble descent would then indeed be a valuable privilege.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

The pleasure which affects the human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, is the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls; without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise.

Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years; but wisdom is the grey hair unto man, and unspotted life is old age.

Wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and being pressed with conscience, always forecasteth evil things; for fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth.

A wise man will fear in every thing. He that contemneth small things shall fall by little and little.

A rich man beginning to fall, is held up of his friends; but a poor man being down, is thrust away by his friends; when a rich man is fallen he hath many helpers; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him: the poor man slipt, and they rebuked him; he spoke wisely, and could have no place. When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue, and, look, what he saith they extol it to the clouds; but if a poor man speaks, they say, What fellow is this?

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue. Well is he that is defended from it, and hath not passed through the venom thereof; who hath not drawn the yoke thereof, nor been bound in her bonds; for the yoke thereof is a yoke of iron, and the bands thereof are bands

of brass; the death thereof is an evil death.

My son, blemish not thy good deeds, neither use uncomfortable words, when thou givest any thing. Shall not the dew assuage the heat? so is a word better than a gift. Lo, is not a word better than a gift? but both are with a gracious man.

Blame not, before thou hast examined the truth; understand first, and then re-buke.

If thou wouldest get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him; for some men are friends for their own occasions, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.

Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not done it; and if he have, that he do it no more. Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not said it; or if he have, that he speak it not again. Admonish a friend; for many times it is a slander; and believe not every tale. There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?

Whoso discovereth secrets loses his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind.

Honour thy father with thy whole heart; and forget not the sorrows of thy mother; how canst thou recompense them the things that they have done for thee?

There is nothing so much worth as a mind well instructed.

The lips of talkers will be telling such things as pertain not unto them; but the words of such as have understanding are weighed in the balance. The heart of fools is in their mouth, but the tongue of the wise is in their heart.

To labour and to be content with that a man hath is a sweet life.

Be at peace with many: nevertheless, have but one counsellor of a thousand.

Be not confident in a plain way.

Let reason go before every enterprise, and counsel before every action.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions, he had contracted in the former.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live another time.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks of marble with a razor.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Some people will never learn any thing, for this reason, because they understand every thing too soon.

There is nothing wanting, to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

Men are grateful in the same degree that they are resentful.

Young men are subtle arguers; the cloak of honour covers all their faults, as that of passion all their follies.

Economy is no disgrace; it is better living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

Next to the satisfaction I receive in the prosperity of an honest man, I am best pleased with the confusion of a rascal.

What is often termed shyness, is nothing more than a refined sense, and an indifference to common observations.

The higher character a person supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

Every person insensibly fixes upon some degree of refinement in his discourse, some measure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wise to fix this pretty high, although it occasions one to talk the less.

To endeavour all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy, is to spend so much in armour, that one has nothing left to defend.

Deference often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the sensitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

People frequently use this expression:

I am inclined to think so and so, not considering that they are then speaking the most literal of all truths.

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in their favour.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honesty seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honest man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the sake of character.

A liar begins with making a falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

Virtue should be considered as a part of taste; and we should as much avoid deceit, or sinister meanings in discourse, as we would puns, bad language, or false grammar.

Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

He that lies in bed all a summer's morning, loses the chief pleasure of the day; he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

Shining characters are not always the most agreeable ones; the mild radiance of an emerald is by no means less pleasing than the glare of the ruby.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, discovers at the same time a bad disposition and a bad taste.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Fine sense, and exalted sense, are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense, and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of ready change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, most mischievous.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to day than he was yesterday.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted

there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric in sermons or serious discourses, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to those who come only for amusement; but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

It often happens that those are the best people, whose characters have been most injured by slanderers: as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

The eye of a critic is often like a microscope, made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minutest particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

Men's zeal for religion is much of the same kind as that which they shew for a foot-ball; whenever it is contested for, every one is ready to venture their lives and limbs in the dispute; but when that is once at an end, it is no more thought on, but sleeps in oblivion, buried in rubbish, which no one thinks it worth his pains to rake into, much less to remove.

Honour is but a fictitious kind of honesty; a mean but necessary substitute for it, in societies who have none; it is a sort of paper credit, with which men are obliged to trade who are deficient in the sterling cash of true morality and religion.

Persons of great delicacy should know the certainty of the following truth.—There are abundance of cases which occasion suspense, in which, whatever they determine, they will repent of their determination; and this through a propensity of human nature to fancy happiness in those schemes which it does not pursue.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boast over modern ones, seems owing to simplicity. Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in a natural manner, in word and phrase, simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers, but affectation, witticism, and conceit?

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

§ 130. PROVERBS.

As PROVERBS are allowed to contain a great deal of Wisdom forcibly expressed, it has been judged proper to add a Collection of English, Italian, and Spanish Proverbs. They will tend to exercise the powers of Judgment and Reflection. They may also furnish subjects for Themes, Letters, &c. at Schools. They are so easily retained in the memory that they may often occur in an emergency, and serve a young man more effectually than more formal and elegant sentences.

Old English Proverbs.

In every work begin and end with God.
The grace of God is worth a fair.
He is a fool who cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not.

So much of passion, so much of nothing to the purpose.

'Tis wit to pick a lock, and steal a horse, but 'tis wisdom to let it alone.

Sorrow is good for nothing but for sin.

Love thy neighbour; yet pull not down thy hedge.

Half an acre is good land.

Cheer up, man, God is still where he was.

Of little meddling comes great ease.

Do well, and have well.

He who perishes in a needless danger is the devil's martyr.

Better spare at the brim, than at the bottom.

He who serves God is the true wise man.

The hasty man never wants wo.

There is God in the almonry.

He who will thrive must rise at five.

He who hath thriven may sleep till seven.

Prayer brings down the first blessing, and praise the second.

He plays best who wins.

He is a proper man who hath proper conditions.

Better half a loaf than no bread.

Beware of Had-I-wist.

Frost and fraud have always foul ends.

Good words cost nought.

A good word is as soon said as a bad one.

Little said soon amended.

Fair words butter no parsnips.

That penny is well spent that saves a groat to its master.

Penny in pocket is a good companion.

For all your kindred make much of your friends.

He who hath money in his purse, cannot want an head for his shoulders.

Great cry and little wool, quoth the devil, when he sheared his hogs.

'Tis ill gaping before an oven.

Where the hedge is lowest all men go over.

When sorrow is asleep wake it not.

Up-start's a churl that gathereth good, From whence did spring his noble blood.

Provide for the worst the best will save itself.

A covetous man like a dog in a wheel, roasts meat for others to eat.

Speak me fair, and think what you will.

Serve God in thy calling; 'tis better than always praying.

A child may have too much of his mother's blessing.

He who gives alms makes the very best use of his money.

A wise man will neither speak nor do.

Whatever anger would provoke him to.

Heaven once named, all other things are trifles.

The patient man is always at home.

Peace with heaven is the best friendship.

The worst of crosses is never to have had any.

Crosses are ladders that do lead up to heaven.

Honour buys no beef in the market.

Care-not would have.

When it rains pottage you must hold up your dish.

He that would thrive must ask leave of his wife.

A wonder lasts but nine days.

The second meal makes the glutton ; and the second blow, or second ill word, makes the quarrel.

A young serving man an old beggar.

A pennyworth of ease is worth a penny at all times.

As proud comes behind as goes before.

Bachelors' wives and maids' children are well taught.

Beware of the geese when the fox preaches.

Rich men seem happy, great, and wise, All which the good man only is.

Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.

Love me little, and love me long.

He that buys an house ready wrought, Hath many a pin and nail for nought.

Fools build houses, and wise men buy them, or live in them.

Opportunity makes the thief.

Out of debt, out of deadly sin.

Pride goes before, and shame follows after.

The groat is ill saved that shames its master.

Quick believers need broad shoulders.

Three may keep counsel, if two be away.

He who weddeth ere he be wise, shall die ere he thrives.

He who most studies his content, wants it most.

God hath often a great share in a little house, and but a little share in a great one.

When prayers are done my lady is ready.

He that is warm thinks all are so.

If every man will mend one, we shall all be mended.

Marry your son when you will, your daughter when you can.

None is a fool always, every one sometimes.

Think of ease, but work on.

He that lies long in bed his estate feels it.

The child saith nothing but what it heard by the fire-side.

A gentleman, a greyhound, and a salt-box look for at the fire-side.

The son full and tattered, the daughter empty and fine.

He who riseth betimes hath something in his head.

Fine dressing is a foul house swept before the doors.

Discontent is a man's worst evil.

He who lives well sees afar off.

Love is not to be found in the market.

My house, my house, though thou art small.

Thou art to me the Escorial.

He who seeks trouble never misseth it.

Never was strumpet fair in wise man's eye.

He that hath little is the less dirty.

Good counsel breaks no man's head.

Fly the pleasure that will bite to morrow.

Wo be to the house where there is no chiding.

The greatest step is that out of doors.

Poverty is the mother of health.

Wealth, like rheum, falls on the weakest parts.

If all fools wore white caps, we should look like a flock of geese.

Living well is the best revenge we can take on our enemies.

Fair words make me look to my purse.

The shortest answer is doing the thing.

He who would have what he hath not should do what he doth not.

He who hath horns in his bosom needs not put them upon his head.

Good and quickly seldom meet.

God is at the end when we think he is farthest off.

He who contemplates hath a day without night.

Time is the rider that breaks youth.

Better suffer a great evil than do a little one.

Talk much, and err much.

The persuasion of the unfortunate sways the doubtful.

True praise takes root and spreads.

Happy is the body which is blest with a mind not needing.

Foolish tongues talk by the dozen.

Shew a good man his error, and he turns it into a virtue ; a bad man doubles his fault.

When either side grows warm in arguing, the wisest man give over first.

Wise men with pity do behold.

Fools worship mules that carry gold.

In the husband wisdom, in the wife gentleness.

A wise man cares not much for what he cannot have.

Pardon others, but not thyself.

If a good man thrives all thrive with him.

Old praise dies unless you feed it.

That which two will takes effect.

He only is bright who shines by himself.

Prosperity lets go the bridle.

Take care to be what thou wouldst seem.

Great businesses turn on a little pin.

He that will not have peace, God gives him war.

None is so wise but the fool overtakes him.

That is the best gown that goes most up and down the house.

Silk and satins put out the fire in the kitchen.

The first dish pleaseth all.

God's mill grinds slow, but sure.

Neither praise nor dispraise thyself; thy actions serve the turn.

He who fears death lives not.

He who preaches gives alms.

He who pities another thinks on himself.

Night is the mother of counsels.

He who once hits will be ever shooting.

He that cockers his child provides for his enemy.

The faulty stands always on his guard.

He that is thrown would ever wrestle.

Good swimmers are drowned at last.

Courtesy on one side only lasts not long.

Wine counsels seldom prosper.

Set good against evil.

He goes not out of his way who goes to a good inn.

It is an ill air where we gain nothing.

Every one hath a fool in his sleeve.

Too much taking heed is sometimes loss.

'Tis easier to build two chimneys than to maintain one.

He hath no leisure who useth it not.

The wife is the key of the house.

The life of man is a winter day.

The least foolish is accounted wise.

Life is half spent before we know what it is to live.

Wine is a turn-coat; first a friend, then an enemy.

Wine ever pays for his lodging.

Time undermines us all.

Conversation makes a man what he is.
The dainties of the great are the tears of the poor.

The great put the little on the hook.

Lawyers' houses are built on the heads of fools.

Among good men two suffice.

The best bred have the best portion.

To live peaceably with all breeds good blood.

He who hath the charge of souls transports them not in bundles.

Pains to get, care to keep, fear to lose.

When a lackey comes to hell, the devil locks the gates.

He that tells his wife news is but newly married.

He who will make a door of gold, must knock in a nail every day.

If the brain sows not corn, it plants thistles.

A woman conceals what she knows not.

Some evils are cured by contempt.

God deals his wrath by weight, but without weight his mercy.

Follow not truth too near at the heels, lest it dash out your teeth.

Say to pleasure, gentle Eve, I will have none of your apple.

Marry your daughters betimes, lest they marry themselves.

Every man's censure is usually first moulded in his own nature.

Suspicion is the virtue of a coward.

Stay a while, that we may make an end the sooner.

Let us ride fair and softly that we may get home the sooner.

Debtors are liars.

Knowledge (or cunning) is no burden.

Dearths foreseen come not.

A penny spared is twice got.

Pensions never enriched young men.

If things were to be done twice, all would be wise.

If the mother had never been in the oven, she would not have looked for her daughter there.

The body is sooner well dressed than the soul.

Every one is a master, and a servant.

No profit to honour, no honour to virtue or religion.

Every sin brings its punishment along with it.

The devil divides the world between atheism and superstition.

Good husbandry is good divinity.

Be reasonable and you will be happy.

It is better to please a fool than to anger him.

A fool, if he saith he will have a crab, he will not have an apple.

Take heed you find not what you do not seek.

The highway is never about.

He lives long enough who hath lived well.

Mettle is dangerous in a blind horse.

Winter never rots in the sky.

God help the rich, the poor can beg.

He that speaks me fair, and loves me not, I will speak him fair, and trust him not.

He who preaches war is the devil's chaplain.

The truest wealth is contentment with a little.

A man's best fortune, or his worst, is a wife.

Marry in haste, and repent at leisure.

Sir John Barley-Corn is the strongest knight.

Like blood, like good, and like age,

Make the happiest marriage.

Every ass thinks himself worthy to stand with the king's horses.

A good beginning makes a good ending.

One ounce of discretion, or of wisdom, is worth two pounds of wit.

The devil is good, or kind, when he is pleased.

A fair face is half a portion.

To forget a wrong is the best revenge.

Manners make the man.

Man doth what he can, God doth what he pleases.

Gold goes in at any gate except that of heaven.

Knaves and fools divide the world.

No great loss but may bring some little profit.

When poverty comes in at the door, love leaps out at the window.

That suit is best that best fits me.

If I had revenged every wrong,

I had not worn my skirts so long.

Self-love is a mote in every man's eye.

That which is well done is twice done.

Use soft words and hard arguments.

There is no coward to an ill conscience.

He who makes other men afraid of his wit, had need be afraid of their memories.

Riches are but the baggage of virtue.

He who defers his charities till his

death, is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

A wise man hath more ballast than sail.

Great men's promises, courtiers' oaths, and dead men's shoes, a man may look for, but not trust to.

Be wise on this side heaven.

The devil tempts others, an idle man tempts the devil.

Good looks buy nothing in the market.

He who will be his own master often hath a fool for a scholar.

That man is well bought who costs you but a compliment.

The greatest king must at last go to bed with a shovel or spade.

He only truly lives who lives in peace.

If wise men never erred, it would go hard with the fool.

Great virtue seldom descends.

One wise (in marriage) and two happy.

Almsgiving never made any man poor, nor robbery, rich, nor prosperity wise.

A fool and his money are soon parted.

Fear of hell is the true valour of a christian.

For ill do well, then fear not hell.

The best thing in the world is to live above it.

Happy is he who knows his follies in his youth.

A thousand pounds and a bottle of bay, Will be all one at Doomsday.

One pair of heels is sometimes worth two pair of hands.

'Tis good sleeping in a whole skin.

Enough is as good as a feast.

A fool's bolt is soon shot.

All is well that ends well.

Ever drink ever dry.

He who hath an ill name is half hanged.

Harm watch, harm catch.

A friend's frown is better than a fool's smile.

The easiest work and way is, To beware.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

A man may be great by chance; but never wise, or good, without taking pains for it.

Success makes a fool seem wise.

All worldly joys go less

To that one joy of doing kindnesses.

What fools say doth not much trouble wise men.

Money is a good servant but an ill master.

Pleasure gives law to fools, God to the wise.

He lives indeed who lives not to himself alone.

Good to begin well, better to end well.

There would be no ill language if it were not ill taken.

Industry is Fortune's right hand, and frugality is her left.

We shall all lie alike in our graves.

When flatterers meet, the devil goes to dinner.

'Tis a small family that hath neither a thief nor an harlot in it.

To give and to keep there is need of wit.

A man never surfeits of two much honesty.

Honour and ease are seldom bedfellows.

Those husbands are in heaven whose wives do not chide.

He can want nothing who hath God for his friend.

Young men's knocks old men feel.

He who is poor when he is married, shall be rich when he is buried.

Of all tame beasts, I hate sluts.

Giving much to the poor doth increase a man's store.

That is my good that doth me good.

An idle brain is the devil's shop.

God send us somewhat of our own when rich men go to dinner.

Let your purse still be your master.

Young men think old men fools; but old men know that young men are fools.

Wit once bought, is worth twice taught.

A wise head makes a close mouth.

All foolish fancies are bought much too dear.

Women's and children's wishes are the aim and happiness of the more weak men.

Ignorance is better than pride with greater knowledge.

The charitable man gives out at the door, and God puts in at the window.

Every man is a fool where he hath not considered or thought.

He who angers others is not himself at ease.

He dies like a beast who hath done no good while he lived.

Heaven is not to be had by men's barely wishing for it.

Patch and long sit, build and soon flit.

One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two hours sleep after it.

Wranglers never want words.

War is death's feast.

Idle lazy folks have most labour.

Knavery may serve a turn, but honesty is best at the long run.

A quick landlord makes a careful tenant.

Look ever to the main chance.

Will is the cause of wo.

Welcome is the best cheer.

I will keep no more cats than what will catch mice.

Reprove others, but correct thyself.

Once a knave and ever a knave.

Planting of trees is England's old thrift.

It is more painful to do nothing than something.

Any thing for a quiet life.

'Tis great folly to want when we have it, and when we have it not too.

Fly pleasure, and it will follow thee.

God's providence is the surest and best inheritance.

That is not good language which all understand not.

Much better lose a jest than a friend.

Ill-will never said well.

He that hath some land must have some labour.

Shew me a liar and I will shew you a thief.

We must wink at small faults.

Use legs and have legs.

Keep your shop and your shop will keep you.

Every one should sweep before his own door.

Much coin usually much care.

Good take heed doth always speed.

He who gets doth much, but he who keeps doth more.

A pound of gold is better than an ounce of honour.

We think lawyers to be wise men, and they know us to be fools.

Eaten bread is soon forgotten.

When you see your friend, trust to yourself.

Let my friend tell my tale.

Mention not a rope in the house of one whose father was hanged.

Speak the truth and shame the devil.

God help the fool, quoth Pedly. (*An Idiot.*)

Lend and lose my money; so play fools.

Early to go to bed, and then early to rise, make man more holy, more healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Anger dies soon with a wise and good man.

He who will not be counselled, cannot be helped.

God hath provided no remedy for wilful obstinacy.

All vice infatuates and corrupts the judgment.

He who converses with nobody, knows nothing.

There is no fool to the old fool.

A good wife makes a good husband.

'Tis much better to be thought a fool than to be a knave.

One fool makes many.

Penny, whence camest thou? Penny, whither goest thou? and, Penny, when wilt thou come again?

'Tis worse to be an ill man than to be thought to be one.

A fool comes always short of his reckoning.

A young saint an old saint; and a young devil and an old devil.

Wit is folly unless a wise man hath the keeping of it.

Knowledge of God and ourselves is the mother of true devotion, and the perfection of wisdom.

Afflictions are sent us from God for our good.

Confession of a fault makes half amends.

Every man can tame a shrew but he who hath her.

'Tis better to die poor than to live poor.

Craft brings nothing home at the last.

Diseases are the interest of pleasures.

All covet, all lose.

Plain-dealing is a jewel; but who useth it will die a beggar.

Honour bought is temporal simony.

Live, and let live, *i. e.* be a kind landlord.

Children are certain cares, but very uncertain comforts.

Giving begets love, lending usually lessens it.

He is the wise, who is the honest man.

Take part with reason against thy own will or humour.

Wit is a fine thing in a wise man's hand.

Speak not of my debts except you mean to pay them.

Words instruct, but examples persuade effectually.

He who lives in hopes dies a fool.

He who gives wisely sells to advantage.

Years know more than books.

Live so as you do mean to die.

Go not to hell for company.

All earthly joys are empty bubbles, and do make men boys.

Better unborn than untaught.

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains; if well, the pains do fade, the joy remains.

Always refuse the advice which passion gives.

Nor say nor do that thing which anger prompts you to.

Bear and forbear is short and good philosophy.

Set out wisely at first; custom will make every virtue more easy and pleasant to you than any vice can be.

The best and noblest conquest is that of a man's own reason over his passions and follies.

Religion hath true lasting joys; weigh all, and so

If any thing have more, or such, let heaven go.

Whatever good thou dost, give God the praise,

Who both the power and will first gave to thee.

§ 131. *Old Italian Proverbs.*

He who serves God hath the best master in the world. Where God is, there nothing is wanting. No man is greater in truth than he is in God's esteem. He hath a good judgment who doth not rely on his own. Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it. He who converses with nobody, is either a brute or an angel. Go not over the water where you cannot see the bottom. He who lives disorderly one year, doth not enjoy himself for five years after. Friendships are cheap when they are to be bought with pulling off your hat. Speak well of your friend, of your enemy neither well nor ill. The friendship of a great man is a lion at the next door. The money you refuse will never do you good. A beggar's wallet is a mile to the bottom. I once had, is a poor man. There are a great many asses without long ears. An iron anvil should have a hammer of feathers. He keeps his road well enough who gets rid of bad company. You are in debt, and run in farther; if you are not a liar yet, you will be one. The best throw upon the dice is to throw them away. 'Tis horribly dangerous to sleep near the gates of hell. He who

thinks to cheat another, cheats himself most. Giving is going a fishing. Too much prosperity makes most men fools. Dead men open the eyes of the living. No man's head aches while he comforts another. Bold and shameless men are masters of half the world. Every one hath enough to do to govern himself well. He who is an ass, and takes himself to be a stag, when he comes to leap the ditch finds his mistake. Praise doth a wise man good, but a fool harm. No sooner is the law made but an evasion of it is found out. He who gives fair words, feeds you with an empty spoon. Three things cost dear; the caresses of a dog, the love of a miss, and the invitation of an host. Hunger never fails of a good cook. A man is valued as he makes himself valuable. Three littles make a rich man on a sudden; little wit, little shame, and little honesty. He who hath good health is a rich man, and doth not know it. Give a wise man a hint, and he will do the business well enough. A bad agreement is better than a good law-suit. The best watering is that which comes from heaven. When your neighbour's house is on fire, carry water to your own. Spare diet and no trouble keep a man in good health. He that will have no trouble in this world must not be born in it. The maid is such as she is bred, and tow as it is spun. He that would believe he hath a great many friends, must try but few of them. Love bemires young men, and drowns the old. Once in every ten years, every man needs his neighbour. Aristotle saith, When you can have any good thing take it; and Plato saith, If you do not take it, you are a great coxcomb. From an ass you can get nothing but kicks and stench. Either say nothing of the absent, or speak like a friend. One man forwarned (or apprised of a thing) is worth two. He is truly happy who can make others happy too. A fair woman without virtue is like palled wine. Tell a woman she is wonderous fair, and she will soon turn fool. Paint and patches give offence to the husband, hopes to her gallant. He that would be well spoken of himself, must not speak ill of others. He that doth the kindness hath the noblest pleasure of the two. He who doth a kindness to a good man, doth a greater to himself. A man's hat in his hand never did him harm. One cap or hat more or less, and one quire of paper in a year, cost

but little, and will make you many friends. He who blames grandees endangers his head, and he who praises them must tell many a lie. A wise man goes not on board without due provision. Keep your mouth shut, and your eyes open. He who will stop every man's mouth must have a great deal of meal. Wise men have their mouth in their hearts, fools their hearts in their mouth. Shew not to all the bottom either of your purse or of your mind. I heard one say so, is half a lie. Lies have very short legs. One lie draws ten more after it. Keep company with good men and you'll increase their number. He is a good man who is good for himself, but he is good indeed who is so for others too. When you meet with a virtuous man draw his picture. He who keeps good men company may very well bear their charges. He begins to grow bad who takes himself to be a good man. He is far from a good man who strives not to grow better. Keep good men company, and fall not out with the bad. He who throws away his estate with his hands, goes afterwards to pick it up on his feet. 'Tis a bad house that hath not an old man in it. To crow well and scrape ill is the devil's trade. Be ready with your hat, but slow with your purse. A burden which one chooses is not felt. The dearer such a thing is the better pennyworth for me. Suppers kill more than the greatest doctor ever cured. All the wit in the world is not in one head. Let us do what we can and ought, and let God do his pleasure. 'Tis better to be condemned by the college of physicians than by one judge. Skill and assurance are an invincible couple. The fool kneels to the distaff. Knowing is worth nothing, unless we do the good we know. A man is half known when you see him, when you hear him speak you know him all out. Write down the advice of him who loves you, though you like it not at present. Be slow to give advice, ready to do any service. Both anger and haste hinder good counsel. Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for it. The fool never thinks higher than the top of his house. A courtier is a slave in a golden chain. A little kitchen makes a large house. Have money, and you will find kindred enough. He that lends his money hath a double loss. Of money, wit, and virtue, believe one-fourth part of what you hear men say. Money is his

servant who knows how to use it as he should, his master who doth not. 'Tis better to give one shilling than to lend twenty. Wise distrust is the parent of security. Mercy or goodness alone makes us like to God. So much only is mine, as I either use myself or give for God's sake. He who is about to speak evil of another, let him first well consider himself. Speak not of me unless you know me well; think of yourself ere aught of me you tell. One day of a wise man is worth the whole life of a fool. What you give shines still, what you eat smells ill next day. Asking costs no great matter. A woman that loves to be at the window is like a bunch of grapes in the highway. A woman and a glass are never out of danger. A woman and a cherry are painted for their own harm. The best furniture in the house is a virtuous woman. The first wife is matrimony, the second company, the third heresy. A doctor and a clown know more than a doctor alone. Hard upon hard never makes a good wall. The example of good men is visible philosophy. One ill example spoils many good laws. Every thing may be, except a ditch without a bank. He who throws a stone against God, it falls upon his own head. He who plays me one trick shall not play me a second. Do what you ought, and let what will come on it. By making a fault you may learn to do better. The first faults are theirs who commit them, all the following are his who doth not punish them. He who would be ill served, let him keep good store of servants. To do good still make no delay; for life and time slide fast away. A little time will serve to do ill. He who would have trouble in this life, let him get either a ship or a wife. He who will take no pains will never build a house three stories high. The best of the game is, to do one's business and talk little of it. The Italian is wise before he undertakes a thing, the German while he is doing it, and the Frenchman when it is over. In prosperity we need moderation, in adversity patience. Prosperous men sacrifice not, i. e. they forget God. Great prosperity and modesty seldom go together. Women, wine, and horses, are ware men are often deceived in. Give your friend a fig, and your enemy a peach. He who hath no children doth not know what love means. He who spins, hath

one shirt, he who spins not hath two. He who considers the end, restrains all evil inclinations. He who hath the longest sword is always thought to be in the right. There lies no appeal from the decision of fortune. Lucky men need no counsel. Three things only are well done in haste; flying from the plague, escaping quarrels, and catching fleas. 'Tis better it should be said, Here he ran away, than Here he was slain. The sword from heaven above falls not down in haste. The best thing in gaming is, that it be but little used. Play, women, and wine, make a man laugh till he dies of it. Play or gaming hath the devil at the bottom. The devil goes shares in gaming. He who doth not rise early never does a good day's work. He who hath good health is young, and he is rich who owes nothing. If young men had wit, and old men strength enough, every thing might be well done. He who will have no judge but himself, condemns himself. Learning is folly unless a good judgment hath the management of it. Every man loves justice at another man's house; nobody cares for it at his own. He who keeps company with great men is the last at the table, and the first at any toil or danger. Every one hath his cricket in his head, and makes it sing as he pleases. In the conclusion, even sorrows with bread are good. When war begins, hell gates are set open. He that hath nothing knows nothing, and he that hath nothing is nobody. He who hath more hath more care, still desires more, and enjoys less. At a dangerous passage give the precedence. The sickness of the body may prove the health of the soul. Working in your calling is half praying. An ill book is the worst of thieves. The wise hand doth not all which the foolish tongue saith. Let not your tongue say what your head may pay for. The best armour is to keep out of gunshot. The good woman doth not say will you have this but gives it you. That is a good misfortune which comes alone. He who doth no ill hath nothing to fear. No ill befalls us but what may be for our good. He that would be master of his own must not be bound for another. Eat after your own fashion, clothe yourself as others do. A fat physician but a lean monk. Make yourself all honey and the flies will eat you up. Marry a wife and buy a horse from your neighbour. He is master of the world who despiseth it; a

slave who values it. This world is a cage of fools. He who hath most patience best enjoys the world. If veal (or mutton) could fly, no wild fowl could come near it. He is unhappy who wishes to die; but more so he who fears it. The more you think of dying, the better you will live. He who oft thinks on death provides for the next life. Nature, time, and patience, are the three great physicians. When the ship is sunk every man knows how she might have been saved. Poverty is the worst guard for chastity. Affairs like salt fish ought to lie a good while a soaking. He who knows nothing is confident in every thing. He who lives as he should, has all that he needs. By doing nothing, men learn to do ill. The best revenge is to prevent the injury. Keep yourself from the occasion, and God will keep you from the sins it leads to. One eye of the master sees more than four eyes of his servant. He who doth the injury never forgives the injured man. Extravagant offers are a kind of denial. Vice is set off with the shadow or resemblance of virtue. The shadow of a lord is an hat or cap for a fool. Large trees give more shade than fruit. True love and honour go always together. He who would please every body in all he doth, troubles himself and contents nobody. Happy is the man who doth all the good he talks of. That is best or finest which is most fit or seasonable. He is a good orator who prevails with himself. One pair of ears will drain dry an hundred tongues. A great deal of pride obscures, or blemishes, a thousand good qualities. He who hath gold hath fear, who hath none hath sorrow. An Arcadian ass, who is laden with gold, and eats but straw. The hare caught the lion in a net of gold. Obstinacy is the worst, the most incurable of all sins. Lawyers' gowns are lined with the wilfulness of their clients. Idleness is the mother of vice, the step-mother to all virtues. He who is employed is tempted by one devil; he who is idle by an hundred. An idle man is a bolster for the devil. Idleness buries a man alive. He that makes a good war hath a good peace. He who troubles not himself with other men's business gets peace and ease thereby. Where peace is, there God is or dwells. The world without peace is the soldier's pay. Arms carry peace along with them. A little in peace and quiet is

my heart's wish. He hears with others, and saith nothing who would live in peace. One father is sufficient to govern an hundred children, and an hundred children are not sufficient to govern one father. The master is the eye of the house. The first service a bad child doth his father, is to make him a fool; and the next is to make him mad. A rich country and a bad road. A good lawyer is a bad neighbour. He who pays well is master of every body's purse. Another man's bread costs very dear. Have you bread and wine? sing and be merry. If there is but little bread, keep it in your hand; if but a little wine drink often; if but a little bed, go to bed early and clap yourself down in the middle. 'Tis good keeping his clothes who goes to swim. A man's own opinion is never in the wrong. He who speaks little, needs but half so much brains as another man. He who knows most commonly speaks least. Few men take his advice who talks a great deal. He that is going to speak ill of another, let him consider himself well and he will hold his peace. Eating little, and speaking little, can never do a man hurt. A civil answer to a rude speech costs not much, and is worth a great deal. Speaking without thinking, is shooting without taking aim. He doth not lose his labour who counts every word he speaks. One mild word quenches more heat than a whole bucket of water. Use good words to put off your rotten apples. Give every man good words, but keep your purse-strings close. Fine words will not keep a cat from starving. He that hath no patience, hath nothing at all. No patience, no true wisdom. Make one bargain with other men, but make four with yourself. There is no fool to a learned fool. The first degree of folly is to think one's self wise; the next to tell others so; the third to despise all counsel. If wise men play the fool, they do it with a vengeance. One fool in one house is enough in all conscience. He is not a thorough wise man who cannot play the fool on a just occasion. A wise man doth that at the first which a fool must do at the last. Men's years and their faults are always more than they are willing to own. Men's sins and their debts are more than they take them to be. Punishment though lame overtakes the sinner at the last. He considers ill, that considers not on both

sides. Think much and often, speak little and write less. Consider well, Who you are, What you do, Whence you came, and Whither you are to go. Keep your thoughts to yourself, let your mien be free and open. Drink wine with pears, and water after figs. When the pear is ripe, it must fall of course. He that parts with what he ought, loses nothing by the shift. Forgive every man's faults except your own. To forgive injuries is a noble and God-like revenge. 'Tis a mark of great proficiency, to bear easily the failings of other men. Fond love of a man's self shews that he doth not know himself. That which a man likes well is half done. He who is used to do kindnesses, always finds them when he stands in need. A wise lawyer never goes to law himself. A sluggard takes an hundred steps, because he would not take one in due time. When you are all agreed upon the time, quoth the curate, I will make it rain. I will do what I can, and a little less, that I may hold out the better. Trust some few, but beware of all men. He who knows but little presently outs with it. He that doth not mind small things will never get a great deal. John Do-little was the son of Good-wife Spin-little. To know how to be content with a little, is not a morsel for a fool's mouth. That is never to be called little, which a man thinks to be enough. Of two cowards, he hath the better who first finds the other out. The worst pig often gets the best pear. The devil turns his back when he finds the door shut against him. The wiser man yields to him who is more than his match. He who thinks he can do most is most mistaken. The wise discourses of a poor man go for nothing. Poor folks have neither any kindred nor any friends. Good preachers give their hearers fruit, not flowers. Wo to those preachers who listen not to themselves. He who quakes for cold, either wants money to buy him clothes, or wit to put them on. Poverty is a good hated by all men. He that would have a thing done quickly and well, must do it himself. He who knows most is the least presuming or confident. 'Tis more noble to make yourself great, than to be born so. The beginning of an amour (or gallantry) is fear, the middle sin, and the end sorrow or repentance. 'The beginning only of a thing is hard, and costs dear. A fair promise catches

the fool. He who is bound for another goes in at the wide end of the horn, and must come out at the narrow if he can. Promising is not with design to give, but to please fools. Give no great credit to a great promiser. Prosperity is the worst enemy men usually have. Proverbs bear age, and he who would do well may view himself in them as in a looking-glass. A proverb is the child of experience. He that makes no reckoning of a farthing, will not be worth an halfpenny. Avoid carefully the first ill or mischief, for that will breed an hundred more. Reason governs the wise man, and a cudgel the fool. Suffering is the monitor of fools, reason of wise men. If you would be as happy as any king, consider not the few that are before, but the many that come behind you. Our religion and our language we suck in with our milk. Love, knavery, and necessity, make men good orators. There is no fence against what comes from Heaven. Good husbandry is the first step towards riches. A stock once gotten, wealth grows up of its own accord. Wealth hides many a great fault. Good ware was never dear, nor a miss ever worth the money she costs. The fool's estate is the first spent. Wealth is his that enjoys it, and the world is his who scrambles for it. A father with very great wealth, and a son with no virtue at all. Little wealth, and little care and trouble. The Roman conquers by sitting still at home. Between robbing and restoring men commonly get thirty in the hundred. He is learned enough who knows how to live well. The more a man knows, the less credulous he is. There is no harm in desiring to be thought wise by others, but a great deal in a man's thinking himself to be so. Bare wages never made a servant rich. Losing much breeds bad blood. Health without any money is half sickness. When a man is tumbling down every saint lends a hand. He that unseasonably plays the wise man is a fool. He that pretends too much to wisdom is counted a fool. A wise man never sets his heart upon what he cannot have. A lewd bachelor makes a jealous husband. That crown is well spent which saves you ten. Love can do much, but scorn or disdain can do more. If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do it. Whatever you are going to do or say,

think well first what may be the consequence of it. They are always selling wit to others who have the least of it for themselves. He that gains time gains a great point. Every ditch is full of after-wit. A little wit will serve a fortunate man. The favour of the court is like fair weather in winter. Neither take for a servant him whom you must entreat; nor a kinsman nor a friend, if you would have a good one. A man never loses by doing good offices to others. He that would be well served, must know when to change his servants. Ignorance and prosperity make men bold and confident. He who employs one servant in any business, hath him all there: who employs two, hath half a servant; who three hath never a one. Either a civil grant or a civil denial. When you have any business with a man give him title enough. The covetous man, is the bailiff, not the master, of his own estate. Trouble not your head about the weather or the government. Like with like looks well, and lasts long. All worldly joy is but a short-lived dream. That is a cursed pleasure that makes a man a fool. The soldier is well paid for doing mischief. A soldier, fire, and water, soon make room for themselves. A considering, careful man is half a conjuror. A man would not be alone even in paradise. One nap finds out, or draws on another. Have good luck, and you may lie in bed. He that will maintain every thing must have his sword always ready drawn. That house is in an ill case where the distaff commands the sword. One sword keeps another in the scabbard. He that speaks ill of other men, burns his own tongue. He that is most liberal where he should be so, is the best husband. He is gainer enough who gives over a vain hope. A mighty hope is a mighty cheat. Hope is a pleasant kind of deceit. A man cannot leave his experience or wisdom to his heirs. Fools learn to live at their own cost, the wise at other men's. He is master of the whole world who hath no value for it. He who saith Woman, saith Wo to man. One enemy is too much for a man in a great post, and an hundred friends are too few. Let us enjoy the present, we shall have trouble enough hereafter. Men toil and take pains in order to live easily at last. He that takes no care of himself, must not expect it from others. Industry makes a gallant man, and breaks ill for-

time. Study, like a staff of cotton, beats without noise. Mother-in-law and daughter-in-law are a tempest and hail storm. If pride were a deadly disease how many would be now in their graves! He who cannot hold his peace, will never lie at ease. A fool will be always talking, right or wrong. In silence there is many a good morsel. Pray hold your peace, or you will make me fall asleep. The table, a secret thief, sends his master to the hospital. Begin your web and God will supply you with thread. Too much fear is an enemy to good deliberation. As soon as ever God hath a church built for him, the devil gets a tabernacle set up for himself. Time is a file that wears, and makes no noise. Nothing is so hard to bear well as prosperity. Patience, time, and money, set every thing to rights. The true art of making gold is to have a good estate, and to spend but little of it. Abate two-thirds of all the reports you hear. A fair face, or a fine head, and very little brains in it. He who lives wickedly lives always in fear. A beautiful face is a pleasing traitor. If three know it, all the world will know it too. Many hath too much, but nobody hath enough. An honest man hath half as much more brains as he needs, a knave hath not half enough. A wise man changes his mind when there is reason for for it. From hearing comes wisdom; and from speaking, repentance. Old age is an evil desired by all men, and youth an advantage which no young man understands. He that would have a good revenge let him leave it to God. Would you be revenged on your enemy? live as you ought, and you have done it to purpose. He that will revenge every affront, either falls from a good post, or never gets up to it. Truth is an inhabitant of heaven. That which seems probable is the greatest enemy to the truth. A thousand probabilities cannot make one truth. 'Tis no great pains to speak the truth. That is most true which we least care to hear. Truth hath the plague in his house (i. e. is carefully avoided). A wise man will not tell such a truth as every one will take for a lie. Long voyages occasion great lies. The world makes men drunk as much as wine doth. Wine and youth are fire upon fire. Enrich your younger age with virtue's lore. 'Tis virtue's picture which we find in books. Virtue must be our

trade and study, not our chance. We shall have a house without a fault in the next world. Tell me what life you lead, and I will tell you how you shall die. He is in a low form who never thinks beyond this short life. Vices are learned without a teacher. Wicked men are dead whilst they live. He is rich who desires nothing more. To recover a bad man is a double kindness or virtue. Who are you for? I am for him whom I get most by. He who eats but of one dish never wants a physician. He hath lived to ill purpose who cannot hope to live after his death. Live as they did of old; speak as men do now. The mob is a terrible monster. Hell is very full of good meanings and intentions. He only is well kept whom God keeps. Break the legs of an evil custom. Tyrant custom makes a slave of reason. Experience is the father, and memory the mother of wisdom. He who doeth every thing he has a mind to do, doth not what he should do. He who says all that he has a mind to say, hears what he hath no mind to hear. That city thrives best where virtue is most esteemed and rewarded. He cannot go wrong whom virtue guides. The sword kills many, but wine many more. 'Tis truth which makes the man angry. He who tells all the truth he knows, must lie in the streets. Oil and truth will get uppermost at the last. A probable story is the best weapon of calumny. He counts very unskillfully who leaves God out of his reckoning. Nothing is of any great value but God only. All is good that God sends us. He that hath children, all his morsels are not his own. Thought is a nimble footman. Many know every thing else, but nothing at all of themselves. We ought not to give the fine flour to the devil, and the bran to God. Six foot of earth make all men of one size. He that is born of a hen must scrape for his living. Afflictions draw men up towards heaven. That which does us good is never too late. Since my house must be burnt I will warm myself at it. Tell every body your business, and the devil will do it for you. A man was hanged for saying what was true. Do not all that you can do; spend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; and tell not all that you know. A man should learn to sail with all winds. He is the man in-

deed who can govern himself as he ought. He that would live long must sometimes change his course of life. When children are little they make their parent's heads ach; and when they are grown up, they make their hearts ach. To preach well, you must first practise what you teach others. Use or practice of a thing is the best master. A man that hath learning is worth two who have it not. A fool knows his own business better than a wise man doth another's. He who understands most is other men's master. Have a care of—Had I known this before. Command your servant, and do it yourself, and you will have less trouble. You may know the master by his man. He who serves the public hath but a scurvy master. He that would have good offices done to him, must do them to others. 'Tis the only true liberty to serve our good God. The common soldier's blood makes the general a great man. An huge great house is an huge great trouble. Never advise a man to go to the wars, nor to marry. Go to the war with as many as you can, and with as few to counsel. 'Tis better keeping out of a quarrel than to make it up afterward. Great birth is a very poor dish on the table. Neither buy any thing of, nor sell to, your friend. Sickness or diseases are visits from God. Sickness is a personal citation before our Judge. Beauty and folly do not often part company. Beauty beats a call upon a drum. Teeth placed before the tongue give good advice. A great many pair of shoes are worn out before men do all they say. A great many words will not fill a purse. Make a slow answer to a hasty question. Self praise is the ground of hatred. Speaking evil of one another is the fifth element men are made up of. When a man speaks you fair look to your purse. Play not with a man till you hurt him, nor jest till you shame him. Eating more than you should at once, makes you eat less afterward. He makes his grief light who thinks it so. He thiinks but ill who doth not think twice of a thing. He who goes about a thing himself, hath a mind to have it done; who sends another, cares not whether it be done or no. There is no discretion in love, nor counsel in anger. Wishes never can fill a sack. The first step a man makes towards being good, is to know he

is not so already. He who is bad to his relations is worse to himself. 'Tis good to know our friend's failings, but not to publish them. A man may see his own faults in those which others do. 'Tis the virtue of saints to be always going on from one kind and degree of virtue to another. A man may talk like a wise man, and yet act like a fool. Every one thinks he hath more than his share of brains. The first chapter (or point) of fools is to think they are wise men. Discretion, or a true judgment of things, is the parent of all virtue. Chastity is the chief and most charming beauty. Little conscience and great diligence make a rich man. Never count four except you have them in your bag. Open your door to a fair day, but make yourself ready for a foul one. A little too late is too late still. A good man is ever at home wherever he chance to be. Building is a word that men pay dear for. If you would be healthful, clothe yourself warm, and eat sparingly. Rich men are slaves condemned to the mines. Many men's estates come in at the door, and go out at the chimney. Wealth is more dear to men than their blood or life is. Foul dirty water makes the river great. That great saint interest rules the world alone. Their power and their will are measures princes take of right and wrong. In governing others you must do what you can do, not all you would do. A wise man will stay for a convenient season, and will bend a little, rather than be torn up by the roots. Ever buy your wit at other men's charges. You must let your phlegm subdue your choler, if you would not spoil your business. Take not physic when you are well, lest you die to be better. Do not do evil to get good by it, which never yet happened to any. That pleasure's much too dear which is bought with any pain. To live poor that a man may die rich, is to be the king of fools, or a fool in grain. Good wine makes a bad head, and a long story. Be as easy as you can in this world, provided you take good care to be happy in the next. Live well, and be cheerful. A man knows no more to any purpose than he practises. He that doth most at once doth least. He is a wretch whose hopes are all below. Thank you, good puss, starved my cat. No great good comes without looking after it. Gather the rose, and leave the

thorn behind. He who would be rich in one year is hanged at six months end. He who hath a mouth will certainly eat. Go early to the market, and as late as ever you can to a battle. The barber learns to shave at the beards of fools. He who is lucky (or rich) passes for a wise man too. He commands enough who is ruled by a wise man. He who reveals his secret makes himself a slave. Gaming shews what mettle a man is made of. How can the cat help it if the maid be a fool? Fools grow up apace without any watering. God supplies him with more who lays out his estate well. The printing-press is the mother of errors. Let me see your man dead, and I will tell you how rich he is. Men live one half of the year with art and deceit, and the other half with deceit and art. Do yourself a kindness, Sir.—(The beggar's phrase for Give alms.)—I was well, would be better, took physic, and died.—(On a monument.)—All row galley-wise; every man draws toward himself. He who hath money and capers is provided for Lent. A proud man hath vexation or fretting enough. He who buys by the penny keeps his own house and other men's too. Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you do. At a good pennyworth pause a while. He who doth his own business doth not foul his fingers. 'Tis good feasting at other men's houses. A wise man makes a virtue of what he cannot help. Talk but little, and live as you should do.

§ 132. *Old Spanish Proverbs.*

He is a rich man who hath God for his friend. He is the best scholar who hath learned to live well. A handful of mother-wit is worth a bushel of learning. When all men say you are an ass, 'tis time to bray. Change of weather finds discourse for fools. A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt. The sorrow men have for others hangs upon one hair. A wise man changes his mind, a fool never will. That day on which you marry, you either mar or make yourself. God comes to see, or look upon us, without a bell. You had better leave your enemy something when you die, than live to beg of your friend. That's a wise delay which makes the road safe. Cure your sore eyes only with your elbow. Let us thank God; and be con-

tent with what we have. The foot of the owner is the best manure for his land. He is my friend who grinds at my mill. Enjoy that little you have while the fool is hunting for more. Saying and doing do not dine together. Money cures all diseases. A life ill spent makes a sad old age. 'Tis money that makes men lords. We talk, but God doth what he pleases. May you have good luck, my son, and a little wit will serve your turn. Gifts break through stone walls. Go not to your doctor for every ail, nor to your lawyer for every quarrel, nor to your pitcher for every thirst. There is no better looking-glass than an old true friend. A wall between both best preserves friendship. The sum of all is, to serve God well, and to do no ill thing. The creditor always hath a better memory than the debtor. Setting down in writing is a lasting memory. Repentance always costs very dear. Good breeding and money make our sons gentlemen. As you use your father, so your children will use you. There is no evil, but some good use may be made of it. No price is great enough for good counsel. Examine not the pedigree nor patrimony of a good man. There is no ill thing in Spain but that which can speak. Praise the man whose bread you eat. God keep me from him whom I trust, from him whom I trust not I shall keep myself. Keep out of an hasty man's way for a while, out of a sullen man's all the days of your life. If you love me, John, your deeds will tell me so. I defy all fetters though they were made of gold. Few die of hunger, an hundred thousand of surfeits. Govern yourself by reason, though some like it, others do not. If you would know the worth of a ducat, go and borrow one. No companion like money. A good wife is the workmanship of a good husband. The fool fell in love with the lady's laced apron. The friar who asks for God's sake, asks for himself too. God keeps him who takes what care he can of himself. Nothing is valuable in this world except as it tends to the next. Smoke, raining into the house, and a talking wife, make a man run out of the doors. There is no tomorrow for an asking friend. God keep me from still water, from that which is rough I will keep myself. Take your wife's first advice, not her second. Tell not what you know, judge not what you

see, and you will live in quiet. Hear reason, or she will make herself to be heard. Gifts enter every where without a wimple. A great fortune with a wife is a bed full of brambles. One pin for your purse, and two for your mouth. There was never but one man who never did a fault. He who promises runs into debt. He who holds his peace gathers stones. Leave your son a good reputation, and an employment. Receive your money before you give a receipt for it, and take a receipt before you pay it. God doth the cure, and the physician takes the money for it. Thinking is very far from knowing the truth. Fools make great feasts, and wise men eat of them. June, July August, and Carthage, are the four best ports of Spain. A gentle calf sucks her own mother, and four cows more. Between two own brothers, two witnesses, and a notary, the devil brings a modest man to the court. He who will have a mule without any fault, must keep none. The wolves eat the poor ass that hath many owners. Visit your aunt, but not every day in the year. In an hundred years time princes are peasants, and in an hundred and ten peasants grow princes. The poor cat is whipped because our dame will not spin. Leave your jest whilst you are most pleased with it. Whither goest thou, grief? Where I am used to go. Leave a dog and a great talker in the middle of the street. Never trust a man whom you have injured. The laws go on the king's errands. Parents love indeed, others only talk of it. Three helping one another will do as much as six men single. She spins well who breeds her children well. You cannot do better for your daughter than to breed her virtuously, nor for your son than to fit him for an employment. Lock your door, that so you may keep your neighbour honest. Civil obliging language costs but little, and doth a great deal of good. One "Take it" is better than two "Thou shalt have it." Prayers and provender never hindered any man's journey. There is a fig at Rome for him who gives another advice before he asks it. He who is not more, or better than another, deserves not more than another. He who hath no wisdom hath no worth. 'Tis better to be a wise than a rich man. Because I would live quietly in the world, I hear, and see, and say nothing. Meddle

not between two brothers. The dead and the absent have no friends left them. Who is the true gentleman, or nobleman? He whose actions make him so. Do well to whom you will; do any man harm, and look to yourself. Good courage breaks ill luck to pieces. Great poverty is no fault or baseness, but some inconvenience. The hard-hearted man gives more than he who has nothing at all. Let us not fall out, to give the devil a dinner. Truths too fine spun are subtle fooleries. If you would always have money, keep it when you have it. I suspect that ill in others which I know by myself. Sly knavery is too hard for honest wisdom. He who resolves to amend hath God on his side. Hell is crowded up with ungrateful wretches. Think of yourself and let me alone. He can never enjoy himself one day who fears he may die at night. He who hath done ill once, will do it again. No evil happens to us but what may do us good. If I have broken my leg, who knows but 'tis best for me. The more honour we have, the more we thirst after it. If you would be pope you must think of nothing else. Make the night night, and the day day, and you will be merry and wise. He who eats most eats least. If you would live in health, be old by times. I will go warm, and let fools laugh on. Choose your wife on a Saturday, not on a Sunday. Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow. No pottage is good without bacon, no sermon without St. Augustin. Have many acquaintance, and but a few friends. A wondrous fair woman is not all her husband's own. He who marries a widow, will have a dead man's head often thrown in his dish. Away goes the devil when he finds the door shut against him. 'Tis great courage to suffer, and great wisdom to hear patiently. Doing what I ought secures me against all censures. I wept when I was born, and every day shews why. Experience and wisdom are the two best fortune-tellers. The best soldier comes from the plough. Wine wears no breeches. The hole in the wall invites the thief. A wise man doth not hang his wisdom on a peg. A man's love and his belief are seen by what he does. A covetous man makes a halfpenny of a farthing, and a liberal man makes sixpence of it. In December keep yourself warm, and sleep. He who will revenge every affront means not to live long.

Keep your money, niggard, live miserably, that your heir may squander it away. In war, hunting, and love, you have a thousand sorrows for every joy or pleasure. Honour and profit will not keep both in one sack. The anger of brothers is the anger of devils. A mule and a woman do best by fair means. A very great beauty is either a fool or proud. Look upon a picture and a battle at a good distance. A great deal is ill wasted, and a little would do as well. An estate well got is spent, and that which is ill got destroys its master too. That which is bought cheap is the dearest. 'Tis more trouble to do ill than to do well. The husband must not see, and the wife must be blind. While the tall maid is stooping the little one hath swept the house. Neither so fair as to kill, nor so ugly as to fright a man. May no greater ill befall you than to have many children, and but little bread for them. Let nothing affright you but sin. I am no river, but can go back when there is reason for it. Do not make me kiss, and you will not make me sin. Vain glory is a flower which never comes to fruit. The absent are always in the fault. A great good was never got with a little pains. Sloth is the key to let in beggary. I left him I knew for him who was highly praised, and I found reason to repent it. Do not say I will never drink of this water; however dirty it is. He who trifles away his time, perceives not death which stands upon his shoulders. He who spits against heaven it falls upon his face. He who stumbles, and falls not, mends his pace. He who is sick of folly recovers late or never. He who hath a mouth of his own should not bid another man blow. He who hath no ill fortune is tired out with good. He who depends wholly upon another's providing for him, hath but an ill breakfast, and a worse supper. A cheerful look, and forgiveness, is the best revenge of an affront. The request of a grandee is a kind of force upon a man. I am always for the strongest side. If folly were pain, we should have great crying out in every house. Serve a great man, and you will know what sorrow is. Make no absolute promises, for nobody will help you to perform them. Every man is a fool in another man's opinion. Wisdom comes after a long course of years. Good fortune comes to him who takes care to get her. They have a fig at Rome

for him who refuses any thing that is given him. One love drives out another. Kings go as far as they are able, not so far as they desire to go. So play fools—I must love you, and you love somebody else. He who thinks what he is to do, must think what he should say too. A mischief may happen which will do me (or make me) good. Threatened men eat bread still, i. e. live on. Get but a good name and you may lie in bed. Truth is the child of God. He who hath an ill cause, let him sell it cheap. A wise man never says, I did not think of that. Respect a good man that he may respect you, and be civil to an ill man that he may not affront you. A wise man only knows when to change his mind. The wife's counsel is not worth much, but he who takes it not is a fool. When two friends have a common purse, one sings and the other weeps. I lost my reputation by speaking ill of others, and being worse spoken of. He who loves you will make you weep, and he who hates you may make you laugh. Good deeds live and flourish when all other things are at an end. At the end of life La Gloria is sung. By yielding you make all your friends: but if you tell all the truth you know, you will have your head broke. Since you know every thing, and I know nothing, pray tell me what I dreamed this morning. Your looking-glass will tell you what none of your friends will. The clown was angry, and he paid dear for it. If you are vexed or angry you will have two troubles instead of one. The last year was ever better than the present. That wound that was never given is best cured of any other. Afflictions teach much, but they are a hard, cruel master. Improve rather by other men's errors, than find fault with them. Since you can bear with your own, bear with other men's failings too. Men lay out all their understanding in studying to know one another, and so no man knows himself. The applause of the mob or multitude is but a poor comfort. Truths and roses have thorns about them. He loves you better who strives to make you good, than he who strives to please you. You know not what may happen, is the hope of fools. Sleep makes every man as great and rich as the greatest. Follow, but do not run after good fortune. Anger is the weakness of the understanding. Great posts and offices

are like ivy on the wall, which makes it look fine, but ruins it. Make no great haste to be angry; for if there be occasion, you will have time enough for it. Riches, which all applaud, the owner feels the weight or care of. A competency leaves you wholly at your disposal. Riches make men worse in their latter days. He is the only rich man who understands the use of wealth. He is a great fool who squanders rather than doth good with his estate. To heap fresh kindness upon ungrateful men, is the wisest, but withal the most cruel revenge. The fool's pleasures cost him very dear. Contempt of a man is the sharpest reproof. Wit without discretion is a sword in the hand of a fool. Other virtues without prudence are a blind beauty. Neither inquire after, nor hear of, nor take notice of the faults of others when you see them. Years pass not over men's heads for nothing. An halter will sooner come without taking any care about it than a canonry. If all asses wore pack-saddles, what a good trade would the packsaddlers have! The usual forms of civility oblige no man. There is no more faithful or pleasant friend than a good book. He who loves to employ himself well can never want something to do. A thousand things are well forgot for peace and quietness sake. A wise man avoids all occasions of being angry. A wise man aims at nothing which is out of his reach. Neither great poverty nor great riches will hear reason. A good man hath ever good luck. No pleasure is a better pennyworth than that which virtue yields. No old age is agreeable but that of a wise man. A man's wisdom is no where more seen than in his marrying himself. Folly and anger are but two names for the same thing. Fortune knocks once at least at every one's door. The father's virtue is the best inheritance a child can have. No sensual pleasure ever lasted so much as for a whole hour. Riches and virtue do not often keep one another company. Ruling one's anger well, is not so good as preventing it. The most useful learning in the world is that which teaches us how to die well. The best men come worse out of company than they went into it. The most mixed or allayed joy is that men take in their children. Find money and marriage to rid yourself of an ill daughter. There is no better advice than to

look always at the issue of things. Compare your griefs with other men's, and they will seem less. Owe money to be paid at Easter, and Lent will seem short to you. He who only returns home, doth not run away. He can do nothing well who is at enmity with his God. Many avoid others because they see not and know not themselves. God is always opening his hand to us. Let us be friends, and put out the devil's eye. 'Tis true there are many very good wives, but they are under ground. Talking very much, and lying, are cousin-germans. With all your learning be sure to know yourself. One error breeds twenty more. I will never jest with my eye nor with my religion. Do what you have to do just now, and leave it not for to-morrow. Ill tongues should have a pair of scissors. Huge long hair, and very little brains. Speak little, hear much, and you will seldom be much out. Give me a virtuous woman, and I will make her a fine woman. He who trusts nobody is never deceived. Drink water like an ox, wine like a king of Spain. I am not sorry that my son loses his money, but that he will have his revenge, and play on still. My mother bid me be confident, but lay no wagers. A good fire is one half of a man's life. Covetousness breaks the sack; i. e. loses a great deal. That meat relishes best which costs a man nothing. The ass bears his load, but not an overload. He who eats his cock alone, must catch his horse too. He who makes more of you than he used to do, either would cheat you or needs you. He that would avoid the sin, must avoid the occasion of it. Keep yourself from the anger of a great man, from a tumult of the mob, from fools in a narrow way, from a man that is marked, from a widow that hath been thrice married, from wind that comes in at a hole, and from a reconciled enemy. One ounce of mirth is worth more than ten thousand weight of melancholy. A contented mind is a great gift of God. He that would cheat the devil must rise early in the morning. Every fool is in love with his own bauble. Every ill man will have an ill time. Keep your sword between you and the strength of a clown. Be ye last to go over a great river. He who hath a handsome wife, or a castle on the frontier, or a vineyard near the highway, never wants a quarrel. Never deceive your physi-

cian, your confessor, nor your lawyer. Make a bridge of silver for a flying enemy. Never trust him whom you have wronged. Seek for good, and be ready for evil. What you can do alone by yourself, expect not from another. Idleness in youth makes way for a painful and miserable old age. He who pretends to be every body's particular friend is nobody's. Consider well before you tie that knot you never can undo. Neither praise nor dispraise any before you know them. A prodigal son succeeds a covetous father. He is fool enough himself who will bray against another ass. Though old and wise, yet still advise. Happy is he that mends of himself, without the help of others. A wise man knows his own ignorance, a fool thinks he knows every thing. What you eat yourself never gains you a friend. Great housekeeping makes but a poor will. Fair words and foul deeds deceive wise men as well as fools. Eating too well at first makes men eat ill afterwards. Let him speak who received, let the giver hold his peace. An house built by a man's father, and a vineyard planted by his grandfather. A dapple-grey horse will die sooner than tire. No woman is ugly when she is dressed. The best remedy against an evil man is to keep at a good distance from him. A man's folly is seen by his singing, his playing, and riding full speed. Buying a thing too dear is no bounty. Buy at a fair, and sell at home. Keep aloof from all quarrels, be neither a witness nor party. God doth us more and more good every hour of our lives. An ill blow, or an ill word, is all you will get from a fool. He who lies long in bed his estate pays for it. Consider well of a business, and dispatch it quickly. He who hath children hath neither kindred nor friends. May I have a dispute with a wise man, if with any. He who hath lost shame is lost to all virtue. Being in love brings no reputation to any man, but vexation to all. Giving to the poor, lessens no man's store. He who is idle is always wanting somewhat.— Evil comes to us by ells, and goes away by inches. He whose house is tiled with glass must not throw stones at his neighbour's. The man is fire, the woman tow, and the devil comes to blow the coals. He who doth not look forward, finds himself behind other men.

The love of God prevails for ever, all other things come to nothing. He who is to give an account of himself and others, must know both himself and them. A man's love and his faith appear by his works or deeds. In all contention put a bridle upon your tongue. In a great frost a nail is worth a horse. I went a fool to the court, and came back an ass. Keep money when you are young that you may have it when you are old. Speak but little, and to the purpose, and you will pass for somebody. If you do evil, expect to suffer evil. Sell cheap, and you will sell as much as four others. An ill child is better sick than well. He who riseth early in the morning hath somewhat in his head. The gallows will have its own at last. A lie hath no legs. Women, wind, and fortune, are ever changing. Fools and wilful men make the lawyers great. Never sign a writing till you have read it, nor drink water till you have seen it. Neither is any barber dumb, nor any songster very wise. Neither give to all, nor contend with fools. Do no ill, and fear no harm. He doth something who sets his house on fire; he scares away the rats and warms himself. I sell nothing on trust till to-morrow. [Written over the shop-doors.] The common people pardon no fault in any man. The fiddler of the same town never plays well at their feast. Either rich, or hanged in the attempt. The feast is over, but here is the fool still. To divide as brothers used to do; that which is mine is all my own, that which is yours I go halves in. There will be no money got by losing your time. He will soon be a lost man himself who keeps such men company. By courtesies done to the meanest men, you will get much more than you can lose. Trouble not yourself about news, it will soon grow stale and you will have it. That which is well said, is said soon enough. When the devil goes to his prayers he means to cheat you. When you meet with a fool, pretend business to get rid of him. Sell him for an ass at a fair, who talks much and knows little. He who buys and sells doth not feel what he spends. He who ploughs his land, and breeds cattle, spins gold. He who will venture nothing, must never get on horseback. He who goes far from home for a wife, either means to cheat, or will be cheated. He who sows his land, trusts in God. He who

leaves the great road for a by-path, thinks to save ground, and loses it. He who serves the public obliges nobody. He who keeps his first innocency escapes a thousand sins. He who abandons his poor kindred, God forsakes him. He who is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich, nor wise. He who resolves on the sudden, repents at leisure. He who rises late loses his prayers, and provides not well for his house. He who peeps through a hole may see what will vex him. He who amends his faults puts himself under God's protection. He who loves well, sees at a distance. He who hath servants, hath enemies which he cannot well be without. He who pays his debts begins to make a stock. He who gives all before he dies will need a great deal of patience. He who said nothing had the better of it, and had what he desired. He who sleeps much gets but little learning. He who sins like a fool, like a fool goes to hell. If you would have your business done well, do it yourself. 'Tis the wise man only who is content with what he hath. Delay is odious, but it makes things more sure. He is always safe who knows himself well. A good wife by obeying commands in her turn. Not to have a mind to do well, and put it off at the present are much the same. Italy to be born in, France to live in, and Spain to die in. He loses the good of his afflictions who is not the better for them. 'Tis the most dangerous vice which looks like virtue. 'Tis great wisdom to forget all the injuries we may receive. Prosperity is the thing in the world we ought to trust the least. Experience without learning does more good than learning without experience. Virtue is the best patrimony for children to inherit. 'Tis much more painful to live ill than to live well. An hearty good-will never wants time to shew itself. To have done well obliges us to do so still. He hath a great opinion of himself who makes no comparison with others. He only is rich enough who hath all that he desires. The best way of instruction is to practise that which we teach others. 'Tis but a little narrow soul which earthly things can please. The reason why parents love the younger children best, is because they have so little hopes that the elder will do well. The dearest child

of all is that which is dead. He who is about to marry should consider how it is with his neighbours. There is a much shorter cut from virtue to vice, than from vice to virtue. He is the happy man, not whom other men think, but who thinks himself to be so. Of sinful pleasures repentance only remains. He who hath much wants still more, and then more. The less a man sleeps the more he lives. He can never speak well who knows not when to hold his peace. The truest content is that which no man can deprive you of. The remembrance of wise and good men instructs as well as their presence. 'Tis wisdom, in a doubtful case, rather to take another man's judgment than our own. Wealth betrays the best resolved mind into one vice or other. We are usually the best men, when we are worst in health. Learning is wealth to the poor, an honour to the rich, and a support and comfort to old age. Learning procures respect to good fortune, and helps out the bad. The master makes the house to be respected, not the house the master. The short and true way to reputation, is to take care to be in truth what we would have others think us to be. A good reputation is a second, or half an estate. He is the better man who comes nearest to the best. A wrong judgment of things is the most mischievous thing in the world. The neglect or contempt of riches makes a man more truly great than the possession of them. That only is true honour which he gives who deserves it himself. Beauty and chastity have always a mortal quarrel between them. Look always upon life, and use it as a thing that is lent you. Civil offers are for all men, and good offices for our friends. Nothing in the world is stronger than a man but his own passions. When a man comes into troubles, money is one of his best friends. He only is the great learned man who knows enough to make him live well. An empty purse and a new house finished make a man wise, but 'tis somewhat too late.

§ 133. *The Way to Wealth, as clearly*

shewn in the Preface of an old Pennsylvanian Almanack, intitled, "Poor Richard improved." Written by Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

Courteous Reader,

I have heard, that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of Merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, 'Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not those heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?' Father Abraham stood up, and replied, 'If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; "for a word to the wise is enough," as Poor Richard says.' They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows*:

'Friends,' says he, 'the taxes are, indeed, very heavy; and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we may have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; "Gold helps them that help themselves," as Poor Richard says.

I. 'It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour

* Dr. Franklin wishing to collect into one piece all his sayings upon the following subjects, which he had dropped in the course of publishing the Almanacks called Poor Richard, introduces father Abraham for this purpose. Hence it is, that poor Richard is so often quoted, and that in the present title, he is said to be improved. Notwithstanding the stroke of humour in the concluding paragraph of this address, Poor Richard (Saunders) and father Abraham have proved, in America, that they are no common preachers. And shall we brother Englishmen, refuse good sense and saving knowledge, because it comes from the other side of the water?

wears, while the used key is always bright," as Poor Richard says,—“But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of,” as Poor Richard says.—How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that “The sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave,” as Poor Richard says.

“If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be,” as Poor Richard says, “the greatest prodigality;” since, as he elsewhere tells us, “Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough.” Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose, so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. “Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night: while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,” as Poor Richard says.

‘So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. “Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will be fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands;” or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. “He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour,” as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve; for, “at the working man’s house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.” Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for, “industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.” What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, “Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.” Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. “One to-day is worth two to-morrows,” as Poor Richard says; and farther, “Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day.” If you were a servant

would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens: remember, that, “The cat in gloves catches no mice,” as Poor Richard says. It is true there is much to be done, and, perhaps, you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for “Constant dropping wears away stones; and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks.”

‘Methinks I hear some of you say, “Must a man afford himself no leisure?” I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says; “Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.” Leisure is time for doing something useful: this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never: for, “A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock;” whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect, “Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, every body bids me good morrow.”

II. ‘But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

“I never saw an oft removed tree,
Nor yet an oft removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.”

‘And again, “Three removes is as bad as a fire:” and again, “Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee:” and again, “If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.” And again,

“He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.”

‘And again, “The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands:” and again, “Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge:” and again, “Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open.” Trusting too much to others’ care is the ruin of many; for, “In the affairs of this world, men are saved, not by faith, but by the

want of it:" but a man's own care is profitable; for, "If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like,—serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost," being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.

III. 'So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, "keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last." A fat kitchen makes a lean will; and,

"Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting."

"If you would be wealthy, think of saving, as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her out-goes are greater than her in-comes."

'Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

"Women and wine, game and deceit,
"Make the wealth small, and the want great."

And farther, "What maintains one vice, would bring up two children." You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, "Many a little make a mickle." "Beware of little expences;" "A small leak will sink a great ship," as Poor Richard says; and again, "Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;" and moreover, "Fools make feasts and wise men eat them." Here you are all got together to this sale of fineries and nick-nacks. You call them goods; but, if you do not take care they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says, "Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities." And again, "At a great pennyworth pause a while:" he means, that

perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, "Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths." And, "It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;" and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the almanack. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly and half starved their families; "Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen-fire," as Poor Richard says. These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences: and yet only because they look pretty, how many want to have them?—By these and other extravagancies, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly, that, "A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, "It is day, and it will never be night;" that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but "Always taking out of the meal tub and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom," as Poor Richard says; and then, "When the well is dry, they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. "If you would know the value of money go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," as Poor Richard says; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick farther advises and says,

"Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse.
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

And again, "Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy." When you have got one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but poor Dick says, "It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it." And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell, in order to equal the ox.

"Vessels large may venture more.
But little boats should keep near shore."

It is however a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, "Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt; Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy." And after all, of what use is the pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person, it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

'But what madness it must be to run in debt for these superfluities? We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor pitiful sneaking excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for, "The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt," as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, "Lying rides upon Debt's back:" whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright."—What would you think of that prince or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? and yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress? Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of liberty, by confining you in gaol for life, or by selling for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as poor Richard says, "Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times." The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy

it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short: Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. "Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter." At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury, but

"For age and want save while you may,
No morning sun lasts a whole day."

'Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever, while you live, expence is constant and certain; and "It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel," as poor Richard says: So, "Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt."

"Get what you can, and what you get hold,
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold."

And when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

IV. 'This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom: but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may be blasted without the blessing of Heaven: and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

'And now to conclude, "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that: for it is true, "We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct." However, remember this, "They that will not be counselled cannot be helped;" and farther, that "If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles," as Poor Richard says.'

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine, and immediately, practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly. —I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacks, and digested all I had dropt on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me

must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he ascribed to me; but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it, and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away, resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine—I am, as ever, thine to serve thee, RICHARD SAUNDERS.

View of Rome.

From St. Peter's we hastened to the Capitol, and ascending the tower, seated ourselves under the shade of its pinnacle, and fixed our eyes on the view beneath and around us. That view was no other than ancient and modern Rome. Behind us, the modern town lay extended over the Campus Martius, and spreading along the banks of the Tiber formed a curve round the base of the Capitol. Before us, scattered in vast black shapeless masses over the seven hills, and through the intervening valleys, arose the ruins of the ancient city. They stood desolate, amidst solitude and silence, with groves of funereal cypress waving over them; the awful monuments, not of individuals, but of generations; not of men, but of empires.

A distant view of Ægina and Megara, of the Piræus and of Corinth then in ruins, melted the soul of an ancient Roman, for a while suspended his private sorrows, and absorbed his sense of personal affliction, in a more expansive and generous compassion for the fate of cities and of states. What then must be the emotions of the man who beholds extended in disordered heaps before him, the disjointed "carcase of fallen Rome," once the abode of the gods, the grand receptacle of nations, "the common asylum of mankind."

Immediately under our eyes, and at the foot of the Capitol, lay the Forum lined with solitary columns, and terminated at each end by a triumphal arch. Beyond and just before us, rose the Palatine Mount encumbered with the substructions

of the Imperial Palace, and of the Temple of Apollo; and farther on, ascended the Celian Mount with the Temple of Faunus on its summit. On the right was the Aventine spotted with heaps of stone swelling amidst its lonely vineyards. To the left the Esquiline with its scattered tombs and tottering aqueducts; and in the same line, the Viminal, and the Quirinal supporting the once magnificent Baths of Diocletian. The Baths of Antoninus, the Temple of Minerva, and many a venerable fabric bearing on its shattered form the traces of destruction, as well as the furrows of age, lay scattered up and down the vast field; while the superb Temples of St. John Lateran, *Santa Maria Maggiore*, and *Santa Croce* arose with their pointed obelisks, majestic but solitary monuments, amidst the extensive waste of time and of desolation. The ancient walls, a vast circumference, formed a frame of venerable aspect, well adapted to this picture of ruin, this cemetery of ages, "*Romani bustum populi**."

Beyond the walls the eye ranged over the storied plain of Latium, now the deserted *Campagna*, and rested on the Alban Mount, which rose before us to the south shelving downwards on the west towards Antium and the Tyrrhene sea, and on the east towards the Latin vale. Here, it presents Tusculum in white lines on its declivity; there, it exhibits the long ridge that overhangs its lake, once the site of Alba Longa, and towering boldly in the centre with a hundred towns and villas on its sides, it terminates in a point once crowned with the triumphal temple of Jupiter Latialis. Turning eastward we beheld the Tiburtine hills, with Tibur reclining on their side; and behind, still more to the east, the Sabine mountains enclosed by the Apennines, which at the varying distance of from forty to sixty miles swept round to the east and north, forming an immense and bold boundary of snow. The Montes Cimini (the Cimian Mountains), and several lesser hills, diverging from the great parent ridge the Pater Apenninus (Father Apennine), continue the chain till it nearly reaches the sea, and forms a perfect theatre. Mount Soracte, thirty miles to the north, lifts his head, an insulated and striking

* The sepulchre of the Roman people.

feature. While the Tiber enriched by numberless rivers and streamlets, intersects the immense plain; and bathing the temples and palaces of Rome, rolls like the Po a current unexhausted even during the scorching heats of summer.

The tract now expanded before us was the country of the Etrurians, Veientes, Rutuli, Falisci, Latins, Sabines, Volsci, Æqui, and Hernici, and of course the scene of the wars and the exertions, of the victories and the triumphs of infant Rome, during a period of nearly four hundred years of her history; an interesting period, when she possessed and exercised every generous virtue, and established on the basis of justice, wisdom, and fortitude, the foundations of her future empire. As the traveller looks towards the regions once inhabited by these well-known tribes, many an illustrious name, and many a noble achievement, must rise in his memory, reviving at the same time the recollection of early studies and of boyish amusements, and blending the friendships of youth with the memorials of ancient greatness.

Eustace.

Celebration of Divine Service by the Pope.

When the pope celebrates divine service, as on Easter Sunday, Christmas Day, Whit Sunday, St. Peter, and St. Paul, &c. the great or middle doors of the church are thrown open at ten, and the procession formed of all the persons mentioned above, preceded by a beadle carrying the papal cross, and two others bearing lighted torches, enters and advances slowly in two long lines between two ranks of soldiers up the nave. This majestic procession is closed by the pontiff himself seated in a chair of state, supported by twenty valets half concealed in the drapery that falls in loose folds from the throne; he is crowned with his tiara, and bestows his benediction on the crowds that kneel on all sides as he is borne along. When arrived at the foot of the altar he descends, resigns his tiara, kneels, and assuming the common mitre seats himself in the episcopal chair on the right side of the altar, and joins in the psalms and prayers that precede the solemn service. Towards the conclusion of these preparatory devotions his immediate attendants form a circle around him, in his pontifical robes, and place the tiara on his head: after which, accompanied by two deacons

and two sub-deacons, he advances to the foot of the altar, and bowing reverently makes the usual confession. He then proceeds in great pomp through the chancel and ascends the pontifical throne, while the choir sing the *Introitus* or psalm of entrance, the *Kyrie Eleison* (Lord, have mercy upon us), and *Gloria in excelsis* (Glory in the highest), when the pontiff lays aside his tiara and after having saluted the congregation in the usual form, *the Lord be with you*, reads the collect in an elevated tone of voice, with a degree of inflexion just sufficient to distinguish it from an ordinary lecture. The epistle is then read, first in Latin then in Greek; and after it some select verses from the psalms, intermingled with Alleluias, are sung to elevate the mind and prepare it for the gospel.

The pontiff then rises, gives his benediction to the two deacons that kneel at his feet with the book of the gospels, and resigning his tiara, stands while the gospel is sung in Latin and in Greek; after which he commences the Nicene creed, which is continued in music by the choir. When the creed and the psalm that follows it are over, he descends from his throne, and approaching the altar with the same attendants and the same pomp as in the commencement of the service, he receives and offers up the usual oblations, fumes the altar with frankincense from a golden censer, and then washes his hands; a ceremony implying purity of mind and body. He then turns to the people and in an humble and affectionate address begs their prayers; and shortly after commences that sublime form of adoration and praise called "the preface," because it is an introduction to the most solemn part of the liturgy, and he chaunts it in a tone supposed to be borrowed from the ancient tragic declamation and very noble and impressive. The last words, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of armies," &c. are uttered in a posture of profound adoration, and sung by the choir in notes of deep and solemn intonation. All music then ceases, all sounds are hushed, and an awful silence reigns around, while in a low tone the pontiff recites that most ancient and venerable invocation which precedes, accompanies and follows the consecration, and concludes with great propriety in the Lord's prayer chaunted with a few emphatical inflections.

Shortly after the conclusion of this prayer, the pontiff salutes the people in the ancient form, "May the peace of the Lord be always with you," and returns to his throne, while the choir sing thrice the devout address to the Saviour, taken from the gospel, "Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us." When he is seated, the two deacons bring the holy sacrament, which he first reveres humbly on his knees, and then receives in a sitting posture: the deacons and sub-deacons then receive the communion under both kinds, the anthem after communion is sung, a collect follows, and the deacon dismisses the assembly.

The pope then offers up his devotions on his knees at the foot of the altar, and borne along in the same state as when he entered, passes down the nave of the church, and ascends by the *Scala Regia* to the grand gallery in the middle of the

front of St. Peter's. His immediate attendants surround his person, the rest of the procession draws up on each side. The immense area and colonnade before the church are lined with troops and crowded with thousands of spectators. All eyes are fixed on the gallery; the chaunt of the choir is heard at a distance; the blaze of numberless torches plays round the columns; and the pontiff appears elevated on his chair of state under the middle arch. Instantly the whole multitude below fall on their knees; the cannons of *St. Angelo* give a general discharge, while rising slowly from his throne he lifts his hand to heaven, stretches forth his arm, and thrice gives his benediction to the crowd, to the city, and to all mankind; a solemn pause follows, another discharge is heard, the crowd rises, and the pomp gradually disappears.

Eustace.

A NEW CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE of remarkable Events, Discoveries, and Inventions.

Also, the *Æra* of Men illustrious for Learning and Genius.

The whole comprehending in one View, the Analysis or Outlines of General History from the Creation to the present Time.

Before
Christ.

- 4004 **T**HE creation of the world, and Adam and Eve.
 4003 The birth of Cain, the first who was born of a woman.
 3107 Enoch, for his piety, is translated into Heaven.
 2348 The whole world is destroyed by a deluge which continued 377 days.
 2247 The tower of Babel is built about this time by Noah's posterity, upon which God miraculously confounds their language, and thus disperses them into different nations.
 About the same time Noah, is with great probability, supposed to have parted from his rebellious offspring, and to have led a colony of some of the more tractable into the East, and there either he or one of his successors to have founded the ancient Chinese monarchy.
 2234 The celestial observations are begun at Babylon, the city which first gave birth to learning and the sciences.
 2188 Mizraim the son of Ham, founds the kingdom of Egypt, which lasted 1663 years down to the conquest of Cambyses, in 525 before Christ.
 2059 Ninus, the son of Belus, founds the kingdom of Assyria, which lasted above 1000 years, and out of its ruins were formed the Assyrians of Babylon, those of Nineveh, and the kingdom of the Medes.

- 1921 The covenant of God made with Abram, when he leaves Haran to go into Canaan, which begins the 430 years of sojourning.
- 1897 The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah are destroyed for their wickedness by fire from Heaven.
- 1856 The kingdom of Argos, in Greece, begins under Inachus.
- 1822 Memnon, the Egyptian, invents the letters.
- 1715 Prometheus first struck fire from flints.
- 1635 Joseph dies in Egypt, which concludes the book of Genesis, containing a period of 2369 years.
- 1574 Aaron born in Egypt: 1490, appointed by God first high priest of the Israelites.
- 1571 Moses, brother to Aaron, born in Egypt, and adopted by Pharaoh's daughter, who educates him in all the learning of the Egyptians.
- 1556 Cecrops brings a colony of Saïtes from Egypt into Attica, and begins the kingdom of Athens in Greece.
- 1546 Scamander comes from Crete into Phrygia, and begins the kingdom of Troy.
- 1493 Cadmus carried the Phœnician letters into Greece, and built the citadel at Thebes.
- 1491 Moses performs a number of miracles in Egypt, and departs from that kingdom, together with 600,000 Israelites, besides children: which completed the 430 years of sojourning. They miraculously pass through the Red Sea, and come to the desert of Sinai, where Moses receives from God, and delivers to the people, the Ten Commandments, and the other laws, and sets up the tabernacle, and in it the ark of the covenant.
- 1485 The first ship that appeared in Greece, was brought from Egypt by Danaus, who arrived at Rhodes, and brought with him his fifty daughters.
- 1453 The first Olympic games celebrated at Olympia, in Greece.
- 1452 The Pentateuch, or five first books of Moses, are written in the land of Moab, where he died the year following, aged 110.
- 1451 The Israelites, after sojourning in the wilderness forty years, are led under Joshua into the land of Canaan, where they fix themselves, after having subdued the natives: and the period of the sabbatical year commences.
- 1406 Iron is found in Greece from the accidental burning of the woods.
- 1198 The rape of Helen by Paris, which, in 1193, gave rise to the Trojan war, and siege of Troy by the Greeks, which continued ten years, when that city was taken and burnt.
- 1048 David is sole king of Israel.
- 1004 The Temple is solemnly dedicated by Solomon.
- 896 Elijah the prophet is translated to Heaven.
- 894 Money first made of gold and silver at Argos.
- 869 The city of Carthage, in Africa, founded by queen Dido.
- 824 The kingdom of Macedon begins.
- 753 Æra of the building of Rome in Italy, by Romulus, first king of the Romans.
- 720 Samaria taken, after three years siege, and the kingdom of Israel finished by Salmanasar, king of Assyria, who carries the ten tribes into captivity.
- The first eclipse of the moon on record.
- 658 Byzantium (now Constantinople) built by a colony of Athenians.
- 604 By order of Necho, king of Egypt, some Phœnicians sailed from the Red Sea round Africa, and returned by the Mediterranean.
- 600 Thales, of Miletus, travels into Egypt, consults the priests of Memphis, acquires the knowledge of geometry, astronomy, and philosophy; returns to Greece, calculates eclipses, gives general notions of the universe, and maintains that one Supreme Intelligence regulates all its motions.
- Maps, globes, and the signs of the Zodiac, invented by Anaximander, the scholar of Thales.
- 597 Jehoiakin, king of Judah, is carried away captive, by Nebuchadnezzar, to Babylon.
- 587 The city of Jerusalem taken after a siege of eighteen months.
- 562 The first comedy at Athens acted upon a moveable scaffold.

- 559 Cyrus the first king of Persia.
- 538 The kingdom of Babylon finished; that city being taken by Cyrus, who in 536, issues an edict for the return of the Jews.
- 534 The first tragedy was acted at Athens, on a waggon, by Thespis.
- 526 Learning is greatly encouraged at Athens, and a public library first founded.
- 515 The second Temple at Jerusalem is finished under Darius.
- 509 Tarquin the seventh and last king of the Romans is expelled, and Rome is governed by two consuls, and other republican magistrates, till the battle of Pharsalia, being a space of 461 years.
- 504 Sardis taken and burnt by the Athenians, which gave occasion to the Persian invasion of Greece.
- 486 Æschylus, the Greek poet, first gains the prize of tragedy.
- 481 Xerxes the Great, king of Persia, begins his expedition against Greece.
- 458 Ezra is sent from Babylon to Jerusalem, with the captive Jews, and the vessels of gold and silver, &c. being seventy weeks of years, or 490 years before the crucifixion of our Saviour.
- 454 The Romans send to Athens for Solon's laws.
- 451 The Decemvirs created at Rome, and the laws of the twelve tables compiled and ratified.
- 430 The history of the Old Testament finishes about this time. Malachi the last of the prophets.
- 400 Socrates the founder of moral philosophy among the Greeks, believes the immortality of the soul, and a state of rewards and punishments, for which, and other sublime doctrines, he is put to death by the Athenians, who soon after repent, and erect to his memory a statue of brass.
- 331 Alexander the Great, king of Macedon, conquers Darius king of Persia, and other nations of Asia. 323, Dies at Babylon, and his empire is divided by his generals into four kingdoms.
- 285 Dionysius of Alexandria, began his astronomical æra, on Monday, June 26, being the first who found the exact solar year to consist of 365 days, 5 hours, and 49 minutes.
- 284 Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, employs seventy-two interpreters to translate the Old Testament into the Greek language, which is called the Septuagint.
- 269 The first coining of silver at Rome.
- 264 The first Punic war begins, and continues 23 years. The chronology of the Arundelian marbles composed.
- 260 The Romans first concern themselves in naval affairs, and defeat the Carthaginians at sea.
- 237 Hamilcar the Carthaginian causes his son Hannibal, at nine years old, to swear eternal enmity to the Romans.
- 218 The second Punic war begins, and continues 17 years. Hannibal passes the Alps, and defeats the Romans in several battles; but being amused by his women, does not improve his victories by the storming of Rome.
- 190 The first Roman army enters Asia, and from the spoils of Antiochus brings the Asiatic luxury first to Rome.
- 168 Perseus defeated by the Romans, which ends the Macedonian kingdom.
- 167 The first library erected at Rome, of books brought from Macedonia.
- 163 The Government of Judea under the Maccabees begins, and continues 126 years.
- 146 Carthage, the rival to Rome, is razed to the ground by the Romans.
- 135 The history of the Apocrypha ends.
- 52 Julius Cæsar makes his first expedition into Britain.
- 47 The battle of Pharsalia, between Cæsar and Pompey, in which the latter is defeated.
The Alexandrian library, consisting of 400,000 valuable books, burnt by accident.
- 45 The war of Africa, in which Cato kills himself.
The solar year introduced by Cæsar.

- 44 Cæsar, the greatest of the Roman conquerors, after having fought fifty pitched battles, and slain 1,192,000 men, and overturned the liberties of his country, is killed in the senate-house.
- 35 The battle of Actium fought, in which Mark Antony and Cleopatra are totally defeated by Octavius, nephew to Julius Cæsar.
- 30 Alexandria, in Egypt, is taken by Octavius, upon which Antony and Cleopatra put themselves to death, and Egypt is reduced to a Roman province.
- 27 Octavius by a decree of the senate, obtains the title of Augustus Cæsar, and absolute exemption from the laws, and is properly the first Roman emperor.
- 8 Rome at this time is fifty miles in circumference, and contains 463,000 men fit to bear arms.
- The temple of Janus is shut by Augustus as an emblem of universal peace, and JESUS CHRIST is born.

A. C.

- 12 JESUS CHRIST disputes with the doctors in the temple ;
- 27 _____ is baptized in the Wilderness by John ;
- 33 _____ is crucified ;
- His Resurrection and Ascension.
- 36 St. Paul converted.
- 39 St. Matthew writes his Gospel.
- Pontius Pilate kills himself.
- 40 The name of Christians first given at Antioch to the followers of Christ.
- 43 Claudius Cæsar's expedition into Britain.
- 44 St. Mark writes his Gospel.
- 49 London is founded by the Romans ; 368, surrounded by ditto with a wall, some parts of which are still observable.
- 51 Caractacus, the British king, is carried in chains to Rome.
- St. Luke writes his Gospel.
- 59 The emperor Nero puts his mother and brothers to death.
- _____ persecutes the Druids in Britain.
- 61 Boadicea, the British queen, defeats the Romans ; but is conquered soon after by Suetonius, governor of Britain.
- St. Paul is sent in bonds to Rome ; writes his Epistles between 51 and 66.
- 62 The council of the Apostles at Jerusalem.
- 63 The Acts of the Apostles written.
- Christianity is supposed to be introduced into Britain by St. Paul or some of his disciples, about this time.
- 64 Rome set on fire, and burned for six days ; upon which began (under Nero) the first persecution against the Christians.
- 67 St. Peter and St. Paul put to death.
- 70 Whilst the factious Jews are destroying one another with mutual fury, Titus, the Roman general, takes Jerusalem, which is razed to the ground, and the plough made to pass over it.
- 83 The philosophers expelled Rome by Domitian.
- 85 Julius Agricola, Governor of South Britain, to protect the civilized Britons from the incursions of the Caledonians, builds a line of forts between the rivers Forth and Clyde, defeats the Caledonians under Galacus on the Grampian hills ; and first sails round Britain, which he discovers to be an island.
- 96 St. John the Evangelist wrote his revelation ; his Gospel in 97.
- 121 The Caledonians reconquer from the Romans all the southern parts of Scotland : upon which the emperor Adrian builds a wall between Newcastle and Carlisle ; but this also proving ineffectual, Pollius Urbicus, the Roman general, about the year 144, repairs Agricola's forts, which he joins by a wall four yards thick.
- 135 The second Jewish war ends, when they were all banished Judæa.
- 139 Justin writes his first Apology for the Christians.
- 152 The Emperor Antoninus Pius stops the persecution against the Christians.

- 222 About this time the Roman empire begins to sink. The Barbarians begin their irruptions, and the Goths have annual tribute not to molest the empire.
- 260 Valerius is taken prisoner by Sapor, king of Persia, and slayed alive.
- 274 Silk first brought from India; the manufactory of it introduced into Europe by some monks, 551; first worn by the clergy in England, 1534.
- 306 Constantine the Great begins his reign.
- 308 Cardinals first made.
- 313 The tenth persecution ends by an edict of Constantine, who favours the Christians, and gives full liberty to their religion.
- 314 Three bishops or fathers are sent from Britain to assist at the council of Arles.
- 325 The first general council at Nice, when 318 fathers attended against Arius, where was composed the famous Nicene Creed, which we attribute to them.
- 328 Constantine removes the seat of empire from Rome to Byzantium, which is thenceforwards called Constantinople.
- 331 ————— orders all the heathen temples to be destroyed.
- 363 The Roman emperor, Julian, surnamed the Apostate, endeavours in vain to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem.
- 364 The Roman empire is divided into the eastern (Constantinople the capital), and western (of which Rome continued to be the capital), each being now under the government of different emperors.
- 400 Bells invented by bishop Paulinus of Campagna.
- 404 The kingdom of Caledonia, in Scotland, revives under Fergus.
- 406 The Vandals, Alans, and Suevi, spread into France and Spain, by a concession of Honorius, emperor of the West.
- 410 Rome taken and plundered by Alaric, king of the Vizi-Goths.
- 412 The Vandals begin their kingdom in Spain.
- 420 The kingdom of France begins upon the Lower Rhine, under Pharamond.
- 426 The Romans reduced to extremities at home, withdraw their troops from Britain, and never return; advising the Britons to arm in their own defence, and trust to their own valour.
- 446 The Britons, now left to themselves, are greatly harassed by the Scots and Picts, upon which they once more make their complaint to the Romans, but receive no assistance from that quarter.
- 447 Attila (surnamed the Scourge of God) with his Huns, ravages the Roman empire.
- 449 Vortigern, king of the Britons, invites the Saxons into Britain against the Scots and Picts.
- 455 The Saxons having repulsed the Scots and Picts, invite over more of their countrymen, and begin to establish themselves in Kent, under Hengist.
- 476 The western empire is finished, 523 years after the battle of Pharsalia; upon the ruins of which several new states arise in Italy and other parts, consisting of Goths, Vandals, Huns, and other Barbarians, under whom literature is extinguished, and the works of the learned are destroyed.
- 496 Clovis, king of France, baptized, and Christianity begins in that kingdom.
- 508 Prince Arthur begins his reign over the Britons.
- 516 The computing of time by the Christian æra is introduced by Dionysius the monk.
- 529 The code of Justinian, the eastern emperor, is published.
- 581 Latin ceased to be spoken about this time in Italy.
- 596 Augustine the monk comes into England with forty monks.
- 606 Here begins the power of the popes, by the concessions of Phocas, emperor of the east.
- 622 Mahomet, the false prophet, flies from Mecca to Medina, in Arabia, in the 44th year of his age, and 10th of his ministry, when he laid the foundation of the Saracen empire; and from whom the Mahometan princes to this day claim their descent. His followers compute their time from this æra, which in Arabic is called Hegira, i. e. the Flight.
- 637 Jerusalem is taken by the Saracens, or followers of Mahomet.

- 640 Alexandria in Egypt is taken by the Saracens, and the grand library there burnt by order of Omar, their caliph or prince.
- 653 The Saracens now extend their conquests on every side, and retaliate the barbarities of the Goths and Vandals upon their posterity.
- 664 Glass invented in England by Benalt, a monk.
- 685 The Britons after a brave struggle of near 150 years, are totally expelled by the Saxons, and driven into Wales and Cornwall.
- 713 The Saracens conquer Spain.
- 726 The controversy about images begins, and occasions many insurrections in the eastern empire.
- 748 The computing of years from the birth of Christ began to be used in history.
- 749 The race of Abbas became caliphs of the Saracens, and encourage learning.
- 762 The city of Bagdad upon the Tigris is made the capital for the caliphs of the house of Abbas.
- 800 Charlemagne, king of France, begins the empire of Germany, afterwards called the western empire; gives the present names to the winds and months; endeavours to restore learning in Europe; but mankind are not yet disposed for it, being solely engrossed in military enterprises.
- 826 Harold, king of Denmark, dethroned by his subjects, for being a Christian.
- 828 Egbert, king of Wessex, unites the Heptarchy, by the name of England.
- 836 The Flemings trade to Scotland for fish.
- 838 The Scots and Picts have a decisive battle, in which the former prevail, and both kingdoms are united by Kenneth, which begins the second period of Scottish history.
- 867 The Danes begin their ravages in England.
- 896 Alfred the Great, after subduing the Danish invaders (against whom he fought 56 battles by sea and land), composes his body of laws; divides England into counties, hundreds, and tithings; erects county courts, and founds the university of Oxford about this time.
- 915 The university of Cambridge founded.
- 936 The Saracen empire is divided by usurpation into seven kingdoms.
- 975 Pope Boniface VII. is deposed and banished for his crimes.
- 979 Coronation oaths said to be first used in England.
- 991 The figures in arithmetic are brought into Europe by the Saracens from Arabia. Letters of the alphabet were hitherto used.
- 996 Otho III. makes the empire of Germany elective.
- 999 Boleslaus, the first king of Poland.
- 1000 Paper made of cotton rags was in use; that of linen rags in 1170; the manufactory introduced into England at Dartford, 1588.
- 1005 All the old churches are rebuilt about this time in a new manner of architecture.
- 1015 Children forbidden by law to be sold by their parents in England.
- 1017 Canute, king of Denmark, gets possession of England.
- 1040 The Danes, after several engagements with various success, are about this time driven out of Scotland, and never again return in a hostile manner.
- 1041 The Saxon line restored under Edward the Confessor.
- 1043 The Turks (a nation of adventurers from Tartary, serving hitherto in the armies of contending princes) become formidable, and take possession of Persia.
- 1054 Leo IX. the first pope that kept up an army.
- 1057 Malcolm III. king of Scotland, kills the tyrant Macbeth at Dunsinane; and marries the princess Margaret, sister to Edgar Atheling.
- 1065 The Turks take Jerusalem from the Saracens.
- 1066 The battle of Hastings fought between Harold and William (surnamed the bastard) duke of Normandy, in which Harold is conquered and slain; after which William becomes king of England.
- 1070 William introduces the feudal law.
Musical notes invented.
- 1075 Henry IV. emperor of Germany, and the pope, quarrel about the nomination

- of the German bishops. Henry in penance walks barefooted to the pope, towards the end of January.
- 1076 Justices of Peace first appointed in England.
- 1080 Domesday book began to be compiled by order of William, from a survey of all the estates in England, and finished in 1086.
- The Tower of London built by William, to curb his English subjects, numbers of whom fly to Scotland, where they introduce the Saxon or English language; are protected by Malcolm, and have lands given them.
- 1091 The Saracens in Spain, being hard pressed by the Spaniards, call to their assistance Joseph, king of Morocco; by which the Moors get possession of all the Saracen dominions in Spain.
- 1096 The first crusade to the Holy Land is begun under several Christian princes, to drive the infidels from Jerusalem.
- 1110 Edgar Atheling, the last of the Saxon princes, dies in England, where he had been permitted to reside as a subject.
- 1118 The order of the Knights Templars instituted, to defend the Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and protect Christian strangers.
- 1151 The canon law collected by Gratian, a monk of Bologna.
- 1163 London bridge, consisting of nineteen small arches, first built of stone.
- 1164 The Teutonic order of religious knights begins in Germany.
- 1172 Henry II. king of England (and first of the Plantagenets) takes possession of Ireland; which, from that period, has been governed by an English viceroy, or lord-lieutenant.
- 1176 England is divided by Henry into six circuits, and justice is dispensed by itinerant judges.
- 1180 Glass windows began to be used in private houses in England.
- 1181 The laws of England are digested about this time by Glanville.
- 1182 Pope Alexander III. compelled the kings of England and France to hold the stirrups of his saddle when he mounted his horse.
- 1192 The battle of Ascalon, in Judea, in which Richard, king of England, defeats Saladin's army, consisting of 300,000 combatants.
- 1194 *Dieu et mon droit* first used as a motto by Richard, on a victory over the French.
- 1200 Chimneys were not known in England.
- Surnames now began to be used; first amongst the nobility.
- 1208 London incorporated, and obtained their first charter, for electing their Lord Mayor and other magistrates, from king John.
- 1215 Magna Charta is signed by king John and the barons of England.
- Court of Common Pleas established.
- 1227 The Tartars, a new race of heroes, under Gingis-Khan, emerge from the northern parts of Asia, over-run all the Saracen empire, and, in imitation of former conquerors, carry death and desolation wherever they march.
- 1233 The Inquisition, begun in 1204, is now trusted to the Dominicans.
- The houses of London, and other cities in England, France, and Germany, still thatched with straw.
- 1253 The famous astronomical tables are composed by Alonzo, king of Castile.
- 1258 The Tartars take Bagdad, which finishes the empire of the Saracens.
- 1263 Acho, king of Norway, invades Scotland with 160 sail, and lands 20,000 men at the mouth of the Clyde, who are cut to pieces by Alexander III. who recovers the western isles.
- 1264 According to some writers, the commons of England were not summoned to parliament till this period.
- 1269 The Hamburgh company incorporated in England.
- 1273 The empire of the present Austrian family begins in Germany.
- 1282 Llewellyn, prince of Wales, defeated and killed by Edward I. who unites that principality to England.
- 1284 Edward II. born at Caernarvon, is the first prince of Wales.
- 1285 Alexander III. king of Scotland, dies, and that kingdom is disputed by twelve candidates, who submit their claims to the arbitration of Edward, king

- of England ; which lays the foundation of a long and desolating war between both nations.
- 1293 There is a regular succession of English parliaments from this year, being the 2d of Edward I.
- 1298 The present Turkish empire begins in Bithynia under Ottoman.
Silver-hafted knives, spoons, and cups, a great luxury.
Tallow candles so great a luxury, that splinters of wood were used for lights.
Wine sold only by apothecaries as a cordial.
- 1302 The mariner's compass invented, or improved, by Givia of Naples.
- 1307 The beginning of the Swiss cantons.
- 1308 The popes remove to Avignon, in France, for 70 years.
- 1310 Lincoln's Inn society established.
- 1314 The battle of Bannockburn, between Edward II. and Robert Bruce, which establishes the latter on the throne of Scotland.
The cardinals set fire to the conclave, and separate. A vacancy in the papal chair for two years.
- 1320 Gold first coined in Christendom ; 1344, ditto in England.
- 1336 Two Brabant weavers settle at York, "which," says Edward III. "may prove of great benefit to us and our subjects."
- 1337 The first comet whose course is described with astronomical exactness.
- 1340 Gunpowder and Guns first invented by Swartz, a monk of Cologn ; 1346, Edward III. had four pieces of cannon, which contributed to gain him the battle of Cressy ; 1346, bombs and mortars were invented.
Oil-painting first made use of by John Vaneck.
Heralds college instituted in England.
- 1344 The first creation to titles by patents used by Edward III.
- 1346 The battle of Durham, in which David, king of Scots, is taken prisoner.
- 1349 The order of the garter instituted in England by Edward III. altered in 1557, and consists of 26 knights.
- 1352 The Turks first enter Europe.
- 1354 The money in Scotland till now the same as in England.
- 1356 The battle of Poitiers, in which king John of France, and his son, are taken prisoners by Edward the Black Prince.
- 1357 Coals first brought to London.
- 1358 Arms of England and France first quartered by Edward III.
- 1362 The law pleadings in England changed from French to English, as a favour of Edward III. to his people.
John Wickliffe, an Englishman, begins about this time to oppose the errors of the church of Rome with great acuteness and spirit. His followers are called Lollards.
- 1386 A company of Linen-weavers, from the Netherlands, established in London.
Windsor Castle built by Edward III.
- 1388 The battle of Otterburn, between Hotspur and the Earl of Douglas.
- 1391 Cards invented in France for the king's amusement.
- 1399 Westminster Abbey built and enlarged ; Westminster hall ditto.
Order of the Bath instituted at the coronation of Henry IV. ; renewed in 1725, consisting of 38 knights.
- 1410 Guildhall, London, built.
- 1411 The university of St. Andrew's in Scotland founded.
- 1415 The battle of Agincourt gained over the French by Henry V. of England.
- 1428 The siege of Orleans, the first blow to the English power in France.
- 1430 About this time Laurentius of Harleim invented the art of printing, which he practised with separate wooden types. Guttemburgh afterwards invented cut metal types ; but the art was carried to perfection by Peter Schoeffer, who invented the mode of casting the types in matrices. Frederick Corsellis began to print at Oxford, in 1468, with wooden types, but it was William Caxton who introduced into England the art of printing with fusile types, in 1474.

- 1446 The Vatican library founded at Rome.
The sea breaks in at Dort in Holland, and drowns 100,000 people.
- 1453 Constantinople taken by the Turks, which ends the eastern empire, 1123 years from its dedication by Constantine the Great, and 2206 years from the foundation of Rome.
- 1454 The university of Glasgow, in Scotland, founded.
- 1460 Engraving and etching in copper invented.
- 1477 The university of Aberdeen, in Scotland, founded.
- 1483 Richard the III. king of England, and last of the Plantagenets, is defeated, and killed at the battle of Bosworth, by Henry (Tudor) VII. which puts an end to the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, after a contest of thirty years, and the loss of 100,000 men.
- 1486 Henry establishes fifty yeomen of the guards, the first standing army.
- 1489 Maps and sea-charts first brought to England by Barth. Columbus.
- 1491 William Grocyn publicly teaches the Greek language at Oxford.
The Moors, hitherto a formidable enemy to the native Spaniards, are entirely subdued by Ferdinand, and become subjects to that prince on certain conditions, which are ill observed by the Spaniards, whose clergy employ the powers of the inquisition, with all its tortures; and in 1609, near one million of the Moors are driven from Spain to the opposite coast of Africa, from whence they originally came.
- 1492 America first discovered by Columbus, a Genoese, in the service of Spain.
- 1494 Algebra first known in Europe.
- 1497 The Portuguese first sail to the East Indies, by the Cape of Good Hope.
South America discovered by Americus Vesputius, from whom it has its name.
- 1499 North America ditto, for Henry VII. by Cabot.
- 1500 Maximilian divides the empire of Germany into six circles, and adds four more in 1512.
- 1505 Shillings first coined in England.
- 1509 Gardening introduced into England from the Netherlands, from whence vegetables were imported hitherto.
- 1513 The battle of Flodden, in which James IV. of Scotland is killed, with the flower of his nobility.
- 1517 Martin Luther began the reformation.
Egypt is conquered by the Turks.
- 1518 Magellan, in the service of Spain, first discovers the straits of that name in South America.
- 1520 Henry VIII. for his writings in favour of popery, receives the title of Defender of the Faith from his Holiness.
- 1529 The name of Protestant takes its rise from the reformed protesting against the church of Rome, at the Diet of Spires in Germany.
- 1534 The reformation takes place in England under Henry VIII.
- 1537 Religious houses dissolved by ditto.
- 1539 The first English edition of the Bible authorized; the present translation finished 1611.
About this time cannon began to be used in ships.
- 1543 Silk stockings first worn by the French king; first worn in England by queen Elizabeth, 1561; the steel frame for weaving invented by the Rev. Mr. Lee, of St. John's College, Cambridge, 1589.
Pins first used in England, before which time the ladies used skewers.
- 1544 Good lands let in England at one shilling per acre.
- 1545 The famous council of Trent begins, and continues 18 years.
- 1546 First law in England, establishing the interest of money at ten per cent.
- 1549 Lord Lieutenants of counties instituted in England.
- 1550 Horse guards instituted in England.
- 1555 The Russian Company established in England.
- 1558 Queen Elizabeth begins her reign.
- 1560 The reformation in Scotland completed by John Knox.

- 1563 Knives first made in England.
- 1569 Royal Exchange first built.
- 1572 The great massacre of Protestants at Paris.
- 1579 The Dutch shake off the Spanish yoke, and the republic of Holland begins.
English East India company incorporated; established 1600.
——— Turkey company incorporated.
- 1580 Sir Francis Drake returns from his voyage round the world, being the first
English circumnavigator.
Parochial register first appointed in England.
- 1582 Pope Gregory introduces the New Style in Italy; the 5th of October being
counted 15.
- 1583 Tobacco first brought from Virginia into England.
- 1587 Mary queen of Scots is beheaded by order of Elizabeth, after 18 years' im-
prisonment.
- 1588 The Spanish armada destroyed by Drake, and other English admirals.
Henry IV. passes the edict of Nantes, tolerating the protestants.
- 1589 Coaches first introduced into England; hackney act 1693; increased to 1000,
in 1770.
- 1590 Band of pensioners instituted in England.
- 1591 Trinity college, Dublin, founded.
- 1597 Watches first brought into England from Germany.
- 1602 Decimal arithmetic invented at Bruges.
- 1603 Queen Elizabeth (the last of the Tudors) dies, and nominates James VI. of
Scotland (and first of the Stuarts) as her successor; which unites both
kingdoms under the name of Great Britain.
- 1605 The gunpowder plot discovered at Westminster; being a project of the Roman
catholics to blow up the king and both houses of parliament.
- 1606 Oaths of allegiance first administered in England.
- 1608 Galileo, of Florence, first discovers the satellites about the planet Saturn, by
the telescope then just invented in Holland.
- 1610 Henry IV. is murdered at Paris by Ravaillac, a priest.
- 1611 Baronets first created in England by James I.
- 1614 Napier of Marcheston, in Scotland, invents the logarithms.
Sir Hugh Middleton brings the New River to London, from Ware.
- 1616 The first permanent settlement in Virginia.
- 1619 Dr. W. Harvey, an Englishman, discovers the doctrine of the circulation of
the blood.
- 1620 The broad silk manufactory from raw silk introduced into England.
- 1621 New England planted by the Puritans.
- 1625 King James dies, and is succeeded by his son, Charles I.
The island of Barbadoes, the first English settlement in the West Indies, is
planted.
- 1632 The battle of Lutzen, in which Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, and head
of the protestants in Germany, is killed,
- 1635 Province of Maryland planted by lord Baltimore.
Regular posts established from London to Scotland, Ireland, &c.
- 1640 King Charles disoblges his Scottish subjects, on which their army, under general
Lesley, enters England, and takes Newcastle, being encouraged by the
malcontents in England.
- 1641 The massacre in Ireland, when 40,000 English protestants were killed.
- 1642 King Charles impeaches five members, who had opposed his arbitrary mea-
sures, which begins the civil war in England.
- 1643 Excise on beer, ale, &c. first imposed by parliament.
- 1649 Charles I. beheaded at Whitehall, January 30, aged 49.
- 1654 Cromwell assumes the protectorship.
- 1655 The English, under admiral Penn, take Jamaica from the Spaniards.
- 1658 Cromwell dies, and is succeeded in the protectorship by his son Richard.
- 1660 King Charles II. is restored by Monk, commander of the army, after an exile
of twelve years in France and Holland.

- 1660 Episcopacy restored in England and Scotland.
The people of Denmark, being oppressed by the nobles, surrender their privileges to Frederick III. who becomes absolute,
- 1662 The Royal Society established at London by Charles II.
- 1663 Carolina planted; 1728, divided into two separate governments.
- 1664 The New Netherlands, in North America, conquered from the Swedes and Dutch, by the English.
- 1665 The plague rages in London, and carries off 68,000 persons.
- 1666 The great fire of London began September 2, and continued three days, in which were destroyed 13,000 houses, and 400 streets.
Tea first used in England.
- 1667 The peace of Breda, which confirms to the English the New Netherlands, now known by the names of Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey.
St. James's Park planted, and made a thoroughfare for public use, by Charles II.
- 1670 The English Hudson's Bay company incorporated.
- 1672 Louis XIV. over-runs great part of Holland, when the Dutch open their sluices, being determined to drown their country, and retire to their settlements in the East Indies.
African company established.
- 1678 The peace of Nimeguen.
The habeas corpus act passed.
- 1680 A great comet appeared, and from its nearness to our earth, alarmed the inhabitants. It continued visible from November 3 to March 9.
William Penn, a Quaker, receives a charter for planting Pennsylvania.
- 1683 India stock sold from 360 to 500 per cent.
- 1685 Charles II. dies, aged 55, and is succeeded by his brother James II.
The duke of Monmouth, natural son to Charles II. raises a rebellion, but is defeated at the battle of Sedgmoor, and beheaded.
The edict of Nantes famously revoked by Louis XIV. and the Protestants cruelly persecuted.
- 1687 The palace of Versailles, near Paris, finished by Louis XIV.
- 1688 The Revolution in Great Britain begins; November 5, King James abdicates; and retires to France, December 3.
- 1689 King William and Queen Mary, daughter and son-in-law to James, are proclaimed, February 16.
Viscount Dundee stands out for James in Scotland, but is killed by general Mackey, at the battle of Killycrankie; upon which the Highlanders, wearied with repeated misfortunes, disperse.
The land-tax passed in England.
The toleration act passed in ditto.
Several bishops are deprived for not taking the oath to king William.
William Fuller, who pretended to prove the prince of Wales spurious, was voted by the commons to be a notorious cheat, impostor, and false accuser.
- 1690 The battle of the Boyne gained by William against James in Ireland.
- 1691 The war in Ireland finished by the surrender of Limerick to William.
- 1692 The English and Dutch fleets, commanded by admiral Russel, defeat the French fleet off La Hogue.
- 1693 Bayonets at the end of loaded muskets first used by the French against the Confederates in the battle of Turin.
The duchy of Hanover made the ninth electorate.
Bank of England established by king William.
The first public lottery was drawn this year.
Massacre of Highlanders at Glenco, by king William's troops.
- 1694 Queen Mary dies at the age of 33, and William reigns alone.
Stamp duties instituted in England.
- 1696 The peace of Ryswick.
- 1699 The Scots settled a colony at the isthmus of Darien, in America, and called it Caledonia.
- 1700 Charles XII. of Sweden begins his reign.

- 1701 King James II. dies at St. Germain's, in the 68th year of his age.
Prussia erected into a kingdom.
Society for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts established.
- 1702 King William dies, aged 50, and is succeeded by Queen Anne, daughter to James II. who, with the emperor and States General, renews the war against France and Spain.
- 1704 Gibraltar taken from the Spaniards by admiral Rooke.
The battle of Blenheim won by the duke of Marlborough and the allies, against the French.
The court of Exchequer instituted in England.
- 1706 The treaty of Union betwixt England and Scotland, signed July 22.
The battle of Ramilies won by Marlborough and the allies.
- 1707 The first British parliament.
- 1708 Minorca taken from the Spaniards by general Stanhope.
The battle of Oudenarde won by Marlborough and the allies.
Sardinia erected into a kingdom, and given to the duke of Savoy.
- 1709 Peter the Great, czar of Muscovy, defeats Charles XII. at Pultowa, who flies to Turkey.
The battle of Malplaquet won by Marlborough and the allies.
- 1710 Queen Anne changes the Whig Ministry for others more favourable to the interest of her brother, the late Pretender.
The cathedral church of St. Paul, London, rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, in 37 years, at one million expence, by a duty on coals.
The English South-Sea company began.
- 1712 Duke of Hamilton and lord Mohun killed in a duel in Hyde-Park.
- 1713 The peace of Utrecht, whereby Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Britain, and Hudson's Bay, in North America, were yielded to Great Britain; Gibraltar and Minorca, in Europe, were also confirmed to the said crown by this treaty.
- 1714 Queen Anne dies, at the age of 50, and is succeeded by George I.
Interest reduced to five per cent.
- 1715 Louis XIV. dies, and is succeeded by his great-grandson, Louis XV.
The rebellion in Scotland begins in September, under the earl of Mar, in favour of the Pretender. The action of Sheriff-muir, and the surrender of Preston, both in November, when the rebels disperse.
- 1716 The Pretender married to the princess Sobieski, grand-daughter of John Sobieski, late king of Poland.
An act passed for septennial parliaments.
- 1719 The Mississippi scheme at its height in France.
Lombe's silk-throwing machine, containing 26,586 wheels, erected at Derby; takes up one-eighth of a mile; one water-wheel moves the rest; and in 24 hours it works 318,504,960 yards of organzine silk thread.
The South-Sea scheme in England begun April 7; was at its height at the end of June; and quite sunk about September 29.
- 1727 King George I. dies, in the 68th year of his age, and is succeeded by his only son, George II.
Inoculation first tried on criminals with success.
Russia, formerly a dukedom, is now established as an empire.
- 1732 Kooli Khan usurps the Persian throne, conquers the Mogul empire, and returns with two hundred and thirty-one millions sterling.
Several public-spirited gentlemen begin the settlement of Georgia, in North America.
- 1736 Captain Porteus, having ordered his soldiers to fire upon the populace, at the execution of a smuggler, is himself hanged by the mob at Edinburgh.
- 1738 Westminster-Bridge begun; finished in 1750.
- 1739 Letters of marque issued out in Britain against Spain, July 21, and war declared, October 23.
- 1743 The battle of Dettingen won by the English and allies, in favour of the queen of Hungary.

- 1744 War declared against France.
Commodore Anson returns from his voyage round the world.
- 1745 The allies lose the battle of Fontenoy.
The rebellion breaks out in Scotland, and the Pretender's army defeated by the Duke of Cumberland, at Culloden, April 16, 1746.
- 1748 The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, by which a restitution of all places, taken during the war, was to be made on all sides.
- 1749 The interest of the British funds reduced to three *per cent*.
- 1751 Antiquarian society at London incorporated.
- 1752 The new style introduced into Great Britain, the third of September being counted the fourteenth.
- 1753 The British Museum erected at Montagu-house.
Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, instituted in London.
- 1755 Lisbon destroyed by an earthquake.
- 1756 146 Englishmen are confined in the black hole at Calcutta, in the East Indies, by order of the Nabob, and 123 found dead next morning.
- 1757 Damien attempted to assassinate the French king.
- 1759 General Wolfe is killed in the battle of Quebec, which is gained by the English.
- 1760 King George II. dies, in the 77th year of his age.
Black-Friars Bridge, consisting of nine arches, begun; finished 1770.
- 1762 War declared against Spain.
Peter III. emperor of Russia, is deposed, imprisoned, and murdered.
- 1763 The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and Portugal, concluded at Paris, February 10, which confirms to Great Britain the extensive provinces of Canada, East and West Florida, and part of Louisiana, in North America: also the Islands of Grenada, St. Vincent, Dominica, and Tobago, in the West Indies.
- 1764 The parliament granted 10,000*l.* to Mr. Harrison, for his discovery of the longitude by his time-piece.
- 1768 Academy of painting established in London.
The Turks imprison the Russian ambassador, and declare war against that empire.
- 1771 Dr. Solander and Mr. Banks, in his majesty's ship the *Endeavour*, lieutenant Cook, return from a voyage round the world, having made several important discoveries in the South Seas.
- 1772 The emperor of Germany, empress of Russia, and the king of Prussia, strip the king of Poland of great part of his dominions, which they divide among themselves, in violation of the most solemn treaties.
- 1773 The Jesuits expelled from the Pope's dominions.
The English East India Company having, by conquest or treaty, acquired the extensive provinces of Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar, containing fifteen millions of inhabitants, great irregularities are committed by their servants abroad; upon which government interferes, and sends out judges, &c. for the better administration of justice.
- 1774 The British parliament having passed an act, laying a duty of three pence per pound upon all teas imported into America, the colonists, considering this as a grievance, deny the right of the British parliament to tax them.
Deputies from the several American colonies meet at Philadelphia, as the first General Congress, Sept. 5.
First petition of Congress to the King, November.
- 1775 April 19, The first action happened in America between the king's troops and the provincials at Lexington.
May 20, Articles of confederation and perpetual union between the American provinces.
June 17, A bloody action at Bunker's Hill, between the royal troops and the Americans.
- 1776 March 17, The town of Boston evacuated by the king's troops.

- 1776 An unsuccessful attempt in July, made by commodore Sir Peter Parker, and lieutenant-general Clinton, upon Charles Town, in South Carolina.
The Congress declare the American colonies free and independent states, July 4.
The Americans are driven from Long Island, New York, in August, with great loss, and great numbers of them taken prisoners; and the city of New York is afterwards taken possession of by the king's troops.
December 25, General Washington takes 900 of the Hessians prisoners at Trenton.
Torture abolished in Poland.
- 1777 General Howe takes possession of Philadelphia.
Lieutenant-general Burgoyne is obliged to surrender his army at Saratoga in Canada, by convention, to the American army under the command of the generals Gates and Arnold, October 17.
- 1778 A treaty of alliance concluded at Paris between the French king and the thirteen united American colonies, in which their independence is acknowledged by the court of France, February 6.
The remains of the earl of Chatham, interred at the public expence in Westminster Abbey, June 9, in consequence of a vote of parliament.
Philadelphia evacuated by the king's troops, June 18.
The Congress refuse to treat with the British commissioners, unless the independence of the American colonies were first acknowledged, or the king's fleets and armies withdrawn from America.
An engagement fought off Brest, between the English fleet under the command of Admiral Keppel, and the French fleet under the command of the count d'Orvilliers, July 27.
Dominica taken by the French, Sept. 7.
Pondicherry surrenders to the arms of Great Britain, October 17.
St. Lucia taken from the French, December 28.
- 1779 St. Vincent's taken by the French.
Grenada taken by the French, July 3.
- 1780 Torture in courts of justice abolished in France.
The inquisition abolished in the duke of Modena's dominions.
Admiral Rodney takes twenty-two sail of Spanish ships, January 8.
The same admiral also engages a Spanish fleet under the command of Don Juan de Langara, near Cape St. Vincent, and takes five ships of the line, one more being driven on shore, and another blown up, January 16.
Three actions between admiral Rodney, and the count de Guichen; in the West Indies, in the months of April and May; but none of them decisive.
Charles Town, South Carolina, surrenders to Sir Henry Clinton, May 4.
Pensacola, and the whole province of West Florida, surrender to the arms of the king of Spain, May 9.
The Protestant Association, to the number of 50,000, go up to the house of commons, with their petition for the repeal of an act passed in favour of the Papists, June 2.
That event followed by the most daring riots, in the city of London, and in Southwark, for several successive days, in which some Popish chapels are destroyed, together with the prisons of Newgate, the King's Bench, the Fleet, several private houses, &c. These alarming riots are at length suppressed by the interposition of the military, and many of the rioters tried and executed for felony.
Five English East Indiamen, and fifty English merchant ships bound for the West Indies, taken by the combined fleets of France and Spain, Aug. 8.
Earl Cornwallis obtains a signal victory over general Gates, near Camden, South Carolina, in which above 1000 American prisoners are taken, Aug. 16.
Mr. Laurens, late president of the Congress, taken in an American packet, near Newfoundland, Sept. 3.

- 1780 General Arnold deserts the service of the Congress, escapes to New York, and is made a brigadier-general in the royal service, September 24.
 Major André, adjutant-general to the British army, hanged as a spy at Tappan, in the province of New York, October 2.
 Mr. Laurens committed prisoner to the Tower, on a charge of high treason, October 4.
 Dreadful hurricanes in the West Indies, by which great devastation is made in Jamaica, Barbadoes, St. Lucia, Dominica, and other islands, Oct. 3, and 10.
 A declaration of hostilities published against Holland, December 20.
- 1781 The Dutch island of St. Eustatia taken by admiral Rodney and general Vaughan, February 2. Retaken by the French, November 27.
 Earl Cornwallis obtains a victory, but with considerable loss, over the Americans, under general Green, at Guildford, in North Carolina, March 15.
 The island of Tobago taken by the French, June 2.
 A bloody engagement fought between an English squadron under the command of admiral Parker, and a Dutch squadron under the command of admiral Zoutman, off the Dogger Bank, Aug. 5.
 Earl Cornwallis, with a considerable British army, surrendered prisoners of war to the American and French troops, under the command of general Washington and count Rochambeau, at York Town, in Virginia, October 19.
- 1782 Trincomale, in the island of Ceylon, taken by Admiral Hughes, January 11, Minorca surrendered to the arms of the king of Spain, February 5.
 The island of St. Christopher taken by the French, February 12.
 The island of Nevis, in the West Indies, taken by the French, February 14.
 Montserrat taken by the French, February 22.
 The house of common address the king against any further prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North America, March 4; and resolve, That that house would consider all those as enemies to his majesty, and this country, who should advise, or by any means attempt, the farther prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North America, for the purpose of reducing the revolted colonies to obedience by force.
 Admiral Rodney obtains a signal victory over the French fleet under the command of count de Grasse, near Dominica, in the West Indies, April 12.
 Admiral Hughes, with eleven ships, beat off, near the island of Ceylon, the French admiral Suffrein, with twelve ships of the line, after a severe engagement, in which both fleets lost a great number of men, April 13.
 The resolution of the house of commons, relating to John Wilkes, Esq. and the Middlesex election, passed February 17, 1769; rescinded May 3.
 The French took and destroyed the forts and settlements in Hudson's Bay, Aug. 24.
 The Spaniards defeated in their grand attack on Gibraltar, September 13.
 Treaty concluded betwixt the republic of Holland and the United States of America, October 8.
 Provisional articles of peace signed at Paris between the British and the American commissioners, by which the Thirteen United American colonies are acknowledged by his Britannic majesty to be free, sovereign, and independent states, Nov. 30.
- 1783 Preliminary articles of peace between his Britannic majesty and the kings of France and Spain, signed at Versailles, January 20.
 Three earthquakes in Calabria Ulterior, and Sicily, destroying a great number of towns and inhabitants, February 5th, 7th, and 28th.
 Armistice betwixt Great Britain and Holland, February 10.
 Ratification of the definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and the United States of America, September 3.
- 1784 The ratification of the peace with America arrived April 7.
 The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain and Holland, May 24.
 Mr. Lunardi ascended in a balloon from the Artillery-ground, Moorfields, the first attempt of the kind in England, September 15.

- 1785 Dr. Seabury, an American missionary, was consecrated bishop of Connecticut by five nonjuring Scotch prelates.
- 1786 The king of Sweden prohibited the use of torture in his dominions.
Cardinal Turlone, high inquisitor at Rome, was publicly dragged out of his carriage by an incensed multitude for his cruelty, and hung on a gibbet 50 feet high.
Sept. 26, Commercial treaty signed between England and France.
Nov. 21, £471,000 3 *per cent.* stock transferred to the landgrave of Hesse, for the hired Hessian soldiers killed in the American war, at £30 a man.
Dec. 4, Mr. Adams, the American ambassador, presented to the archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. White of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Provost of New York, to be consecrated bishops for the United States.—They were consecrated Feb. 4, 1787.
- 1787 March. (France) The assembly of Notables first convened under the ministry of Mons. de Calonne.
May 21, Mr. Burke, at the bar of the house of lords, in the name of all the commons of Great Britain, impeached Warren Hastings, late governor-general of Bengal, of high crimes and misdemeanors.
Aug. 11, The king, by letters patent, erected the province of Nova Scotia into a bishop's see.
- 1788 August. (France) Mons. Neckar replaced at the head of the finances. November; The Notables called together a second time.
The first symptoms acknowledged of a severe mental disorder, which afflicted George III.
- 1789 April 23, A general thanksgiving for the king's recovery, who attended the service at St. Paul's with a great procession.
May. (France) Opening of the States General at Versailles.
July 13, 14, Revolution in France; capture of the Bastille, the governor, the intendant, the secretary of state, &c. put to death by the populace.
October 19. The first sitting of the Constituent Assembly at Paris.
- 1790 July 14, Grand French confederation in the Champ de Mars.
- 1791 June 21, 22, 25, (France) The King and royal family secretly withdraw from Paris, but are stopped at Varennes, and brought back.
On the 14th of July, in consequence of some gentlemen meeting to commemorate the French revolution, in Birmingham, the mob arose, and committed the most daring outrages for some days on the persons and properties of many of the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood; burning and destroying meeting houses, private dwellings, &c. Peace and security were at length restored, by the interposition of the military power.
October 4, (France) The second Assembly takes the name of the Legislative Assembly, and is opened by the king in person.
- 1792 On the 19th of March, the definitive treaty of peace was signed between the British and their allies, the Nizam and Mahrattas, on the one part, and Tippoo Suldaun on the other, by which he ceded one half of his territorial possessions, and delivered up two of his sons to lord Cornwallis, as hostages for the fulfilment of the treaty.
Gustavus III. king of Sweden, assassinated by Ankerstroom.
September 20, (France) First sitting of the Third Legislature, which takes the title of The National Convention.
Reign of Terror commenced in France.
- 1793 January 21st, (France) Louis XVI. suffered death on the scaffold.
On the 25th of March, a convention signed at London on behalf of his Britannic majesty and the empress of Russia, in which their majesties agreed to employ their forces in carrying on war against France. Treaties also were entered upon with the king of Sardinia, and the prince of Hesse Cassel.
Marie Antoinette, queen of France, on the sixteenth of October, was decapitated on the spot where Louis had previously met his fate, in the thirty-eighth year of her age.
- 1794 On the 1st of June, the British fleet, under the command of admiral Carl Howe,

- obtained a victory over the French, in which two ships were sunk, one burnt, and six brought into Portsmouth harbour.
- 1794 Robespierre guillotined. Termination of the Reign of Terror.
- 1795 In consequence of the progress of the French arms in Holland, the princess of Orange, the hereditary princess, and her infant son, arrived at Yarmouth, on the 19th of January: the hereditary prince himself, with his father the Stadtholder, landed at Harwich on the 20th.
- On the 8th of April, his present majesty married his cousin, her serene highness princess Caroline of Brunswick.
- The trial of Warren Hastings, esq. came to a close on the 23d of April, when he was acquitted by a large majority.
- Belgium incorporated with France.
- Executive Directory installed in France.
- 1796 King assaulted in his coach, February 1.
- Battle of Lodi, May 11.
- War between England and Spain, October 11.
- 1797 Lord St. Vincent's victory, February 14.
- Mutiny in the fleet, April.
- Lord Duncan's victory, October 11.
- Treaty of Campo Formio, October 17.
- 1798 Irish rebellion broke out, April 2.
- Battle of the Nile, August 1.
- French land at Killalua, in Ireland, August 24; surrender, September 8.
- 1799 War recommenced between France and Austria.
- Vaccination generally adopted.
- Buonaparte defeated at Acre, April 21.
- returned to France, October 10.
- installed First Consul, November 25.
- British land at the Helder, August 27.
- Convention in Holland, October 18.
- The Royal Institution founded.
- 1800 King's life attempted by Hatfield, May 15.
- Battle of Marengo, June 14.
- 1801 The bill for the union with Ireland signed, January 1.
- Treaty of Luneville, February 9.
- British land in Egypt, March 8.
- Battle of Alexandria, March 21.
- Battle of Copenhagen, April 2.
- 1802 Peace of Amiens, March 27.
- 1803 War declared against France, May 12; against Holland, May 15.
- Buonaparte assumes the Imperial diadem, May 18.
- 1804 Duke D'Enghien shot at Paris by sentence of a military commission, April 11.
- The Emperor of Germany resigns the crown of the Cæsars, and assumes the title of Emperor of Austria, September 5.
- 1805 War declared against Spain, January 11.
- Buonaparte crowned king of Italy, May 26.
- Sir R. Calder defeats the French fleet, July 22.
- War between Austria, Russia, and France, September.
- Battle of Trafalgar, October 11.
- Buonaparte enters Vienna, November 14.
- Battle of Austerlitz, December 5.
- Peace between France and Austria, December 17.
- 1806 Public Funeral of Lord Nelson, January 9.
- Public Funeral of Mr. Pitt.
- Administration of Mr. Fox commenced.
- Battle of Maida, July 4.
- Buonaparte declares himself protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, July 12.
- Prussia declares war against France, October 9.

- 1806 Public Funeral of Mr. Fox.
 Battle of Jena, October 14.
 Buonaparte enters Berlin, October 24.
- 1807 Battle of Eylau, February 27.
 The Whig administration resigned, in consequence of their refusal to give a pledge not to propose Catholic emancipation in Ireland.
 Battle of Friedland, June 14.
 Treaty of Tilsit, July 24.
 Copenhagen surrendered to the English, September 7.
 Russia declares war against England, October 31.
 Portuguese royal family emigrate to the Brazils, November 29.
- 1808 Charles IV. of Spain abdicates in favour of his son, Ferdinand VII. who is compelled to resign by Buonaparte, March.
 Buonaparte appoints his brother Joseph king of Spain, May 4.
 Papal territories annexed to France, May 21.
 Spain implores the aid of Great Britain against France, June 6.
 French fleet at Cadiz seized, June 14.
 Gen. Dupont surrenders to the Spaniards, July 19.
 Battle of Vimiera, August 19.
 Convention of Cintra, August 30.
- 1809 Battle of Corunna, January 16.
 War between France and Austria, April 8.
 Buonaparte re-enters Vienna, May 12.
 Battle of Essling, May 22.
 Battle of Wagram, July 6, 8.
 Armistice between France and Austria, July 12.
 Peace signed, October 14.
 Battle of Talavera, July 28.
 Expedition to Walcheren sailed, July 30.
 Walcheren evacuated, December 23.
 Grand Jubilee on George III. entering the 50th year of his reign.
 Buonaparte divorces his wife Josephine.
- 1810 Buonaparte marries the Archduchess Maria Louisa of Austria.
 Holland annexed to France, July 9.
 General Bernadotte elected Crown Prince of Sweden.
 Lucien Buonaparte takes refuge at Malta.
 Capture of the Mauritius.
- 1811 Prince of Wales appointed Regent, February 6.
 Battle of Barossa, March 5.
 Battle of Almeida, May 3, 5.
 Battle of Albuera, May 16.
 Comet appeared visible for some weeks to the naked eye, from September 1.
- 1812 Ciudad Rodrigo taken by storm, January 19.
 Badajoz ditto, April 6.
 Mr. Perceval shot by Bellingham, May 12, in the Lobby of the House of Commons.
 Battle of Salamanca, July 22.
 America declares war against England, June 18.
 France declares war against Russia, June 23.
 Battle of Smolensko, August 16, 17.
 Battle of Borodino, September 7.
 Buonaparte enters Moscow, September 14;—abandons it, October 22;—quits his army at Smorgonie, and escapes by flight, December 5;—arrives at Paris, December 18.
 Prussian General Yorck enters into a convention with the Russians, December 30.
- 1813 Prussia declares against France, March 17.
 Battle of Lutzen, May 2.
 — of Bautzen and Wurtschen, May 20, 21.
 Armistice agreed to, June 4.

- 1813 Battle of Vittoria, June 21.
 ——— of the Pyrennees, August 11.
 Hostilities in Germany renewed, Austria declares war against France, August 17.
 St. Sebastian's taken by storm, August 31.
 Lord Wellington enters France at the head of his army, October 7.
 Buonaparte defeated near Leipsic, with immense loss, October 18—20.
 The Dutch recall the prince of Orange, December 1.
 The allies cross the Rhine, December 20.
- 1814 The allies enter Paris, March 31.
 Buonaparte dethroned and sent to Elba, April 6.
 Battle of Toulouse, April 11.
 Louis XVIII. recalled, May 2.
 Peace signed, June 2.
 The Sovereigns of Russia and Prussia visited London, June 6.
 Washington taken, August 24.
- 1815 Peace with America.
 Buonaparte returns from Elba to Paris without opposition, and resumes the Imperial power.
 Louis XVIII. retires to Lille, and afterwards to Ghent.
 The Allies issue a Declaration against Buonaparte, and march into France.
 Buonaparte gains successes over the Prussians, June 16th and 17th.
- 1815 Buonaparte entirely routed by the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blucher, June 18th at Waterloo.
 Louis XVIII. returns to Paris.
 The Duke of Wellington enters Paris.
 Buonaparte surrenders to the British, and is sent to St. Helena.
- 1816 Princess Charlotte of Wales married to the Prince of Saxe Cobourg.
 Algiers bombarded by the English; and christian slavery abolished.
- 1817 Treaty between Spain and England, by which the former partially renounced the slave trade.
 Waterloo Bridge finished.
 Princess Charlotte of Wales died.
- 1818 Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.
 Buonaparte's son created Duke of Reichstadt.
 Queen Charlotte died, aged 74.
- 1819 Southwark Bridge finished.
 20,000 Spanish troops destined to act against the Patriots in South America mutinied, and deserted at Cadiz.
 Military force called in at a meeting for Parliamentary Reform, at Manchester, when several lives were lost, and many severely injured.
- 1820 Constitutional troops in Spain occupy the Isle of Leon; the commencement of the Revolution.
 Duke de Berri assassinated in Paris.
 Duke of Kent died.
 George III. died, in the 82d year of his age, and 60th of his reign.
 George IV. ascended the throne, and proclaimed, January 31.
 Ferdinand VII. confirms the Spanish revolution—convokes the Cortes—abolishes the inquisition—and decrees the liberty of the press.
 Bill of Pains and Penalties against Queen Caroline introduced by Lord Liverpool.
 Mr. Canning quits the ministry in consequence of this proceeding.
 Revolution in Naples, and the constitution adopted by the King.
 Revolution in Sicily.
 Queen Caroline received addresses from all parts of the United Kingdom, applauding her conduct in meeting the charges against her, and reprobating her persecutors.
 Bill of Pains and Penalties against the Queen withdrawn, to the great joy of the nation.

- 1820 Spanish Constitution adopted in Portugal.
Austria sends an army into Italy to put down the constitutional governments.
Queen Caroline returns thanks to Almighty God, at St. Paul's, for her signal deliverance from her enemies.
- 1821 The Austrians succeed in crushing the revolution in Italy—many of the Patriots put to death.
Buonaparte died at St. Helena, of cancer in the stomach, aged 52.
Coronation of George IV. July 19.
Queen Caroline died, after seven days' illness.
- 1822 Steam vessels used at sea.
Horrid barbarities practised by the Turks on the Greeks at Scio and other places.
Gas used to light public buildings internally.
Five per cents. reduced.
Mexico declared independent, and Iturbidé crowned Emperor.
Peru declared a republic, and its constitution published.
Capitulation of Athens to the Greeks.
Brazil declared independent.
Destructive earthquake in Syria.
Chourschid Pacha defeated by the Greeks—the Grand' Seignior ordered that all christian prisoners should be put to death—and the pacha himself was beheaded for his want of success.
- 1823 A French army, under the Duc d'Angouleme, marched into Spain, overturned the constitutional government, and restored Ferdinand to absolute power, who rescinded all the public acts from the date of the revolution.
Riego, the patriot general, hanged at Madrid.
Spanish patriots, in great numbers, took refuge in London, where a liberal subscription was opened for their support.
- 1824 Algiers blockaded by Sir H. B. Neale, the Dey having sent christians into slavery, contrary to the treaty of 1816.
Four per cents. reduced.
Order of council issued for improving the condition of the negro slaves in three of the colonies.
Bishops appointed in the West Indies.
Commission issued to inquire into alleged abuses in the Court of Chancery.

MEN OF LEARNING AND GENIUS.

Before
Christ.

- 907 **H**OMER, the first profane writer and Greek poet, fl. *Pope*.
Hesiod, the Greek poet, supposed to live near the time of Homer. *Cooke*.
- 884 Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver.
- 600 Sappho, the Greek lyric poetess, fl. *Fawkes*.
- 558 Solon, lawgiver of Athens.
- 566 Æsop, the first Greek fabulist. *Croxal*.
- 548 Thales, the first Greek astronomer and geographer.
- 497 Pythagoras, founder of the Pythagorean philosophy in Greece. *Rowe*.
- 474 Anacreon, the Greek lyric poet. *Fawkes, Addison*.
- 456 Æschylus, the first Greek tragic poet. *Potter*.
- 435 Pindar, the Greek lyric poet. *West*.
- 413 Herodotus, of Greece, the first writer of profane history. *Littlebury*.
- 407 Aristophanes, the Greek comic poet, fl. *White*.
Euripides, the Greek tragic poet. *Woodhall*.
- 406 Sophocles, ditto. *Franklin, Potter*.

- 406 Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, fl.
 400 Socrates, the founder of moral philosophy in Greece.
 391 Thucydides, the Greek historian. *Smith, Hobbes.*
 361 Hippocrates, the Greek physician. *Clifton.*
 Democritus, the Greek philosopher.
 359 Xenophon, the Greek philosopher and historian. *Smith, Spelman, Ashley, Fielding.*
 348 Plato, the Greek philosopher, and disciple of Socrates. *Sydenham.*
 336 Isocrates, the Greek orator. *Dimsdale.*
 332 Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, and disciple of Plato. *Hobbes.*
 313 Demosthenes, the Athenian orator, poisoned himself. *Leland, Francis.*
 288 Theophrastus, the Greek philosopher, and scholar of Aristotle. *Budget.*
 285 Theocritus, the first Greek pastoral poet, fl. *Faukes.*
 277 Euclid, of Alexandria, in Egypt, the mathematician, fl. *R. Simpson.*
 270 Epicurus, founder of the Epicurean philosophy in Greece. *Digby.*
 261 Xenon, founder of the Stoic philosophy in ditto.
 244 Callimachus, the Greek elegiac poet.
 208 Archimedes, the Greek geometrician.
 184 Plautus, the Roman comic poet. *Thornton.*
 259 Terence, of Carthage, the Latin comic poet. *Colman.*
 155 Diogenes, of Babylon, the Stoic philosopher.
 124 Polybius, of Greece, the Greek and Roman historian. *Hampton.*
 54 Lucretius, the Roman poet. *Creech.*
 44 Julius Cæsar, the Roman historian and commentator killed. *Duncan.*
 Diodorus Siculus, of Greece, the universal historian, fl. *Booth.*
 Vitruvius, the Roman architect, fl.
 43 Cicero, the Roman orator and philosopher, put to death. *Gulhrrie, Melmoth.*
 Cornelius Nepos, the Roman biographer, fl. *Rowe.*
 34 Sallust, the Roman historian. *Gordon, Rose.*
 30 Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, the Roman historian, fl. *Spelman.*
 19 Virgil, the Roman epic poet. *Dryden, Pitt, Warton.*
 11 Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, Roman poets. *Grainger, Dart.*
 8 Horace, the Roman lyric and satiric poet. *Francis.*
- A. C.
 17 Livy, the Roman historian. *Ray.*
 19 Ovid, the Roman elegiac poet. *Garth.*
 20 Celsus, the Roman philosopher and physician, fl. *Grieve.*
 25 Strabo, the Greek geographer.
 33 Phædrus, the Roman fabulist. *Smart.*
 45 Paterculus, the Roman historian, fl. *Newcombe.*
 62 Persius, the Roman satiric poet. *Brewster.*
 64 Quintus Curtius, a Roman historian of Alexander the Great, fl. *Digby.*
 Seneca of Spain, the philosopher and tragic poet, put to death. *L'Estrange.*
 65 Lucan, the Roman epic poet, ditto. *Rowe.*
 79 Pliny the elder, the Roman natural historian. *Holland.*
 93 Josephus, the Jewish historian. *Whiston.*
 94 Epictetus, the Greek stoic philosopher, fl. *Mrs. Carter.*
 95 Quinctilian, the Roman orator and advocate. *Gulhrrie.*
 96 Statius, the Roman epic poet. *Lewis.*
 Lucius Florus, of Spain, the Roman historian, fl.
 99 Tacitus, the Roman historian. *Gordon.*
 104 Martial, of Spain, the epigrammatic poet. *Hay.*
 Valerius Flaccus, the Roman epic poet.
 116 Pliny the younger, historical letters. *Melmoth, Orrery.*
 117 Suetonius, the Roman historian. *Hughes.*
 119 Plutarch of Greece, the biographer. *Dryden, Langhorne.*
 128 Juvenal, the Roman satiric poet. *Dryden.*
 140 Ptolemy, the Egyptian geographer, mathematician, and astronomer, fl.
 150 Justin, the Roman historian, fl. *Turnbull.*

- 161 Arrian, the Roman historian and philosopher, fl. *Rooke*.
- 167 Justin, of Samaria, the oldest christian author after the apostles.
- 180 Lucian, the Roman philologer. *Dimsdale, Dryden, Franklin*.
 Marcus Aur. Antoninus, Roman emperor and philosopher. *Collier, Elphinstone*.
- 193 Galen, the Greek philosopher and physician.
- 200 Diogenes Laertius, the Greek biographer, fl.
- 229 Dion Cassius, of Greece, the Roman historian, fl.
- 254 Origen, a Christian father, of Alexandria.
 Herodian, of Alexandria, the Roman historian, fl. *Hart*.
- 258 Cyprian, of Carthage, suffered martyrdom. *Marshal*.
- 273 Longinus, the Greek orator, put to death by Aurelian. *Smith*.
- 320 Lactantius, a father of the church, fl.
- 336 Arius, a priest of Alexandria, founder of the sect of Arians.
- 347 Eusebius, the ecclesiastical historian and chronologer. *Hanmer*.
- 379 Basil, bishop of Cæsarea.
- 389 Gregory Nazianzen, bishop of Constantinople.
- 397 Ambrose, bishop of Milan.
- 415 Macrobius, the Roman grammarian.
- 428 Eutropius, the Roman historian.
- 524 Boethius, the Roman poet, and Platonic philosopher. *Bellamy, Preston*.
- 529 Procopius of Cæsarea, the Roman historian. *Holcroft*.
- 605 Augustine, the monk, who first preached in England.
- 632 Mahomet, the pseudo prophet.
- 735 Bede, a priest of Northumberland; history of the Saxons, Scots, &c.
- 901 King Alfred.
- 1181 Glanville, the lawyer.
- 1259 Matthew Paris, monk of St. Alban's; history of England.
- 1274 Thomas Aquinas, the schoolman.
- 1292 Roger Bacon, Somersetshire; natural philosophy.
- 1308 John Fordun, a priest of Mearns-shire; history of Scotland.
- 1374 Petrarch, the poet.
- 1376 Boccace, the poet and novelist.
- 1385 Wickliffe, the first reformer.
- 1402 John Gower, the first English poet.
- 1425 Monstrelet, the historian.
- 1440 Chaucer, the poet.
- 1520 Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci, painters.
 Henry Stephens, lexicographer and scholiast.
- 1535 Sir Thomas More, London; history, politics, divinity.
- 1536 Erasmus; theology, &c.
- 1552 John Leland, London; lives and antiquities.
- 1553 Rabelais; author of Gargantua and Pantagruel.
- 1558 Scaliger, critic and scholiast.
- 1568 Roger Ascham, Yorkshire; philology and polite literature.
- 1572 John Knox, the Scotch reformer; history of the church of Scotland.
- 1579 Camoens, the poet.
- 1582 George Buchanan, Dumbartonshire; history of Scotland, Psalms of David,
 politics, &c.
- 1586 Sir Philip Sidney; poet, &c.
- 1592 Montaigne, the essayist.
- 1598 Edmund Spenser, London; Fairy Queen, and other poems.
- 1600 R. Hooker, theology.
- 1601 Tycho Brache; astronomy.
- 1609 Joseph Scaliger; critic and scholiast.
 Annibal Caracci; painter.
- 1614 Casaubon; criticism, &c.
- 1615 Beaumont and Fletcher; drama.
- 1616 William Shakspeare, Stratford; tragedies and comedies.
- 1620 Cervantes; novelist.

- 1622 John Napier; discoverer of logarithms.
 1623 William Camden; history and antiquities.
 1626 Lord Chancellor Bacon; philosophy, &c. &c.
 1628 Guido and Rubens; painters.
 1630 Kepler; astronomy.
 1634 Lord Chief Justice Coke; jurisprudence.
 1635 Lopez de Vega; poet.
 1638 Ben Jonson; drama.
 1640 Massinger; drama.
 1641 Sir Henry Spelman; laws and antiquities.
 Vandyke and Dominichino; painters.
 1642 Galileo; astronomy, &c.
 1645 Grotius; jurist, &c.
 1648 Voiture; poet, &c.
 1650 Descartes; philosopher.
 Vossius; philology, &c.
 1651 Inigo Jones; architecture.
 1654 John Selden; antiquities and laws.
 Beza; letters and poems.
 1655 Gassendi; mathematics, philosophy, &c.
 1657 Dr. William Harvey; discovered the circulation of the blood.
 1658 Paschal; theology, &c.
 Scarron; comic writer.
 1666 James Howell; politics, &c.
 1667 Abraham Cowley; miscellaneous poetry.
 1667 to 1694 Guercino, Poussin, Wouvermans, Salvator Rosa, Rembrandt, Gerard
 Dow, Peter Lely, Mieris, Berghem, Murillo, Van Ostade, Carlo Dolci.
 and Teniers; painters.
 1671 Moliere; drama.
 1674 John Milton, the poet.
 Hyde, earl of Clarendon; History of the Civil Wars in England.
 1675 James Gregory; mathematics, geometry, and optics.
 1676 Matthew Hale; lawyer, jurisprudence, philosophy, &c.
 1677 Dr. Barrow; natural philosophy, mathematics, and sermons.
 1679 Hobbes, the philosopher.
 1680 Samuel Butler; author of Hudibras.
 Rochefoucauld; philosopher.
 1683 Algernon Sidney; statesman.
 1684 Corneille; drama.
 1685 Thomas Otway; tragedies and comedies, with other poems.
 1687 Edmund Waller; poems, speeches, letters, &c.
 1688 Dr. Ralph Cudworth; Intellectual System.
 1689 Dr. Thomas Sydenham; History of Physic.
 1690 Nathaniel Lee; tragedies.
 1691 Robert Boyle; natural and experimental philosophy and theology.
 1694 John Tillotson, archbishop of Canterbury; theology.
 1695 Puffendorf, jurist.
 La Fontaine, the poet.
 1697 Sir William Temple; politics and polite literature.
 1699 La Bruyere; moralist, &c.
 Racine; dramatic poet.
 1701 John Dryden; tragedies and comedies, satiric poems.
 1704 John Locke; philosophy, government, and theology.
 Bourdaloue; theology, &c.
 1705 John Ray; botany, natural philosophy, and divinity.
 1706 Bossuet; theology, &c. &c.
 Bayle; philosopher, &c.
 1707 George Farquhar; comedies.
 1711 Boileau; poet.

- 1713 Ant. Ash. Cowper, earl of Shaftsbury; Characteristics.
- 1714 Bishop Burnet; history, biography, divinity, &c.
- 1715 Fenelon; belles lettres, theology, philosophy.
Malebranche; philosophy, &c.
William Wycherley; drama.
- 1716 Leibnitz; general literature.
- 1718 Nicholas Rowe; tragedies, translation of Lucan's Pharsalia.
- 1719 Rev. John Flamstead; mathematics and astronomy.
Joseph Addison; belles lettres, poems, politics.
- 1721 Matthew Prior; poems and politics.
Huet; theology, general literature.
- 1724 William Wollaston; Religion of Nature delineated.
- 1725 Rapin; history.
- 1727 Sir Isaac Newton; mathematics, geometry, astronomy, optics.
- 1729 Rev. Dr. Samuel Clarke; mathematics, divinity, &c.
Sir Richard Steele; four comedies, papers in Tatler, &c.
William Congreve; drama.
- 1731 Bishop Atterbury; theology.
- 1732 John Gay; poems, fables, and eleven dramatic pieces.
Riccoboni; drama.
- 1733 Corelli, the musician.
- 1734 Dr. John Arbuthnot; medicine, coins, politics.
- 1738 Boerhaave; medicine.
- 1740 Nicholas Saunderson; mathematician.
- 1741 Rollin; belles lettres.
Montfaucon; antiquary.
- 1742 Dr. Edmund Halley; natural philosophy, astronomy, navigation.
Dr. Richard Bentley; classical learning, criticism.
Massillon; theology.
- 1744 Alexander Pope; poems, letters, translation of Homer.
- 1745 Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift; poems, politics, and letters.
Le Sage; novelist.
- 1748 James Thomson; Seasons, and other poems, tragedies.
Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts; logic, philosophy, psalms, hymns, sermons, &c.
- 1750 Rev. Dr. Conyers; life of Cicero, &c.
- 1751 Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke; philosophy, metaphysics, and politics.
Aguesseau; jurisprudence.
- 1754 Dr. Richard Mead; medicine.
Henry Fielding; novels and drama.
- 1755 Montesquieu; jurisprudence.
- 1757 Fontenelle; astronomy, &c.
- 1759 Handel; music.
- 1761 Bishop Sherlock; sermons, &c.
Bishop Hoadley; sermons and polemics.
Samuel Richardson; novelist.
Rev. Dr. John Leland; theology.
George Anson; circumnavigator.
- 1763 Marivaux and Prevost; novelists.
- 1764 Churchill, the poet.
- 1765 Rev. Dr. Edward Young; Night Thoughts, and other poems, three tragedies.
- 1768 Rev. Lawrence Sterne; sermons and novels.
Winkelman; antiquary, &c.
Olivet; philology, criticism.
- 1770 Rev. Dr. Jortin; Ecclesiastical History, and Sermons.
Dr. Mark Akenside; poems.
Dr. Tobias Smollett; History of England, novels, translations.
- 1771 Thomas Gray; poems.
- 1773 Philip Dormer Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield; letters.
Dr. Hawkesworth; essayist, editor of Cook's Voyages, &c.
George, Lord Lyttelton; History of England.

- 1774 Oliver Goldsmith ; poems, essays, and other pieces.
Bishop Pearce ; Annotations on the New Testament, &c.
- 1776 David Hume ; History of England, and essays.
James Ferguson ; astronomy.
- 1777 Samuel Foote ; plays.
- 1778 Voltaire ; philosophy, poetry, history, drama, &c.
Rousseau ; philosophy, &c. &c.
William Pitt, earl of Chatham ; statesman.
- 1779 David Garrick, actor, and author of dramatic pieces.
Dr. Armstrong, poet.
Bishop Warburton ; theology, criticism, &c.
- 1780 Sir William Blackstone ; jurisprudence.
James Harris ; philology and philosophy.
Condillac ; philology, &c.
James Cook ; circumnavigator.
- 1782 Bishop Newton ; theology.
Henry Home, Lord Kames ; Elements of Criticism, Sketches of the History of Man.
Metastasio ; drama.
- 1783 Dr. William Hunter ; anatomy.
Dr. Benjamin Kennicott ; Hebrew Version of the Bible, theological tracts.
John Dunning, Lord Ashburton ; advocate.
Dr. Samuel Johnson ; lexicographer, moralist, biographer, and critic.
D'Alembert ; Mathematics, &c.
- 1784 Dr. Thomas Morell ; Editor of Ainsworth's Dictionary, Hedericus's Lexicon, and some Greek tragedies.
- 1785 Diderot ; member of the French Academy, mathematics, &c.
- 1787 Bishop Lowth ; criticism, divinity, grammar.
Soame Jenyns ; Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, and other pieces.
- 1788 Buffon, the naturalist.
Thomas Gainsborough ; painter.
- 1790 Dr. William Cullen ; medicine.
Benjamin Franklin ; electricity, natural philosophy, miscellanies.
Dr. Adam Smith ; Moral Sentiments, Inquiry into the Wealth of Nations.
Thomas Warton ; poet laureat.
- 1791 Dr. Price ; sermons, civil liberty, politico-economy.
John Wesley ; the preacher.
Mirabeau ; politics, &c.
- 1792 Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy of Painting.
Mozart ; music.
Bishop Horne ; sermons, &c.
- 1793 Rev. Dr. William Robertson ; history.
Lavoisier ; chemist, &c.
John Hunter ; anatomy.
Earl of Mansfield ; jurisprudence.
Florian ; novelist.
Beccaria ; philosophy, jurisprudence, &c.
- 1794 Edward Gibbon ; history.
George Colman ; drama.
Tiraboschi ; history.
- 1795 Dr. Alexander Gerrard ; Essay on Taste, Sermons.
Sir William Jones, one of the judges of India, and president of the Asiatic Society ; several law Tracts, translation of Isæus, and of the Moallakat, or Seven Arabian poems, and many valuable papers in the Asiatic Researches.
- 1796 Robert Burns, the Scottish poet.
Barthelemy ; history, philology, &c.
- 1797 Edmund Burke ; politics, philosophy, &c.
Horace Walpole ; miscellaneous writer.
William Mason ; poet.

- 1798 Thomas Pennant; naturalist, topographer.
 1799 Marmontel; novelist, &c.
 Thomas Paine; politics.
 Beaumarchais; drama, &c.
 George Washington; statesman.
 John Bacon; sculptor.
 William Melmoth; translator of Cicero, &c.
 1800 Dr. Blair; divinity and morals.
 William Cowper; poet.
 1801 Gilbert Wakefield; critic, &c.
 1802 Lord Kenyon; jurisprudence.
 1803 De la Harpe; belles lettres, criticism.
 Dr. Beattie; morals, poetry, &c.
 Brunck; philology, &c.
 Alféri; poet.
 1804 Dr. Priestley; chemistry, philosophy, &c.
 Jacob Bryant; Ancient Mythology.
 1805 Schiller; poet, drama, &c.
 Dr. W. Paley; theology, moral philosophy.
 1806 William Pitt; statesman.
 Charles James Fox; statesman and historian.
 Lord Thurlow; jurisprudence.
 Bishop Horsley; theology, mathematics.
 1807 Lalande; astronomy.
 1808 Bishop Hurd; theology, &c.
 Richard Porson; Greek literature.
 1809 Haydn; music.
 Fourcroy; chemist, &c.
 1810 William Windham; statesman.
 1811 Richard Cumberland; dramatic writer, essayist, &c.
 Heyne; criticism.
 Bishop Percy; poetry, &c.
 1812 John Horne Tooke; philology and politics.
 1813 Abbe de Lisle; French poet.
 1816 Richard Brinsley Sheridan; dramatic writer, orator.
 Bishop Watson; theology, philosophy, &c.
 J. P. Curran; advocate.
 1818 Sir Samuel Romilly; constitutional lawyer, legislator.
 Lord Ellenborough; jurisprudence.
 Dr. Burney; Greek literature.
 1820 Henry Grattan; statesman, orator.
 1821 Dr. Vicesimus Knox; belles lettres, theology, morals, &c.
 1822 Canova; sculptor.
 Herschell; astronomer.
 1823 Lord Erskine; advocate, constitutional lawyer.

N.B. *The date generally implies the Year when the above individuals died; but when that is unknown, the letters fl, signify the period when they flourished. The names in Italics, are those who have given the best English Translations.*

THE END.







