Pennsylvania

THE

LITERARY MISCELLANY

or,

SELECTIONS AND EXTRACTS,

CLASSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC;

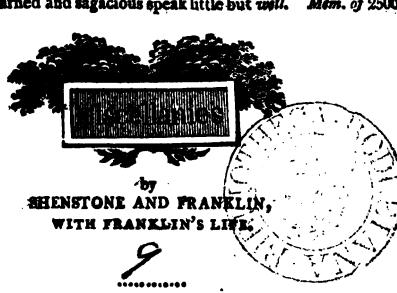
with

Originals,

in

PROSE AND VERSE.

Convinced by the most strict observation, that the mind is embarrassed by a thousand extrinsic difficulties, and sensible that a numerous library is the seat of the greatest extravagancies and the most idle chimeras, we have made an election, by extracting the substance of numerous volumes, which we have included in small duodecimos; not unlike skilful chymists, who concentre the virtues of many plants in a small phial, and cast aside the refuse. Innumerable quantities of books are made; it is our business to collect the scattered and valuable parts. The ignorant babble eternally; the learned and sagacious speak little but *well*. *Mem. of* 2500.



by

SHENSTONE AND FRANKLIN,

WITH FRANKLIN'S LIFE.

STOURPORT,

PRINTED BY G. NICHOLSON.

1812.

A compiler is, of all kinds of writers, the most responsible to the public for his productions; for as the whole field of literature is before him, blooming with the labours of other men, it is reasonable to expect that he will present us with what is most elegant in it's kind. *Monthly Review.*

ESSAYS
ON
MEN AND MANNERS.

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

Hermit.

Printed & Sold by George Nicholson Broughall, Ludlow.
Sold also by H. D. Symonds, Paternoster row,
and Champante & Whitrow, 4, Jewry-Street, Aldgate, London;
and all other Booksellers.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Admired as Mr. Shenstone is as a poet, his character, as a man of clear judgment, and deep penetration, will best appear from his prose works. It is there we must search for the acuteness of his understanding, and his profound knowledge of the human heart. It is to be lamented, indeed, that some things here are unfinished, and can be regarded only as fragments: many are left as single thoughts, but which, like the sparks of diamonds, shew the richness of the mine to which they belong; or, like the foot of a Hercules, discover the uncommon strength, and extraordinary dimensions of the hero. I have no apprehension of incurring blame from any one, for preserving these valuable remains: they will discover to every reader, the author's sentiments on several important subjects. And there can be very few, to whom they will not impart many thoughts, which they would never perhaps have been able to draw from the source of their own reflections.

From Robert Dodsley's Preface to Shenstone's Works.

ESSAYS ON MEN AND MANNERS.

ON PUBLICATIONS.

It is not unamusing to consider the several apologies that people make when they commence authors. It is taken for granted that, on every publication, there is at least a seeming violation of modesty; a presumption, on the writer's side, that he is able to instruct or to entertain the world; which implies a supposition that he can communicate, what they cannot draw from their own reflections. To remove any prejudice this might occasion, has been the general intent of prefaces. Some we find extremely solicitous to claim acquaintance with their reader; addressing him by the most tender and endearing appellations. He is in general styled the most loving, candid, and courteous creature that ever breathed; with a view, doubtless, that he will deserve the compliment; and that his favour may be secured at the expense of his better judgment. Mean and idle expectation! The accidental elopements and adventures of a composition; the danger of an imperfect and surreptitious publication; the pressing and indiscreet instances of friends; the pious and well-meant frauds of acquaintance; with the irresistible commands of persons in high life; have been excuses often substituted in place of the real motives,

vanity and hunger. The most allowable reasons for appearing thus in public are, either the advantage or amusement of our fellow-creatures, or our own private emolument and reputation.

A man possessed of intellectual talents would be more blameable in confining them to his own private use, than the mean-spirited miser, that did the same by his money. The latter is indeed obliged to bid adieu to what he communicates; the former enjoys his treasures while even he renders others the better for them.

A composition that enters the world with a view of improving or amusing it (I mean only, amusing it in a polite or innocent way) has a claim to our utmost indulgence, even tho' it fail of the effect intended. When a writer's private interest appears the motive of his publication, the reader has a larger scope for accusation, if he be a sufferer. Whoever pays for thoughts, which this kind of writers may be said to vend, has room enough to complain, if he be disappointed of his bargain. He has no revenge, but ridicule; and, contrary to the practice in other cases, to make the worst of a bad bargain.

When the love of fame acts on a man of genius the case appears to stand thus. The generality of the world, distinguished by the name of readers, observe, with a reluctance not unnatural, a person raising himself above them. All men have some desire of fame, and fame is grounded on comparison. Every one then is somewhat inclined to dispute his title to a superiority; and to disallow his pretensions on the discovery of a flaw. Indeed, a fine writer, like a luminous body, may be beneficial to the person he enlightens; but it is plain, he renders the capacity of the other more discernable.—Examination, how-

ever, is a sort of turnpike in the way to fame, where, tho' a writer be a while detained, and part with a trifle from his pocket, he finds in return a more commodious and easy road to the temple.

When, therefore, a man is conscious of ability to serve his country, or believes himself possessed of it (for there is no previous test on this occasion) he has no room to hesitate, or need to make apology.—When self-interest inclines a man to print, he should consider that the purchaser expects a penny-worth for his penny; and has reason to asperse his honesty if he find himself deceived.—Also, that it is possible to publish a book of no value, which is too frequently the product of such mercenary people.—When fame is the principal object of our devotion, it should be considered whether our character be like to gain in point of wit, what it will probably lose in point of modesty: otherwise, we shall be censured of vanity more than famed for genius; and depress our character while we strive to raise it. After all, there is a propensity in some to communicate their thoughts without any view at all: the more sanguine of these employ the press; the less lively are contented with being impertinent in conversation.

ON THE TEST OF POPULAR OPINION.

I happen to fall into company with a citizen, a courtier, and an academic. Says the citizen, I am told continually of taste, refinement, and politeness; but methinks the vulgar and illiterate generally approve the same productions with the connoisseurs. One rarely finds a landscape, a building,

or a play, that has charms for the critic exclusive of the mechanic. But, on the other hand, one readily remarks students who labour to be dull, depraving their native relish by the very means they use to refine it. The vulgar may not indeed be capable of giving the reasons why a composition pleases them. That mechanical distinction they leave to the connoisseur. But they are at all times, methinks, judges of the beauty of an effect, a part of knowledge in most respects allowedly more genteel than that of the operator. Says the courtier, I cannot answer for every individual instance: but I think, moderately speaking, the vulgar are generally in the wrong. If they happen to be otherwise, it is principally owing to their implicit reliance on the skill of their superiors: and this has sometimes been strangely effectual in making them imagine they relish perfection. In short, if ever they judge well, it is at the time they least presume to frame opinions for themselves. It is true they will pretend to taste an object which they know their betters do. But then they consider some person's judgment as a certain standard or rule; they find the object exactly tally; and this demonstrated appearance of beauty affords them some small degree of satisfaction.

It is the same with regard to the appetite, from which the metaphor of taste is borrowed. 'Such a soup or olio,' say they, 'is much in vogue; and if you do not like it, you must learn to like it.' But in poetry, for instance, it is urged that the vulgar discover the same beauties with the man of reading. Now half or more of the beauties of poetry depend on metaphor or allusion, neither of which, by a mind uncultivated, can be applied to their proper coun-

terparts. Their beauty, of consequence, is like a picture to a blind man. How many of these peculiarities in poetry turn upon a knowledge of philosophy and history: and let me add, these latent beauties give the most delight to such as can unfold them. I might launch out much farther in regard to the narrow limits of their apprehensions—what I have said may exclude their infallibility; and it is my opinion they are seldom right. The academic spoke little, but to the purpose; asserting that all ranks and stations have their different spheres of judging: that a clown of native taste enough to relish Handel's Messiah, might unquestionably be so instructed as to relish it yet more: that an author, before he prints, should not flatter himself with a confused expectation of pleasing both the vulgar and the polite; few things in comparison, being capable of doing both in any great degree: that he should always measure out his plan for the size of understanding he would fit. If he can content himself with the mob, he is pretty sure of numbers for a time. If he write with more abundant elegance, it may escape the organs of such readers; but he will have a chance for such applause as will more sensibly affect him. Let a writer then in his first performances neglect the idea of profit, and the vulgar's applause entirely: let him address himself to the judicious few, and then profit and the mob will follow. His first appearance on the stage of letters will engross the politer compliments; and his latter will partake of the irrational huzza.

ON ALLOWING MERIT IN OTHERS.

A certain gentleman was expressing himself as follows: I confess, I have no great taste for poetry; but, if I had, I am apt to believe I should read no other poetry than that of Mr. Pope. The rest but barely arrive at a mediocrity in their art; and, to be sure, poetry of that stamp can afford but slender pleasure. I know not, says another, what may be the gentleman's motive to give this opinion: but I am persuaded, numbers pretend the same through mere jealousy or envy. A reader considers an author, as one who lays claim to a superior genius. He is ever inclined to dispute it, because, if he happen to invalidate his title, he has at least one superior the less. Now tho' a man's absolute merit may not depend on the inferiority of another, yet his comparative worth varies in regard to that of other people. Self-love, therefore, is ever attentive to pursue the single point of admitting no more into the class of superiors, than it is impossible to exclude. Could it even limit the number to one, they would soon attempt to undermine him. Even Mr. Pope had been refused his honours, but that the very constraint, and even absurdity, of people's shutting their eyes grew as disagreeable to them, as that excellence, which, when open, they could not but discover. But self-love obtains it's wishes in another respect also. It hereby not only depresses the characters of many who have written, but stifles the genius of such as might hereafter rise from amongst our inferiors. Let us not deny to Mr. Pope the praises which a person enamoured of

poetry would bestow on one that excelled in it: but let us consider Parnassus rather as a republic than a monarchy; where, altho' some may be in possession of a more cultivated spot, yet others may possess land as fruitful, on equal cultivation. On the whole, let us reflect, that the nature of the soil, and the extent of it's fertility, must remain undiscovered, if the gentleman's desponding principle should meet with approbation. Mr. Pope's chief excellence lies in what I would term consolidating or condensing sentences, yet preserving ease and perspicuity. In smoothness of verse, perhaps, he has been equalled: in regard to invention, excelled. Add to this, if the writers of antiquity may be esteemed our truest models, Mr. Pope is much more witty, and less simple, than his own Horace appears in any of his writings. More witty, and less simple, than the modern Monsieur Boileau, who claimed the merit of uniting the style of Juvenal and Persius with that of Horace. Satire gratifies self-love. This was one source of his popularity; and he seems even so very conscious of it as to stigmatize many inoffensive characters. The circumstance of what is called alliteration and the nice adjustment of the pause, have conspired to charm the present age, but have at the same time given his verses a very cloying peculiarity. But, perhaps, we must not expect to trace the flow of Waller, the landscape of Thomson, the fire of Dryden, the imagery of Shakespeare, the simplicity of Spenser, the courtliness of Prior, the humour of Swift, the wit of Cowley, the delicacy of Addison, the tenderness of Otway, and the invention, the spirit, and sublimity of Milton, joined in any single writer. The lovers of poetry, there-

fore, should allow some praise to those who shine in any branch of it, and only range them into classes according to that species in which they shine.

"Quare agite, O juvenes!"

Banish the self-debasing principle, and scorn the disingenuity of readers. Humility has depressed many a genius into a hermit; but never yet raised one into a poet of eminence.

THE IMPROMPTU.

The critics, however unable to fix the time which it is most proper to allow for the action of an epic poem, have universally agreed that some certain space is not to be exceeded. Concerning this, Aristotle, their great Lycurgus, is entirely silent. Succeeding critics have done little more than cavil concerning the time really taken up by the greatest epic writers: that if they could not frame a law, they might at least establish a precedent of unexceptionable authority. Homer, say they, confined the action of his "Iliad," or rather his action may be reduced, to the space of two months. His "Odyssey," according to Bossu and Dacier, is extended to eight years. Virgil's "Æneid" has raised very different opinions in his commentators. Tasso's poem includes a summer.—But leaving such knotty points to persons that appear born for the discussion of them, let us endeavour to establish laws that are more likely to be obeyed than controverted. An epic writer, tho' limited in regard to the time of his action, is under no sort of restraint with regard to the time he takes to finish his poem. Far different is the case with a

writer of Impromptus. He indeed is allowed all the liberties that he can possibly take in his composition, but is rigidly circumscribed with regard to the space in which it is completed. And no wonder; for whatever degree of poignancy may be required in this composition, it's peculiar merit must ever be relative to the expedition with which it is produced. It appears indeed to me to have the nature of that kind of sallad, which certain eminent adepts in chemistry have contrived to raise, while a joint of mutton is roasting. We do not allow ourselves to blame it's unusual flatness and insipidity, but extol the little flavour it has, considering the time of it's vegetation. An extemporaneous poet, therefore, is to be judged as we judge a race-horse; not by the gracefulness of his motion, but the time he takes to finish his course. The best critic upon earth may err in determining his precise degree of merit, if he have neither a stop-watch in his hand, nor a clock within his hearing. To be a little more serious. An extemporaneous piece ought to be examined by a compound ratio, or a medium compounded of it's real worth, and the shortness of the time that is employed in it's production. By this rule even Virgil's poem may be in some sort deemed extemporaneous, as the time he took to perfect so extraordinary a composition, considered with it's real worth, appears shorter than the time employed to write the distichs of Cosconius. On the other hand, I cannot allow this title to the flashes of my friend S—— in the magazine, which have no sort of claim to be called verses, besides their instantaneity.

Having ever made it my ambition to see my writings distinguished for something poignant, unex-

pected, or, in some respects, peculiar; I have acquired a degree of fame by a firm adherence to the Concetti. I have stung folks with my epigrams, amused them with acrostics, puzzled them with rebusses, and distracted them with riddles. It remained only for me to succeed in the Impromptu, for which I was utterly disqualified by a whoreson slowness of apprehension. Still desirous, however, of the immortal honour to grow distinguished for an extempore, I petitioned Apollo to that purpose in a dream. His answer was as follows. 'That whatever piece of wit, either written or verbal, makes any pretence to merit, as of extemporaneous production, shall be said or written within the time that the author supports himself upon one leg. That Horace had explained his meaning, by the phrase *stans pede in uno*. And forasmuch as one man may persevere in the posture longer than another, he would recommend it to all candidates for this extraordinary accomplishment, that they would habituate themselves to study in no other attitude whatsoever.'

Methought I received this answer with the utmost pleasure as well as veneration; hoping, that, however I was debarred of the acumen requisite for an extempore, I might learn to weary out my betters in standing upon one leg.

THE HERMIT.

(In the manner of Cambray.)

'T was in that delightful month which Love prefers before all others, and which most reveres this deity: that month which ever weaves a verdant car-

pet for the earth, and embroiders it with flowers. The banks became inviting through their coverlets of moss; the violets, refreshed by the moisture of descending rains, enriched the tepid air with their agreeable perfumes. But the shower was past; the sun had dispersed the vapours; and the sky was clear and lucid, when Polydore walked forth. He was of a complexion altogether plain and unaffected; a lover of the Muses, and beloved by them. He would oftentimes retire from the noise of mixed conversation, to enjoy the melody of birds, or the murmurs of a water-fall. His neighbours often smiled at his peculiarity of temper; and he, no less, at the vulgar cast of their's. He could never be content to pass his irrevocable time in an idle comment on a newspaper, or in adjusting the precise difference of temperature betwixt the weather of to-day and yesterday. In short, he was not void of some ambition, but what he felt he acknowledged, and was never averse to vindicate. As he never censured any one who indulged their humour inoffensively, so he claimed no manner of applause for those pursuits which gratified his own. But the sentiments he entertained of honour, and the dignity conferred by royal authority, made it wonderful how he bore the thoughts of obscurity and oblivion. He mentioned, with applause, the youths, who by merit had arrived at station; but he thought that all should in life's visit leave some token of their existence; and that their friends might more reasonably expect it from them, than they from their posterity. There were few he he thought, of talents so very inconsiderable, as to be unalterably excluded from all degrees of fame: and in regard to such as had a liberal education, he ever

wished that in some art or science they would be persuaded to engrave their names. He thought it might be some pleasure to reflect, that their names would, at least, be honoured by their descendants, altho' they might escape the notice of such as were not prejudiced in their favour. What a lustre, said he, does the reputation of a Wren, a Waller or a Walsingham, cast on their remotest progeny! and who would not wish rather to be descended from them, than from the mere carcase of nobility? Yet wherever superb titles are faithfully offered as the reward of merit, he thought the allurements of ambition were too transporting to be resisted. But to return. Polydore, a new inhabitant in a sort of wild uninhabited country, was now ascended to the top of a mountain, and in the full enjoyment of a very extensive prospect. Before him a broad and winding valley, variegated with all the charms of landscape. Fertile meadows, glittering streams, pendent rocks and nodding ruins. But these, indeed were much less the objects of his attention, than those distant hills and spires that were almost concealed by one undistinguished azure. The sea, indeed appeared to close the scene, tho' distant as it was, it but little variegated the view. Hardly, indeed, were it distinguishable but for the beams of a descending sun, which, at the same time, warned our traveler to return, before the duskiness and dews of evening had rendered his walk uncomfortable.

He had now descended to the foot of the mountain, when he remarked an old hermit approaching to a little hut which he had formed with his own hands, at the very bottom of the precipice. Polydore, all enamoured of the beauties he had been surveying,

could not avoid wondering at his conduct, who, not content with shunning all commerce with mankind, had contrived as much as possible to exclude all views of nature. He accosted him in the manner following. 'Father,' said he, 'it is with no small surprise, that I observe your choice of situation, by which you seem to neglect the most distant and delightful landscape that ever my eyes beheld. The hill, beneath which you have contrived to hide your habitation, would have afforded you such a variety of natural curiosities, as to a person so contemplative, must appear highly entertaining: and as the cell to which you are advancing is seemingly of your own contrivance, methinks it was probable you would so have placed it, as to present them, in all their beauty to your eye.' The hermit made him this answer. 'My son,' said he, 'the evening approaches, and you have deviated from your way. I would not therefore detain you by my story, did I not imagine the moon would prove a safer guide to you, than that setting sun, which you must otherwise rely on. Enter, therefore, for a while into my cave, and I will then give you some account of my adventures, which will solve your doubts perhaps more effectually than any method I can propose. But before you enter my lone abode, calculated only for the use of meditation, dare to contemn superfluous magnificence, and render thyself worthy of the being I contemplate. 'Know, then that I owe what the world is pleased to call my ruin (and, indeed, justly, were it not for the use which I have made of it) to an assured dependence, in a literal sense, on confused and distant prospects: a consideration, which hath, indeed, so affected me, that I shall nev-

er henceforth enjoy a landscape that lies at so remote a distance, as not to exhibit all it's parts. And, indeed, were I to form the least pretensions to what your world calls taste, I might even then perhaps contend, that a well discriminated landscape, was at all times to be preferred to a distant and promiscuous azure. 'I was born in the parish of a nobleman who arrived to the principal management of the business of the nation. The heir of his family and myself were of the same age, and for some time school-fellows. I had made considerable advances in his esteem; and the mutual affection we entertained for each other, did not long remain unobserved by his family or my own. He was sent early on his travels pursuant to a very injudicious custom, and my parents were solicited to consent that I might accompany him. Intimations were given to my friends, that a person of such importance as his father might contribute much more to my immediate promotion, than the utmost diligence I could use in pursuit of it. My father, I remember, assented with reluctance: my mother, fired with the ambition of her son's future greatness, through much importunity, "wrung from him his slow leave." I, for my own part, wanted no great persuasion. We made what is called the great tour of Europe. We neither of us, I believe, could be said to want natural sense; but being banished so early in life, were more attentive to every deviation from our own indifferent customs, than to any useful examination of their polices or manners. Judgment, for the most part, ripens very slowly. Fancy often expands her blossoms all at once. 'We were now returning home from a six years absence; anticipating the caresses of

our parents and relations, when my ever-honoured companion was attacked by a fever. All possible means of safety proving finally ineffectual, he accosted me in one of his lucid intervals as follows. 'Alas! my Clytander! my life, they tell me, is of very short continuance. The next paroxysm of my fever will probably be conclusive. The prospect of this sudden change does not allow me to speak the gratitude I owe thee; much less to reward the kindness on which it is so justly grounded. Thou knowest I was sent away early from my parents, and the more rational part of my life has been passed with thee alone. It cannot be but they will prove solicitous in their enquires concerning me. Thy narrative will awaken their tenderness, and they cannot but conceive some for their son's companion and his friend. What I would hope is, that they will render thee some services, in place of those their beloved son intended thee, and which I can unfeignedly assert, would have been only bounded by my power. My dear companion! farewell! All other temporal enjoyments have I banished from my heart; but friendship lingers long, and 't is with tears I say, farewell.' My concern was truly so great, that on my arrival in my native country, it was not at all encreased by the consideration that the nobleman on whom my hopes depended, was removed from all his places. I waited on him; and he appeared sensibly grieved that the friendship he had ever professed could now so little avail me. He recommended me however to a friend of his that was then of the successful party, and who, he was assured, would at his request, asssist me to the utmost of his power. I was now in the prime of life, which

I effectually consumed on the empty forms of court-attendance. Hopes arose before me like bubbles upon a stream; as quickly succeeding each other, as superficial, and as vain. Thus busied in my pursuit, and rejecting the assistance of cool examination I found the winter of life approaching, and nothing procured to shelter or protect me when my second patron died. A race of new ones appeared before me, and even yet kept my expectations in play. I wished, indeed, I had retreated sooner; but to retire at last unrecompensed, and when a few months attendance might happen to prove successful, was beyond all power of resolution. 'However, after a few years more attendance, distributed in equal proportions on each of these new patrons, I at length obtained a place of much trouble and small emolument. On the acceptance of this, my eyes seemed open all at once. I had no passion remaining for the splendor which was grown familiar to me, and for servility and confinement I entertained an utter aversion. I officiated, however, for a few weeks in my post, wondering still more and more how I could ever covet the life I led. I was ever most sincere, but sincerity clashed with my situation every moment of the day. In short, I returned home to a paternal income, not, indeed, intending that austere life in which you at present find me engaged. I thought to content myself with common necessaries, and to give the rest, if aught remained, to charity; determined, however, to avoid all appearance of singularity. But alas! to my great surprise, the person who supplied my expenses had so far embroiled my little affairs, that, when my debts, &c. were discharged, I was unable to subsist in any

better manner than I do at present. I grew at first entirely melancholy; left the country where I was born, and raised the humble roof that covers me in a country where I am not known. I now begin to think myself happy in my present way of life: I cultivate a few vegetables to support me; and the little well there is a very clear one. I am now an useless individual; little able to benefit mankind; but a prey to shame, and to confusion, on the first glance of every eye that knows me. My spirits are, indeed, something raised by a clear sky, or a meridian sun; but as to extensive views of the country, I think them well enough exchanged for the warmth and comfort which this vale affords me. Ease, is at least, the proper ambition of age, and it is confessedly my supreme one. Yet will I not permit you to depart from a hermit, without one instructive lesson. Whatever situation in life you ever wish or propose for yourself, acquire a clear and lucid idea of the inconveniencies attending it. I utterly contemned and rejected, after a month's experience, the very post I had all my lifetime been solicitous to procure.'

A CHARACTER.

—— He was a youth so amply furnished, with every excellence of mind, that he seemed alike capable of acquiring or disregarding the goods of fortune. He had, indeed, all the learning and erudition that can be derived from universities, without the pedantry and ill-manners which are too often their attendants. What few or none acquire by the most intense assiduity, he possessed by nature; I mean,

that elegance of taste, which disposed him to admire beauty under it's great variety of appearances. It passed not unobserved by him either in the cut of a sleeve, or the integrity of a moral action. The proportion of a statue, the convenience of an edifice, the movement in a dance, and the complexion of a cheek or flower, afforded him sensations of beauty; that beauty which inferior geniuses are taught coldly to distinguish; or to discern rather than feel. He could trace the excellencies both of the courtier and the student; who are mutually ridiculous in the eyes of each other He had nothing in his character that could obscure so great accomplishments, beside the want, the total want, of a desire to exhibit them. Through this it came to pass, that what would have raised another to the heights of reputation, was oftentimes in him passed over unregarded. For, in respect to ordinary observers, it is requisite to lay some stress yourself, on what you intend should be remarked by others; and this never was his way. His knowledge of books had, in some degree, diminished his knowledge of the world; or, rather, the external forms and manners of it. His ordinary conversation was, perhaps, rather too pregnant with sentiment, the usual fault of rigid students; and this he would, in some degree have regulated better, did not the universality of his genius, together with the method of his education, so largely contribute to this amiable defect. This kind of awkwardness (since his modesty will allow it no better name) may be compared to the stiffness of a fine piece of brocade, whose turgescency, indeed, constitutes, and is inseparable from, it's value. He gave delight by a happy boldness in the extirpa-

tion of common prejudices; which he could as readily penetrate, as he could humourously ridicule: and he had such entire possession of the hearts as well as understandings of his friends, that he could soon make the most surprising paradoxes believed and well-accepted. His image, like that of a sovereign, could give an additional value to the most precious ore; and we no sooner believed our eyes that it was he who spake it, than we as readily believed whatever he had to say. In this he differed from W——r, that he had the talent of rendering the greatest virtues unenvied: whereas the latter shone more remarkably in making his very faults agreeable: I mean in regard to those few he had to exercise his skill. N. B. This was written, in an extempore manner, upon my friend's wall at Oxford, with a black lead pencil, 1735, and intended for his character.

ON RESERVE.

A fragment.

Taking an evening's walk with a friend in the country, among many grave remarks, he was making the following observation. 'There is not,' said he, 'any one quality so inconsistent with respect, as what is commonly called familiarity. You do not find one in fifty, whose regard is proof against it. At the same time, it is hardly possible to insist on such a deference as will render you ridiculous, if it be supported by common sense. Thus much, at least, is evident, that your demands will be so successful, as to procure a greater share than if you had

made no such demand. I may frankly own to you, Leander, that I frequently derived uneasiness, from a familiarity with such persons as despised every thing they could obtain with ease. Were it not better, therefore, to be somewhat frugal of our affability, at least to allot it only to the few persons of discernment who can make the proper distinction betwixt real dignity and pretended: to neglect those characters, which, being impatient to grow familiar, are, at the same time, very far from familiarity-proof: to have posthumous fame in view, which affords us the most pleasing landscape: to enjoy the amusement of reading, and the consciousness that reading paves the way to general esteem: to preserve a constant regularity of temper, and also of constitution, for the most part, but little consistent with a promiscuous intercourse with men: to shun all illiterate, tho' ever so jovial assemblies, insipid, perhaps, when present, and on reflection painful: to meditate on those absent or departed friends, who value or valued us for those qualities with which they were best acquainted; to partake with such a friend as you, the delights of a studious and rational retirement.—Are not these the paths that lead to happiness?'

In answer to this (for he seemed to feel some late mortification) I observed, that what we lost by familiarity in respect, was generally made up to us by the affection it procured; and that an absolute solitude was so very contrary to our natures, that were he excluded from society but for a single fortnight, he would be exhilarated at the sight of the first beggar that he saw. What follows were thoughts thrown out in our further discourse on the subject; without order or connection, as they occur

to my remembrance. Some reserve is a debt to prudence; as freedom and simplicity of conversation is a debt to good-nature. There would not be any absolute necessity for reserve, if the world were honest: yet, even then, it would prove expedient. For, in order to attain any degree of deference, it seems necessary that people should imagine you have more accomplishments than you discover.

It is on this depends one of the excellencies of the judicious Virgil. He leaves you something ever to imagine: and such is the constitution of the human mind, that we think so highly of nothing, as of that whereof we do not see the bounds. "This," as Mr. Burke ingeniously observes, "affords the pleasure when we survey a cylinder;"* and Sir John Suckling says,

> "They who know all their wealth they have are poor;
> he 's only rich who cannot tell his store."

A person that would secure to himself great deference, will, perhaps, gain his point by silence, as effectually as by any thing he can say. To be, however, a niggard of one's observations, is so much worse than to hoard up one's money, as the former may be both imparted and retained at the same time.

Men oftentimes pretend to proportion their respect to real desert; but a supercilious reserve and distance wearies them into a compliance with more. This appears so very manifest to many persons of the lofty character, that they use no better means to acquire respect than, like highwaymen to make a demand of it. They will, like Empedocles, jump into the fire, rather than betray the mortal part of their character. It is from the same principle of

* "Treatise of the Sublime and Beautiful."

distance that nations are brought to believe that their great duke knoweth all things; as is the case in some countries.

> "Men, while no human form or fault they see,
> excuse the want of e'en humanity;
> and eastern kings, who vulgar views disdain,
> require no worth to fix their awful reign.
> You cannot say, in truth, what may disgrace 'em,
> to know in what Predicament to place 'em,
> alas! in all the glare of light reveal'd,
> e'en virtue charms us less than vice conceal'd!
>
> "For some small worth he had, the man was priz'd,
> he added frankness—and he grew despis'd."
>
> We want comets, not ordinary planets;
> "Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum." *Terence.*
>
> "Hunc cœlum, & stellas, & decedentia certis
> tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nulla
> imbuti spectent."

Virtues, like essences, lose their fragrance when exposed. They are sensative plants, which will not bear too familiar approaches. Let us be careful to distinguish modesty, which is ever amiable, from reserve, which is only prudent. A man is hated sometimes for pride, when it was an excess of humility gave the occasion. What is often termed shyness, is nothing more than refined sense, and an indifference to common observations.

The reserved man's intimate acquaintance are, for the most part, fonder of him, than the persons of a more affable character, i. e. he pays them a greater compliment than the other can do his, as he distinguishes them more. It is indolence, and the pain of being on one's guard, that makes one hate an artful character. The most reserved of men, that will not exchange two syllables together in an English coffee-house, should they meet at Ispahan, would drink sherbet, and eat a mess of rice to-

gether. The man of show is vain: the reserved man is proud more properly. The one has greater depth; the other a more lively imagination. —The one is more frequently respected; the other more generally beloved. The one a Cato: the other a Cæsar. Vide Sallust. What Cæsar said of "Rubicundos amo; pallidos timeo;" may be applied to familiarity, and to reserve. A reserved man often makes it a rule to leave company with a good speech: and I believe sometimes proceeds so far at to leave company, because he has made one. Yet it is his fate, often like the mole, to imagine himself deep when he is near the surface.

Were it prudent to decline this reserve, and this horror of disclosing foibles; to give up a part of character to secure the rest? The world will certainly insist on having some part to pull to pieces. Let us throw out some follies to the envious; as we give up counters to a highwayman, or a barrel to a whale, in order to save one's money and one's ship: to let it make exceptions to one's head of hair, if one can escape being stabbed in the heart. The reserved man should drink double glasses.

Prudent men lock up their motives; letting familiars have a key to their heart, as to their garden.

A reserved man is in continual conflict with the social part of his nature: and even grudges himself the laugh into which he sometimes is betrayed.

> "Seldom he smiles—
> and smiles in such a sort as he disdain'd
> himself—that could be mov'd to smile at any thing."—

"A fool and his words are soon parted;" for so should the proverb run. Common understandings, like cits in gardening, allow no shades to

their picture. Modesty often passes for arrant haughtiness; as what is deemed spirit in a horse proceeds from fear. The higher character a man supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions. The reserved man should bring a certificate of his honesty, before he be admitted into company. Reserve is no more essentially connected with understanding, than a church organ with devotion, or wine with good-nature.*

ON EXTERNAL FIGURE.

There is a young gentleman in my parish, who, on account of his superior equipage, is esteemed universally more proud and more haughty than his neighbours. It is frequently hinted, that he is by no means intitled to so splendid an appearance, either by his birth, his station, or his fortune; and that it is of consequence, mere pride that urges him to live beyond his rank, or renders him blind to the knowledge of it. With all this fondness for external splendor, he is a most affable and ingenious man; and for this reason I am inclined to vindicate him, when these things are mentioned to his disadvantage.

In the first place, it is by no means clear, that dress and equipage are sure signs of pride. Where it is joined with a supercilious behaviour, it becomes then a corroborative testimony. But this is not always the case: the refinements of luxury in equipage, or a table, are perhaps as often the gratifications of

* These were no other than a collection of hints, when I proposed to write a poetical essay on Reserve.

fancy, as the consequence of an ambition to surpass and eclipse our equals. Whoever thinks that taste has nothing to do here, must confine the expression to improper limits; assuredly imagination may find it's account in them, wholly independent of worldly homage and considerations more invidious.

In the warmth of friendship for this gentleman, I am sometimes prompted to go further. I insist, it is not birth or fortune only that give a person claim to a splendid appearance; that it may be conferred by other qualifications, in which my friend is acknowledged to have a share. I have sometimes urged that remarkable ingenuity, any great degree of merit in learning, arts or sciences, are a more reasonable authority for a splendid appearance than those which are commonly presumed to be so. That there is something more personal in this kind of advantages than in rank or fortune, will not be denied: and surely there ought to be some proportion observed betwixt the case and the thing inclosed. The propensity of rich and worthless people to appear with a splendor on all occasions, puts one in mind of the country shopkeeper, who gilds his boxes in order to be the receptacle of pitch or tobacco. It is not unlike the management at our theatres royal, where you see a piece of candle honoured with a crown. I have generally considered those as privileged people, who are able to support the character they assume. Those who are incapable of shining but by dress, would do well to consider that the contrast betwixt them and their clothes turns out much to their disadvantage. It is on this account I have sometimes observed with pleasure some noblemen of immense fortune to dress exceed-

ingly plain. If dress be only allowable to persons of family, it may then be considered as a sort of family-livery, and Jack, the groom, may with equal justice, pride himself on the gaudy wardrobe his master gives him. Nay more—for a gentleman, before he hires a servant, will require some testimony of his merit; whereas the master challenges his own right to splendor, tho' possessed of no merit at all. On my present scheme of dress, it may seem to answer some very good purposes. It is then established on the same foundation as the judge's robe and the prelate's lawn. If dress were only authorized in men of ingenuity, we should find many aiming at the previous merit in hopes of the subsequent distinction. The finery of an empty fellow would render him as ridiculous as a star and garter would one never knighted: and men would use as commendable a diligence to qualify themselves for a brocaded waistcoat, or a gold-snuff box, as they now do to procure themselves a right of investing their limbs in lawn or ermine. We should not esteem a man a coxcomb for his dress, till, by frequent conversation we discovered a flaw in his title. If he was incapable of uttering a *bon mot*, the gold upon his coat would seem foreign to his circumstances. A man should not wear a French dress, till he could give an account of the best French authors; and he should be versed in all the oriental languages before he should presume to wear a diamond. It may be urged, that men of the greatest merit may not be able to shew it in their dress, on account of their slender income. But here it should be considered, that another part of the world would find their equipage so much reduced by a sumptuary law of this nature, that a very mod-

erate degree of splendor would distinguish them more than a greater does at present. What I propose, however, on the whole is, that men of merit should be allowed to dress in proportion to it; but this with the privilege of appearing plain, whenever they found an expediency in so doing: as a nobleman lays aside his garter, when he sees no valuable consequence in the discovery of his quality.

A CHARACTER.

"Animæ nil magnæ laudis egentes."

There is an order of persons in the world, whose thoughts never deviate from the common road; whatever events occur, whatever objects present themselves, their observations are as uniform as tho' they were the consequence of instinct. There is nothing places these men in a more insignificant point of light, than a comparison of their ideas with the refinements of some great genius. I shall only add, by way of reflection, that it is people of this stamp, who, together with the soundest health, often enjoy the greatest equanimity: their passions, like dull steeds, being the least apt to endanger or misguide them: yet such is the fatality! Men of genius are often expected to act with most discretion, on account of that very fancy which is their greatest impediment. I was taking a view of Westminster-abbey, with an old gentleman of exceeding honesty, but the same degree of understanding as that I have described. There had nothing passed in our way thither, beside the customary salutations, and an endeavour to decide with accuracy on the

present temperature of the weather. On passing over the threshold, he observed, with an air of thoughtfulness, that it was a brave ancient place. I told him, I thought there was none more suitable, to moralize on the futility of all earthly glory, as there was none which contained the ashes of men that had acquired a greater share of it. On this he gave a nod of approbation, but did not seem to comprehend me. Silence ensued for many minutes; when having had time to reflect on the monuments of men famous in their generations, he stood collected in himself; assuring me 'there was no sort of excellence could exempt a man from death.'

I applauded the justice of his observation; and said, it was not only my present opinion, but had been so for a number of years. 'Right,' said he, 'and for my own part I seldom love to publish my remarks on a subject, till I have had them confirmed to me by a long course of experience.' This last maxim, somewhat beyond his usual depth, occasioned a silence of some few minutes. The spring had been too much bent to recover immediately it's wonted vigour. We had taken some few turns up and down the left hand aisle, when he caught sight of a monument somewhat larger than the rest, and more calculated to make impression on an ordinary imagination. As I remember, it was raised to an ancestor of the D. of Newcastle. 'Well,' said he, with an air of cunning, 'this is, indeed, a fine piece of workmanship; but I cannot conceive this finery is of any signification to the person buried there.' I told him, I thought not; and that, under a notion of respect to the deceased, people were frequently imposed on by their own pride and affectation.

We were now arrived at the monument of Sir George Chamberlain; where my friend had just perused enough to inform him that he was an eminent physician, when he broke out with precipitation, and as tho' some important discovery had struck his fancy on a sudden. I listened to him with attention, till I found him labouring to insinuate that physicians themselves could not save their lives when their time was come. He had not proceeded many steps from it before he beckoned to our Cicceroni. 'Friend,' said he, pointing with his cane, 'how long has that gentleman been dead?' The man set him right in that particular; after which, putting on a woeful countenance, 'Well,' said he, 'to behold how fast time flies away! 'Tis but a small time to look back on, since he and I met at the Devil.* Alas,' continued he, 'we shall never do so again:' indulging myself with a pun that escaped me on a sudden, I told him I hoped not; and immediately took my leave. This old gentleman, as I have since heard, passed his life chiefly in the country; where it faintly participated either of pleasure or of pain. His chief delights, indeed, were sensual, but those of the less vigourous kind; an afternoon's pipe, an evening walk, or a nap after dinner. His death, which happened, it seems, quickly after, was occasioned by an uniform application to Bostock's cordial, whatever his case required. Indeed, his discourse, when any complained of sickness, was a little exuberant in the praises of this noble cathartic. But his distemper proving of a nature to which this remedy was wholly foreign, as well as his precluding the use of a more effectual recipe, he expired, not with-

* A well-known tavern near Temple-bar.

out the character of a most considerate person. I find, by one part of his will, he obliged his heir to consume a certain quantity of ale among his neighbours, on the day he was born; and by another, left a ring of bells to the church adjoining to his garden. It looks as if the old gentleman had not only an aversion to much reflection in himself, but endeavoured to provide against it in succeeding generations.

I have heard that he sometimes boasted that he was a distant relation of Sir Roger de Coverly.

AN OPINION OF GHOSTS.

It is remarkable how much the belief of ghosts and apparitions of persons departed, has lost ground within these fifty years. This may perhaps be explained by the general growth of knowledge; and by the consequent decay of superstition, even in those kingdoms where it is most essentially interwoven with religion. The same credulity, which disposed the mind to believe the miracles of a popish saint, set aside at once the interposition of reason; and produced a fondness for the marvellous, which it was the priest's advantage to promote.

It may be natural enough to suppose that a belief of this kind might spread in the days of popish infatuation. A belief, as much supported by ignorance, as the ghosts themselves were indebted to the night.

But whence comes it, that narratives of this kind have at any time been given, by persons of veracity, of judgment, and of learning? men neither liable to be deceived themselves, nor to be suspected of an

inclination to deceive others, tho' it were their interest; nor who could be supposed to have any interest in it, even tho' it were their inclination?
Here seems a further explanation wanting than what can be drawn from superstition. I go on a supposition, that the relations themselves were false. For as to the arguments sometimes used in this case, that had there been no true shilling there had been no counterfeit, it seems wholly a piece of sophistry. The true shilling here should mean the living person; and the counterfeit resemblance, the posthumous figure of him, that either strikes our senses or our imagination. Supposing no ghost then ever appeared, is it a consequence that no man could ever imagine that they saw the figure of a person deceased? Surely those, who say this, little know the force, the caprice, or the defects, of the imagination. Persons after a debauch of liquor, or under the influence of terror, or in the deliria of a fever, or in a fit of lunacy, or even walking in their sleep, have had their brain as deeply impressed with chimerical representations as they could possibly have been, had these representations struck their senses. I have mentioned but a few instances, wherein the brain is primarily affected. Others may be given, perhaps not quite so common, where the stronger passions either acute or chronical, have impressed their object upon the brain; and this in so lively a manner, as to leave the visionary no room to doubt of their real presence. How difficult then must it be to undeceive a person as to objects thus imprinted? imprinted absolutely with the same force as their eyes themselves could have pourtrayed them! and how many persons must there

needs be, who could never be undeceived at all! Some of these causes might not improbably have given rise to the notion of apparitions: and when the notion had been once promulgated, it had a natural tendency to produce more instances.

The gloom of night, that was productive of terror, would be naturally productive of apparitions. The event confirmed it. The passion of grief for a departed friend, of horror for a murdered enemy, of remorse for a wronged testator, of love for a mistress killed by inconstancy, of gratitude to a wife of long fidelity, of desire to be reconciled to one who died at variance, of impatience to vindicate what was falsely construed, of propensity to consult with an adviser that is lost.—The more faint as well as the more powerful passions, when bearing relation to a person deceased, have often, I fancy, with concurrent circumstances, been sufficient to exhibit the dead to the living. But, what is more, there seems no other account that is adequate to the case as I have stated it. Allow this, and you have, at once, a reason, why the most upright may have published a falsehood, and the most judicious confirmed an absurdity. Supposing then that apparitions of this kind may have some real use in God's moral government: is not any moral purpose, for which they may be employed, as effectually answered on my supposition, as the other? for surely it cannot be of any importance, by what means the brain receives these images. The effect, the conviction, and the resolution consequent, may be just the same in either of the cases. Such appears to me, at least, to be the true existence of apparitions. The reasons against any external ap-

parition, among others that may be brought, are these that follow. They are, I think, never seen by day; and darkness being the season of terror and uncertainty, and the imagination less restrained, they are never visible to more than one person: which had more probably been the case, were not the vision internal. They have not been reported to have appeared these twenty years. What cause can be assigned, were their existence real, for so great a change as their discontinuance?

The cause of superstition has lost ground for this last century: the notion of ghosts has been, altogether exploded: a reason why the imagination should be less prone to conceive them; but not a reason why they themselves should cease. Most of those, who relate that these spectres have appeared to them, have been persons either deeply superstitious in other respects; of enthusiastic imaginations, or strong passions, which are the consequence; or else have allowedly felt some perturbation at the time. Some few instances may be supposed, where the caprice of imagination, so very remarkable in dreams, may have presented fantasms to those that waked. I believe there are few but can recollect some, wherein it has wrought mistakes, at least equal to that of a white horse for a winding-sheet. To conclude. As my hypothesis supposes the chimera to give terror equal to the reality, our best means of avoiding it, is to keep a strict guard over our passions.—To avoid intemperance as we would a charnel-house; and by making frequent appeals to cool reason and common sense, secure to ourselves the property of a well-regulated imagination.

ON CARDS.

A fragment.

——We had passed our evening with some certain persons famous for their taste, their learning and refinement: but, as ill-luck would have it, two fellows, duller than the rest, had contrived to put themselves on a level, by introducing a game at cards. 'It is a sign,' said he, 'the world is far gone in absurdity, or surely the fashion of cards would be accounted no small one. Is it not surprising that men of sense should submit to join in this idle custom, which appears originally invented to supply it's deficiency? But such is the fatality! imperfections give rise to fashions! and are followed by those who do not labour under the defects that introduced them. Nor is the hoop the only instance of a fashion invented by those who found their account in it; and afterwards countenanced by others to whose figure it was prejudicial. How can men, who value themselves on their reflections, give encouragement to a practice, which puts an end to thinking?' I intimated the old allusion of the bow, that acquires fresh vigour by a temporary relaxation. He answered, 'this might be applicable, provided I could shew, that cards did not require the pain of thinking; and merely exclude from it, the profit and the pleasure. Cards, if one may guess from their first appearance, seem invented for the use of children; and, among the toys peculiar to infancy, the bells, the whistle, the rattle, and the hobby-horse, deserved their share of commendation. By degrees men, who came nearest to

children in understanding and want of ideas, grew enamoured of the use of them as a suitable entertainment. Others also, pleased to reflect on the innocent part of their lives, had recourse to this amusement, as what recalled it to their minds. A knot of villains encreased the party; who, regardless of that entertainment, which the former seemed to draw from cards, considered them in a more serious light, and made use of them as a more decent substitute to robbing upon the road, or picking pockets. But men who propose to themselves a dignity of character, where will you find their inducement to this kind of game? For difficult, indeed, where it to determine, whether it appear more odious among sharpers, or more empty and ridiculous among persons of character.' 'Perhaps,' replied I, 'your men of wit and fancy may favour this diversion, as giving occasion for the crop of jest and witticism, which naturally enough arises from the names and circumstances of the cards.' He said, he would allow this as a proper motive, in case the men of wit and humour would accept the excuse themselves. 'In short,' said he, 'as persons of ability are capable of furnishing out a much more agreeable entertainment, when a gentleman offers me cards, I shall esteem it as his private opinion that I have neither sense nor fancy.' I asked how much he had lost.—His answer was, he did not much regard ten pieces; but that it hurt him to have squandered them away on cards; and that to the loss of a conversation, for which he would have given twenty.

ON HYPOCRISY.

Were hypocrites to pretend to no uncommon sanctity, their want of merit would be less discoverable. But pretensions of this nature bring their characters on the carpet. Those who endeavour to pass for the lights of the world must expect to attract the eyes of it. A small blemish is more easily discoverable in them, and more justly ridiculous, than a much greater in their neighbours. A small blemish also presents a clue, which very often conducts us through the most intricate mazes and dark recesses of their character. Notwithstanding the evidence of this, how often do we see pretence cultivated in proportion as virtue is neglected! As religion sinks in one scale, pretence is exalted in the other. Perhaps there is not a more effectual key to the discovery of hypocrisy than a censorious temper. The man possessed of real virtue knows the difficulty of attaining it; and is, of course, more inclined to pity others, who happen to fail in the pursuit. The hypocrite, on the other hand, having never trod the thorny path, is less induced to pity those who desert it for the flowery one. He exposes the unhappy victim without compunction, and even with a kind of triumph; not considering, that vice is the proper object of compassion; or that propensity to censure is almost a worse quality than any it can expose. Clelia was born in England of Romish parents, about the time of the revolution. She seemed naturally framed for love, if you were to judge by her external beauties; but if you build your opinion on her outward conduct, you would have deemed her as nat-

urally averse to it. Numerous were the garçons of the polite and gallant nation, who endeavoured to overcome her prejudices, and to reconcile her manners to her form. Persons of rank, fortune, learning, wit, youth, and beauty sued to her; nor had she any reason to quarrel with love for the shapes in which he appeared before her. Yet in vain were all applications. Religion was her only object; and she seemed resolved to pass her days in all the austerities of the most rigid convent. To this purpose she sought out an abbess that presided over a nunnery in Languedoc, a small community, particularly remarkable for extraordinary instances of self-denial. The abbess herself exhibited a person in which chastity appeared, indeed, not very meritorious. Her character was perfectly well known before she went to preside over this little society. Her virtues were, indeed, such as she thought most convenient to her circumstances. Her fasts were the effect of avarice, and her devotions of the spleen. She considered the cheapness of house-keeping as the great reward of piety, and added profuseness to the seven deadly sins. She knew sack-cloth to be cheaper than brocade, and ashes than sweet powder. Her heart sympathized with every cup that was broken, and she instituted a fast for each domestic misfortune. She had converted her larder into a study, and the greater part of her library consisted of manuals for fasting days. By these arts, and this way of life, she seemed to enjoy as great a freedom from inordinate desires, as the persons might be supposed to do, who were favoured with her smiles or her conversation. To this lady was Clelia admitted; and, after the year of probation, assumed

the veil. Among many others who had solicited her notice, before she became a member of this convent, was Leander, a young physician of great learning and ingenuity. His personal accomplishments were at least equal to those of any of his rivals, and his passion was superior. He urged in his behalf all that wit, inspired by fondness, and recommended by person, dress, and equipage, could insinuate; but in vain. She grew angry at solicitations with which she resolved never to comply, and which she found so difficult to evade.

But Clelia now had assumed the veil, and Leander was the most miserable of mortals. He had not so high an opinion of his fair one's sanctity and zeal, as some other of her admirers: but he had a conviction of her beauty, and that altogether irresistible. His extravagant passion had produced in him a jealousy that was not easy eluded,

> "At regina dolos——
> quid non sentit amor?"

He had observed his mistress go more frequently to her confessor, a young and blooming ecclesiastic, than was, perhaps, necessary for so much apparent purity, or, as he thought, consistent with it. It was enough to put a lover on the rack, and it had this effect on Leander. His suspicions were by no means lessened, when he found the convent to which Clelia had given the preference before all others, was one where this young friar supplied a confessional chair. It happened that Leander was brought to the abbess in the capacity of a physician, and he had one more opportunity offered him of beholding Clelia through the grate. She, quite shocked at his appearance, burst out into a

sudden rage, inveighing bitterly against his presumption, and calling loudly on the name of the blessed virgin and the holy friar. The convent was, in short alarmed; nor was Clelia capable of being pacified till the good man was called, in order to allay, by suitable applications, the emotions raised by this unexpected interview. Leander grew daily more convinced, that it was not only verbal communications which passed between Clelia and the friar. This, however, he did not think himself fully warranted to disclose, till an accident of a singular nature, gave him an opportunity of receiving more ample testimony. The confessor had a favourite spaniel, which he had lost for some time, and was informed, at length, that he was killed, at a village in the neighbourhood, being evidently mad. The friar was at first not much concerned; but in a little time recollected that the dog had snapped his fingers the very day before his elopement. A physician's advice was thought expedient on the occasion and Leander was the next physician. He told him, with great frankness, that no prescription he could write, had the sanction of so much experience as immersion in sea-water. The friar, therefore, the next day, set forward on his journey, while Leander, not without a mischievous kind of satisfaction conveyed the following lines to Clelia.

'My charming Clelia!

'Tho' I yet love you to distraction, I cannot but suspect that you have granted favours to your confessor, which you might, with greater innocence, have granted to Leander. All I have to add is this, that amorous intercourses of this nature, which you have enjoyed with friar Laurence, put you under

the like necessity with him of seeking a remedy in the ocean. Adieu! LEANDER.'

Imagine Clelia guilty; and then imagine her confusion. To rail was insignificant, and to blame her physician was absurd, when she found herself under a necessity of pursuing his advice. The whole society was made acquainted with the journey she was undertaking, and the causes of it. It were uncharitable to suppose the whole community under the same constraint with the unhappy Clelia. However, the greater part thought it decent to attend her. Some went as her companions, some for exercise, some for amusement, and the abbess herself as guardian of her train, and concerned in her society's misfortunes. What use Leander made of this discovery is not known. Perhaps when he had been successful in banishing the hypocrite, he did not shew himself very solicitous in his endeavours to reform the sinner. N. B. Written when I went to be dipped in the salt water.

ON VANITY.

History preserves the memory of empires and of states, with which it necessarily interweaves that of heroes, kings, and statesmen. Biography affords a place to the remarkable characters of private men. There are likewise other subordinate testimonies, which serve to perpetuate, at least prolong, the memories of men, whose characters and stations give them no claim to a place in story. For instance, when a person fails of making that figure in the world which he makes in the eyes of his own rela-

tions or himself, he is rarely dignified any farther than with his picture whilst he is living, or with an inscription upon his monument after his decease. Inscriptions have been so fallacious, that we begin to expect little from them beside elegance of style. To inveigh against the writers, for their manifest want of truth, were as absurd as to censure Homer for the beauties of an imaginary character. — But even paintings, in order to gratify the vanity of the person who bespeaks them, are taught now-a-days, to flatter, like epitaphs. Falsehoods upon a tomb or monument may be intitled to some excuse in the affection, the gratitude, and piety, of surviving friends. Even grief itself disposes us to magnify the virtues of a relation, as visible objects also appear larger through tears. But the man who through an idle vanity suffers his features to be belied or exchanged for others of a more agreeable make, may with great truth be said to lose his property in the portrait. In like manner, if he encourage the painter to belie his dress, he seems to transfer his claim to the man with whose station his assumed trappings are connected. I remember a bag-piper, whose physiognomy was so remarkable and familiar to a club he attended, that it was agreed to have his picture placed over their chimney-piece. There was this remarkable in the fellow, that he chose always to go barefoot, tho' he was daily offered a pair of shoes. However, when the painter had been so exact as to omit this little piece of dress, the fellow offered all he had in the world, the whole produce of three nights' harmony, to have those feet covered in the effigy, which he so much scorned to cover in the original. Perhaps he thought it a disgrace to

his instrument to be eternized in the hands of so much apparent poverty. However, when a person of low station adorns himself with trophies to which he has no pretensions to aspire, he should consider the picture as actually telling a lie to posterity. The absurdity of this is evident, if a person assume to himself a mitre, a blue garter, or a coronet, improperly; but station may be falsified by other decorations, as well as these. But I am driven into this grave discourse, on a subject perhaps not very important, by a real fit of spleen. I this morning saw a fellow drawn in a night-gown of so rich a stuff, that the expense, had he purchased such a one, would more than half have ruined him; and another coxcomb, seated by his painter in a velvet chair, who would have been surprised at the deference paid him, had he been offered a cushion.

AN ADVENTURE.

—"Gaudent prænomine molles
Auriculæ"—

It is a very convenient piece of knowledge for a person on a journey, to know the compellations with which it is proper to address those he happens to meet by his way. Some accuracy here may be of use to him who would be well directed either in the length or the tendency of his road; or be freed from any itinerary difficulties incident to those who do not know the country. It may not be indeed, imprudent to accost a passenger with a title superior to what he may appear to claim. This will seldom fail to diffuse a wonderful alacrity in his counte

nance; and be, perhaps, a method of securing you from any mistake of greater importance. I was led into these observations by some solicitudes I lately underwent, on account of my ignorance in these peculiarities. Being somewhat more versed in books than I can pretend to be in the orders of men, it was my fortune to undertake a journey, which I was to perform by means of enquiries. I had passed a number of miles without any sort of difficulty, by help of the manifold instructions that had been given me on my setting out. At length, being something dubious concerning my way, I met a person whom, from his night cap and several domestic parts of dress, I deemed to be of the neighbourhood. His station of life appeared to me, to be what we call a gentleman-farmer; a sort of subaltern character, in respect of which the world seems not invariably determined. It is, in short, what King Charles the second esteemed the happiest of all stations; superior to the toilsome task and ridiculous dignity of constable; and as much inferior to the intricate practice and invidious decisions of a justice of peace. 'Honest man,' said I, be so good as to inform me whether I am in the way to Mirlington?' He replied, with a sort of surliness, that he knew nothing of the matter; and turned away with as much disgust, as tho' I had called him rogue or rascal. I did not readily penetrate the cause of his displeasure, but proceeded on my way, with hopes to find other means of information. The next I met was a young fellow, dressed in all the pride of rural spruceness; beside him, walked a girl, in a dress agreeable to that of her companion. As I presumed him by no means averse to appear considerable in the eyes of his mis-

tress, I supposed a compliment might not be disagreeable; and, enquiring the road to Mirlington, addressed him by the name of "Honesty." The fellow, whether to shew his wit before his mistress, or whether he was displeased with my familiarity, I cannot tell, directed me to follow a part of my face (which I was well assured could be no guide to me) and that other parts would follow of consequence. The next I met, appeared, by his look and gait, to stand high in his own opinion. I therefore judged the best way of proceeding was to adapt my phrase to his own ideas, and saluting him by the name of "Sir," desired to obtain some insight into my road. My gentleman, without hesitation, gave me ample instructions for the rest of my journey. I passed on, musing with myself, why an appellation relative to fortune should be preferred to one founded on merit; when I happened to behold a gentleman examining a sun-dial in his garden. 'Friend,' said I, 'will you tell me what o'clock it is?' He made me no sort of answer, and seemed as much dissatisfied with my openness of temper, as with the confidence I placed in his.—The refusal of an answer, in this case, was not of much importance. I proceeded on my way, and happened to meet a very old woman, whom I determined to accost by the appellation of "Dame;" and withal wished her a good night. But, alas! she seemed so little pleased with the manner of my address, that she returned me no manner of thanks for my kind wishes as to her repose. It is not clear whether my phrase was faulty, in regard to her dignity, or in respect of her age. But it is very probable she might conclude it an impropriety in respect of both. I had

by this time found the inconvenience of an utter ignorance in rural distinctions. The future part of my journey afforded me yet farther means of conviction. I was exposed to the danger of three quicksands, by calling a girl "sweetheart," instead of "madam;" and was within a foot of rushing down a precipice, by calling another "forsooth," who might easily have told me how to avoid it.

In short, I found myself well or ill used, as I happened, or not, to suit my salutations to people's ideas of their own rank. Towards the last part of my stage, I was to pass a brook, so much swelled by land floods, that the proper way through it was undistinguishable. A well-dressed gentleman was passing a bridge on my left hand. It was here of much importance for me to succeed in my enquiry. I was, therefore, meditating within myself which might be the most endearing of all appellations; and, at last, besought him to give me some instructions, under the name of "Honest Friend." He was not seemingly so much pleased as I assured myself he would be, and trudged onward without reply. After this, I had not gone many steps (out of the path, for so it proved) before I found myself and horse plunged headlong into the brook; and my late honest friend in a laughter at our downfal. I made a shift, however, to recover both myself and horse; and, after a few more difficulties, arrived at the end of my journey. I have since made strict enquiry into the due application of such inferior titles, and may, perhaps, communicate them to you, on some future occasion. In the mean time, you may, if you please, consider the vast importance of superior titles, when there is no one so inconsiderable but there is also a mind

that it can influence. When you reflect on this subject, you will, perhaps, be less severe on your friend ——, who, you tell me, is now trafficing for this species of dignity. Learn to be wise, then from others' harm; and do not forget to observe decorum, on every occasion that you may have to address him for the future. Pretend no more at the close of your epistle to be his faithful servant, much less his affectionate one. Tender your services with great respect, if you do not choose to do it with profound veneration. He will certainly have no more to do with sincerity and truth. Remember,

"Male si palpere, recalcitrat."

OF MODESTY AND IMPUDENCE.

When a man of genius does not print, he discovers himself by nothing more than by his abilities in dispute. However, let him shew solidity in his opinions, together with ease, elegance, and vivacity in his expressions; yet if an impudent face be found to baffle him, he shall be judged inferior in other respects. I mean, he will grow cheap in mixed company: for as to select judges, they will form their opinions by another scale: with these, a single epistle, penned with propriety, will more effectually prove his wit, than an hundred defects in his conversation will demonstrate the reverse. It is true, there is nothing displays a genius, I mean a quickness of genius, more than a dispute; as two diamonds, encountering, contribute to each other's lustre. But perhaps the odds is much against the man of taste in this particular. Bashfulness is

more frequently connected with good sense, than we find assurance: and impudence, on the other hand, is often the mere effect of downright stupidity. On this account the man of genius has as much the advantage of his antagonist, as a race-horse, carrying a small weight, has over his rival that bears a larger: modesty, like the weight to which I allude not suffering it's owner to exert his real strength; which effrontery is allowed to do, without let or impediment.

It may be urged, and justly enough, that it is common to be partial to the modest man; and that diffidence makes good amends for any restraint it lays us under, by the prejudice it gives every hearer in our favour. But indeed this can only happen where it meets with the most ingenuous judges. Otherwise a laugh will carry the day, with which the ignorant side is generally best accommodated. In order to put these antagonists on a somewhat more equal footing, I have invented the following instrument; for the sole structure and sale of which, I am not without hopes of procuring a patent. What I mean is an artificial laugher. There are few so little conversant in toys, but must have seen instruments mechanically framed to counterfeit the voices of different birds. The quail-pipe is brought to such perfection as even to delude the very species. The cuckow has been mimicked with no less accuracy. Would it not then be an easy matter to represent the laugh of this empty tribe, which has in itself something artificial; and is not more affected than it is particular? For the convenience of the person that bears it, it's dimensions should be so contrived, as that it might be played on in his pocket. Does it not seem feasible, that a laughter of this kind may be

brought to answer every purpose of that noise which it resembles? If there be occasion for an expletive, let the owner seek it in his fob; as his antagonist would find his account in a loud oath or an empty pun. If there be need of a good sounding cadence at the close of a common period, it may not be amiss to harmonize a sentence by what may be called a finishing stroke. This instrument is so contrived as to produce all the variety of a human laugh; and this variation is to be regulated, not by the nature of your subject, nor the wit or humour of a repartee, but by the disposition of the company, and the proper minute for such an interlude. But to become a master of the said machine, let the candidate for applause frequent the company of vociferous disputants: among whom he may soon learn how to perform a conversation. One or two of these instruments I have already finished, tho' not, indeed, to the perfection at which I expect they may soon arrive. A gentleman visited me the other day, who has the justest claim that can be, to the use of them; having nothing in his character that can obscure the greatest merit, but the greatest modesty. I communicated my invention, desiring him to make trial of it, on the first occasion. He did so; and when I saw him next, gave me leave to publish the following account of it's efficacy in my next advertisement. 'The first time I employed it,' said my friend, 'was in a sort of controversy with a beau! who had contrived means, by the use of his snuff-box, to supply both want of language and of thought. In this manner he prolonged his argument; and really to the company, which consisted of ladies, discovered more sagacity without thinking, than I could do by it's assistance.

I bethought myself immediately of your instrument and had recourse to it. I observed in what part of his discourse he most employed his fingers, and had suddenly recourse to mine, with equal emphasis and significancy. The art was not discovered, ere I had routed my antagonist; having seated myself in a dark corner, where my operations were not discernible. I observed, that as he found himself more closely pressed, he grew more and more assiduous in his application to his snuff-box, much as an otter closely pursued is forced to throw up bubbles that shew his distress. I therefore discovered gradually less and less occasion for speaking; and for thinking, none at all. I played only a flourish in answer to the argument at his fingers' ends; and after a while found him as mortal in this part as in any other. When his cause was just expiring, after a very long pursuit, and many fruitless turnings and evasions in the course of it, I sounded my instrument, with as much alacrity as a huntsman does his horn on the death of a hare.

The next whom I engaged was a more formidable disputant; and I own, with a sense of gratitude, that your instrument alone could render me a match for him. His strength of argument was his strength of lungs; and he was, unquestionably, an able antagonist. However, if your machine put me on a par with him, I think I may say, without vanity, that in point of reason I had the upper hand. I shall only add, that as it was habitual for him to answer arguments by vociferation, so it became needless for me to give him any answer of a better kind.

'Thus far my friend: I do not question but there will appear artists, that shall undertake to instruct the diffident, the submissive, and the bashful how to

perform the whole gamut of oratorical and risible music: and as there is a kind of humourous laughter, which draws all others into it's own vortex, I need not here assert, that I would have this branch very much inculcated. 'Neither is this instrument of importance in dispute alone, or controversy; but wherever one man's faculties are more prone to laughter than another's. Trifles will burst one man's sides, which will not disturb the features of another; and a laugh one cannot join, is almost as irksome as a lamentation. It is like a peal rung after a wedding; where a whole parish shall be stunned with noise, because they want that occasion to rejoice, which the persons, at least, imagine to be their lot, that occasioned it. The sounds are pleasing to their ears, who find them conformable to their own ideas; but those who are not in temper, or unconcerned, find them a stupifying repetition.
When, therefore, my mind is not in tune with another's, what strikes his, will not vibrate on mine. All I then have to do, is to counterfeit a laugh; which is an operation as artificial, as the machine I have been describing.

THE HISTORY OF DON PEDRO ****.

The actions of our lives, even those we call most important, seem as much subject to trifles, as our very lives themselves. We frame many notable projects in imagination, and promise to ourselves an equal term of life. It is, however, in the power of the minutest accident, to shorten the one, and disconcert the other. It is with mankind as with cer-

tain fire-engines, whose motion may be stopped, in the midst of it's rapidity, by the interposition of a straw in a particular part of them. The following translation from the original Spanish, will sufficiently illustrate the foregoing assertion. Don Pedro **** was one of the principal grandees of his age and country. He had a genius equal to his birth, and a disposition remarkably contemplative. It was his custom, on this account, to retire from the world at stated periods, and to indulge himself in all the mazes of a fine imagination. It happened as he one day sate in his study, that he fixed his eye on a neighbouring spider. The most trivial object (if any natural object can be termed so) served him frequently for the foundation of some moral and sublime reflection. He surveyed the creature attentively, and indulged the bias of his thought, till he was lost in the excursions of a profound reverie. The curious workmanship of this unregarded animal brought at once into his mind the whole art of fortification. He observed the deficiency of human skill, and that no cunning could have contrived her so proper a habitation. He found that no violence could affect the extremities of her lines but what was immediately perceptible, and liable to alarm her at the centre. He observed the road by which she sallied forth, served to convey intelligence from without, at the same time that it added strength and stability to the work within. He was at once surprised and pleased with an object which, altho' common, he happened not to have beheld in the same light, or with the same attention. From this instant he bent his thoughts on the advancement of military fortification: and he often would declare it was thi-

trivial incident that gave him a relish for that study, which he afterwards pursued with such application and success. He spent, in short, so much time on the attainment of this science, that he grew as capable of executing any part of it, as speculation alone could render him. Nothing wanted now, but practice to complete the fame of his abilities. That, in short, was his next pursuit. He became desirous of experiencing, what had been so successful in imagination: and to make those mural sallies, which had been attended there with victory. To this end he had little to do, but to excite the ambition of his young monarch; to enforce, by testimony of his friends, his qualifications for the post he sought; and, on the first delivery of his petition, to obtain preferment from the king. This happened to be a time of the profoundest tranquillity; little agreeable to a person eager of glory, furnished with skill, and conscious of abilities. Such was this ingenious nobleman. He well knew the ambition of princes, and of his monarch in particular. But he was not acquainted with his own. That imperious and subtle passion is often most predominant when it is least perceived. When it once prevails, in any great degree, we find our reason grow subservient, and, instead of checking or contradicting, it stoops to flatter and to authorize it. Instead of undeceiving, she confirms us in our error; and even levels the mounds, and smooths the obstructions, which it is her natural province to interpose. This was the case of Don Pedro. The delicacy of his taste encreased his sensibility; and his sensibility made him more a slave. The mind of man, like the finer parts of matter, the more delicate it is, naturally admits the more deep,

and the more visible impressions. The purest spirits are the soonest apt to take flame. Let us therefore be the more candid to him, on account of the vivacity of his passions, seduced, as indeed he was, into very unwarrantable schemes. He had, in brief, conceived a project, to give his master an universal monarchy. He had calculated every article with the utmost labour and precision, and intended, within a few days; to present his project to the king.

Spain was then in a state of affluence; had a large army on foot; together with means and opportunities of raising an immense one. It were impossible to answer for the possible events, that might destroy their hopes of such an enterprize. Difficulty often attends the execution of things the most feasible and well contrived in theory. But whoever was acquainted with the author of this project, knew the posture of affairs in Europe at that time, the ambition of the prince, and the many circumstances that conspired to favour it, might have thought the project would have been agreed to, put in practice, and, without some particular interposition of fortune, been attended with success.—But fortune did not put herself to any particular trouble about the matter.

Don Pedro, big with vast designs, was one day walking in his fields. He was promised next morning an audience of the king. He was preparing himself for a conversation, which might prove of so much consequence to all mankind; when walking thoughtfully along, and regardless of his path, his foot happened to stumble and to overturn an ant's nest. He cast his eyes on the ground to see the occasion of his mistake, where he spied the little animals in the most miserable confusion. He had the delicacy of

sentiment, to be really sorry for what he had done; and, putting himself in their condition, began to reflect on the consequence. It might be an age to them ere they could recover their tranquillity. He viewed them with a sort of smile, to find the anxiety they underwent for such perishable habitations. Yet he considered that his contempt was only the effect of his own superiority; and that there might be some created beings to whom his own species must appear as trifling. His remark did not cease here. He considered his future enterprize, with an eye to such a race of beings. He found it must appear to them in a light as disadvantageous, as the ambition, and vain-glory of an ant would, to himself. How ridiculous, he said, must this republic appear to me, could I discern it's actions, as it has probably many, that are analogous to those of human nature! Suppose them at continual variance about the property of a grain of sand. Suppose one that had acquired a few sands more to his portion—as also one grain of wheat, and one small particle of barley-flour—should think himself qualified to tyrannize over his equals, and to lord it, uncontrouled. Consider him, on this account, not contented to make use of the numerous legs with which nature has supplied him, borne aloft by a couple of slaves within the hollow of a husk of wheat, five or six others, at the same time, attending solemnly on the procession. Suppose lastly, that among this people, the prime minister should persuade the rest to levy war on a neighbouring colony; and this in order to be stiled the sovereign of two hillocks, instead of one; while, perhaps their present condition leaves them nothing to wish besides superfluities. At the same time it is in the power of

the most inconsiderable among mankind, nay of any species of animals superior to their own, to destroy at once the minister and people altogether: this is doubtless very ridiculous; yet this is doubtless my own case, in respect to many subordinate beings, and very certainly of the Supreme one. Farewel then, ye air-built citadels! farewel, visions of unsolid glory! Don Pedro will seek no honour of so equivocal an acceptation, as to degrade his character to a superior species, in proportion as it exalts him before his own. See here a just conclusion! in short, he found it so fairly drawn, as immediately to drop his project, leave the army, and retire: of which whimsical relation it may be well enough observed, that a spider had enslaved the world, had not an ant obstructed his design.

ON ENVY.

To a Friend. R. G.

Whence is it, my friend, that I feel it impossible to envy you, altho' hereafter, your qualifications may make whole millions do so? for, believe me, when I affirm, that I deem it much more superfluous, to wish you honours to gratify your ambition, than to wish you ambition enough to make your honours satisfactory. It seems a hard case that envy should be the consequence of merit, at the same time that scorn so naturally attends the want of it. It is, however, in some measure perhaps an unavoidable (and perhaps in some sense an useful) passion in all the most heroic natures; where, refined through certain strainers, it takes the name of emulation. It is a pain

arising in our breasts, on contemplation of the superior advantages of another: and it's tendency is truly good, under some certain regulations.

All honour, very evidently depends on comparison; and consequently the more numerous are our superiors, the smaller portion of it falls to our share. Considered relatively, we are dwarfs, or giants; tho' considered absolutely, we are neither. However, the love of this relative grandeur is made a part of our natures; and the use of emulation is to excite our diligence in pursuit of power, for the sake of beneficence. The instances of it's perversion are obvious to every one's observation. A vicious mind, instead of it's own emolument, studies the debasement of his superior. A person to please one of this cast, must needs divest himself of all useful qualities; and, in order to be beloved, discover nothing that is truly amiable. One may very safely fix our esteem on those whom we hear some people depreciate. Merit is to them as uniformly odious, as the sun itself to the birds of darkness. An author, to judge of his own merit, may fix his eye on this tribe of men; and suffer his satisfaction to arise in due proportion to their discontent. Their disapprobation will sufficiently influence every generous bosom in his favour: and I would as implicitly give my applause to one whom they pull to pieces, as the inhabitants of Pegu worship those that have been devoured by apes. It is another perversion of this passion, tho' of a less enormous nature, when it merely stimulates us to rival others in points of no intrinsic worth. To equal others in the useless parts of learning; to pursue riches for the sake of an equipage as brilliant; to covet an equal knowledge of a table; to vie in jock-

ey-ship, or cunning at a bet. These, and many other rivalships, answer not the genuine purposes of emulation. I believe the passion is oftentimes derived from a too partial view of our own and others' excellencies. We behold a man possessed of some particular advantage, and we immediately reflect on it's deficiency in ourselves. We wait not to examine what others we have to balance it. We envy another man's bodily accomplishments; when our mental ones might preponderate, would we put them into the scale. Should we ask our own bosoms whether we would change situations altogether, I fancy self-love would, generally, make us prefer our own condition. But if our sentiments remain the same after such an examination, all we can justly endeavour is our own real advancement. To meditate this detriment either in fortune, power, or reputation, at the same time that it is infamous, has often a tendency to depress ourselves. But let us confine our emulation to points of real worth; to riches, power, or knowledge, only that we may rival others in beneficence.

A DREAM.

Ingenious was the device of those celebrated worthies, who, for the more effectual promulgation of their well-grounded maxims, first pretended to divine inspiration. Peace be to their manes; may the turf lie lightly upon their breast; and the verdure over their grave be as perpetual as their memories! Well knew they, questionless, that a proceeding of this nature must afford an excuse to their modesty, as well

as add a weight to their instructions. For, from the beginning of time, if we may believe the histories of the best repute, man has ever found a delight in giving credit to surprising lies. There was, indeed, necessary, a degree of credit, previous to this delight: and there was as necessary a delight, in order to enforce any degree of credit. But so it was that the pleasure rose, in proportion to the wonder; and if the love of wonder was but gratified, no matter whether the tale were founded on a witch or an egeria; on a rat, a pigeon, the pummel of sword, a bloated sibyl, or a three-foot stool. Of all writers that bear any resemblance to these originals, those who approach the nearest, are such as describe their extraordinary dreams and visions. Of ostentation we may not, peradventure, accuse them, who claim to themselves no other than the merit of spectators. Of want of abilities we must not censure them; when we are given to know that their imagination had no more part in the affair, than a whited wall has, in those various figures, which some crafty artist represents thereon. The first meditation of a solitary, is the behaviour of men in active life. Hapless species, I cried, how, very grossly art thou mistaking! how very supine, while youth permits thee to gain the prize of virtue, by restraint! how very resolute, when thine age leaves nothing to restrain thee! thou givest a loose to thine inclinations, till they lose their very being; and, like a lamp overwhelmed with oil, are extinguished by indulgence. What folly to dream of virtue, when there is no longer room for self-denial; or, when the enemy expires by sickness, to demand the honour of a triumph!—Musing on this subject, I fell into a profound slum-

ber; and the vision with which it furnished me shall supply materials for this essay. I was, methought, transported into a winding valley, on each side of whose ærea, as far so my eye could see, were held up (in the manner of a picture) all the pleasing objects either of art or nature. Hills rose one behind another, crowned with trees, or adorned with edifices; broken rocks contrasted with lawns, and foaming rivers poured headlong over them; gilded spires enlivened even the sunshine; and lonesome ruins, by the side of woods, gave a solemnity to the shade. It would be endless, or rather impossible, to give an idea of the vast variety. It seemed, as tho' people of whatever inclinations might here meet with their favourite object. While I stood amazed, and even confounded, at so astonishing a landscape, an old man approached towards me, and offered his assistance in alleviating my surprise. 'You observe,' said he, 'in the middle path, a train of sprightly female pilgrims,* conducted by a matron † of a graver cast. She is habited, as you may observe, in a robe far more plain and simple than that of any amidst her followers. It is her province to restrain her pupils, that the objects glittering on each side may not seduce them to make excursions, from which they scarcely ever find their right way again. You may not, perhaps, suspect the gulphs and precipices that lie intermixed amidst scenery so delightful to the eye. You see, indeed, at a considerable distance, the gilt dome of a temple, raised upon columns of the whitest marble. I must inform you, that within this temple resides a lady,‡ weaving wreaths of immortal

* The Passions. † Reason. ‡ Virtue.

amaranth for that worthy matron, if she exert her authority; and, as their obedience is more or less entire, she has also garlands of inferior lustre to recompense the ladies in her train. 'Your own sagacity,' added he, 'will supply the place of farther instructions;' and then vanished in an instant.

The space before me, as it appeared, was crossed by four successive rivers. Over these were thrown as many bridges, and beyond each of these streams the ground seemed to vary it's degree of lustre, as much as if it had lain under a different climate. On the side of each of these rivers appeared, as I thought, a receptacle for travelers; so that the journey seemed to be portioned into four distinct stages. It is possible that these were meant to represent the periods of a man's life; which may be distinguished by the names of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age.

During the first stage, our travelers proceeded without much disturbance. Their excursions were of no greater extent than to crop a primrose, or a daisy, that grew on the way-side: and in these their governess indulged them. She gave them but few checks, and they afforded her but little occasion. But when they arrived at the second period, the case then was greatly altered. The young ladies grew visibly enamoured of the beauties on each side; and the governess began to feel a consciousness of her duty to restrain them. They petitioned clamourously to make one short excursion, and met with a decent refusal. One of them that visibly shewed herself the greatest vixen and romp * amongst them, had a thousand arts and stratagems to circumvent her well-meaning gov-

* Love:

erness. I must here mention, what I remarked afterwards, that some of the pupils felt greater attractions in one stage; and some in another. And the scene before them being well variegated with mossy banks and purling streams, frisking lambs and piping shepherds; inspired a longing that was inexpressible, to one that seemed of an amorous complexion. She requested to make a short digression; pointed to the band of shepherds dancing; and, as I observed, presented a glass, through which the matron might distinctly view them. The governess applied the glass, and it was wonderful to trace the change it effected. She, who, before had with much constancy opposed the prayers of her petitioner, now began to lean towards her demands; and, as if she herself were not quite indifferent to the scene of pleasure she had beheld, grew remiss in her discipline; softened the language of dissent; and, with a gentle reprimand suffered her pupil to elope. After this, however, she winked her eyes; that she might not at least bear testimony to the step she did not approve. When the lady had gratified her curiosity, she returned for the present; but with an appetite more inflamed, and more impatient to repeat her frolic. The governess appeared uneasy, and to repent of her own compliance; and reason good she had; considering the confidence it gave her pupil, and the weight it took from her own authority. They were not passed far from the second stage of their journey, ere they all determined to rebel, and submit to the tyranny of their leader no longer. Another now took the lead; and seizing an embroidered handkerchief, completely hoodwinked the directress. All now was tumult, anarchy, disagreement, and co-

fusion. They led their guide along, blindfold, not without proposals of downright murder. They soon lost sight of the regular path, and strode along with amazing rapidity. I should, however, except some few,* who, being of a complexion naturally languid, and thus deprived of their protectress, had neither constancy to keep the road, nor spirit enough to stray far from it. These found the utmost of their inclinations gratified, in treasuring up shells from the banks of the river, scooping fossils from the rocks, or preserving plants that grew in the valley. A moth or butterfly afforded them a chace, and a grub or beetle was a suitable companion. But to return to the vagabonds. The lady that performed the feat of blinding her governess, for a time bore the chief rule; and held the rest in a state of servitude.† She seemed to be, indeed, formed for that power and grandeur, which was her delight; being of a stature remarkably tall, with an air of dignity in her countenance. Not but others would sometimes insist on some temporary gratification. As they shaped their way to a great city, one‡ would loll and loiter upon a bed of roses; another would join the dance of shepherds, and sometimes retire with one‖ into the covert. A third § would not move a step farther, till she had gathered some ore that was washed from the mountains. When they entered the city, their dissipation was yet more observable. One** intoxicated herself with cordials; another†† went in quest of lace and equipage. The lady,‡‡ however, at this time the most enterprising, and who (as I mentioned before) had given such a turn to their affairs, discov-

* The Virtuoso-passion. † Ambition. ‡ Indolence. ‖ Gallantry. § Avarice. ** Ebriety. †† Pride and Vanity. ‡‡ Ambition.

ered a strange fondness herself for lawn and ermine, embroidered stars, and golden collars. However difficult it seemed to reach them, or how little necessary soever they seemed to happiness, these alone engaged her attention; and to these alone her hopes aspired. Nay she went so far, as, in failure of these, to resolve on misery and wilful wretchedness.

She at length succeeded, at least so far as to find how little they enhanced her happiness; and her former compeers, having ruined their constitutions, were once again desirous to have their queen reign over them. In short, their loyalty regained the ascendant; insomuch, that with one consent they removed the bandage from her eyes, and vowed to obey her future directions. She promised to secure them all the happiness that was consistent with their present state; and advised them all to follow her towards the path they had forsaken.

Our travelers, in a little time after this, passed over the bridge that introduced them to their closing stage. The subjects, very orderly, repentant, and demissive; the governess, more rigid and imperious than ever. The former, withered, decripid, languishing; the latter in greater vigour, and more beautiful than before. Time appeared to produce in her a very opposite effect, to that it wrought in her companions. She seemed, indeed, no more that easy ductile creature, insulted and borne away by the whims of her companions. She appeared more judicious in the commands she gave, and more rigorous in the execution, In short, both her own activity, and the supine lethargy of those whom she conducted, united to make way for her unlimited authority. Now, indeed, a more limited rule might have secur-

ed obedience, and maintained a regularity. The ladies were but little struck with the glare of objects on each side the way. One alone I must except, whom I beheld look wishfully, with a retorted eye, towards the golden ore washed down by the torrents. The governess represented, in the strongest terms, that these materials could not be imported into the realms they were about to enter. That, were this even the case, they could be there of no importance. However, she had not extirpated the bias of this craving dame, when they approached the temple to which I formerly alluded. The temple stood upon a lofty hill, half encircled with trees of never-fading verdure. Between the milk-white columns (which were of the Doric order, the bases gilt, as also the capitals) a blaze of glory issued, of such superior lustre, that none beside the governess was able to approach it. She, indeed, with a dejected countenance drew near unto the goddess; who gently waved her hand in the way of salutation.

The matron seemed less dazzled, than delighted with her excessive beauty. She accosted her with reverence, and with much diffidence began to mention their pretension to her favour. 'She must own she had been too remiss in the beginning of her government; she hoped it would be attributed to inexperience in the subtile wiles of her fellow-travelers. She flattered herself, that her severity towards the conclusion of her journey might, in some sort, make atonement for her misbehaviour in the beginning. Lastly, that she sometimes found it impossible to hear the dictates of the goddess amid the clamours of her pupils, and the din of their persuasions.' To this the goddess made reply. 'You have

heard,' said she, 'no doubt, that the favours I bestow, are by no means consistent with a state of inactivity. The only time when you were allowed an opportunity to deserve them, was the time when your pupils were the most refractory and perverse. The honours you expect in my court are proportioned to the difficulty of a good undertaking. May you, hereafter, partake them, in reward of your more vigorous conduct: for the present, you are little entitled to any recompence from me. As to your pupils, I observe, they have passed sentence on themselves.' At this instant of time the bell rang for supper, and awaked me: I found the gardener by my side, prepared to plant a parcel of trees; and that I had slumbered away the hours, in which I should have given him suitable directions.

UNCONNECTED THOUGHTS ON GARDENING.

Gardening may be divided into three species—kitchen-gardening — parterre-gardening — and landscape, or picturesque gardening: which latter is the subject intended in the following pages.—It consists in pleasing the imagination by scenes of grandieur, beauty, or variety. Convenience merely has no share here, any farther than as it pleases the imagination. Perhaps the division of the pleasures of imagination, according as they are struck by the great, the various, and the beautiful, may be accurate enough for my present purpose; why each of them affects us with pleasure may be traced in other authors. See Burke, Hutchinson, Gerrard, the "Theory

of agreeable Sensations," &c.* There seem, however to be some objects, which afford a pleasure not reducible to either of the foregoing heads. A ruin, for instance, may be neither new to us nor majestic, nor beautiful, yet afford that pleasing melancholy which proceeds from a reflection on decayed magnificence. For this reason, an able gardener should avail himself of objects, perhaps not very striking; if they serve to connect ideas, that convey reflections of the pleasing kind. Objects should, indeed, be less calculated to strike the immediate eye, than the judgment or well-formed imagination; as in painting. It is no objection to the pleasure of novelty, that it makes an ugly object more disagreeable. It is enough that it produces a superiority betwixt things in other respects equal. It seems, on some occasions, to go even farther. Are there not broken rocks and rugged grounds, to which we can hardly attribute either beauty or grandeur; and yet when introduced near an extent of lawn, impart a pleasure equal to more shapely scenes? Thus a series of lawn, tho' ever so beautiful, my satiate and cloy, unless the eye passes to them from wilder scenes; and then they acquire the grace of novelty. Variety appears to me to derive good part of it's effect from novelty; as the eye, passing from one form or colour to a form or colour of a different kind, finds a degree of novelty in it's present object, which affords immediate satisfaction. Variety, however, in some in-

*Garden-scenes may, perhaps, be divided into the sublime, the beautiful, and the melancholy or pensive; to which last I know not but we may assign a middle place betwixt the former two, as being in some sort composed of both. See Burke's "Sublime."

stances, may be carried to such an excess as to lose it's whole effect. I have observed ceilings so crammed with stucco-ornaments; that, altho' of the most different kinds, they have produced an uniformity. A sufficient quantity of undecorated space is necessary to exhibit such decorations to advantage.

Ground should first be considered with an eye to it's peculiar character: whether it be the grand, the savage, the sprightly, the melancholy, the horrid, or the beautiful. As one or other of these characters prevail, one may somewhat strengthen its effect, by allowing every part some denomination, and then supporting it's title by suitable appendages—for instance, the lover's walk may have assignation seats, with proper mottoes—urns to faithful lovers—trophies, garlands, &c. by means of art. What an advantage must some Italian seats derive from the circumstance of being situate upon ground mentioned in the classics? And, even in England, wherever a park or garden happens to have been the scene of any event in history, one would surely avail one's self of that circumstance, to make it more interesting to the imagination. Mottoes should allude to it, columns, &c. record it; verses moralize on it; and curiosity receive it's share of pleasure. In designing a house and gardens, it is happy when there is an opportunity of maintaining a subordination of parts; the house so luckily placed as to exhibit a view of the whole design. I have sometimes thought that there was room for it to resemble an epic or dramatic poem. It is rather to be wished than required, that the more striking scenes may succeed those which are less so. Taste depends much on temper. Some prefer Tibullus to Virgil, and Virgil to Ho-

mer——Hagley to Persfield, and Persfield to the Welsh mountains. This occasions the different preferences that are given to situations.—A garden strikes us most, where the grand and the pleasing succeed, not intermingle with, each other. I believe, however, the sublime has generally a deeper effect than the merely beautiful. I use the words landscape and prospect, the former as expressive of home scenes, the latter of distant images. Prospects should take in the blue distant hills; but never so remotely, that they are not distinguishable from clouds. Yet this mere extent is what the vulgar value. Landscape should contain variety enough to form a picture upon canvas; and this is no bad test, as I think the landscape painter is the gardener's best designer. The eye requires a sort of balance here; but not so as to encroach on probable nature. A wood, or hill, may balance a house or obelisk; for exactness would be displeasing. We form our notions from what we have seen; and tho', could we comprehend the universe, we might perhaps find it uniformly regular; yet the portions that we see of it, habituate our fancy to the contrary.

The eye should always look rather down upon water; customary nature makes this requisite. I know nothing more sensibly displeasing than Mr. T——'s flat ground betwixt his terrace and his water.

It is not easy to account for the fondness of former times for straight lined avenues to their houses; straight lined walks through their woods; and, in short, every kind of straight line; where the foot is to travel over, what the eye has done before. This circumstance, is one objection. Another, somewhat of the same kind, is the repetition of the same object,

tree after tree, for a length of way together. A third is, that this indentity is purchased by the loss of that variety, which the natural country supplies every where, in a greater or less degree. To stand still and survey such avenues, may afford some slender satisfaction, through the change derived from perspective; but to move on continually and find no change of scene in the least attendant on our change of place, must give actual pain to a person of taste. For such a one to be condemned to pass along the famous vista * from Moscow to Petersburg, or that other from Agra to Lahor in India, must be as disagreeable a sentence, as to be condemned to labour at the gallies. I conceived some idea of the sensation he must feel, from walking but a few minutes, immured, betwixt Lord D——'s high-shorn yew hedges; which run exactly parallel, at the distance of about ten feet; and are contrived perfectly to exclude all kind of objects whatsoever. When a building or other object, has been once viewed from it's proper point, the foot should never travel to it by the same path, which the eye has traveled over before. Lose the object, and draw nigh obliquely.

The side trees in vistas should be so circumstanced as to afford a probability that they grew by nature.

Ruinated structures appear to derive their power of pleasing, from the irregularity of surface, which is variety, and the latitude they afford the imagination, to conceive an enlargement of their dimensions, or to recollect any events or circumstances appertaining to their pristine grandeur, so far as concerns grandeur and solemnity. The breaks in them should be as bold and abrupt as possible.—If mere beauty,

* In Montesquieu, "Taste."

be aimed at (which however is not their chief excellence) the waving line, with more easy transitions, will become of greater importance.—Events relating to them may be simulated by numberless little artifices; but it is ever to be remembered, that high hills and sudden descents are most suitable to castles; and fertile vales, near wood and water, most imitative of the usual situation for abbeys and religious houses; large oaks, in particular, are essential to these latter;

> "Whose branching arms and reverend height,
> admit a dim religious light."

A cottage is a pleasing object, partly on account of the variety it may introduce; on account of the tranquillity that seems to reign there; and perhaps (I am somewhat afraid) on account of the pride of human nature;

> "Longi alterius spectare laborem."

In a scene presented to the eye, objects should never lie so much to the right or left, as to give it any uneasiness in the examination. Sometimes, however, it may be better to admit valuable objects even with this disadvantage. They should else never be seen beyond a certain angle. The eye must be easy, before it can be pleased. No mere slope from one side to the other can be agreeable ground: the eye requires a balance—i. e. a degree of uniformity: but this may be otherwise effected, and the rule should be understood with some limitation.

> "—Each alley has it's brother,
> and half the platform just reflects the other."

Let us examine what may be said in favour of that regularity which Mr. Pope exposes. Might he not seemingly as well object to the disposition of a hu-

man face, because it has an eye or cheek, that is the very picture of it's companion? Or does not Providence, who has observed this regularity in the external structure of our bodies and disregarded it within, seem to consider it as a beauty? The arms, the limbs, and the several parts of them correspond, but it is not the same case with the thorax and the abdomen. I believe one is generally solicitous for a kind of balance in a landscape; and, if I be not mistaking, the painters generally furnish one; a building, for instance, on one side, contrasted by a group of trees, a large oak, or a rising hill on the other. Whence then does this taste proceed, but from the love we bear to regularity in perfection? After all, in regard to gardens, the shape of ground, the disposition of trees, and the figure of water, must be sacred to nature; and no forms must be allowed that make a discovery of art. All trees have a character analogous to that of men: oaks are, in all respects, the perfect image of the manly character: in former times I should have said, and in present times I think I am authorized to say, the British one. As a brave man is not suddenly either elated by prosperity or depressed by adversity, so the oak displays not it's verdure on the sun's first approach; nor drops it on his first departure. Add to this it's majestic appearance, the rough grandeur of it's bark, and the wide protection of it's branches. A large-branching, aged oak, is perhaps the most venerable of all inanimate objects. Urns are more solemn, if large and plain; more beautiful, if less and ornamented. Solemnity is perhaps their point, and the situation of them should still co-operate with it. By the way, I wonder that lead statues

are not more in vogue in our modern gardens. Tho' they may not express the finer lines of an human body, yet they seem perfectly well calculated, on account of their duration, to embellish landscapes, were they some degrees inferior to what we generally behold. A statue in a room challenges examination, and is to be examined critically as a statue. A statue in a garden is to be considered as one part of a scene or landscape; the minuter touches are no more essential to it, than a good landscape painter would esteem them were he to represent a statute in his picture. Apparent art, in it's proper province, is almost as important as apparent nature. They contrast agreeably; but their provinces ever should be kept distinct. Some artificial beauties are so dexterously managed, that one cannot but conceive them natural; some natural ones so extremely fortunate, that one is ready to swear they are artificial.

Concerning scenes, the more uncommon they appear, the better, provided they form a picture, and include nothing that pretends to be of nature's production, and is not. The shape of ground, the site of trees, and the fall of water, are nature's province. Whatever thwarts her is treason.

On the other hand, buildings and the works of art need have no other reference to nature than that they afford the ευσημνον with which the human mind is delighted. Art should never be allowed to set a foot in the province of nature, otherwise than clandestinely and by night. Whenever she is allowed to appear here, and men begin to compromise the difference—night, gothicism, confusion, and absolute chaos, are come again. To see one's urns, obelisks, and waterfalls laid open; the nakedness of

of our beloved mistresses, the naiads and the dryads, exposed by that ruffian Winter to universal observation; is a severity scarcely to be supported by the help of blazing hearths, cheerful companions, and a bottle of the most grateful burgundy. The works of a person that builds, begin immediately to decay; while those of him who plants begin directly to improve. In this, planting promises a more lasting pleasure than building; which, were it to remain in equal perfection, would at best begin to moulder and want repairs in imagination. Now trees have a circumstance that suits our taste, and that is annual variety. It is inconvenient, indeed, if they cause our love of life to take root and flourish with them; whereas the very sameness of our structures will, without the help of dilapidation, serve to wean us from our attachment to them. It is a custom in some countries to condemn the characters of those (after death) that have neither planted a tree, nor begot a child. The taste of the citizen and of the mere peasant are, in all respects, the same. The former gilds his balls; paints his stonework and statues white; plants his trees in lines or circles; cuts his yew-trees four-square or conic; or gives them, what he can, of the resemblance of birds, or bears, or men; squirts up his rivulets in jetteaus; in short, admires no part of nature, but her ductility; exhibits every thing that is glaring, that implies expense, or that effects a surprise because it is unnatural. The peasant is his admirer. It is always to be remembered in gardening, that sublimity or magnificence, and beauty or variety, are very different things. Every scene we see in nature is either tame and insipid; or compounded of those. It often happens

that the same ground may receive from art, either certain degrees of sublimity and magnificence, or certain degrees of variety and beauty; or a mixture of each kind. In this case it remains to be considered in which light they can be rendered most remarkable, whether as objects of beauty or magnificence. Even the temper of the proprietor should not, perhaps, be wholly disregarded: for certain complexions of soul will prefer an orange tree or a myrtle, to an oak or cedar. However, this should not induce a gardener to parcel out a lawn into knots of shrubbery: or invest a mountain with a garb of roses. This would be like dressing a giant in a sarsenet gown, or a Saracen's head in a Brussel's night-cap. Indeed the small circular clumps of firs, which I see planted upon some fine large swells, put me often in mind of a coronet placed upon an elephant or camel's back. I say, a gardener should not do this any more than a poet should attempt to write of the king of Prussia in the style of Phillips. On the other side, what would become of Lesbia's sparrow, should it be treated in the same language with the anger of Achilles? Gardeners may be divided into three sorts, the landscape gardener, the parterre gardener and the kitchen gardener, agreeably to our first division of gardens. I have used the word landscape-gardeners; because, in pursuance of our present taste in gardening, every good painter of landscape appears to me the most proper designer. The misfortune of it is, that these painters are apt to regard the execution of their work, much more than the choice of subject. The art of distancing and approximating, comes truly within their sphere: the former by the gradual diminution of distinctness,

and of size; the latter by the reverse. A straight-lined avenue that is widened in front, and planted there with yew trees, then firs, then with trees more and more fady, till they end in the almond-willow, or silver osier; will produce a very remarkable deception of the former kind; which deception will be encreased, if the nearer dark trees are proportionable and truly larger than those at the end of the avenue that are more fady. To distance a building, plant as near as you can to it, two or three circles of different-coloured greens. — Ever-greens are best for all such purposes.—Suppose the outer one of holly, and the next of laurel, &c. The consequence will be that the imagination immediately allows a space betwixt these circles, and another betwixt the house and them; and as the imagined space is indeterminate, if your building be dim-coloured, it will not appear inconsiderable. The imagination is a greater magnifier than a microscopic glass. And on this head, I have known some instances, where, by shewing intermediate ground, the distance has appeared less, than while a hedge or grove concealed it. Hedges, appearing as such, are universally bad. They discover art in nature's province. Trees in hedges partake of their artificiality, and become a part of them. There is no more sudden and obvious improvement, than a hedge removed, and the trees remaining; yet not in such manner as to mark out the former hedge. Water should ever appear as an irregular lake or winding stream.

Islands give beauty, if the water be adequate; but lessen grandeur through variety. It was the wise remark of some sagacious observer, that familiarity is, for the most part, productive of contempt

Graceless offspring of so amiable a parent! Unfortunate beings that we are, whose enjoyments must be either checked, or prove destructive of themselves. Our passions are permitted to sip a little pleasure; but are extinguished by indulgence, like a lamp overwhelmed with oil. Hence we neglect the beauty with which we have been intimate; nor would any addition it could receive, prove an equivalent for the advantage it derived from the first impression. Thus, negligent of graces that have the merit of reality, we too often prefer imaginary ones that have only the charm of novelty: and hence we may account, in general, for the preference of art to nature, in our old-fashioned gardens. Art, indeed, is often requisite to collect and epitomize the beauties of nature: but should never be suffered to set her mark upon them; I mean, in regard to those articles that are of nature's province; the shaping of ground, the planting of trees, and the disposition of lakes and rivulets. Many more particulars will soon occur, which, however, she is allowed to regulate, somewhat clandestinely, on the following account—man is not capable of comprehending the universe at one survey. Had he faculties equal to this, he might well be censured for any minute regulations of his own. It were the same, as if, in his present situation, he strove to find amusement in contriving the fabric of an ant's nest, or the partitions of a bee-hive. But we are placed in the corner of a sphere; endued neither with organs, nor allowed a station, proper to give us an universal view, or to exhibit to us the variety, the orderly proportions, and dispositions of the system. We perceive many breaks and blemishes, several neglected and unvariegated places in

the part; which, in the whole, would appear either imperceptible, or beautiful. And we might as rationally expect a snail to be satisfied with the beauty of our parterres, slopes, and terraces—or an ant to prefer our buildings to her own orderly range of granaries, as that man should be satisfied, without a single thought that he can improve the spot that falls to his share. But, tho' art be necessary for collecting nature's beauties, by what reason is she authorized to thwart and to oppose her? Why fantastically endeavour to humanize those vegetables, of which nature, discreet nature, thought it proper to make trees? Why endow the vegetable bird with wings, which nature has made momentarily dependent on the soil? Here art seems very affectedly to make a display of that industry, which it is her glory to conceal. The stone which represents an asterisk, is valued only on account of it's natural production: nor do we view with pleasure the laboured carvings and futile diligence of gothic artists. We view with much more satisfaction some plain Grecian fabric, where art, indeed, has been equally, but less visibly industrious. It is thus we, indeed, admire the shining texture of the silk-worm; but we loath the puny author, when she thinks proper to emerge; and to disgust us with the appearance of so vile a grub.

But this is merely true in regard to the particulars of nature's province; wherein art can only appear as the most abject vassal, and had, therefore, better not appear at all. The case is different where she has the direction of buildings, useful or ornamental; or, perhaps, claims as much honour from temples, as the deities to whom they are inscribed. Here then it is her interest to be seen as much as possible: and, tho'

nature appear doubly beautiful by the contrast her structures furnish, it is not easy for her to confer a benefit which nature, on her side, will not repay. A rural scene to me is never perfect without the addition of some kind of building: indeed, I have known a scar of rock-work, in great measure, supply the deficiency. In gardening, it is no small point to enforce either grandeur or beauty by surprise; for instance, by abrupt transition from their contraries—but to lay a stress on surprize only; for example, on the surprise occasioned by an aha! without including any nobler purpose; is a symptom of bad taste, and a violent fondness for mere concetto. Grandeur and beauty are so very opposite, that you often diminish the one as you increase the other. Variety is most a-kin to the latter, simplicity to the former. Suppose a large hill varied, by art, with large patches of different-coloured clumps, scars of rock, chalk-quarries, villages, or farm-houses; you will have, perhaps, a more beautiful scene, but much less grand than it was before. In many instances, it is most eligible to compound your scene of beauty and grandeur.—Suppose a magnificent swell arising out of a well-variegated valley; it would be disadvantageous to encrease it's beauty, by means destructive to it's magnificence. There may possibly, but there seldom happens to be any occasion to fill up valleys, with trees or otherwise. It is for the most part the gardener's business to remove trees, or aught that fills up the low ground; and to give, as far as nature allows, an artificial eminence to the high. The hedge-row apple-trees in Herefordshire afford a most beautiful scenery, at the time they are in blossom; but the prospect would be

really grander, did it consist of simple foliage. For the same reason, a large oak (or beech) in autumn, is a grander object than the same in spring. The sprightly green is then obfuscated. Smoothness and easy transitions are no small ingredients in the beautiful; abrupt and retangular breaks have more of the nature of the sublime. Thus a tapering spire is, perhaps, a more beautiful object than a tower, which is grander. Many of the different opinions relating to the preference to be given to seats, villas, &c. are owing to want of distinction betwixt the beautiful and the magnificent. Both the former and the latter please; but there are imaginations particularly adapted to the one, and to the other. Mr. Addison thought an open uninclosed champaign country, formed the best landscape. Somewhat here is to be considered. Large, unvarigated, simple objects have the best pretensions to sublimity; a large mountain, whose sides are unvaried with objects, is grander than one with infinite variety: but then it's beauty is proportionably less. However, I think a plain space near the eye gives it a kind of liberty it loves: and then the picture, whether you chuse the grand or beautiful, should be held up at it's proper distance. Variety is the principal ingredient in beauty; and simplicity is essential to grandeur. Offensive objects, at a proper distance, acquire even a degree of beauty: for instance, stubble fallow ground.

ON POLITICS.

Perhaps men of the most different sects and parties very frequently think the same; only vary in their phrase and language. At least, if one examine their first principles, which very often coincide, it were a point of prudence, as well as candour, to consider the rest as nothing more. A courtier's dependent is a beggar's dog. If national reflections be unjust, because there are good men in all nations, are not national wars on much the same footing? A government is inexcusable for employing foolish ministers; because they may examine a man's head, tho' they cannot his heart.

I fancy, the proper means of encreasing the love we bear our native country, is to reside some time in a foreign one. The love of popularity seems little else than the love of being beloved; and is only blameable when a person aims at the affections of a people by means in appearance honest, but in their end pernicious and distructive. There ought, no doubt, to be heroes in society as well as butchers; and who knows but the necessity of butchers (inflaming and stimulating the passions with animal food) might at first occasion the necessity of heroes. Butchers, I believe, were prior. The whole mystery of a courtly behaviour seems included in the power of making general favours appear particular ones. A man of remarkable genius may afford to pass by a piece of wit, if it happen to border on abuse. A little genius is obliged to catch at every witticism indiscriminately. Indolence is a kind of centripetal force. It seems idle to

rail at ambition merely because it is a boundless passion; or rather is not this circumstance an argument in it's favour? If one would be employed or amused through life, should we not make choice of a passion that will keep one long in play? A sportsman of vivacity will make choice of that game which will prolong his diversion: a fox, that will support the chace till night, is better game than a rabbit, that will not afford him half an hour's entertainment.

The submission of Prince Hal to the civil magistrate that committed him, was more to his honour than all the conquests of Henry the fifth in France.

The most animated social pleasure, that I can conceive, may be, perhaps, felt by a general after a successful engagement, or in it: I mean, by such commanders as have souls equal to their occupation. This, however, seems paradoxical, and requires some explanation. Resistance to the reigning powers is justifiable, on a conviction that their government is inconsistent with the good of the subject; that our interposition tends to establish better measures; and this without a probability of occasioning evils that may overbalance them. But these considerations must never be separated. People are, perhaps, more vicious in towns, because they have fewer natural objects there, to employ their attention—or admiration: likewise because one vicious character tends to encourage and keep another in countenance. However it be, excluding accidental circumstances, I believe the largest cities are the most vicious of all others. Laws are generally found to be nets of such a texture, as the little creep through, the great break through, and the middle sized are alone entangled in. Tho' I have no

sort of inclination to vindicate the late rebellion, yet I am led by candour to make some distinction between the immoralityof it's abettors, and the illegality of their offence. My Lord Hardwick, in his condemnation-speech, remarks with great propriety, that the laws of all nations have adjudged rebellion to be the worst of crimes. And in regard to civil societies, I believe there are none but madmen will dispute it. But surely with regard to conscience, erroneous judgments and ill-grounded convictions may render it some people's duty. Sin does not consist in any deviation from received opinion; it does not depend on the understanding, but the will. Now, if it appear that a man's opinion has happened to misplace his duty; and this opinion has not been owing to any vicious desire of indulging his appetites.—In short, if his own reason, liable to err, have biassed his will; rather than his will any way contributed to bias and deprave his reason, he will, perhaps, appear guilty before none, beside an earthly tribunal. A person's right to resist, depends on a conviction, that the government is ill-managed; that others have more claim to manage it, or will administer it better: that he, by his resistance, can introduce a change to it's advantage, and this without any consequential evils that will bear proportion to the said advantage.

Whether this were not in appearance the case of Bamerino, I will not presume to say: how conceived or from what delusion sprung. But as, I think, he was reputed an honest man, in other respects, one may guess his behaviour was rather owing to the misrepresentations of his reason, than to any depravity, perverseness, or disingenuity of his will.

If a person ought heartily to stickle for any cause, it

should be that of moderation. Moderation should be his party.

EGOTISMS.

From my own sensations.

1. I hate maritime expressions, similies and allusions; my dislike, I suppose, proceeds from the unnaturalness of shipping, and the great share which art ever claims in that practice. 2. I am thankful that my name is obnoxous to no pun. 3. May I always have a heart superior, with oeconomy suitable, to my fortune. 4. Inanimates, toys, utensils, seem to merit a kind of affection from us, when they have been our companions through various vicissitudes. I have often viewed my watch, standish, snuff-box, with this kind of tender regard; allotting them a degree of friendship, which there are some men who do not deserve:

"Midst many faithless only faithful found."

5. I loved Mr. Somervile, because he knew so perfectly what belonged to the flocci-nauci-nihili-pillification of money. 6. It is with me, in regard to the earth itself, as it is in regard to those who walk upon it's surface. I love to pass by crowds, and to catch distant views of the country as I walk along; but I insensibly chuse to sit where I cannot see two yards before me. 7. I begin too soon in life to slight the world, more than is consistent with making a figure in it. The "non est tanti" of Ovid grows upon me so fast that in a few years I shall have no passion. 8. I am obliged to the person that speaks me fair to my face. I am only more

obliged to the man who speaks well of me in my absence also. Should I be asked whether I chose to have a person speak well of me when absent or present, I should answer the latter; for were all men to do so, the former would be insignificant.

9. I feel an avarice of social pleasure, which produces only mortification. I never see a town or city in a map, but I figure to myself many agreeable persons in it, with whom I could wish to be acquainted.

10. It is a miserable thing to be sensible of the value of one's time, and yet restrained by circumstances from making a proper use of it. One feels one's self somewhat in the situation of Admiral Hosier.

11. It is a miserable thing to love where one hates; and yet it is not inconsistent. 12. The modern world considers it as a part of politeness, to drop the mention of kindred in all addresses to relations. There is no doubt, that it puts our approbation and esteem on a less partial footing. I think, where I value a friend, I would not suffer my relation to be obliterated even to the twentieth generation: it serves to connect us closer. Wherever I disesteemed, I would abdicate my first cousin. 13. Circumlocutory, philosophical obscenity appears to me the most nauseous of all stuff: shall I say it takes away the spirit from it, and leaves you nothing but a caput mortuum; or shall I say rather it is a Sir—e in an envelope of fine gilt paper, which only raises expectation? Could any be allowed to talk obscenely with a grace, it were downright country fellows, who use an unaffected language: but even among these, as they grow old, it partakes again of affectation.

14. It is some loss of liberty to resolve on schemes beforehand. 15. There are a sort of people

to whom one would allot good wishes and perform good offices: but they are sometimes those, with whom one would by no means share one's time.

16. I would have all men elevated to as great a height as they can discover a lustre to the naked eye.

17. I am surely more inclined (of the two) to pretend a false disdain, than an unreal esteem. 18. Yet why repine? I have seen mansions on the verge of Wales that convert my farm-house into a Hampton-court, and where they speak of a glazed window as a great piece of magnificence. All things figure by comparison. 19. I do not so much want to avoid being cheated, as to afford the expense of being so: the generality of mankind being seldom in good humour but whilst they are imposing on you in some shape or other. 20. I cannot avoid comparing the ease and freedom I enjoy, to the ease of an old shoe; where a certain degree of shabbiness is joined with the convenience. 21. Not Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Coptic, nor even the Chinese language, seem half so difficult to me as the language of refusal. 22. I actually dreamt that somebody told me I must not print my pieces separate. That certain stars would, if single, be hardly conspicuous, which, united in a narrow compass, form a very splendid constellation. 23. The ways of ballad-singers, and the cries of halfpenny pamphlets, appeared so extremely humourous, from my lodgings in Fleet-street, that it gave me pain to observe them without a companion to partake. For, alas! laughter is by no means a solitary entertainment. 24. Had I a fortune of eight or ten thousand pounds a year, I would, methinks, make myself a neighbourhood. I would first build a vil-

lage with a church, and people it with inhabitants of some branch of trade that was suitable to the country round. I would then, at proper distances, erect a number of genteel boxes of about a thousand pounds a piece, and amuse myself with giving them all the advantages they could receive from taste. These would I people with a select number of well-chosen friends, assigning to each annually the sum of two hundred pounds for life. The salary should be irrevocable, in order to give them independency. The house of a more precarious tenure, that, in cases of ingratitude, I might introduce another inhabitant. —How plausible soever this may appear in speculation, perhaps a very natural and lively novel might be founded on the inconvenient consequences of it, when put in execution. 25. I think I have observed universally that the quarrels of friends, in the latter part of life, are never truly reconciled. "Malè sarta gratia nequicquam coit, & rescinditur." A wound in the friendship of young persons, as in the bark of young trees, may be so grown over, as to leave no scar. The case is very different in regard to old persons and old timber. The reason of this may be accountable from the decline of the social passions, and the prevalence of spleen, suspicion, and rancour towards the latter part of life.

26. There is nothing, to me, more irksome than to hear weak and servile people repeat with admiration every silly speech that falls from a mere person of rank and fortune. It is "crambe bis cocta."—The nonsense grows more nauseous through the medium of their admiration, and shews the venality of vulgar tempers, which can consider fortune as the goddess of wit. 27. What pleasure it is to pay one's

debts! I remember to have heard Sir T. Lyttleton make the same observation. It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances, each of which is productive of pleasure. In the first place, it removes that uneasiness, which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection: it promotes that future confidence, which is so very interesting to an honest mind: it opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions: it leaves a consciousness of our own virtue: and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice and of sound œconomy. Finally, it is a main support of simple reputation.

28. It is a maxim with me (and I would recommend it to others also, on the score of prudence) whenever I lose a person's friendship, who generally commences enemy, to engage a fresh friend in his place. And this may be best effected by bringing over some of one's enemies; by which means one is a gainer, having the same number of friends, at least, if not an enemy the less. Such a method of proceeding should, I think, be as regularly observed, as the distribution of vacant ribbons, on the death of knights of the garter. 29. It has been a maxim with me to admit of an easy reconciliation with a person whose offence proceeded from no depravity of heart: but where I was convinced it did so, to forego, for my own sake, all opportunities of revenge: to forget the persons of my enemies as much as I was able, and to call to remembrance, in their place, the more pleasing idea of my friends. I am convinced that I have derived no small share of happiness from this principle. 30. I have been formerly so

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[illegible] easy reconciliation with a [illegible] offender protected, from no depravity [illegible] [illegible] communities of revenge: to [illegible] communities as much as I was [illegible] to recommendance, in their influence [illegible] [illegible] many friends. I am [illegible] [illegible] small share of [illegible] [illegible] 30. I have been [illegible] [illegible] ready.

silly as to hope, that every servant I had might be made a friend: I am now convinced that the nature of servitude generally bears a contrary tendency. People's characters are to be chiefly collected from their education and place in life: birth itself does but little. Kings in general are born with the same propensities as other men; but yet it is probable, that from the licence and flattery that attends their education, they will be more haughty, more luxurious, and more subjected to their passions, than any men beside. I question not but there are many attorneys born with open and honest hearts; but I know not one, that has had the least practice, who is not selfish, trickish, and disingenuous. So it is the nature of servitude to discard all generous motives of obedience; and to point out no other than those scoundrel ones of interest and fear. There are however, some exceptions to this rule, which I know by my own experience.

ON DRESS.

1. Dress, like writing, should never appear the effect of too much study and application. On this account I have seen parts of dress, in themselves extremely beautiful, which, at the same time, subject the wearer to the character of foppishness and affectation. 2. A man's dress in the former part of life, should rather tend to set off his person, than to express riches, rank, or dignity: in the latter, the reverse. 3. Extreme elegance in liveries, I mean such as is expressed by the more languid colours, is altogether absurd. They ought to be rather

gaudy than genteel; if for no other reason, yet for this, that elegance may more strongly distinguish the appearance of the gentleman. 4. It is a point out of doubt with me, that the ladies are most properly the judges of men's dress, and the men of that of the ladies. 5. I think, till thirty, or with some a little longer, people should dress in a way that is most likely to procure the love of the opposite sex.

6. There are many modes of dress, which the world esteems handsome, which are by no means calculated to shew the human figure to advantage. 7. Love can be founded on nature only; or the appearance of it—for this reason, however a peruke may tend to soften the human features, it can very seldom make amends for the mixture of artifice which it discovers. 8. A rich dress adds but little to the beauty of a person, it may possibly create a deference, but that is rather an enemy to love:

> "Non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur
> Majestas & amor."—*Ovid.*

9. Simplicity can scarcely be carried too far: provided it be not so singular as to excite a degree of ridicule. The same caution may be requisite in regard to the value of your dress: tho' splendor be not necessary, you must remove all appearance of poverty; the ladies being rarely enough sagacious to acknowledge beauty through the disguise of poverty. Indeed, I believe sometimes they mistake grandeur of dress, for beauty of person. 10. A person's manner is never easy whilst he feels a consciousness that he is fine. The country-fellow, considered in some lights, appears genteel; but it is not when he is dressed on Sundays, with a large nose-gay in his bosom. It is when he is reaping, making hay, or

when he is hedging in his hurden frock. It is then he acts with ease, and thinks himself equal to his apparel. 11. When a man has run all lengths himself, with regard to dress, there is but one mean remaining, which can add to his appearance. And this consists in having recourse to the utmost plainness in his own apparel, and at the same time richly garnishing his footman or his horse. Let the servant appear as fine as ever you please, the world must always consider the master as his superior. And this is that peculiar excellence so much admired in the best painters as well as poets; Raphael as well as Virgil: where somewhat is left to be supplied by the spectator and reader's imagination. 12. Methinks apparel should be rich in the same proportion as it is gay: it otherwise carries the appearance of somewhat unsubstantial: in other words, of a greater desire than ability to make a figure. 13. Persons are oftentimes misled in regard to their choice of dress by attending to the beauty of colours, rather than selecting such colours as may encrease their own beauty. 14. I cannot see why a person should be esteemed haughty, on account of his taste for fine clothes, any more than one who discovers a fondness for birds, flowers, moths, or butterflies. Imagination influences both to seek amusement in glowing colours; only the former endeavours to give them a nearer relation to himself. It appears to me, that a person may love splendor without any degree of pride; which is never connected with this taste but when a person demands homage on account of the finery he exhibits. Then it ceases to be taste, and commences mere ambition. Yet the world is not enough candid to make this essential distinction.

15. The first instance an officer gives you of his courage, consists in wearing clothes infinitely superior to his rank. 16. Men of quality never appear more amiable than when their dress is plain. Their birth, rank, title, and it's appendages, are at best invidious; and as they do not need the assistance of dress, so, by their disclaiming the advantage of it, they make their superiority sit more easy. It is otherwise with such as depend alone on personal merit; and it was from hence, I presume, that Quin asserted he could not afford to go plain.
17. There are certain shapes and physiognomies of so entirely vulgar a cast, that they could scarcely win respect even in the country, tho' they were embellished with a dress as tawdry as a pulpit-cloth. 18. A large retinue on a small income, like a large cascade on a small stream, tends to discover it's tenuity.
19. Why are perfumes so much decryed? When a person on his approach diffuses them, does he not revive the idea which the ancients ever entertained concerning the descent of superior beings "veiled in a cloud of fragrance?" 20. The lowest people are generally the first to find fault with shew or equipage; especially that of a person lately emerged from his obscurity. They never once consider that he is breaking the ice for themselves.

ON WRITING AND BOOKS.

1. Fine writing is generally the effect of spontaneous thoughts and a laboured style. 2. Long sentences in a short composition are like large rooms in a little house. 3. The world may be divided

into people that read, people that write, people that think, and fox-hunters. 4. Instead of whining complaints concerning the imagined cruelty of their mistresses, if poets would address the same to their muse, they would act more agreeably to nature and to truth. 5. Superficial writers, like the mole, often fancy themselves deep, when they are exceedingly near the surface. 6.

> "Sumite materiam vesiris, qui scribitis, æquam viribus."—

Authors often fail by printing their works on a super-royal, that should have appeared on ballad-paper, to make their performance appear laudable.

7. There is no word in the Latin language that signifies a female friend. "Amica" means a mistress: and perhaps there is no friendship betwixt the sexes wholly disunited from a degree of love.

8. 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 the natural manner; in word and phrase, simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers but affectation, witticism, and conceit? 9. One can, now and then, reach an author's head when he stoops; and, induced by this circumstance, aspire to measure height with him. 10. The national opinion of a book or treatise is not always right—"est ubi peccat."—Milton's "Paradise Lost" is one instance. I mean, the cold reception it met with at first.

11. Perhaps an acquaintance with men of genius is rather reputable than satisfactory. It is as unaccountable, as it is certain, that fancy heightens sensibility; sensibility strengthens passion; and passion

makes people humourists. Yet a person of genius is often expected to shew more discretion than another man; and this on account of that very vivacity, which is his greatest impediment. This happens for want of distinguishing betwixt the fanciful talents and the dry mathematical operations of the judgment, each of which indiscriminately give him the denomination of a man of genius. 12. An actor never gained a reputation by acting a bad play nor a musician by playing upon a bad instrument. 13. Poets seem to have fame, in lieu of most temporal advantages. They are too little formed for business, to be respected: too often feared or envied to be beloved. 14. Tully ever seemed an instance to me, how far a man devoid of courage, may be a spirited writer. 15. One would rather be a stump of laurel than the stump of a churchyard-yew-tree. 16. "Degere more feræ."* VIR. Vanbrugh seems to have had this of Virgil in his eye, when he introduces Miss Hoyden envying the liberty of a greyhound bitch. 17. There is a certain flimziness of poetry which seems expedient in a song. 18. Dido, as well as Desdemona† seems to have been a mighty admirer of strange achievements:

> "Heu! quibus ille
> jactatus fatis! quæ bella exhausta canebat!
> si mihi non," &c.

This may shew that Virgil, Shakespeare, and Shaftesbury agreed in the same opinion. 19. It is often observed of wits, that they will lose their best friend for the sake of a joke. Candour may discover, that it is their greater degree of the love of fame, not the

* To lead the life of a beast. † Lord Shaftesbury.

less degree of their benevolence, which is the cause.
20. People in high or in distinguished life ought to have a greater circumspection in regard to their most trivial actions. For instance, I saw Mr. Pope—and what was he doing when you saw him?—why, to the best of my memory, he was picking his nose.
21. Even Joe Miller, in his "Jests," has an eye to poetical justice; generally gives the victory or turns the laugh on the side of merit. No small compliment to mankind! 22. To say a person writes a good style, is originally as pedantic an expression, as to say he plays a good fiddle.
23. The first line of Virgil seems to patter like a hailstorm.—"Tityre, tu patulæ," &c. 24. The vanity and extreme self-love of the French is no where more observable than in their authors; and among these, in none more than Boileau; who, besides his rhodomontades, preserves every the most insipid reading in his notes, tho' he have removed it from the text for the sake of one ever so much better. 25. The writer who gives us the best idea of what may be called the genteel in style and manner of writing, is, in my opinion, my Lord Shaftesbury. Then Mr. Addison and Dr. Swift.
A plain narrative of any remarkable fact, emphatically related, has a more striking effect without the author's comment. 26. Long periods and short seem analogous to gothic and modern staircases: the former were of such a size as our heads and legs could barely command; the latter such that they might command half a dozen. I think nothing truly poetic, at least no poetry worth composing that does not strongly affect one's passions: and this is but slenderly effected by fables, allegories, and lies.

"Incredulus odi."—*Hor.*

27. A preface very frequently contains such a piece of criticism, as tends to countenance and establish the peculiarities of the piece. 28. I hate a style, as I do a garden, that is wholly flat and regular; that slides along like an eel, and never rises to what one can call an inequality. 29. It is obvious to discover that imperfections of one kind have a visible tendency to produce perfections of another. Mr. Pope's bodily disadvantages must incline him to a more laborious cultivation of his talent, without which he foresaw that he must have languished in obscurity. The advantages of person are a good deal essential to popularity in the grave world as well as the gay. Mr. Pope, by an unwearied application to poetry, became not only the favourite of the learned, but also of the ladies. 30. Pope, I think, never once mentions Prior; tho' Prior speaks so handsomely of Pope in his "Alma." One might imagine that the latter, indebted as he was to the former for such numberles. beauties, should have readily repaid this poetical obligation. This can only be imputed to pride or party-cunning. In other words, to some modification of selfishness.

31. Virgil never mentions Horace, tho' indebted to him for two very well-natured compliments.

32. Pope seems to me the most correct writer since Virgil; the greatest genius only since Dryden.

33. No one was ever more fortunate than Mr. Pope in a judicious choice of his poetical subjects.

34. Pope's talent lay remarkably in what one may naturally enough term the condensation of thoughts. I think, no other English poet ever brought so much sense into the same number of lines with equal smoothness, ease, and poetical beauty. Let him who doubts

of this peruse his "Essay on Man" with attention. Perhaps, this was a talent from which he could not easily have swerved: perhaps, he could not have sufficiently rarefied his thoughts to produce that flimsiness which is required in a ballad or love-song. His "Monster of Ragusa" and his "Translations from Chaucer" have some little tendency to invalidate this observation. 35. I durst not have censured Mr. Pope's writings in his life-time, you say. True. A writer surrounded with all his fame, engaging with another that is hardly known, is a man in armour attacking another in his night-gown and slippers. 36. Pope's religion is often found very advantageous to his descriptive talents, as it is, no doubt, embellished with the most pompous scenes and ostentatious imagery: for instance,

"When from the censer clouds of," &c.

37. Pope has made the utmost advantage of alliteration, regulating it by the pause with the utmost success:

"Die and endow a college or a cat," &c. &c.

It is an easy kind of beauty. Dryden seems to have borrowed it from Spenser. 38. Pope has published fewer foibles than any other poet that is equally voluminous. 39. It is no doubt extremely possible to form an English prosody; but to a good ear it were almost superfluous, and to a bad one useless; this last being, I believe, never joined with a poetic genius. It may be joined with wit; it may be connected with sound judgment: but is surely never united with taste, which is the life and soul of poetry. 40. Rhymes, in elegant poetry, should consist of syllables that are long in pronunciation: such as "are, ear, ire, ore, your;" in which a nice ear will find more agreeableness than in these;

"gnat, net, knit, knot, nut." 41. There is a vast beauty (to me) in using a word of a particular nature in the eighth and ninth syllables of an English verse. I mean, what is virtually a dactyl. For instance,

"And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains."

Let any person of an ear substitute "liquid" instead of "wat'ry," and he will find the disadvantage. Mr. Pope (who has improved our versification through a judicious disposition of the pause) seems not enough aware of this beauty. 42. As to the frequent use of alliteration, it has probably had it's day.
33. It has ever a good effect when the stress of the thought is laid upon that word which the voice most naturally pronounces with an emphasis.

"I nunc & versus-tecum meditare," &c. *Hor.*
"Quam vallent æthere in alto
nunc & pauperiem," &c. *Virg.*
"O fortunatii, quorum jam mœnia," &c. *Virg.*
"At regina gravi jamdudum," &c. *Virg.*

Virgil, whose very metre appears to effect one's passions, was a master of this secret. 44. There are numbers in the world, who do not want sense, to make a figure so much as an opinion of their own abilities, to put them on recording their observations, and allowing them the same importance which they do to those which others print. 45. A good writer cannot, with the utmost study, produce some thoughts, which will flow from a bad one with ease and precipitation. The reverse is also true. A bad writer, &c. 46. "Great wits have short memories," is a proverb; and as such has undoubtedly some foundation in nature. The case seems to be, that men of genius forget things of common concern, unimportant facts, and circumstances, which

make no slight impression in every day minds. But surely it will be found that all wit depends on memory; i. e. on the recollection of passages, either to illustrate or contrast with any present occasion. It is probably the fate of a common understanding to forget the very things which the man of wit remembers. But an oblivion of those things which almost every one remembers, renders his case the more remarkable, and this explains the mystery. 47. Prudes allow no quarter to such ladies as have fallen a sacrifice to the gentle passions; either because themselves, being borne away by the malignant ones, perhaps never felt the other so powerful as to occasion them any difficulty; or because no one has tempted them to transgress that way themselves. It is the same case with some critics, with regard to the errors of ingenious writers. 48. It seems with wit and good-nature, "Utrum horum mavis accipe." Taste and good-nature are universally connected.

49. Voiture's compliments to ladies are honest on account of their excess. 50. Poetry and consumptions are the most flattering of diseases.

51. Every person insensibly fixes on some degree of refinement in his discourse, some measure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wise to fix this pretty high, altho' it occasions one to talk the less. 52. Some men use no other means to acquire respect, than by insisting on it; and it sometimes answers their purpose, as it does a highwayman's in regard to money. 53. There is nothing exerts a genius so much as writing plays; the reason is, that the writer puts himself in the place of every person that speaks. 54. Perfect characters in a poem make but little better figure than

regular hills, perpendicular trees, uniform rocks, and level sheets of water, in the formation of a landscape. The reason is, they are not natural, and moreover want variety. 55. Trifles discover a character more than actions of importance. In regard to the former, a person is off his guard, and thinks it not material to use disguise. It is, to me, no imperfect hint towards the discovery of a man's character, to say he looks as tho' you might be certain of finding a pin upon his sleeve. 6. A grammarian speaks of first and second person: a poet of Celia and Corydon: a mathematician of A and B: a lawyer of Nokes and Styles. The very quintessence of pedantry! 57. Shakespeare makes his very bombast answer his purpose, by the persons he chuses to utter it. 58. A poet, till he arrives at thirty, can see no other good than a poetical reputation. About that æra, he begins to discover some other. 59. The plan of Spencer's "Fairy-queen" appears to me very imperfect. His imagination, tho' very extensive, yet somewhat less so, perhaps, than is generally allowed; if one consider the facility of realizing and equipping forth the virtues and vices. His metre has some advantages, tho', in many respects, exceptionable. His good-nature is visible through every part of his poem. His conjunction of the pagan and christian scheme (as he introduces the deities of both acting simultaneously) wholly inexcusable. Much art and judgment are discovered in parts, and but little in the whole. One may entertain some doubt whether the perusal of his monstrous descriptions be not as prejudicial to true taste, as it is advantageous to the extent of imagination. Spencer, to be sure, expands the last; but then he expands it beyond it's

due limits. After all, there are many favourite passages in his "Fairy-queen," which will be instances of a great and cultivated genius misapplied.

60. A poet, that fails in writing, becomes often a morose critic. The weak and insipid white wine makes at length excellent vinegar. 61. People of fortune, perhaps, covet the acquaintance of established writers, not so much on account of the social pleasure, as the credit of it: the former would induce them to chuse persons of less capacities, and tempers more conformable. 62. Language is to the understanding what a genteel motion is to the body; a very great advantage. But a person may be superior to another in understanding, that has not an equal dignity of expression; and a man may boast a handsomer figure, that is inferior to another in regard to motion. 63. The words "no more" have a singular pathos; reminding us at once of past pleasure and the future exclusion of it. 54. Every single observation that is published by a man of genius be it ever so trivial, should be esteemed of importance; because he speaks from his own impressions; whereas common men publish common things, which they have, perhaps, gleaned from frivolous writers. 65. It is providential that our affection diminishes in proportion as our friends' power encreases. Affection is of less importance whenever a person can support himself. It is on this account that younger brothers are often beloved more than their elders; and that Benjamin is the favourite. We may trace the same law throughout the animal creation. 66. The time of life when fancy predominates, is youth; the season when judgment decides best, is age. Poets, therefore, are always, in

respect of their disposition, younger than other persons: a circumstance that gives the latter part of their lives some inconsistency. The cool phlegmatic tribe discover it in the former. 67. One sometimes meets with instances of genteel abruption in writers; but I wonder it is not used more frequently, as it has a prodigious effect on the reader. For instance (after Falstaff's disappointment in serving Shallow at court)

"Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds."—*Shakes.*

When Pandulph commanded Philip of France to proceed no farther against England, but to sheath the sword he had drawn at the Pope's own instigation. "Now it had already cost Philip eighty thousand pounds in preparations." After the detail of king John's abject submission to the Pope's legate: "Now John was hated and despised before."

But, perhaps, the strongest of all may be taken from the scripture (conclusion of a chapter in St. John). "Now Barabbas was a robber."

68. A poet hurts himself by writing prose! as a racehorse hurts his motions by condescending to draw in a team. 69. The superior politeness of the French is in nothing more discernible than in the phrases used by them and us to express an affair being in agitation. The former say, "sur la tapis;" the latter, "upon the anvil." Does it not shew also the sincerity and serious face with which we enter on business, and the negligent and jaunty air with which they perform even the most important? 70. There are two qualities adherent to the most ingenious authors: I do not mean without exception. A decent pride that will admit of no servility, and a sheepish bashfulness that keeps their worth conceal-

ed: the "superbia quæsita meritis" and the "malus pudor" of Horace. The one will not suffer them to make advances to the great; the other disguises that merit for which the great would seek them out. Add to these the frequent indolence of speculative tempers. 71. A poetical genius seems the most elegant of youthful accomplishments; but it is entirely a youthful one. Flights of fancy, gaiety of behaviour, sprightliness of dress, and a blooming aspect, conspire very amicably to their mutual embellishment; but the poetic talent has no more to do with age, than it would avail his Grace of Canterbury to have a knack at country dances, or a genius for a catch. 72. The most obsequious muses, like the fondest and most willing courtezans, seldom leave us any reason to boast much of their favours.

73. If you write an original piece, you wonder no one ever thought of the best of subjects before you; if a translation, of the best authors. 74. The ancient poets seem to value themselves greatly on their power of perpetuating the fame of their cotemporaries. Indeed the circumstance that has fixed their language, has been the only means of verifying some of their vain-glorious prophecies. Otherwise, the historians appear more equal to the task of conferring immortality. A history will live, tho' written ever so indifferently; and is generally less suspected, than the rhetoric of the muses. 75. I wonder authors do not discover how much more elegant it is to fix their name to the end of their preface, or any introductory address, than to the title-page. It is, perhaps, for the sake of a F. R. S. or a LL. D. at the end of it, It should seem, the many lies, discernible in books of travels, may be owing to ac-

counts collected from improper people. Were one to give a character of the English, from what the vulgar act and believe, it would convey* a strange idea of the English understanding. 77. Might not the poem on the "Seasons" have been rendered more "uni," by giving out the design of nature in the beginning of winter, and afterwards considering all the varieties of seasons as means aiming at one end? 78. Critics must excuse me, if I compare them to certain animals called asses; who, by gnawing vines, originally taught the great advantage of pruning them. 79. Every good poet includes a critic; the reverse will not hold. 80. We want a word to express the "hospes" or "hospita" of the ancients; among them, perhaps, the most respectable of all characters; yet with us translated "host," which we apply also to an innkeeper. Neither have we any word to express "amica," as if we thought a woman always was somewhat more or less than a friend. 81. I know not where any latin author uses "ignotos" otherwise than as "obscure persons," as the modern phrase implies, "whom nobody knows." Yet it is used differently on Mrs. L———'s monument. 82. The philosopher, who considered the world as one vast animal, could esteem himself no other than a louse upon the back of it. 83. Orators and stage-coachmen, when the one wants arguments and the other a coat of arms, adorn their cause and their coaches with rhetoric and flower-pots. 84. It is idle to be much assiduous in the perusal of inferior poetry. Homer, Virgil, and Horace, give the true taste in composition; and a person's own im-

* Missionaries clap a tail to every Indian nation that dislikes them.

agination should be able to supply the rest.

In the same manner it is superfluous to pursue inferior degrees of fame. One truly splendid action, or one well-finished composition, includes more than all the results from more trivial performances. I mean this for persons who make fame their only motive. Very few sentiments are proper to be put into a person's mouth, during the first attack of grief. Every thing disgusts, but mere simplicity; the scriptural writers describe their heroes using only some such phrase as this: "Alas! my brother!" "Oh Absalom, my son! my son!" &c. The lamentation of Saul over Jonathan is more diffuse, but at the same time entirely simple. Angling is literally described by Martial:

"— tremula piscem deducere seta."

From "ictum fœdus" seems to come the English phrase and custom of striking a bargain.

I like Ovid's "Amours" better than his "Epistles." There seems a greater variety of natural thoughts: whereas, when one has read the subject of one of his epistles, one foresees what it will produce in a writer of his imagination. The plan of his "Epistles," for the most part, well designed.—The answers of Sabinus, nothing. Necessity may be the mother of lucrative invention; but is the death of poetical. If a person suspect his phrase to be somewhat too familiar and abject, it were proper he should accustom himself to compose in blank verse: but let him be much on his guard against ancient Pistol's phraseology. Providence seems altogether impartial in the dispensation which bestows riches on one and a contempt of them on another. Respect is the general end for which riches, power,

place, title, and fame, are implicitly desired. When one is possessed of the end through any one of these means, it is not wholly unphilosophical to covet the remainder? Lord Shaftesbury, in the genteel management of some familiar ideas, seems to have no equal. He discovers an eloignment from vulgar phrases much becoming a person of quality. His sketches should be studied, like those of Raphael. His "Enquiry" is one of the shortest and clearest systems of morality. The question is, whether you distinguish me, because you have better sense than other people; or whether you seem to have better sense than other people, because you distinguish me. One feels the same kind of disgust in reading Roman history, which one does in novels, or even epic poetry. We too easily foresee to whom the victory will fall. The hero, the knight-errant, and the Roman, are too seldom overcome.

The elegance and dignity of the Romans is in nothing more conspicuous than in their answers to ambassadors. There is an important omission in most of our grammar-schools, through which what we read, either of fabulous or real history, leaves either faint or confused impressions. I mean the neglect of old geographical maps. Were maps of ancient Greece, Sicily, Italy, &c. in use there, the knowledge we there acquire would not want to be renewed afterwards, as is now generally the case. A person of a pedantic turn will spend five years in translating and contending for the beauties of a worse poem than he might write in five weeks himself. There seem to be authors who wish to sacrifice their whole character of genius to that of learning.

Boileau has endeavoured to prove, in one of his ad-

mirable satires, that man has no manner of pretence to prefer his faculties before those of the brute creation. Oldham has translated him: my Lord Rochester has imitated him: and even Mr. Pope declares,

> "That, reason raise o'er instinct how you can,
> in this 't is God directs; in that 't is man."

Indeed the "Essay on Man" abounds with illustrations of this maxim; and it is amazing to find how many plausible reasons may be urged to support it. It seems evident that our itch of reasoning and spirit of curiosity, precludes more happiness than it can possibly advance. What numbers of deseases are entirely artificial things, far from the ability of a brute to contrive! We disrelish and deny ourselves cheap and natural gratifications, through speculative presciences and doubts about the future. We cannot discover the designs of our Creator. We should learn then of brutes to be easy under our ignorance, and happy in those objects that seem intended, obviously, for our happiness: not overlook the flowers of the garden, and foolishly perplex ourselves with the intricacies of the labyrinth. I wish but two editions of all books whatsoever. One of the simple text, published by a society of able hands: another with the various readings and remarks of the ablest commentators. 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. If one would think with philosophers, one must converse but little with the vulgar. These, by their very number, will force a person into a fondness for appearance, a love of money, a desire of power; and other plebeian pas-

tions: objects which they admire, because they have no share in, and have not learning to supply the place of experience. Livy, the most elegant and principal of the Roman historians, was, perhaps, as superstitious as the most unlearned plebean. We see, he never is destitute of appearances, accurately described and solemnly asserted, to support particular events by the interposition of exploded deities. The puerile attentions to chicken-feeding in a morning—and then a piece of gravity: "Parva sunt hæc, sed parva ista non contemnenda; majores nostri maximam hanc rem fecerunt." It appears from the Roman historians, that the Romans had a particular veneration for the fortunate. Their epithet, "Felix," seems ever to imply a favourite of the gods. I am mistaking, or modern Rome has generally acted in an opposite manner. Numbers amongst them have been canonized on the single merit of misfortunes. How different appears ancient and modern dialogue, on account of superficial subjects on which we now generally converse! add to this, the ceremonial of modern times, and the number of titles with which some kings clog and encumber conversation. The celebrated boldness of an eastern metaphor is, I believe, sometimes allowed for the inconsiderable similitude it bears to it's subject. The style of letters, perhaps, should not rise higher than the style of refined conversation. Love-verses, written without real passion, are often the most nauseous of all conceits. Those written from the heart will ever bring to mind that delightful season of youth, and poetry, and love. Virgil gives one such excessive pleasure in his writings, beyond any other writer, by uniting the most perfect

harmony of metre, with the most pleasing ideas or images:

> "Qualem virgineo demessum pollice florem;"

And,

> "Argentum Pariusve lapis."——

with a thousand better instances. Nothing tends so much to produce drunkenness, or even madness, as the frequent use of parenthesis in conversation. Few greater images of impatience, than a general seeing his brave army over-matched and cut to pieces, and looking out continually to see his ally approach with forces to his assistance. See Shakespeare.

> "When my dear Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
> cast many a northward look to see his father
> bring up his powers—but he did look in vain."

BOOKS, &c.

Similies, drawn from odd circumstances and effects strangely accidental, bear a near relation to false wit. The best instance of the kind is that celebrated line of Waller:

> "He grasped at love, and fill'd his hand with bays."

Virgil discovers less wit, and more taste, than any writer in the world.—Some instances:

> "—longumque bibebat amorem."

What Lucretius says of the "edita doctrinæ sapientum templa"—"the temples of philosophers"—appears in no sense more applicable than to a snug and easy chariot:

> "Dispicere unde queas alios, pas-imque videre
> errare, atque viam palantes quærere vitæ."

i. e. From whence you may look down upon foot-pas-

sengers, see them wandering on each side of you, and pick their way through the dirt:

——"seriously
from learning's tow'ring height to gaze around,
and see plebeian spirits range below."

There is a sort of masonry in poetry, wherein the pause represents the joints of building; which ought in every line and course to have their disposition varied. The difference betwixt a witty writer and a writer of taste is chiefly this. The former is negligent what ideas he introduces, so he joins them surprisingly.—The latter is principally careful what images he introduces, and studies simplicity rather than surprise in his manner of introduction.

It may, in some measure, account for the difference of taste in the reading of books, to consider the difference of our ears for music. One is not pleased without a perfect melody of style, be the sense what it will: another, of no ear for music, gives to sense it's full weight without any deduction on account of harshness. Harmony of period and melody of style have greater weight than is generally imagined in the judgment we pass on writing and writers. As a proof of this, let us reflect, what texts of scripture, what lines in poetry, or what periods we most remember and quote, either in verse or prose, and we shall find them to be only musical ones.

I wonder the ancient mythology never shews Apollo enamoured of Venus; considering the remarkable deference that wit has paid to beauty in all ages. The Orientals act more consonantly, when they suppose the nightingale enamoured of the rose;—the most harmonious bird of the fairest and most delightful flower. Hope is a flatterer; but the

most upright of all parasites; for she frequents the poor man's hut, as well as the palace of his superior.

What is termed humour in prose, I conceive would be considered as burlesque in poetry: of which instances may be given. Perhaps, burlesque may be divided into such as turns chiefly on the thought, and such as depends more on the expression: or we may add a third kind, consisting in thoughts ridiculously dressed in language much above or below their dignity. The "Splendid Shilling" of Mr. Phillips, and the "Hudibras" of Butler, are the most obvious instances. Butler, however, depended much on the ludicrous effect of his double rhymes. In other respects, to declare my own sentiments, he is rather a witty writer than a humourous one. Scenes below verse, merely versified, lay claim to a degree of humour.

Swift in poetry deserves a place somewhere betwixt Butler and Horace. He has the wit of the former, and the graceful negligence which we find in the latter's epistles and satires. I believe, few people discover less humour in "Don Quixote" than myself. For beside the general sameness of adventure, whereby it is easy to foresee what he will do on most occasions, it is not so easy to raise a laugh from the wild atchievements of a madman. The natural passion, in that case, is pity, with some small portion of mirth at most. Sancho's character is indeed comic; and, were it removed from the romance, would discover how little there was of humour in the character of Don Quixote. It is a fine stroke of Cervantes, when Sancho, sick of his government, makes no answer to his comforters, but aims directly at his shoes and stockings.

OF MEN AND MANNERS.

1. The arguments against pride drawn so frequently by our clergy from the general infirmity, circumstances, and catastrophe of our nature, are extremely trifling and insignificant. Man is not proud as a species, but as an individual; not as comparing himself with other beings, but with his fellow creatures.

2. I have often thought that people draw many of their ideas of agreeableness, in regard to proportion, colour, &c. from their own persons.

3. It is happy enough that the same vices which impair one's fortune, frequently ruin our constitution, that the one may not survive the other. 4. Deference often shrinks and withers as much on the approach of intimacy, as the sensative plant does on the touch of one's finger. 5. The word Folly is, perhaps, the prettiest word in the language. Amusement and Diversion are good well meaning words: but Pastime is what never should be used but in a bad sense: it is vile to say such a thing is agreeable, because it helps to pass the time away. 6. Dancing in the rough is one of the most natural expressions of joy, and coincides with jumping. When it is regulated, it is merely, "cum ratione insanire."

7. A plain, downright, open-hearted fellow's conversation is as insipid, says Sir Plume, as a play without a plot; it does not afford one the amusement of thinking. 8. The fortunate have many parasites; Hope is the only one that vouchsafes attendance on the wretched and the beggar.

9. A man of genius mistaking his talent loses the advantage of being distinguished; a fool of being un-

distinguished. 10. Jealousy is the fear or apprehension of superiority: envy, our uneasiness under it. 11. What some people term freedom is nothing else than a liberty of saying and doing disagreeable things. It is but carrying the notion a little higher, and it would require us to break and have a head broken reciprocally without offence.

12. I cannot see why people are ashamed to acknowledge their passion for popularity. The love of popularity is the love of being beloved. 13. The ridicule with which some people affect to triumph over their superiors, is as tho' the moon, under an eclipse, should pretend to laugh at the sun.

14. Zealous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are shewing to you the grounds of it. 15. I consider your very testy and quarrelsome people, in the same light as I do a loaded gun: which may by accident go off, and kill one. 16. I am afraid humility to genius is as an extinguisher to a candle.

17. Many persons, when exalted, assume an insolent humility, who behaved before with an insolent haughtiness. 18. Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves, if they were in their places.

19. Men of fine parts, they say are often proud; I answer, dull people are seldom so, and both act on an appearance of reason. 20. It was observed of a most accomplished lady, that she was withal so very modest, that one sometimes thought she negted the praises of her wit, because she could depend on those of her beauty; at other times, that she slighted those of her beauty, knowing she might rely on those of her wit. 21. The only dif-

ference betwixt wine and ale seems to be that of chemic and galenic medicines. 22. It is the reduplication or accumulation of compliments, that gives them their agreeableness: I mean, when, seeming to wander from the subject, you return to it again with greater force. As a common instance: 'I wish it was capable of a precise demonstration how much I esteem, love, and honour you, beyond all the rich the gay, the great of this sublunary sphere: but I believe that both divines and laymen will agree that the sublimest and most valuable truths are oftentimes least capable of demonstration.' 23. It is a noble piece of policy that is used in some arbitrary governments (but suitable to none other) to instill it into the minds of the people that their Great Duke knoweth all things. 24. In a heavy oppressive atmosphere, when the spirits sink too low, the best cordial is to read over all the letters of one's friends. 25. Pride and modesty are sometimes found to unite together in the same character: and the mixture is as salutary as that of wine and water. The worst combination I know is that of avarice and pride; as the former naturally obstructs the good that pride eventually produces. What I mean, is expense. 26. A great many tunes, by a variety of circumrotatory flourishes, put one in mind of a lark's descent to the ground.

27. 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.

28. The first part of a newspaper which an ill-natured man examines, is the list of bankrupts, and the bills of mortality. 29. The chief thing which induces men of sense to use airs of superiority, is

the contemplation of coxcombs; that is, conceited fools; who would otherwise run away with the men of sense's privileges. 30. To be entirely engrossed by antiquity, and, as it were, eaten up with rust, is a bad compliment to the present age.
31. Ask to borrow sixpence of the muses, and they will tell you, at present they are out of cash, but hereafter they will furnish you with five thousand pounds. 32. The argument against restraining our passions, because we shall not always have it in our power to gratify them, is much stronger for their restraint, than it is for their indulgence.
33. Few men, that would cause respect and distance merely, can say any thing by which their end will be so effectually answered as by silence. 34. There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is, that people can commend it without envy. 35. One may, modestly enough, calculate one's appearance for respect upon the road, where respect and convenience so remarkably coincide. 36. Altho' a man cannot procure himself a title at pleasure, he may vary the appellation he goes by considerably. As from Tom, to Mr. Thomas, to Mr. Musgrove, to Thomas Musgrove, esquire. And this by a behaviour of reserve, or familiarity. 37. For a man of genius to condescend in conversation with vulgar people, gives the sensation that a tall man feels on being forced to stoop in a low room. 38. There is nothing more universally prevalent than flattery. Persons, who discover the flatterer, do not always disapprove him, because he imagines them considerable enough to deserve his applications. It is a tacit sort of compliment, that he esteems them to be such as it is

worth his while to flatter:

> "And when I tell him, he hates flattery,
> he says he does, being then most flatter'd."—*Shakes.*

39. A person has sometimes more public than private merit. Honorio and his family wore mourning for their ancestor; but that of all the world was internal and sincere. Your plain domestic people who talk of their humility and home-felt satisfactions, will, in the same breath discover how much they envy a shining character. How is this consistent? 'You are prejudiced,' says Pedandicus; 'I will not take your word, or your character of that man.'—'But the grounds of my prejudice are the source of my accusation. A proud man's intimates are generally more attached to him, than the man of merit and humility can pretend his to be. The reason is, the former pays a greater compliment in his condescension. The situation of a king, is so far from being miserable, as pedants term it, that, if a person have magnanimity, it is the happiest I know; as he has assuredly the most opportunities of distinguishing merit, and conferring obligations. 40.

> "Contemptæ dominius splendidior rei."

A man, a gentleman, evidently appears more considerable by seeming to despise his fortune, than a citizen and mechanic by his endeavours to magnify it.

41. What man of sense, for the benefit of coal-mines, would be plagued with colliers' conversation?

42. 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.

43. Third thoughts often coincide with the first; and are generally the best grounded. We first relish nature and the country; then artificial amusements, and

the city; then become impatient to retire to the country again. 44. While we labour to subdue our passions, we should take care not to extinguish them. Subduing our passions, is disengaging ourselves from the world; to which, however, whilst we reside in it, we must always bear relation; and we may detach ourselves to such a degree as to pass an useless and insipid life, which we were not meant to do. Our existence here is at least one part of a system. A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind: 45. Anger and the thirst of revenge are a kind of fever. Fighting, and law-suits, bleeding; at least an evacuation. The latter occasions a dissipation of money; the former of those fiery spirits which cause a preternatural fermentation. 46. Were a man of pleasure to arrive at the full extent of his several wishes, he must immediately feel himself miserable. It is one species of despair to have no room to hope for any addition to one's happiness. His following wish must then be to wish he had some fresh object for his wishes. A strong argument that our minds and bodies were both meant to be for ever active. 47. I have seen one evil underneath the sun, which gives me particular mortification. The reserve or shyness of men of sense generally confines them to a small acquaintance; and they find numbers their avowed enemies, the similarity of whose tastes, had fortune brought them once acquainted, would have rendered them their fondest friends. 48. A mere relater of matters of fact is fit only for an evidence in a court of justice. 49. If a man be of superior dignity to a woman, a woman is surely as much superior to a man that is

effeminated. Lily's rule in the grammar has well enough adjusted this subordination. "The masculine is more worthy than the feminine, and the feminine more worthy than the neuter." 50. A gentleman of fortune will be often complaining of taxes; that his estate is inconsiderable; that he can never make so much of it as the world is ready to imagine. A mere citizen, on the other hand, is always aiming to shew his riches; says that he employs so many hands; he keeps his wife a chaise and one; and talks much of his Chinese ornaments at his paltry cake-house in the country. They both aim at praise, but of a very distinct kind. Now, supposing the cit worth as much in money as the other is in land, the gentleman surely chuses the better method of ostentation, who considers himself as somewhat superior to his fortune, than he who seems to look up at his fortune, and consequently sets himself beneath it. 51. The only kind of revenge which a man of sense need take on a scoundrel, is by a series of worthy behaviour, to force him to admire and esteem his enemy, and yet irritate his animosity, by declining a reconciliation. As Sir John Falstaff might say, "turning even quarrels to commodity." 52. It is possible, by means of glue, to connect two pieces of wood together; by a powerful cement, to join marble; by the meditation of a priest, to unite a man and a woman; but of all associations the most effectual is betwixt an ideot and a knave. They become in a manner incorporate. The former seems so framed to admire and idolize the latter, that the latter may seize and devour him as his proper prey. 53. The same degree of penetration that shews you another in the wrong, shews him also, in respect to

that instance, your inferior: hence the observation, and the real fact, that people of clear heads, are what the world calls opinionated. 54. There are none can baffle men of sense, but fools, on whom they can make no impression. 55. The regard one shews to œconomy, is like that we shew to an old aunt who is to leave us something at last. Our behaviour on this account is as much constrained as that

> "of one well studied in a sad ostent
> to please his granam."—*Shakes.*

56. Fashion is a great restraint on your persons of taste and fancy; who would otherwise, in the most trifling instances, be able to distinguish themselves from the vulgar. 57. A writer who pretends to polish the human understanding, may beg by the side of Rutter's chariot, who sells a powder for the teeth. 58. The difference there is betwixt honour and honesty, seems to be chiefly in the motive. The merely honest man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the sake of character. 59. The proverb ought to run, "A fool and his words are soon parted; a man of genius and his money." 60. A man of wit, genius, learning, is apt to think it something hard, that men of no wit, no genius, no learning, should have a greater share of wealth and honours; not considering that their own accomplishment ought to be reckoned to them as their equivalent. It is no reason that a person worth five thousand pounds, should on that account have a claim to twenty. 61. A wife ought in reality to love her husband above all the world; but this preference, I think, should, in point of politeness, be concealed. The reason is, that it is disgusting to

see an amiable woman monopolized; and it is easy, by proper management, to wave (all I contend for) the appearance. 62. There are some wounds given to reputation that are like the wounds of an envenomed arrow; where we irritate and enlarge the orifice while we extract the bearded weapon; yet cannot the cure be completed otherwise. 63. Amongst all the vain-glorious professors of humility, you find none that will not discover how much they envy a shining character: and this either by censuring it themselves, or shewing a satisfaction in such as do. Now there is this advantage, at least, arising from ambition, that it disposes one to disregard a thousand instances of middling grandeur; and reduces one's emulation to the narrow circle of a few that blaze. It is hence a convenient disposition in a country place, where one is encompassed with such as are merely richer, keep fine horses, a table, footmen; make a decent figure as rural esquires; yet, after all, discover no more than an every-day plebeian character. These a person of little ambition might envy; but another of a more extensive one may, in any kind of circumstances, disregard.

64. It is with some men as with some horses: what is esteemed spirit in them, proceeds from fear. This was undoubtedly the source of that seeming spirit discovered by Tully in regard to his antagonist M. Antony. He knew he must destroy him, or be destroyed himself. 65. The same qualities, joined with virtue, often furnish out a great man, which, united with a different principle, furnish out a highwayman; I mean courage and strong passions. And they may both join in the same expression, tho' with a meaning somewhat varied—

"Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possum
tollere humo."

i. e. "Be promoted or be hanged."
66. True honour is to honesty, what the court of Chancery is to common law. 67. Misers, as death approaches, are heaping up a chest of reasons to stand in more awe of him. 68. A man sooner finds out his own foibles in a stranger, than any other foibles. 69. It is favourable enough on the side of learning, that if an historian mention a good author, it does not seem absurd to style him a great man: whereas the same phrase would not be allowed to a mere illiterate nobleman. 70. It is less wonderful to see a wretched man commence a hero, than a happy one. 71. A high-spirit has often very different and even contrary effects. It sometimes operates no otherwise than like the "vis inertiæ;" at others it induces men to bustle and make their part good among their superiors. As Mr. Pope says,

"Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns."

t is by no means less forcible, when it withdraws a man from the company of those with whom he cannot converse on equal terms; it leads him into solitude, that, if he cannot appear their equal, he may, at least, conceal his inferiority. It is sullen, obstinate, disdainful, haughty, in no less a degree than the other; but is, perhaps, more genteel, and less citizen-like. Sometimes the other succeeds, and then it is esteemed preferable; but in case it fail, it not only exposes a person's meanness, but his impatience under it; both of which the reserved spirit is able to disguise—but then it stands no chance of removing, "Pudor malus ulcera celat." 72. Every single instance of a

friend's insincerity encreases our dependence on the efficacy of money. It makes one covet what produces an external respect, when one is disappointed of that which is internal and sincere. This, perhaps, with decaying passions, contributes to render age covetous. 73. When physicians write of diseases, the prognostics and the diagnostics, the symptoms and the paroxysms, they give one fatal apprehensions for every ache about us. When they come to treat of medicines and applications, you seem to have no other difficulty but to decide by which means you would recover. In short, to give the preference between a linctus and an apozem.
74. One should no more trust to the skill of most apothecaries, than one would ask the opinion of their pestle and mortar; yet both are useful in their way.
75. I believe there was never so reserved a solitary, but felt some degree of pleasure at the first glimpse of a human figure. The soul, however, unconscious of it's social bias in a crowd, will, in solitude, feel some attraction towards the first person that we meet.
76. In courts, the motion of the body is easy, and those of the soul constrained: in the country, the gestures of the body are constrained, and those of the soul supine and careless. 77. One may easily enough guard against ambition till five and twenty. —It is not ambition's day. 78. It should seem that indolence itself would incline a person to be honest; as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave. 79. Perhaps, rustics, boors, and esquires, make a principal figure in the country, as inanimates are always allowed to be the chief figures in a landscape. 80. Titles make a greater distinction than is almost tolerable to

a British spirit. They almost vary the species; yet as they are oftentimes conferred, seem not so much the reward, as the substitutes of merit. 81. What numbers live to the age of fifty or sixty years, yet, if estimated by their merit, are not worth the price of a chick the moment it is hatched.

82. A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood. 83. Fools are very often found united in the strictest intimacies, as the lighter kinds of woods are the most closely glued together.

84. 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. 85. High-spirit in a man, is like a sword; which, tho' worn to annoy his enemies, yet is often troublesome in a less degree to his friend. He can hardly wear it so inoffensively, but it is apt to incommode one or other of the company. It is more properly a loaded pistol, which accident alone may fire, and kill one. 86. A miser, if honest, can be only honest bare weight. Avarice is the most opposite of all characters to that of God Almighty; whose alone it is, to give and not receive. A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich. A grasshopper is, perhaps, the best device for coat-armour of those who would be thought aborigines; agreeably to the Athenian use of them. Immoderate assurance is perfect licentiousness. When a person is so far engaged in a dispute as to wish to

get the victory, he ought ever to desist. The idea of conquest will so dazzle him, that it is hardly possible he should discern the truth. I have sometimes thought the mind so calculated, that a small degree of force may impel it to a certain pitch of pleasure or of pain; beyond which it will not pass, by any impetus whatsoever. I doubt whether it be not true, that we hate those faults most in others which we are guilty of ourselves. A man of thorough sense scarcely admires even any one; but he must be an idiot, that is the admirer of a fool. It may be prudent to give up the more trivial parts of character for the amusement of the invidious: as a man willingly relinquishes his silver to save his gold from a highwayman. Better be ridiculed for an untoward peruke, than be attacked on the score of morals, as one would rather be pulled by the hair, than stabbed to the heart. Virtue seems to be nothing more than a motion consonant to the systim of things. Were a planet to fly from it's orbit, it would represent a vicious man. It is difficult not to be angry at beings we know incapable of acting otherwise than they do. One ought no more, if one reflect, to be angry at the stupidity of a man than of a horse, except it be vincible and voluntary; and yet the practice is otherwise. People say, "Do not regard what he says, now he is in liquor." Perhaps it is the only time he ought to be regarded: "Aperit præcordia liber." Patience is the Panacea; but where does it grow, or who can swallow it? Wits uniformly exclaim against fools, yet fools are their proper foil; and it is from them alone they can learn what figure themselves make. Their behaviour naturally falls in with

the generality, and furnishes a better mirror than that of artful people, who are sure enough to deceive you either on the favourable or the ill-natured side.

We say, he is a man of sense who acknowledges the same truths that we do; that he is a man of taste who allows the same beauties. We consider him as a person of better sense and finer taste, who discerns more truths and more beauties in conjunction with ourselves: but we allow neither appellation to the man who differs from us. We deal out our genuine esteem to our equals; our affection for those beneath us; and a reluctant sort of respect to those that are above us. Glory relaxes often and debilitates the mind; censure stimulates and contracts —both to an extreme. Simple fame is, perhaps, the proper medium. Persons of new families do well to make magnificent funerals, sumptuous weddings, remarkable entertainments; to exhibit a number of servants in rich and ostentatious liveries; and to take every public occasion of imprinting on the mob an habitual notion of their superiority. For so is deference obtained from that quarter:

"Stupet in titulis & imaginibus."

One scarcely sees how it is possible for a country girl or a country fellow to preserve their chastity. They have neither the philosophical pleasure of books, nor the luxurious pleasure of a table, nor the refined amusement of building, planting, drawing, or designing, to divert their imagination from an object to which they seem continually to stimulate it by provocative allusions. Add to this the health and vigour that are almost peculiar to them. I am afraid there are many ladies who only exchange the pleasures of incontinence for the pleasure they de-

rive from censure. At least it is no injustice to conclude so, where a person is extravagantly censorious.

Persons of judgment and understanding may be divided into two sorts. Those whose judgment is so extensive as to comprehend a great deal; existences, systems, universals: but as there are some eyes so constituted as to take in distant objects, yet be excelled by others in regard to objects minute or near, so there are other understandings better calculated for the examination of particular objects.

The mind is at first an open field without partitions or enclosures. To make it turn to most account, it is very proper to divide and enclose. In other words, to sort our observations. Some men are called sagacious, merely on account of their avarice: whereas a child can clench it's fist the moment it is born. It is a point of prudence, when you converse with your inferior, to consider yourself as conversing with his inferior, with whom, no doubt, he may have the same connection that you have with him: and to be on your guard accordingly. How deplorable then is a person's condition, when his mind can only be supported by flattery, and his constitution but by cordials! when the relief of his present complaint undermines it's own efficacy, yet encreases the occasion for which it is used; Short is then the duration of our tranquillity, or of our lives.

A man is not esteemed ill-natured for any excess of social affection; or an indiscreet profusion of his fortune on his neighbours, companions, or friends; altho' the true measure of his affections is as much impaired by this, as by selfishness. If any one's curse can effect damnation, it is not that of the Pope, but that of the poor. People of the finest

and most lively genius have the greatest sensibility, of consequence the most lively passions; the violence of which puts their conduct on a footing with that of fools. Fools discern the weaknesses which they have in common with themselves; but are not sensible of their excellencies, to which they have no pretensions; of course, always inclined to dispute the superiority. Wit is the refractory pupil of judgment. Virtue should be considered as a part of taste (and perhaps it is so more in this age, than in any preceding one) and should as much avoid deceit or sinister meanings in discourse, as they would do puns, bad language, or false grammar.

Think, when you are enraged at any one, what would probably become your sentiments, should he die during the dispute. The man of a towering ambition, or a well-regulated taste has fewer objects to envy or to covet than the grovellers. Refined sense to a person that is to converse alone with boors, is a manifest inconvenience. As Falstaff says (with some little variation)—

"Company, witty company, has been the ruin of me."

If envious people were universally to ask themselves, whether they would exchange their entire situations with the persons envied (I mean their minds, passions, notions, as well as their persons, fortunes, dignities, &c. &c.) I will presume the self-love common to human nature would make them all prefer their own condition:

"Quid statis? nolint—atqui licet esse beatis."

If this rule were applied, as it surely ought to be, it bids fair to prove an universal cure for envy:

"Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
a diis plura feret."—Self-denial.

A person, elevated one degree above the populace, assumes more airs of superiority than one that is raised ten. The reason is somewhat obvious. His superiority is more contestible. The character of a decent, well-behaved gentleman-like man seems more easily attainable by a person of no great parts or passions, than by one of greater genius and more volatility. It is there no mismanagement, for the former to be chiefly ambitious of it. When a man's capacity does not enable him to entertain or animate the company, it is the best he can do to render himself inoffensive, and to keep his teeth clean. But the person who has talents for discourse, and a passionate desire to enliven conversation, ought to have many improprieties excused, which in the other were unpardonable. A lady of good-nature would forgive the blunder of a country esquire, who, through zeal to serve her with a glass of claret, should involve his spurs in her Brussels apron. On the contrary, the fop (who may in some sense use the words of Horace;

> "Quod verum atque decens curo & rogo &
> "——omnis in hoc sum,")

would be entitled to no pardon for such unaccountable misconduct. Man, in general, may be considered as a mechanic, and the formation of happiness as his business or employment: virtue, his repository or collection of instruments; the goods of fortune as his materials: in proportion as the workman, the instruments, and the materials excel, the work will be executed in the greater perfection.

The silly censorious are the very "fel naturæ," "the most bitter of all bitter things;" from the hyssop that grows upon the wall, to the satirist that pisses against it. I have known a sensible man of

opinion that one should not be solicitous about a wife's understanding. A woman's sense was with him a phrase to express a degree of knowledge, which was likely to contribute mighty little to a husband's happiness. I cannot be of his opinion. I am convinced, that as judgment is the portion of our sex, so fancy and imagination are more eminently the lot of their's. If so, after honesty of heart, what is there we should so much require? A wife's beauty will soon decay, it is doubtful whether in reality first, or in our own apinion. Either of these is sufficient to pall the raptures of enjoyment. We are then to seek for something that will retain it's novelty; or, what is equivalent, will change it's shape when her person palls by it's identity. Fancy and genius bid fairest for this, which have as many shapes, as there can happen occasions to exert them. Good-nature I always suppose. The former will be expedient to exhilarate and divert us; the latter to preserve our minds in a temper to be diverted. I have known some attornies of reputable families, and whose original dispositions seemed to have been open and humane. Yet can I scarcely recollect one, in whom the gentleman, the christain, and even the man, was not swallowed up in the lawyer: they are not only the greatest tyrants, but the greatest pedants, of all mankind. Reconciliation is the tenderest part either of friendship or of love; the latter more especially, in which the soul is more remarkably softened. Were a person to make use of art in procuring the affection of his mistress, it were, perhaps, his most effectual method to contrive a slight estrangement, and then, as it were, imperceptibly, bring on a reconciliation. The soul here dis-

covers a kind of elasticity; and, being forced back, returns with an additional violence. Virtue may be considered as the only means of dispensing happiness in proper portions to every moment of our time. To judge whether one has sufficient pleasure to render the continuation of life agreeable, it is not enough to say, Would you die? Take away first, the hope of better scenes in this life, the fears of worse in another, and the bodily pain of dying. The fear of death seems as natural, as the sensation of lust or of hunger: the first and last, for the preservation of the individual; the other, for the continuation of the species. It seems obvious that God, who created the world, intends the happiness and perfection of the system he created. To effect the happiness of the whole, self-love, in it's degree, is as requisite as social; for I am myself a part of that whole, as well as another. The difficulty of ascertaining what is virtue, lies in proportioning the degrees of self-love and social. "Proximus sum egomet mihi."—"Tunica pallio propior."—"Charity begins at home." It is so. It ought to be so; nor is there any inconvenience arises to the public, because it is general. Were this away, the individual must soon perish, and consequently the whole body. A man has every moment occasion to exert his self-love for the sake of self-preservation; consequently this ought to be stronger, in order to keep him on his guard. A centinel's attention should be greater than that of a soldier on a review.

The social, tho' alike constant, is not equally intense; because the selfish, being universal, renders the social less essential to the well-being of one's neighbour. In short, the self-love and the social ought to

bear such proportion as we find they generally do. If the selfish passion of the rest preponderate, it would be self-destructive in a few individuals to be over-socially disposed. If the social one prevail generally, to be of remarkable selfishness must obstruct the good of society. Many feel a superfluous uneasiness for want of due attention to the following truth. We are oftentimes in suspense betwixt the choice of different pursuits. We chuse one, at last, doubtingly, and with an unconquered hankering after the other. We find the scheme, which we have chosen, answer our expectations but indifferently—most worldly projects will. We, therefore, repent of our choice, and immediately fancy happiness in the paths which we decline; and this heightens our uneasiness. We might, at least, escape the aggravation of it. It is not improbable, we had been more unhappy, but extremely probable, we had not been less so, had we made a different decision This, however, relates to schemes that are neither virtuous nor vicious. "Happy dogs" (says a certain splenetic) "our footmen and the populace!" "Farewel," says Esop, in Vanbrugh, "whom I both envy and despise!" The servant meets with hundreds whose conversation can amuse him, for one that is the least qualified to be a companion for his master.

"A person cannot eat his cake and have it," is, as Lord Shaftesbury observes, a proper answer to many splenetic people.* But what imports it to be in the possession of a cake that you do not eat? "If then the cake be made to be eaten," says lady L———, "better eat it when you are most hungry." Poor woman! she seems to have acted by this maxim, but

* Complainants.

yet could not avoid crying for the cake she had eaten. You should calculate your appearance for the place where you reside. One would rather be a very Knight in the country than his Honour Mr. Such-a-one. The most consummate selfishness would incline a person, at his death, to dispose of his effects agreeably to duty; that he may secure an interest in the world to which he is going. A justice and his clerk are now little more than a blind man and his dog, the profound ignorance of the former, together with the canine imprudence and rapacity of the latter, will but rarely be found wanting to vindicate the comparison. The principal part of the similitude will appear obvious to every one; I mean that the justice is as much dependent on his clerk for superior insight and implicit guidance, as the blind fellow on his cur that leads him in a string. Add to this, that the offer of a crust will seduce the conductors of either to drag their masters into a kennel.

To remark the different figure made by different persons under the same circumstances of fortune! Two friends of mine, on a journey, had so contrived as to reduce their finances to a single sixpence each. The one, with the genteel and liberal air of abundance, gave his to a black shoe-boy, who wished his honour a thousand blessings; the other, having lodged a fortnight with a nobleman that was his patron, offered his to the butler, as an instance of his gratitude, who with difficulty forebore to curse him to his face. A glass or two of wine extraordinary only raises a valetudinarian to that warmth of social affection, which had naturally been his lot in a better state of health. Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all com-

pliments. Be cautious not to consider a person as your superior, merely because he is your superior in point of assurance. This has often depressed the spirit of a person of desert and diffidence.

A proper assurance, and competent fortune, are essential to liberty. Taste is pursued at a less expense than fashion. Our time in towns, seems short to pass, and long to reflect on; in the country, the reverse. Deference, before company is the genteelest kind of flattery. The flattery of epistles affects one less, as they cannot be shewn without an appearance of vanity. Flattery of the verbal kind is gross. In short, applause is of too coarse a nature to be swallowed in the gross—tho' the extract or tincture be ever so agreeable.

When a person, for a splendid servitude, foregoes a humble independency, it may be called an advancement, if you please: but it appears to me an advancement from the pit to the gallery. Liberty is a more invigorating cordial than tokay. Tho' punctilos are trifling, they may be as important as the friendship of some persons that regard them.—Indeed it is almost an universal practice to rail at punctilio; and it seems, in some measure, a consequence of our attachment to French fashions. However, it is extremely obvious, that punctilio never caused half the quarrels, that have risen from the freedom of behaviour, which is it's opposite extreme. Were all men rational and civilized, the use of ceremony would be superfluous: but as the case is, it at least fixes some bounds to the encroachments of eccentric people, who, under the denomination of freedom, might demand the privilege of breaking your head. There seem nearly as many people that want passion

as want reason. The world would be more happy, if persons gave up more time to an intercourse of friendship. But money engrosses all our deference; and we scarcely enjoy a social hour, because we think it unjustly stolen from the main business of our lives. The state of man is not unlike that of a fish hooked by an angler. Death allows us a little line. We flounce, and sport, and vary our situation: but when we would extend our schemes, we discover our confinement, checked and limited by a superior hand, who drags us from our element whensoever he pleases. The vulgar trace your faults; those you have in common with themselves; but they have no idea of your excellencies, to which they have no pretensions. A person is something taller by holding up his head. A man of sense can be adequately esteemed by none other than a man of sense: a fool by none but a fool. We ought to act on this principle. How melancholy it is to travel, late and fatigued, on any ambitious project on a winter's night; and observe the lights of cottages, where all the unambitious people are warm and happy, or at rest in their beds. "Some of them," says W——, as "wretched as princes, for aught we know to the contrary!" It is generally a principle of indolence that makes one so disgusted with an artful character. We hate the confinement of standing centinels, in our own defence. To behave with complaisance, where one foresees one must needs quarrel, is like eating before a vomit. Some persons may with justice boast, that they knew as much as others when they were but ten years old; and that their present knowledge comprehends after the manner that a larger trunk contains the smaller

ones it incloses. It is possible to discover in some faces the features nature intended, had she not been somehow thwarted in her operations. Is it not easy to remark the same distortion in some minds? There is a phrase pretty frequent amongst the vulgar, and which they apply to absolute fools—That they have had a rock too much in their cradles.—With me, it is a most expressive idiom to describe a dislocated understanding: an understanding, for instance, which, like a watch, discovers a multitude of such parts, as appear obviously intended to belong to a system of the greatest perfection; yet which, by some unlucky jumble, falls infinitely short of it.

Is it not the wound our pride sustains by being deceived, that makes us more averse to hypocrites, than to the most audacious and barefaced villain? Yet it seems as much a piece of justice to commend a man for talking more honestly than he acts, as it is to blame a man for acting more dishonestly than he talks. The sum of the whole, however, is, that the one adds to other crimes by his deceit, and the other by his impudence. A fool can neither eat, nor drink, nor stand, nor walk; nor, in short, laugh, nor cry, nor take snuff, like a man of sense. How obvious the distinction! Independency may be found in comparative, as well as absolute, abundance: I mean where a person contracts his desires within the limits of his fortune. There are very few persons who do not lose something of their esteem for you, on your approach to familiarity.

The silly excuse that is often drawn from want of time to correspond, becomes no one besides a cobler with ten or a dozen children dependent on a tatching end. One, perhaps, ought to make funer-

als as sumptuous as possible, or as private: either by obscurity to elude, or by splendor to employ the attention, that it may not be engaged by the most shocking circumstance of our humanity.

It happens, a little unluckily, that the persons who have the most intimate contempt of money are the same that have the strongest appetites for the pleasures it procures. We are apt to look for those virtues in the characters of noblemen, that are but rarely to be found any where, except in the preambles to their patents. Some shining exceptions may be made to this rule: in general we may consider their appearance with us in public, as one does our wearing apparel. 'Which lord do you wear to-day? Why I did think to wear my lord ****; but, as there will be but little company in the Mall, I will e'en content myself to wear the same noble peer I wore yesterday.' The worst inconvenience of a small fortune is that it will not admit of inadvertency. Inadvertency, however, ought to be placed at the head of most men's yearly accounts, and a sum as regularly allotted to it as to any other article.

It is with our judgments, as with our eyes. Some can see objects at a greater distance more distinctly, at the same time less distinctly than others the objects that are near them. Notwithstanding the airs men give themselves, I believe no one sees family to more advantage, than the persons that have no share in it. How important is the eye to the appearance of a human face! the chief index of temper, understanding, health, and love? What prodigious influence must the same misfortunes have on some persons beyond others! as the loss of an eye to a mere insolent beauty, without the least philoso-

phy to support herself? The person least reserved in his censure of another's excess in equipage, is commonly the person who would exhibit the same if it had been within his power; the source of both being a disregard to decorum. Likewise he that violently arraigns, or fondly indulges it, agree in considering it a little too seriously. Amid the most mercenary ages, it is but a secondary sort of admiration that is bestowed on magnificence.

An order of beauties, as of knights, with a style appropriated to them (as for instance, To the Right Beautiful Lady Such-a-one) would have as good a foundation as any other class, but would, at the same time, be the most invidious of any order that was ever instituted. The first maxim a child is taught, is that

"Learning is better than house and land;"

but how little is it's influence as he grows up to maturity! There is somewhat very astonishing in the record of our most celebrated victories: I mean, the small number of the conquerors killed in proportion to the conquered. At Agincourt, it is said, were ten thousand, and fourteen thousand massacred. Livy's accounts of this sort are so astonishing, that one is apt to disbelieve the historian.—All the explanation one can find is, that the gross slaughter is made when one side takes to flight. A person that is disposed to throw off all reserve before an inferior, should reflect, that he has also his inferiors, to whom he may be equally communicative. It is impossible for a man of sense to guard against the mortification that may be given him by fools, or heteroclite characters; because he cannot foresee them. A wit would cannot afford to discard a frivolous con-

ceit, tho' it tend to affront you: an old maid, a country put, or a college pedant, will ignorantly or wilfully blunder on such hints as must discompose you.

A man that is solicitous about his health, or apprehensive of some acute disorder, should write a journal of his constitution, for the better instruction of his physician. Ghosts have no more connection with darkness, than the mystery of a barber with that of a surgeon; yet we find they go together. Perhaps Nox and Chaos were their mythological parents. He makes a lady but a poor recompence who marries her, because he has kept her company long after his affection is estranged. Does he not rather increase the injury? Second thoughts oftentimes are the very worst of all thoughts. First and third very often coincide. Indeed, second thoughts are too frequently formed by the love of novelty, of shewing penetration, of distinguishing ourselves from the mob, and have consequently less of simplicity, and more of affectation. This, however, regards principally objects of taste and fancy. Third thoughts, at least, are here very proper mediators. "Set a beggar upon horse-back, and he 'll ride," is a common proverb and a real truth. The "novus homo" is an "inexpertus homo," and consequently must purchase finery, before he knows the emptiness of it experimentally. The established gentleman disregards it, through habit and familiarity. The foppery of love-verses, when a person is ill and indisposed, is perfect ipecacuanha. Antiquity of family, and distinctions of gentry, have, perhaps, less weight in this age, than they had ever heretofore: the bend dexter or sinister; the chief, the canton, or the cheveron, are greatly out of date.

The heralds are at length discovered to have no legal authority. Spain, indeed, continues to preserve the distinction, and is poor. France (by their dispute about trading nobility) seems inclined to shake it off. Who now looks with veneration on the ante-diluvian pedigree of a Welchman? Property either is, or is sure to purchase distinction, let the king at arms, or the old maiden aunt, preach as long as either pleases. It is so; perhaps it ought to be so. All honours should lie open, all encouragement be allowed to the members of trade in a trading nation: and as the nobility find it very expedient to partake of their profits, so they, in return, should obtain a share in the others' honours. One would, however, wish the acquisition of learning was as sure a road to dignity, as that of riches.

OF BOOKS AND WRITERS.

It is often asserted, by pretenders to singular penetration, that the assistance fancy is supposed to draw from wine is merely imaginary and chimerical: that all which the poets have urged on this head, is absolute rant and enthusiasm; and has no foundation in truth or nature. I am inclined to think otherwise. Judgment, I readily allow, derives no benefit from the noblest cordial. But persons of a phlegmatic constitution have those excellencies often suppressed, of which their imagination is truly capable, by reason of a lentor, which wine may naturally remove. It raises low spirits to a pitch necessary for the exertion of fancy. It confutes the "Non est tanti," so frequently a maxim with speculative per-

sons. It quickens that ambition, or that social bias, which makes a person wish to shine, or to please. Ask what tradition says of Mr. Addison's conversation? But instances in point of conversation come within every one's observance. Why then may it not be allowed to produce the same effects in writing? The affected phrases I hate most, are those on which your half-wits found their reputation. Such as "pretty trifler, fair plaintiff, lovely architect," &c. Doctor Young has a surprising knack of bringing thoughts from a distance, from their lurking places, in a moment's time.

There is nothing so disagreeable in works of humour as an insipid, unsupported, vivacity; the very husks of drollery; bottled small-beer; a man out-riding his horse; lewdness and impotence; a fiery actor in a phlegmatic scene; an illiterate and stupid preacher discoursing on urim and thummim, and beating the pulpit cushion in such a manner, as tho' he would make the dust and the truth fly out of it at once.

An editor, or a translator, collects the merits of different writers; and, forming all into a wreath, bestows it on his author's tomb. The thunder of Demosthenes, the weight of Tully, the judgment of Tacitus, the elegance of Livy, the sublimity of Homer, the majesty of Virgil, the wit of Ovid, the propriety of Horace, the accuracy of Terence, the brevity of Phædrus, and the poignancy of Juvenal (with every name of note he can possibly recal to mind) are given to some ancient scribbler, in whom affectation and the love of novelty disposes him to find out beauties. Humour and Vanbrugh against wit and Congreve. The vacant skull of a pedant generally furnishes out a throne and temple for vani-

ity. May not the custom of scraping when we bow, be derived from the ancient custom of throwing their shoes backwards off their feet?

The preference which some give to Virgil before Homer is often owing to complexion: some are more formed to enjoy the grand; and others, the beautiful. But as for invention and sublimity, the most shining qualities of imagination, there is surely no comparison between them. — Yet I enjoy Virgil more. Agreeable ideas rise, in proportion as they are drawn from inanimates, from vegetables, from animals, and from human creatures.

One reason why the sound is sometimes an echo to the sense is, that the pleasantest objects have often the most harmonious names annexed to them.

A man of a merely argumentative cast will read poetry as prose; will only regard the quantum it contains of solid reasoning: just as a clown attacks a dessert, considering it as so much victuals, and regardless of those lively or emblematic decorations, which the cook, for many sleepless nights, has endeavoured to bestow on it. Notwithstanding all that Rousseau has advanced so very ingeniously on plays and players, their profession is, like that of a painter, one of the imitative arts whose means are pleasure, and whose end is virtue. They both alike, for a subsistence, submit themselves to public opinion: and the dishonour that has attended the last profession, seems not easily accountable.

As there are evidently words in English poetry that have all the force of a dactyle, and, if properly inserted, have no small beauty on that account, it seems absurd to contract, or print them otherwise than at length.

"The loose wall tottering o'er the trembling shade."
Ogilvy's "Day of Judgment."

"Trembling" has also the force of a dactyle in a less degree—but cannot be written otherwise.

I have sometimes thought Virgil so remarkably musical, that were his lines read to a musician, wholly ignorant of the language, by a person of capacity to give each word it's proper accent, he would not fail to distinguish in it all the graces of harmony.

I think, I can observe a peculiar beauty in the addition of a short syllable, at the end of a blank verse: I mean, however, in blank dialogue. In other poetry it is as sure to flatten; which may be discerned in Prior's translation of "Callimachus," viz.—"the holy victĭm—Dictæan, hearest thŏu—Birth, great Rheă—Inferior reptĭle—" &c. &c. for the translation abounds with them; and is rendered by these means prosaic. The case is only, prose being an imitation of common life, the nature of an ode requires that it should be lifted some degrees higher.

But in dialogue, the language ought never to leave nature the least out of sight; and especially where pity is to be produced, it appears to receive an advantage from the melancholy flow this syllable occasions. Let me produce a few instances from Otway's tragedy of the "Unhappy Marriage;" and, in order to form a judgment, let the reader substitute a word of equal import, but of a syllable less, in the place of the instances I produce (some instances are numberless, where they familiarize and give an ease to dialogue).

——"*Sure my ill fate 's upon mĕ.*"

—"*Why was I not laid in my peaceful grave,*
with my poor parents, and at rest as they ăre?"

—" *I never see you now—you have been kinder.*"

—" *Why was I made with all my sex's softness.*
yet want the cunning to conceal it's follies?
I'll see Castalio—tax him with his falsehood."

——" *Should you charge rough,*
I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing."

—" *When thou art from me, every place is desert.*"

——" *Surely Paradise is round me,*
and every sense is full of thy perfection.
To hear thee speak might calm a madman's frenzy,
till by attention he forgot his sorrows."

—" *Till good men wish him dead—or I offend him.*"

—" *And hang upon you like a drowning creature.*"

—" *Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all it's sweetness.*"

—" *Give me Chamont, and let the world forsake me.*'

——" *I've drank an healing draught*
for all my cares, and never more shall wrong thee."

—" *When I'm laid low in the cold grave forgotten,*
may you be happy in a fairer bride,
but none can ever love you like Monimia."

I should imagine, that, in some or most of these examples, a particular degree of tenderness is owing to the supernumerary syllable; yet it requires a nice ear for the disposition of it (for it must not be universal); and, with this, may give at once an harmonious flow, a natural ease, an energy, tenderness, and variety to the language. A man of dry sound judgment attends to the truth of the proposition;—a man of ear and sensibility to the music of the versification:—a man of a well regulated taste finds the former more

deeply imprinted on him, by the judicious management of the latter. It seems to me, that what are called notes at the bottom of pages (as well as parenthesis in writing) might be generally avoided, without injuring the thread of a discourse. It is true, it might require some address to interweave them gracefully into the text; but how much more agreeable would be the effect, than to interrupt the reader by such frequent avocations? How much more graceful to play a tune upon one set of keys, with varied stops, than to seek the same variety by an awkward motion from one set to another?

It bears a little hard on our candour, that "to take to pieces," in our language, signifies the same as "to expose;" and "to expose" has a signification, which good-nature can as little allow, as can the laws of etymology. The ordinary letters from friend to friend seem capable of receiving a better turn, than mere compliment, frivolous intelligence, or professions of friendship continually repeated. The established maxim, to correspond with ease, has almost excluded every useful subject. But may not excess of negligence discover affectation, as well as it's opposite extreme? There are many degrees of intermediate solidity betwixt a Westphalia ham and a whipt syllabub. I am astonished to remark the defect of ear, which some tolerably harmonious poets discover in their Alexandrines. It seems wonderful that an error so obvious, and so very disgustful to a nice ear, should occur so frequently as the following:

> "What seraph e'er could preach
> so choice a lecture as his wond'rous virtue's lore?"

The pause being after the sixth syllable, it is plain

the whole emphasis of pronunciation is thrown on the particle *as*. It seems most amazing to me, that this should be so common a blunder. "Simplex munditiis" has been esteemed universally to be a phrase at once very expressive, and of very difficult interpretation: at least, not very capable to be explained without circumlocution. What objection can we make to that single word "elegant," which excludes the glare and multiplicity of ornaments, on one side, as much as it does dirt and rusticity on the other? The French use the word "naïve" in such a sense as to be explained by no English word; unless we will submit to restrain ourselves in the application of the word "sentimental." It means the language of passion or the heart, in opposition to the language of reflection and the head. The most frequent mistake that is made, seems to be that of the means for the end: thus riches for happiness, and thus learning for sense. The former of these is hourly observable: and as to the latter, methinks, this age affords frequent and surprising instances. It is with real concern, that I observe many persons of true poetic genius endeavouring to quench their native fire, that they may exhibit learning without a single spark of it. Nor is it uncommon to see an author translate a book, when, with half the pains, he could write a better: but the translation savours more of learning; and gives room for notes, which exhibit more. Learning, like money, may be of so base a coin, as to be utterly void of use; or, if sterling, may require good management to make it serve the purposes of sense or happiness. When a nobleman has once conferred any great favour on his inferior, he ought thenceforth to consider, that

his requests, his advice, and even his intimations, become commands; and to propose matters with the utmost tenderness. The person whom he obliges has otherwise lost his freedom:

> "Hac ego si compellar imagine, cuncta resigno:
> nec somnum plebis laudo satur altilium; nec
> otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto."

The amiable and the severe, Mr. Burke's sublime and beautiful, by different proportions, are mixed in every character. Accordingly, as either is predominant, men imprint the passion of love or fear. The best punch depends on a proper mixture of sugar and lemon.

ON MEN AND MANNERS.

There are many persons acquire to themselves, a character of insincerity, from what is, in truth, mere inconstancy. And there are persons of warm, but changeable, passions; perhaps the sincerest of any in the very instant they make profession, but the very least to be depended on through the short duration of all extremes. It has often puzzled me, on this account, to ascertain the character of Lady Luxborough;* yet whatever were her principles, I esteem Lord Bolingbroke's to have been the same. She seemed in all respects the female Lord Bolingbroke.

The principal, if not the only, difference betwixt honesty and honour, seems to lie in their different motives: the object of the latter being reputation; and of the former duty. It is the greatest

* Sister to Lord Bolingbroke; with her the author had enjoyed a literary correspondence.

comfort to the poor, whose ignorance often inclines them to an ill-grounded envy, that the rich must die as well as themselves. The common people call wit, mirth, and fancy, folly; fanciful and folliful, they use indiscriminately. It seems to flow from hence, that they consider money as of more importance, than the persons who possess it; and that no conduct is wise, beside what has a tendency to enrich us. One should not destroy an insect, one should not quarrel with a dog, without a reason sufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality. The trouble occasioned by want of a servant, is so much less than the plague of a bad one, as it is less painful to clean a pair of shoes than undergo an excess of anger. The fund of sensible discourse is limited; that of jest and badinerie is infinite. In many companies, then, where nothing is to be learnt, it were, perhaps, better to get on the familiar footing: to give and take in the way of raillery. When a wife or mistress lives as in a jail, the person that confines her lives the life of a jailor.

There seems some analogy betwixt a person's manner in every action of his life Lady Luxborough's hand-writing was, at the same time, delicate and masculine. Her features, her air, her understanding, her motions, and her sentiments were the same. Mr. W——, in the same respects, delicate, but not masculine. Mr. G—— rather more delicate than masculine. Mr. J—— rather more masculine than delicate. And this, in regard to the three last, extends to their drawing, versification, &c. &c. &c. Riches deserve the attention of young persons rather than old ones; tho' the practice is otherwise. To consume one's time and

fortune at once, without pleasure, recompence, or figure, is like pouring forth one's spirits rather in phlebotomy than enjoyment. Parents are generally partial to great vivacity in their children, and are apt to be more or less fond of them in proportion to it. Perhaps, there cannot be a symptom less expressive of future judgment and solidity. It seems thoroughly to preclude not only depth of penetration, but also delicacy of sentiment. Neither does it seem any way consistent with a sensibility of pleasure, notwithstanding all external appearances. It is a mere greyhound puppy in a warren, that runs at all truths, and at all sorts of pleasure; but does not allow itself time to be successful in securing any. It is a busy bee, whose whole time passes away in mere flight from flower to flower; without resting upon any a sufficient time to gather honey. The Queen of Sweden declared, "She did not love men as men; but merely because they were not women." What a spirited piece of satire! In mixed conversation, or amongst persons of no great knowledge, one indulges one's self in discourse that is neither ingenious nor significant. Vapid frivolous chit-chat serves to pass away the time. But corked up again in retirement, we recover our wonted strength, spirit, and flavour. The making presents to a lady one addresses, is like throwing armour into an enemy's camp, with a resolution to recover it. He that lies a-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. Spleen is often little else than obstructed perspiration. The regard, men externally profess for their superiors, is oftentimes

rewarded—in the manner it deserves. Methinks, all men should meet with a respect due to as high a character as they can act becomingly.

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 a ruby.

Mankind suffer more by the conflict of contrary passions, than that of passion and reason: yet, perhaps, the truest way to quench one passion is to kindle up another. Prudent men should lock up their motives, giving only their intimates a key.

The country esquire limits his ambition to a pre-eminence in the knowledge of horses; that is, of an animal that may convey him with ease, credit, and safety, the little journeys he has to go. The philosopher directs his ambition to some well-grounded science, which may, with the same ease, credit, and safety, transport him through every stage of being; so that he may not be overthrown by passion, nor trailed insipidly along by apathy. Tom Tweedle played a good fiddle; but, nothing satisfied with the inconsiderable appellation of a fiddler, dropped the practice, and is now no character.

The best time to frame an answer to the letters of a friend, is the moment you receive them. Then the warmth of friendship, and the intelligence received, most forcibly co-operate. The philosophers and ancient sages, who declaimed against the vanity of all external advantages, seem, in an equal degree, to have countenanced and authorized the mental ones, or they would condemn their own example.

Superiority in wit is more frequently the cause of vanity than superiority of judgment; as the person that wears an ornamental sword, is ever more vain

than he that wears an useful one. The person who has a superiority in wit is enabled, by the means of it, to see his superiority: hence a deference is expected, and offence taken on the failure. Add to this, that wit, considered as fancy, renders all the passions more sensible; the love of fame more remarkably so; and you have some sort of reason for the revenge taken by wits on those who neglect them. In the quarrels of our friends, it is incumbent on us to take a part—in the quarrels of mere acquaintance, it is needless, and, perhaps impertinent.

When I have purchased aught by way of mere amusement, your reflection on the cost not only intimates the bargain I have made to be a bad one, but tends to make it so. 'Had I the money those paintings cost,' says Torper, 'methinks I would have discovered some better method of disposing of it.' 'And in what would you have expended it?' 'I would buy some fine horses.' 'But you have already what answer your purpose!' 'Yes, but I have a particular fancy for a fine horse.' 'And have not I, who bought these pictures the same argument on my side?' The truth is, he who extols his own amusements, and condemns another person's, unless he do it as they bear relation to virtue or vice, will at all times find himself at a loss for an argument. People of real genius have strong passions; people of strong passions have great partialities; such as Mr. Pope for Lord Bolingbroke, &c. Persons of slow parts have languid passions, and persons of languid passions have little partiality. They neither love, nor hate, nor look, nor move, with the energy of a man of sense. The faults of the former should be balanced with their excellencies: and the blameless-

ponders that a man should feel that same delicacy in regard to real honour, which he does in regard to dress? If beneficence be not in a person's will, what imports it to mankind, that it is ever so much in his power? And yet we see how much more regard is generally paid to a worthless man of fortune, than to the most benevolent beggar that ever uttered an ineffectual blessing. It is all agreeable to Mr. Burke's thesis, that the formidable idea of power affects more deeply than the most beautiful image we can conceive of moral virtue. A person that is not merely stupid, is naturally under the influence of the acute passions, or the slow.—The principle of revenge is meant for the security of the individual; and supposing a person has not courage to put it immediately into practice, he commonly strives to make himself remarkable for the perseverance of his resentment. Both these have the same motive to impress a dread on our enemies of injuring us for the future: and tho' the world be more inclined to favour the rash than the phlegmatic enemy, it is hard to say which of the two has given rise to more dismal consequences. — The reason of this partiality may be deduced from the same original, as the preference that is given to down-right impudence before hyprocrisy. To be cheated into an ill-placed esteem, or to be undermined by concealed malignity, discovers a contempt for our understanding, and lessens the idea we entertain of it ourselves. They hurt our pride more than open violence or undisguised impudence. King James the First, willing to involve the regal power in mystery, that, like natural objects, it might appear greater through the fog, declared it presumption for a subject to say,

"what a king might do in the fulness of his power."—This was absurd; but it seems presumption in a man of the world, to say what means a man of genius may think instrumental to his happiness. W—— used to say, it was presumption for him to make conjectures on the occasion. A person of refinement seems to have his pleasures distinct from the common run of men: what the world calls important is to him wholly frivolous; and what the world esteems frivolous, seems essential to his tranquillity. The apparatus of a funeral among the middle rank of people, and sometimes among the great, has one effect that is not frivolous. It in some measure dissipates and draws off the attention from the main object of concern. Weaker minds find a sort of relief in being compelled to give directions about the manner of interment and the grave solemnity of the hearse, plumes, and escutcheons, tho' they add to the force of terror diminish that of simple grief.

There are some people whom you cannot regard, tho' they seem desirous to oblige you; nay, even tho' they do you actual services. This is the case wherever their sentiments are too widely different from your own. Thus a person truly avaricious can never make himself truly agreeable to one enamoured with the arts and sciences. A person of exquisite sensibility and tenderness can never be truly pleased with another of no feelings; who can see the most intimate of his friends or kindred expire without any greater pain than if he had beheld a pitcher broken. These, properly speaking, can be said to feel nothing but the point of a sword; and one could more easily pardon them, if this apathy were the effect of philosophy, and not want of thought. But what I would

inculcate is, with tempers thus different one should never attempt any close connection:

> "Lupis & agnis quanta sortito obtigit,
> tecum mihi discordia est."

Yet it may be a point of prudence to shew them civility, and allow a toleration to their various propensities. To converse much with them would not only be painful, but tend to injure your own disposition: and to aim at obtaining their applause, would only make your character inconsistent. There are some people who find a gloomy kind of pleasure in glouting, which could hardly be encreased by the satisfaction of having their wishes granted. This is, seemingly, a bad character, and yet often connected with a sense of honour, of conscious merit, with warm gratitude, great sincerity, and many other valuable qualities. There is a degree of understanding in women, with which one not only ought to be contented, but absolutely pleased.—One would not, in them, require the unfathomable abyss. The worst consequence of gratifying our passions, in regard to objects of an indifferent nature, is, that it causes them to proceed with greater violence towards other and other objects; and so ad infinitum. I wish, for my pocket, an elegant etui; and gold to remove the pain of wishing, and partake the pleasure of enjoyment. I would part with the purchase-money, for which I have less regard; but the gratification of this wish would generate fifty others that would be ruinous. See Epictetus; who, therefore, advises to resist the first. Virtue and agreeableness are, I fear, too often separated; that is, externals affect and captivate the fancy, where internal worth is wanting, to engage and attach one's reason.

—A most perplexing circumstance; and no where more remarkable, than when we see a wise man totally enslaved by the beauty of a person he despises.

I know not whether encreasing years do not cause one to esteem fewer people, and bear with more.

Quere, whether friendship for the sex do not tend to lessen the sensual appetite; and vice versâ.

I think, I never knew an instance of great quickness of parts being joined with great solidity. The most rapid rivers are seldom or never deep. To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, discovers at the same time a bad disposition and a bad taste. There are persons who slide insensibly into a habit of contradiction. Their first endeavour, on hearing aught asserted, is to discover wherein it may be plausibly disputed. This, they imagine, gives an air of great sagacity; and if they can mingle a jest with contradiction, think they display great superiority. One should be cautious against the advances of this kind of propensity, which loses us friends, in a matter generally of no consequence.

The solicitude of peers to preserve, or to exalt, their rank, is esteemed no other than a manly and becoming ambition. The care of commoners, on the same subject, is deemed either vanity, formality, or pride.

An income for life only seems the best calculated for the circumstances and situation of mortal man: the farther property in an estate encreases the difficulty of disengaging our affections from this world, and of thinking in the manner we ought to think of a system from which we must be entirely separated:

"I trust that sinking fund, my life."—*Pope.*

Surprise quickens enjoyment, and expectation banishes surprise; this is the simple reason why few

pleasures, that have engrossed our attention previously, ever answer our ideas of them. Add to this, that imagination is a great magnifier, and causes the hopes we conceive to grow too large for their object. —Thus expectation does not only destroy the advantage of surprise, and so flattens pleasure; but makes us hope for an imaginary addition, which gives the pain of disappointment.

ON RELIGION.

Perhaps, we should not pray to God "to keep us stedfast in any faith;" but conditionally, that it be a right one. When a tree is falling, I have seen the labourers, by a trivial jerk with a rope, throw it upon the spot where they would wish it should lie. Divines, understanding this text too literally, pretend by a little interposition in the article of death, to regulate a person's everlasting happiness. I fancy, the allusion will hardly countenance their presumption. When misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments: when to those of our own sect, we call them trials: when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to impute them to the settled course of things. In regard to church-music, if a man cannot be said to be merry or good-humoured when he is tickled till he laughs, why should he be esteemed devout or pious when he is tweedled into zeal by the drone pipe of an organ?—In answer to this it may be said, that if such an elevation of the spirits be not meritorious, be not devotion, yet it is attended with good consequences; as it

leaves a good impression on the mind, favourable to virtue and a religious life. The rich man, adjoining to his country-seat, erects a chapel, as he pretends, to God Almighty, but in truth to his own vain glory; furnishes it with luxurious conveniences, for prayers that will never be said. The poor man kneels by his bed-side, and goes to heaven before him. I should think a clergyman might distinguish himself by composing a set of sermons on the ordinary virtues extolled in classic writers, introducing the ornamental flourishes of Horace, Juvenal, &c. 1. Against family pride, might be taken from Juvenal's "Stemmata quid faciunt," Horace's "Non quia Mæcenas," and Marius's speech in Sallust. The text, "Is not this Joseph the carpenter's son?" 2. A sermon on the advantages of competency, contentment, and rural life, might be abundantly embellished from the classics, and would be both grateful and serviceable to the common people: as the chief passion from which they suffer is envy, I believe, misplaced. 3. Another might be calculated for each season of the year; illustrating the wisdom, the power, and the benevolence of Providence.—How idle to forego such fair and peaceable subjects, for the sake of widening the breach betwixt grace and works, predestination and election; solving the revelations; or ascertaining the precise nature of Urim and Thummim! It is a common argument amongst divines, in the behalf of a religious life, that a contrary behaviour has such consequences when we come to die. It is, indeed, true, but seems an argument of a subordinate kind: the article of death is more frequently of short duration. Is it not a stronger persuasive, that virtue

makes us happy daily, and removes the fear of death from our lives antecedently, than that it smoothes the pillow of a death-bed? It is a question whether the remaining superstitions, among the vulgar of the English nation ought wholly to be removed: the notion of a ghost's appearance for the discovery of murder, or any flagrant act of injustice; "that what is got over the devil's back will be spent under his belly;" that "card's are the devil's books;" &c. If there be numbers of people that murder and devour their species; that have contradictory notions of beauty; that have deemed it meritorious to offer up human sacrifices; to leave their parents in deserts of wild beasts; to expose their offspring as soon as born, &c. &c. there should seem to be no universal moral sense; and, of consequence, none. It is not now, "We have seen his star in the east," but "We have seen the star upon his breast, and are come to worship him." It is said and I believe justly enough, that crimes appear less heinous to a person that is about committing them, than to his conscience afterwards. Is then the crime to be imputed to him in the degree he foresaw it, or in that he reflects on it? perhaps the one and the other may incline towards an extreme.

The word "religio," amongst the Romans, and the word "church" among the Christians, seem to have more interpretations than almost any other. "Malus procidit, ea religione moti."—Livy, p. 1150. vol. 2. Here religion seems to mean prodigy—"Si quis tale sacrum solenne duceret, ne se sine religione & piaculo id omittere posse."—Livy, 1157. Here it seemingly means impiety: "piaculum" being such as offence as required expiatory sacrifices.

"Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum."

Here it means superstition, as it does often in Lucretius. The pope's wanton excommunications; his capricious pardon of sins; his enormous indulgences, and other particulars of like nature, shew, that (whatever religions may practice cruelty) it is peculiarly the church that makes a jest of God Almighty. The word "church" has these different senses: 1. A set of people ordained to assist at divine service. 2. The members of a certain religious profession, including clergy and laity. 3. A large piece of building dedicated to the service of God, and furnished with proper conveniencies for those who meet to worship him. 4. A body of people who too frequently harrass and infest the laity according to law, and who conceal their real names under that of a spiritual court.

How ready have all nations been, after having allowed a proper portion of laud and praise to their own abilities, to attribute their success in war to the peculiar favour of a just Providence! Perhaps, this construction, as it is often applied, argues more of presumption than gratitude. In the first place such is the partiality of the human heart, that, perhaps, two hostile nations may alike rely on the justice of their cause; and which of the two has the better claim to it, none but Providence can itself discover. In the next, it should be observed, that success by no means demonstrates justice. Again, we must not wholly forget to consider, that success may be no more than a mean of destruction. And lastly, supposing success to be really and absolutely good, do we find that individuals are always favoured with it in proportion to their deserts; and if not individuals,

why must we then suppose it be the uniform reccompense of society? It is often given as a reason why it is incumbent on God Almighty's justice to punish or reward societies in this world, because, hereafter, they cannot be punished or rewarded, on account of their dissolution. It is indeed, true, that human vengeance must act frequently in the gross; and whenever a government declares war against a foreign society, or finds it needful to chastise any part of it's own, must of necessity involve some innocent individuals with the guilty. But it does not appear so evident, than an omniscient and omnipotent Being who knows the secrets of all hearts, and is able to make a distinction in his punishments, will judge his unhappy creatures by these indiscriminate and imperfect laws. Societies, then are to be considered as the casual or arbitrary assortments of human institution. To suppose that God Almighty will, by means of punishments, often called judgments, destroy them promiscuously, is to suppose that he will regulate his government according to the cabals of human widom. I mean to be understood here, with regard to what are called judgments, or in other words, preternatural interpositions of Providence. In a natural way, the constitution of the universe requires, that the good must often suffer with the bad part of society. But in regard to judgments on whole bodies (which we have days appointed to deprecate) let us introduce a case, which may serve to illustrate the improbability.

Societies, I suppose then, are not divine, but human bundles. Imagine a man to mix a large quantity of sand and gunpowder; then parcel out the composition into different heaps, and apply fire to

them separately. The fire, it is very obvious, would take no notice of the bundles; would by no means consume, here and there, a bundle in the gross, but would affect that part of every portion that was combustible. It may speciously enough be said, what greater injustice is it to punish a society promiscuously than to involve an innocent son in the punishment due to a sinful father? To this I answer, the natural system (which we need not doubt, on the whole, is right) occasions both the good and bad to suffer many times indiscriminately. But they go much farther.—They say, God, as it were, interferes in opposition to the settled course of things, to punish and include societies in one promiscuous vengeance. Were he to inflict extraordinary punishments distinct from those which sin entails on us, he surely would not regulate them by mere human assortments, but would make the juster distinction of good and evil individuals. Neither do I see why it is so necessary, that societies, either here or hereafter, should be punished as societies. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." How happy may a lord bishop render a peasant at the hour of death, by bestowing on him his blessing, and giving him assurance of salvation? It is the same with regard to religious opinions in general. They may be confirmed and established to their heart's content, because they assent implicitly to the opinions of men who they think, should know. A person of distinguished parts and learning has no such advantages; friendless, wavering, solitary, and through his very situation incapable of much assistance: if the rustic's tenor of behaviour approach nearer to the brutes, he also appears to approach nearer to their happiness.

You pray for happiness—consider the situation or disposition of your mind at the time, and you will find it naturally tends to produce it. In travelling, one contrives to allow day-light for the worst part of the road. But in life, how hard is it, that every unhappiness seems united towards the close of our journey! pain, fatigue, and want of spirits; when spirits are more immediately necessary to our support! of which nothing can supply the place beside religion and philosophy! But then the foundation must be laid in meditation and enquiry! at an unmolested season when our faculties are strong and vigorous; or the tempest will most probably throw down the superstructure. How is a man said to be guilty of incredulity! Are there not sizes of understandings adapted to the different sorts, and as it were, sizes of narrations? Conscience is adsititious: I mean, influenced by conviction, which may be well or ill grounded; therefore no certain test of truth: but, at most times, a very faithful and a very prudent admonitor. The attraction of bodies and social affection of minds seem, in many respects, analogous. Attractions of either kind are less perspicuous, and less perceptible, through a variety of counter attractions that diminish their effect. Were two persons to meet in Ispahan, tho' quite strangers to each other here, would they not go near to feel a kind of friendship, on the single score of their being Englishmen? would they not pass a cheerful evening together over rice and sherbett?—In like manner, suppose two or three cotemporaries only, to meet on the surface of the globe, amid myriads of persons of all other ages whatsoever, would they not discover a mutual tenderness, even

tho' they had been enemies when living? What then remains, but that we revive the memory of such relations now, in order to quicken our benevolence? that we are all countrymen, is a consideration that is more commonly inculcated, and limits our benevolence to a smaller number also. That we are cotemporaries, and persons whom future history shall unite, who, great part of us, however imperceptibly, receive and confer reciprocal benefits; this, with every other circumstance that tends to heighten our philanthropy, should be brought to mind as much as possible, during our abode upon earth. Hereafter it may be just, and requisite, to comprehend all ages of mankind.

The best notion we can conceive of God, may be, that he is to the creation what the soul is to the body:

"—Deus est quodcunque vides, ubicunque moveris."

What is man, while we reflect on a Deity, whose very words are works; and all whose works are wonders! Prayer is not used to inform, for God is omniscient: not to move compassion, for God is without passions: not to shew our gratitude, for God knows our hearts.—May not a man, that has true notions, be a pious man tho' he be silent?

To honour God, is to conceive right notions of him, says some ancient that I have forgot. I know not how Mr. Pope's assertion is consistent with the scheme of a particular Providence:

——"The Almighty cause
acts not by partial, but by general laws."

What one understands by a general Providence, is that attention of the Almighty to the works of his creation, by which they pursue their original course, without deviating into such eccentric motions as

must immediately tend to the destruction of it. Thus a philosopher is enabled to foretell eclipses with precision; and a stone thrown upward drops uniformly to the ground. Thus an injury awakes resentment; and a good office endears us to our benefactor. And it seems no unworthy idea of Omnipotence, perhaps, to suppose he at first constituted a system, that stood in no need either of his counteracting or suspending the first laws of motion. But, after all, the mind remains; and can we shew it to be either impossible, or improbable, that God directs the will? Now whether the divine Being occasion ruin to fall miraculously, or, in direct opposition to the ordinary laws of nature, upon the head of Chartres—or whether he incline Chartres to go near a wall whose centre of gravity is unsupported, makes no material difference.

ON TASTE.

I believe that, generally speaking, persons eminent in one branch of taste, have the principles of the rest; and to try this, I have often solicited a stranger to hum a tune, and have seldom failed of success. This, however does not extend to talents beyond the sphere of taste; and Handel was evidently wrong, when he fancied himself born to command a troop of horse. Mankind, in general, may be divided into persons of understanding and persons of genius; each of which will admit of many subordinate degrees. By persons of understanding, I mean persons of sound judgment; formed for mathematical deductions and clear argumentation. By persons of genius, I would

characterize those in whom true and genuine fancy predominates; and this whether assisted or not by cultivation. I have thought that genius and judgment may, in some respects, be represented by a liquid and a solid. The former is, generally speaking, remarkable for its sensibility, but then loses its impression soon: the latter is less susceptible of impression but retains it longer. Dividing the world into a hundred parts, I am apt to believe the calculation might be thus adjusted:

Pedants - - - - - - -	15
Persons of common sense - - -	40
Wits - - - - - - - -	15
Fools - - - - - - - -	15
Persons of a wild uncultivated taste -	10
Persons of original taste improved by art	5

There is hardly any thing so uncommon, as a true native taste improved by education. The object of taste is corporeal beauty; for tho' there is manifestly a τὸ πρέπον; a "pulchrum," an "honestum," and "decorum," in moral actions; and altho' a man of taste, that is not virtuous, commits a greater violence on his sentiments than any other person; yet, in the ordinary course of speaking, a person is not termed a man of taste, merely because he is a man of virtue. All beauty may be divided into absolute and relative, and what is compounded of both. It is not uncommon to hear a modern Quixote insist on the superiority of his idol or Dulcinea; and, not content to pay his own tribute of adoration, demand that of others in favour of her accomplishments. Those of grave and sober sense cannot avoid wondering at a difference of opinions, which are, in truth, supported by no criterion.

Every one, therefore, ought to fix some measure of beauty, before he grows eloquent on the subject.

Every thing seems to derive it's pretensions to beauty, on account of it's colour, smoothness, variety, uniformity, partial resemblance to something else, proportion, or suitableness to the end proposed, some connection of ideas, or a mixture of all these.

As to the beauty of colours, their present effect seems in proportion to their impulse; and scarlet, were it not for habit, would affect an Indian before all other colours. Resemblances wrought by art; pictures, bustoes, statues, please. Columns, proportioned to their incumbent weight; but herein we suppose homogeneous materials; it is otherwise, in case we know that a column is made of iron.

Habit, herein, seems to have an influence to which we can afix no bounds. Suppose the generality of mankind formed with a mouth from ear to ear, and that it were requisite, in point of respiration would not the present make of mouths have subjected a man to the name of Bocha Chica? It is probable, that a clown would require more colour in his Chloe's face, than a courtier. We may see daily the strange effects of habit, in respect of fashion. To what colours, or proportions, does it not reconcile us! Conceit is false taste; and very widely different from no taste at all. Beauty of person should, perhaps, be estimated according to the proportion it bears to such a make and features as are most likely to produce the love of the opposite sex. The look of dignity, the look of wisdom, the look of delicacy and refinement, seem, in some measure, foreign. Perhaps, the appearance of sensibility may be one ingredient; and that of health, anoth-

er. At least, a cadaverous countenance is the most disgusting in the world. I know not, if one reason of the different opinions concerning beauty be not owing to self-love. People are apt to form some criterion, from their own persons, or possessions. A tall person approves the look of a folio or octavo: a square thick-set man is more delighted with a quarto. This instance, at least, may serve to explain what I intend. I believe, it sometimes happens that a person may have what the artists call an ear and an eye, without taste: for instance, a man may sometimes have a quickness in distinguishing the similitude or difference of lines and sounds, without any skill to give the proper preference betwixt the combinations of them. Taste produces different effects on different complexions. It consists, as I have often observed, in the appetite and the discernment; then most properly so called, when they are united in equal proportions. Where the discernment is predominant, a person is pleased with fewer objects, and requires perfection in what he sees. Where the appetite prevails, he is so much attached to beauty, that he feels a gratification in every degree in which it is manifested. I frankly own myself to be of this latter class: I love painting and statuary so well, as to be not undelighted with moderate performances. The reason people vary in their opinions of a portrait, I mean with regard to the resemblance it bears to the original, seems no other than that they lay stress on different features in the original; and this different stress is owing to different complexions of mind. People of little or no taste commend a person for it's corpulency. I cannot see, why an excrescence of belly, cheek, or chin,

should be deemed more beautiful than a wen upon any other part of the body. Through a connection of ideas, it may form the beauty of a pig or an ox. There seems a pretty exact analogy between the objects, and the senses. Some tunes, some tastes, some visible objects, please at first, and that only; others, only by degrees, and then long—(Raspberry-jelly—green-tea—Alley-Croaker—Air in Ariadne—a baron's robe—and a bishop's lawn). Perhaps, some of these instances may be ill enough chosen; but the thing is true. Tunes, with words, please me the more in proportion as they approach nearer to the natural accent of the words to which they are assigned. Scotch tunes often end high; their language does the same. To how very great a degree the appearance of health alone is beauty, I am not able to determine. I presume the most regular and well-proportioned form of limbs and features is, at the same time, the most healthful one: the fittest to perform the functions and operations of the body. If so, a perfectly healthful form is a perfectly beautiful form.—Health is beauty, and the most perfect health is the most perfect beauty. To have recourse to experience: the most sickly and cadaverous countenance is the least provocate to love; or rather the most inconsistent with it. A florid look to appear beautiful, must be the bloom of health, and not the glow of a fever. An obvious connection may be traced betwixt moral and physical beauty; the love of symmetry and the love of virtue; an elegant taste and perfect honesty. We may, we must, rise from the love of natural to that of moral beauty: such is the conclusion of Plato, and of my Lord Shaftesbury. Wherever there is a want of

taste, we generally observe a love of money, and cunning: and whenever taste prevails, a want of prudence, and an utter disregard to money.

Taste (or a just relish of beauty) seems to distinguish us from the brute creation, as much as intellect, or reason. We do not find that brutes have any sensation of this sort. A bull is goaded by the love of sex in general, without the least appearance of any distinction in favour of the more beautiful individual. Accordingly men devoid of taste are in a great measure indifferent as to make, complexion, features; and find a difference of sex sufficient to excite their passion in all it's fervor. It is not thus where there is a taste for beauty, either accurate or erroneous. The person of a good taste requires real beauty in the object of his passion; and the person of bad taste requires something which he substitutes in the place of beauty. Persons of taste, it has been asserted, are also the best qualified to distinguish, and the most prone to admire, moral virtue: nor does it invalidate this maxim, that their practice does not correspond. The power of acting virtuously depends, in a great measure, on withstanding a present, and, perhaps, sensual gratification, for the sake of a more distant and intellectual satisfaction. Now, as persons of fine taste are men of the strongest sensual appetites, it happens that in balancing present and future, they are apt enough to allow an unreasonable advantage to the former. On the other hand, a more phlegmatic character may, with no greater self-denial, allow the future fairer play. But let us wave the merely sensual indulgences; and let us consider the man of taste in regard to points of meum and tuum; in regard to the virtues of forgiveness; in re-

gard to charity, compassion, munificence, and magnanimity; and we cannot fail to vote his taste the glorious triumph which it deserves. There is a kind of counter-taste, founded on surprise and curiosity which maintains a sort of rivalship with the true; and may be expressed by the name Concetto. Such is the fondness of some persons for a knife-haft made from the royal oak, or a tobacco-stopper from a mulberry-tree of Shakespeare's own planting. It gratifies an empty curiosity. Such is the casual resemblance of Apollo and the nine muses in a piece of agate; a dog expressed in feathers, or a woodcock in mohair. They serve to give surprise. But a just fancy will no more esteem a picture because it proves to be produced by shells, than a writer would prefer a pen because a person made it with his toes. In all such cases difficulty should not be allowed to give a casting weight; nor a needle be considered as a painter's instrument when he is so much better furnished with a pencil.* Perhaps, no print, nor even painting, is capable of producing a figure answerable to the idea which poetry or history has given us of great men: a Cicero, for instance, a Homer, a Cato, or an Alexander. The same, perhaps, is true of the grandeur of some ancient buildings.—And the reason is, that the effects of a pencil are distinct and limited, whereas the descriptions of the pen leave the imagination room to expatiate; and Burke has made it extremely obvious, that indistinctness of outline is one source of the sublime. What an absurd-

* Cornelius Ketel, born at Gonda, in 1548; landed in England 1573; settled at Amsterdam 1581; took it into his head to grow famous by painting with his fingers instead of pencils.—The whim took.—His success increased.—His fingers appearing too easy tools, he then undertook to paint with his feet. See H. Walpole's "Book of Painters."

ity is it, in framing even prints, to suffer a margin of white paper to appear beyond the ground; destroying half the relievo the lights are intended to produce! Frames ought to contrast with paintings; or to appear as distinct as possible: for which reason, frames of wood inlaid, or otherwise variegated with colours, are less suitable than gilt ones, which, exhibiting an appearance of metal, afford the best contrast with colour. The peculiar expression in some portraits is owing to the greater or less manifestation of the soul in some of the features. There is, perhaps, a sublime, and a beautiful, in the very make of a face, exclusive of any particular expression of the soul; or, at least, not expressive of any other than a tame dispassionate one. We see often what the world calls regular features, and a good complexion almost totally unanimated by any discovery of the temper or understanding. Whenever the regularity of feature, beauty of complexion, the strong expression of sagacity and generosity, concur in one face, the features are irresistible. But even here it is to be observed, that a sort of sympathy has a prodigious bias.—Thus a pensive beauty, with regular features and complexion, will have the preference with a spectator of the pensive cast: and so of the rest. The soul appears to me to discover herself most in the mouth and eyes; with this difference, that the mouth seems the more expressive of the temper, and the eye of the understanding.

Is a portrait, supposing it to be as like as can be to the person for whom it is drawn, a more or less beautiful object than the original face? I should think, a perfect face must be much more pleasing than any representation of it; and a set of ugly features much

more ugly than the most exact resemblance that can be drawn of them. Painting can do much by means of shades; but not equal the force of real relievo: on which account, it may be the advantage of bad features to have their effect diminished; but, surely, never can be the interest of good ones. Softness of manner seems to be in painting, what smoothness of syllables is in language, affecting the sense of sight or hearing, previous to any correspondent passion. The "theory of agreeable sensations" founds them on the greatest activity or exercise an object occasions to the senses, without proceeding to fatigue. Violent contrasts are on the footing of roughness or inequality.—Harmony or similitude, on the other hand, are somewhat congenial to smoothness. In other words, these two recommend themselves; the one to our love of action, the other to our love of rest. A medium, therefore may be most agreeable to the generality. An harmony in colours seems as requisite, as a variety of lines seems necessary to the pleasure we expect from outward forms. The lines, indeed, should be well varied; but yet the opposite sides of any thing should shew a balance, or an appearance of equal quantity, if we would strive to please a well-constituted taste. It is evident enough to me, that persons often occur, who may be said to have an ear to music, and an eye for proportions in visible objects, who nevertheless can hardly be said to have a relish or taste for either. I mean, that a person may distinguish notes and tones to a nicety, and yet not give a discerning choice to what is preferable in music. The same in objects of sight. On the other hand, they cannot have a proper feeling of beauty or harmony, without a

power of discriminating those notes and proportions on which harmony and beauty so fully depend.

What is said, in a treatise lately published, for beauty being more common than deformity (and seemingly with excellent reason), may be also said for virtue being more common than vice. Quere, Whether beauty do not as much require an opposition of lines, as it does an harmony of colours?

The passion for antiquity, as such, seems, in some measure, opposite to the taste for beauty or perfection. It is rather the foible of a lazy and pusillanimous disposition, looking back and resting with pleasure on the steps by which we have arrived thus far, than the bold and enterprising spirit of a genius, whose ambition fires him only to reach the goal. Such as is described (on another occasion) in the zealous and active charioteer of Horace:

> "——— hunc atque hunc superare laboret.
> Instat equis auriga suos vincentibus; illum
> præteritum temnens extremos inter euntem."

Again, the "Nil actum reputans, si quid restaret agendum" is the least applicable, of any character, to a mere antiquarian; who, instead of endeavouring to improve or to excel, contents himself, perhaps, with discovering the very name of a first inventor; or with tracing back an art, that is flourishing, to the very first source of it's original deformity.

I have heard it claimed by adepts in music, that the pleasure it imparts to a natural ear, which owes little or nothing to cultivation, is by no means to be compared to what they feel themselves from the most perfect composition.—The state of the question may be best explained by a recourse to objects that are analogous.—Is a country fellow less struck with beauty

than a philosopher or an anatomist, who knows how that beauty is produced? Surely no. On the other hand, an attention to the cause may somewhat interfere with the attention to the effect.—They may, indeed, feel a pleasure of another sort.—The faculty of reason may obtain some kind of balance, for what the more sensible faculty of the imagination loses.

I am much inclined to suppose our ideas of beauty depend greatly on habit—what I mean is, on the familiarity with objects which we happen to have seen since we came into the world.—Our taste for uniformity, from what we have observed in the individual parts of nature, a man, a tree, a beast, a bird, or insect, &c.—our taste for regularity from what is within our power to observe in the several perfections of the whole system. A landscape, for instance, is always irregular, and to use regularity in painting, or gardening, would make our work unnatural and disagreeable.—Thus we allow beauty to the different, and almost opposite, proportions of all animals. There is, I think, a beauty in some forms, independent of any use to which they can be applied. I know not whether this may not be resolved into smoothness of surface; with variety to a certain degree, that is comprehensible without much difficulty. As to the dignity of colours, quere, whether those that affect the eye most forcibly, for instance, scarlet, may not claim the first place; allowing their beauty to cloy soonest; and other colours, the next, according to their impulse; allowing them to produce a more durable pleasure?

It may be convenient to divide beauty into the absolute and the relative. Absolute is that abovementioned. Relative is that by which an object pleases, through

the relation it bears to some other. Our taste of beauty is, perhaps, compounded of all the ideas that have entered the imagination from our birth. This seems to occasion the different opinions that prevail concerning it. For instance, a foreign eye esteems those features and dresses handsome, which we think deformed. Is it not then likely that those who have seen most objects, throughout the universe, "cæteris paribus," will be the most impartial judges: because they will judge truest of the general proportion that was intended by the Creator; and is best? The beauty of most objects is partly of the absolute and partly of the relative kind. A Corinthian pillar has some beauty dependent on it's variety and smoothness: which I would call absolute; it has also a relative beauty, dependent on it's taperness and foliage; which, authors say, was first copied from the leaves of plants, and the shape of a tree. Uniformity should, perhaps, be added as another source of absolute beauty (when it appears in one single object). I do not know any other reason, but that it renders the whole more easily comprehended. It seems that nature herself considers it as beauty, as the external parts of the human frame are made uniform to please the sight; which is rarely the case of the internal, that are not seen. Hutchinson determines absolute beauty to depend on this and on variety? and says it is in a compound ratio of both. Thus an octagon excels a square; and a square, a figure of unequal sides: but carry variety to an extreme, and it loses it's effect. For instance, multiply the number of angles till the mind loses the uniformity of parts, and the figure is less pleasing; or, as it approaches nearer to a round,

it may be said to be robbed of it's variety.

But, amidst all these eulogiums of variety, it is proper to observe, that novelty sometimes requires a little abatement. I mean, that some degree of familiarity introduces a discovery of relative beauty, more than adequate to the bloom of novelty.—This is, now and then, obvious in the features of a face, the air of some tunes, and the flavour of some dishes. In short, it requires some familiarity to become acquainted with the relation that parts bear unto the whole, or one object to another. Variety, in the same object, where the beauty does not depend on imitation (which is the case in foliage, bustos, basso-relievos, painting) requires uniformity. For instance, an octagon is much more beautiful than a figure of unequal sides; which is at once various and disagreeable.

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G. Nicholson, Poughnill.

SELECT PIECES
BY
BENJ. FRANKLIN, LL.D.

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PRELIMINARY ADDRESS

to the Pennsylvania Almanack, intitled "Poor Richard's Almanack, for the year 1758."

I have heard, that nothing gives an author so much pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by other learned authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed; for tho' I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an eminent author (of almanacks) annually now a full quarter of a century, my brother authors in the same way (for what reason I know not) have ever been very sparing in their applauses; and no other author has taken the least notice of me; so that, did not my writings produce me some solid pudding, the great deficiency of praise would have quite, discouraged me. I concluded, at length that the people were the best judges of my merit, for they buy my works; and besides, in my rambles, where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of my adages repeated, with "As poor Richard says," at the end on 't. This gave me some satisfaction; as it shewed not only that my instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some respect for my authority: and I own, that to encourage the practice of remembering and repeating those wise sentences, I have sometimes quoted myself with great gravity. Judge then how much I 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 merchant's goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the bad

ness 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 these 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 'd have my advice, I'll give it to you in short: for "a word to the wise is enough: and many words would not fill a bushel," as poor Richard says.' They joined in desiring him to speak his mind: and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows: 'Friends,' said he, 'and neighbours, 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 have many others, and much more grevious 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; "God helps them that help themselves," as poor Richard says in his almanack. It would be thought a hard government that should tax it's people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in it's service; but idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth or doing of nothing, with that which is spent in idle employments, or amusements which amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the key used 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 be up and doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence we shall do more with less perplexity. "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy," as poor Richard says; and, "he who riseth late, must trot all day, and will scarcely overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him," as we read in poor Richard; who adds, "Drive thy business; let not that drive thee," and, "early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? we may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. "Industry needs not wish," as poor Richard says; and, "he who lives on hope, will die fasting." "There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands; or if I have, they are smartly taxed;" and (as poor Richard likewise observes,) "He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honour;" 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 be industrious, we shall never starve; for, as poor Richard says, "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 encreaseth them," says poor Richard. What tho' you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, "Diligence is the mother of good-luck," as poor Richard says; and, "God gives all things to industry: then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and to keep," says poor Dick. Work while it is called to-day; for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow; which makes poor Richard say, "One to-day is worth two to-morrows;" and further, "Have you something to do to-morrow, do it 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," as poor Dick says. When there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your gracious king, be up by peep of day; "let not the sun look down, and say inglorious here he lies!" 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, light strokes fell great oaks," as poor Richard says in his Almanack, the year I cannot just now remember. 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; so that, as poor Richard says, "A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things." Do you imagine that sloth will afford you more comfort than labour? no; for, as poor Richard says, "Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toil from needless ease; many without labour would live by their own 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;" all which is well said by poor Richard.

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 who settl'd be."

And again, "Three removes are 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 who by the plough would thrive,
himself must either hold or drive."

And again, "The eye of a 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, as the Almanack says, "In the affairs of the world, men are saved not by

faith, but by the want of it;" but a man's own care is profitable; for, saith poor Dick, "Learning is to the studious, and riches to the careful, as well as power to the bold, and heaven to the virtuous." And further, "If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself." And again, he adviseth to circumspection and care, even in the smallest matters, because "sometimes a little neglect may breed great mischief;" adding, "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 care about a horse-shoe nail. 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," as poor Richard says; 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," says he, in another almanack, "think of saving, as well as of getting: the Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoings are greater than her incomings." Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not have much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for, as poor Dick says,

"Woman and wine, game and deceit,
make the wealth small, and the want great."

And further, "What mantains 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 what poor Richard says, "Many a little makes a meikle;" and further, "Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship;" and again, "Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;" and moreover, "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them." Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and nicknacks. 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 necessaries." 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." Again poor Richard says, "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. "Wise men (as poor Dick says) learn by others harms, fools scarcely by their own; but happy are they who learn prudence from the misfortunes of others." 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, scarlets and velvets (as poor Richard says) put out the kitchen fire." These are not the necessaries of

life; they can scarcely be called the conveniencies; and yet only because they look pretty, how many want to have them? The artificial wants of mankind thus become more numerous than the natural; and, as poor Dick says, "For one poor person there are a hundred indigent." 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, "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 will never be night;" that a little to be spent out of so much, is not worth heeding: "A child and a fool (as poor Richard says) imagine twenty shillings and twenty years can never be spent; but always by taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, you soon come to the bottom;" then, as poor Dick says, "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 who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing; and, indeed, so does he who 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 bought 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."

'Tis, however, a folly soon punished; for "Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt," as poor Richard says. And in another place, "Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy." And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, or ease pain, it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

"What is a butterfly? at best
he's but a caterpillar dress't;
the gaudy fop's his picture just,"

as poor Richard says. But what madness must it 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, as poor Richard says, "The second vice is lying; the first is running in debt." And again, to the same purpose, "Lying rides upon Debt's back; whereas a free-born English-

man 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," as poor Richard truly says. What would you think of that prince, or 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 your liberty, by confining you in jail for life, or by selling you 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 "Creditors (poor Richard tells us) have better memories than debtors;" and in another place he says, "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 (saith poor Richard), who own money to be paid at Easter." Then since, as he says, "The borrower is a slave to the lender, and the debtor to the creditor;" disdain the chain, preserve your freedom, and maintain your independency: be industrious and free; be frugal and free. At present, per-

haps, 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,"

as poor Richard says. Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever, while you live, expense 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;
't is the stone that will turn all your lead into gold,"

as poor Richard says. And when you have obtained the philosopher's stone, surely you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes. This doctrine, my friends is reasonable and wise: but, after all, do not depend too much on your own industry and frugality, and prudence, tho' excellent things; for they may be blasted without the blessing of Heaven: and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those who 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, and scarcely in that; for it is true we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct," as poor Richard says. However, remember this, "They that will not be counselled, cannot be helped," as poor Richard says; and further, "That if you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles." 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, notwithstanding all his cautions, and their own fear of taxes. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my almanacks, and digested all I had dropped 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, tho' I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings which I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and tho' 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.

NECESSARY HINTS TO THOSE WHO WOULD BE RICH.

Written anno 1736.

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having money. For six pounds a-year you may have the use of one hundred pounds, provided you be a man of known prudence and honesty.

He who spends a groat a-day idly, spends idly above six pounds a-year, which is the price for the use of one hundred pounds. He who wastes idly a groat's worth of his time per day, one day with another, wastes the privilege of using one hundred pounds each day. He who idly loses five shillings-worth of time, loses five shillings, and might as prudently throw five shillings into the sea.

He who loses five shillings not only loses that sum, but all the advantages which might be made by turning it in dealing, which, by the time that a young man becomes old, will amount to a considerable sum of money. Again: he who sells on credit, asks a price for what he sells equivalent to the principal and interest of his money for the time he is to be kept out of it; therefore, he who buys on credit, pays interest for what he buys; and he who pays ready money, might let that money out to use; so he who posseses any thing he has bought, pays interest for the use of it. Yet in buying goods, it is best to pay ready money, because, he who sells upon credit expects to lose five per cent. by bad debts; therefore he charges, on all he sells on credit, an advance which shall make up that deficiency.

Those who pay for what they buy upon credit, pay

their share of this advance. He who pays ready money, escapes, or may escape, that charge.

"A penny sav'd is twopence clear;
a pin a day 's a groat a year."

THE WAY TO MAKE MONEY PLENTIFUL IN EVERY MAN'S POCKET.

At this time, when the general complaint is that—"money is scarce," it will be an act of kindness to inform the moneyless how they may reinforce their pockets. I will acquaint them with the true secret of money-catching—the certain way to fill empty purses—and how to keep them always full. Two simple rules, well observed, will do the business. First, let honesty and industry be thy constant companions; and, Secondly, spend one penny less than thy clear gains. Then shall thy hide-bound pocket soon begin to thrive, and will never again cry with the empty belly-ach: neither will creditors insult thee, nor want oppress, nor hunger bite, nor nakedness freeze thee. The whole hemisphere will shine brighter, and pleasure spring up in every corner of thy heart. Now, therefore, embrace these rules and be happy. Banish the bleak winds of sorrow from thy mind, and live independently. Then shalt thou be a man, and not hide thy face at the approach of the rich, nor suffer the pain of feeling little when the sons of fortune walk at thy right hand: for independency, whether with little or much, is good fortune, and placeth thee on even ground with the proudest of the golden fleece. Oh, then, be wise, and let industry walk with thee in the

morning, and attend thee until thou reachest the evening hour for rest. Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul, and never forget to have a penny, when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid: then shalt thou reach the point of happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the silken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG TRADESMAN.

Written anno 1748.

TO MY FRIEND A. B.

As you have desired it of me, I write the following hints, which have been of service to me, and may, if observed, be so to you. Remember that *time* is money. He who can earn ten shillings a-day by his labour, and goes abroad, or sits idle one half of that day, tho' he spends but sixpence during his diversion or idleness, ought not to reckon *that* the only expense; he has really spent, or rather thrown away, five shillings besides. Remember that *credit* is money. If a man lets his money lie in my hands after it is due, he gives me the interest, or so much as I can make of it during that time. This amounts to a considerable sum where a man has good and large credit, and makes good use of it. Remember that money is of a prolific generating nature. Money can beget money, and it's offspring can beget more, and so on. Five shillings turned is six; turned again, it is seven and three-pence; and

so on till it becomes a hundred pounds. The more there is of it, the more it produces at every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker. He who kills a breeding sow, destroys all her offspring to the thousanth generation. He who murders a crown, destroys all that it might have produced, even scores of pounds. Remember that six pounds a-year is but a groat a-day. For this little sum (which may be daily wasted either in time or expense, unperceived), a man of credit may, on his own security, have the constant possession and use of an hundred pounds. So much in stock, briskly turned by an industrious man, produces great advantage.

Remember this saying, "The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse." He who is known to pay punctually and exactly to the time he promises, may at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world, than punctuality and justice in all his dealings: therefore never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse for ever.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer: but if he sees you at the billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day; demands it, before he can receive it, in a lump. It shews, besides, that you are mindful of what you owe; it makes you appear a careful, as well as an honest man, and that

still increases your credit. Beware of thinking all your own which you possess, and of living accordingly. It is a mistake which many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account, for some time, both of your expenses and your income. If you take the pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect; you will discover how wonderfully small trifling expenses amount to large sums, and will discern what might have been, and may for the future be saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience.

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, *industry* and *frugality;* that is, waste neither *time* nor *money,* but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them every thing. He who gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets (necessary expenses excepted), will certainly become *rich*—if that Being who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavours, doth not, in his wise providence otherwise determine.

AN OLD TRADESMAN.

AN ECONOMICAL PROJECT.

[A translation of this letter appeared in one of the daily papers of Paris, about the year 1748. The following is the original piece, with some additions and corrections made in it by the author.]

TO THE AUTHORS OF THE JOURNAL.

Messieurs,

You often entertain us with accounts of new discoveries. Permit me to communicate to the public, through your paper, one which has lately been

made by myself, and which I conceive may be of great utility. I was the other evening in a grand company, where the new lamp of Messrs. Quinquet and Lange was introduced, and much admired for it's splendor; but a general enquiry was made, whether the oil it consumed was not in proportion to the light it afforded, in which case there would be no saving in the use of it. No one present could satisfy us in that point, which all agreed ought to be known, it being a very desirable thing to lessen, if possible, the expense of lighting our apartments, when every other article of family expense was so much augmented. I was pleased to see this general concern for economy; for I love economy exceedingly. I went home and to bed, three or four hours after midnight, with my head full of the subject. An accidental sudden noise waked me about six in the morning, when I was surprised to find my room filled with light; and I imagined at first that a number of those lamps had been brought into it: but, rubbing my eyes, I perceived the light came in at the windows. I arose and looked out to see what might be the occasion of it, when I saw the sun just rising above the horizon, from whence he poured his rays plentifully into my chamber, my domestic having negligently omitted the preceding evening to close the shutters. I looked at my watch, which goes very well, and found that it was but six o'clock; and still thinking it something extraordinary that the sun should rise so early, I looked into the almanack, where I found it to be the hour given for his rising on that day. I looked forward too, and found he was to rise still earlier every day till towards the end of June; and that at

no time in the year he retarded his rising so long as till eight o'clock. Your readers, who with me have never seen any signs of sunshine before noon, and seldom regard the astronomical part of the almanack, will be as much astonished as I was, when they hear of his rising so early; and especially when I assure them, *that he gives light as soon as he rises.* I am convinced of this. I am certain of my fact. One cannot be more certain of any fact. I saw it with my own eyes. And having repeated this observation the three following mornings, I found always precisely the same result. Yet it so happens, that when I speak of this discovery to others, I can easily perceive by their countenances, tho' they forbear expressing it in words, that they do not quite believe me. One, indeed, who is a learned natural philosopher, has assured me, that I must certainly be mistaken as to the circumstance of the light coming into my room; for it being well known, as he says, that there could be no light abroad at that hour, it follows that none could enter from without: and that of consequence, my windows being accidentally left open, instead of letting in the light, had only served to let out the darkness: and he used many ingenious arguments to shew me how I might, by that means, have been deceived. I own that he puzzled me a little, but he did not satisfy me; and the subsequent observations I made, as above-mentioned, confirmed me in my first opinion. This event has given rise, in my mind, to several serious and important reflections. I considered that, if I had not been awakened so early in the morning, I should have slept six hours longer by the light of the sun, and in exchange have lived six hours the

following night by candle-light; and the latter being a much more expensive light than the former, my love of economy induced me to muster up what little arithmetic I was master of, and to make some calculations, which I shall give you, after observing, that utility is, in my opinion, the test of value in matters of invention, and that a discovery which can be applied to no use, or is not, good for something, is good for nothing. I took for the basis of my calculation the supposition that there are 100,000 families in Paris, and that these families consume in the night half a pound of bougies, or candles, per hour. I think this a moderate allowance, taking one family with another; for tho' I believe some consume less, I know that many consume a great deal more. Then estimating seven hours per day, as the medium quantity between the time of the sun's rising and our's, he rising during the six following months from six to eight hours before noon, and there being seven hours of course per night in which we burn candles, the account will stand thus—

In the six months between the twentieth of March and the twentieth of September there are nights - - - - - - -	183
Hours of each night in which we burn candles - - - - - - -	7
Multiplication gives for the total number of hours - - - - - - -	1,281
These 1,281 hours multiplied by 100,000 the number of families, give - -	128,100,000
One hundred twenty-eight millions and one hundred thousand hours, spent at Paris by candle-light, which, at half a pound of wax and tallow per hour, gives the weight of - - -	64,050,000

Sixty-four millions and fifty thousand of pounds, which, estimating the whole at the medium price of thirty sols the pound, makes the sum of ninety-six millions and seventy-five thousand livres tournois - - - - - 96,075,000

an immense sum! which the city of Paris might save every year, by the economy of using sunshine instead of candles. If it should be said, that people are apt to be obstinately attached to old customs, and that it will be difficult to induce them to rise before noon, consequently my discovery can be of little use; I answer, *Nil desperandum.* I believe all who have common sense, as soon as they have learnt from this paper that it is day-light when the sun rises, will contrive to rise with him; and, to compel the rest, I would propose the following regulations: First. Let a tax be laid of a louis per window, on every window which is provided with shutters to keep out the light of the sun. Second. Let the same salutary operation of police be made use of to prevent our burning candles, which inclined us last winter to be more economical in burning wood; that is, let guards be placed in the shops of the wax and tallow-chandlers, and no family be permitted to be supplied with more than one pound of candles per week. Third. Let guards also be posted to stop all the coaches, &c. which would pass the streets after sunset, except those of physicians, surgeons, and midwives. Fourth. Every morning, as soon as the sun rises, let all the bells in every church be set a ringing: and if that be not sufficient, let cannon be fired in every street, to waken the sluggards effectually, and make them open their eyes to see their true

interest. All the difficulty will be in the first two or three days; after which the reformation will be as natural and easy as the present irregularity; for "ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte." Oblige a man to rise at four in the morning, and it is more than probable he will go willingly to bed at eight in the evening; and, having had eight hours sleep, he will rise more willingly at four the morning following. But this sum of ninety-six millions and seventy-five thousand livres is not the whole of what may be saved by my economical project. You may observe that I have calculated upon only one half of the year, and much may be saved in the other, tho' the days be shorter. Besides, the immense stock of wax and tallow left unconsumed during the summer, will probably make candles much cheaper for the ensuing winter, and continue cheaper as long as the proposed reformation shall be supported.

For the great benefit of this discovery, thus freely communicated and bestowed by me on the public, I demand neither place, pension, exclusive privilege, or any other reward whatever. I expect only to have the honour of it. And yet I know there are little envious minds who will, as usual, deny me this, and say that my invention was known to the ancients, and perhaps they may bring passages out of the old books in proof of it. I will not dispute with these people that the ancients knew not that the sun would rise at certain hours; they possibly had, as we have, almanacks which predicted it: but it does not follow from thence that they knew *he gave light as soon as he rose.* This is what I claim as my discovery. If the ancients knew it, it must have been long since forgotten, for it certainly was unknown to the mod-

erns, at least to the Parisians; which to prove, I need use but one plain simple argument. They are as well-instructed, judicious, and prudent a people as exist any where in the world, all professing, like myself, to be lovers of economy; and, from the many heavy taxes required from them by the necessities of the state, have surely reason to be economical. I say it is impossible that so sensible a people, under such circumstances, should have lived so long by the smoky, unwholesome, and enormously expensive light of candles, if they had really known that they might have had as much pure light of the sun for nothing. I am, &c.

AN ABONNE.

THE WHISTLE:

a true story.

WRITTEN TO HIS NEPHEW.

When I was a child, at seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, which I saw by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vex-

ation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure. This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself *Don't give too much for the whistle;* and so I saved my money. As I grew up, I came into the world, and observing the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle.* When I see any one too ambitious of court favours, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I say to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

When I see another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect: *He pays, indeed,* say I, *too much for his whistle.*

If I know a miser, who gives up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth; *Poor man!* say I, *you do indeed pay too much for your whistle.* When I meet a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere coporeal sensations; *Mistaken man,* say I, *you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure: you give too much for your whistle.* If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipage, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison; *Alas!* say I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.* When I see a beautiful sweet tempered girl, married to an ill-natured brute

of a husband; *What a pity it is*, say I, *that she has paid so much for a whistle!* In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimate they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their *whistles*.

THE HANDSOME AND DEFORMED LEG.

There are two sorts of people in the world, who, with equal degrees of health and wealth, and the other comforts of life, become, the one happy, and the other miserable. This arises very much from the different views in which they consider things, persons, and events; and the effect of those different views upon their own minds. In whatever situation men can be placed, they may find conveniencies and inconveniences: in whatever company, they may find persons and conversation more or less pleasing: at whatever table, they may meet with meats and drinks of better and worse taste, dishes better and worse dressed: in whatever climate, they will find good and bad weather: under whatever government, they may find good and bad laws, and good and bad administration of those laws: in whatever poem or work of genius, they may see faults and beauties: in almost every face, and every person, they may discover fine features and defects, good and bad qualities. Under these circumstances, the two sorts of people above-mentioned, fix their attention; those who are disposed to be happy, on the conveniencies of things, the pleasant parts of conversation, the well dressed dishes, the goodness of the

wines, the fine weather, &c., and enjoy all with cheerfulness. Those who are to be unhappy, think and speak only of the contraries. Hence they are continually discontented themselves, and, by their remarks, sour the pleasures of society; offend personally many people, and make themselves every where disagreeable. If this turn of mind was founded in nature, such unhappy persons would be the more to be pitied. But as the disposition to criticise, and to be disgusted, is, perhaps, taken up originally by imitation, and is, unawares, grown into a habit, which, tho' at present strong, may nevertheless be cured, when those who have it are convinced of it's bad effects on their felicity; I hope this little admonition may be of service to them, and put them on changing a habit, which, tho' in the exercise it is chiefly an act of imagination, yet has serious consequences in life, as it brings on real griefs and misfortunes. For as many are offended by, and nobody loves, this sort of people; no one shews them more than the most common civility and respect, and scarcely that; and this frequently puts them out of humour, and draws them into disputes and contentions. If they aim at obtaining some advantage in rank or fortune, nobody wishes them success, or will stir a step, or speak a word to favour their pretensions. If they incur public censure or disgrace, no one will defend or excuse, and many join to aggravate their misconduct, and render them completely odious. If these people will not change this bad habit, and condescend to be pleased with what is pleasing without fretting themselves and others about the contraries, it is good for others to avoid an acquaintance with them, which is always disagreeable, and sometimes

very inconvenient, especially when one finds one's self entangled in their quarrels. An old philosophical friend of mine was grown, from experience, very cautious in this particular, and carefully avoided any intimacy with such people. He had, like other philosophers, a thermometer to shew him the heat of the weather; and a barometer, to mark when it was likely to prove good or bad; but there being no instrument invented to discover, at first sight, this unpleasing disposition in a person, he for that purpose made use of his legs; one of which was remarkably handsome, the other, by some accident, crooked and deformed. If a stranger, at the first interview, regarded his ugly leg more that his handsome one, he doubted him. If he spoke of it, and took no notice of the handsome leg, that was sufficient to determine my philosopher to have no further acquaintance with him. Every body has not this two-legged instrument; but every one, with a little attention, may observe signs of that carping, fault-finding disposition, and take the same resolution of avoiding the acquaintance of those infected with it. I therefore advise those critical, querulous, discontented, unhappy people, that if they wish to be respected and beloved by others, and happy in themselves, they should *leave off looking at the ugly leg.*

MORALS OF CHESS.

Playing at Chess is the most ancient and most universal game known among men; for it's original is beyond the memory of history, and it has, for numberless ages, been the amusement of all the civilized

nations of Asia, the Persians, the Indians, and the Chinese. Europe has had it above a thousand years; the Spaniards have spread it over their part of America, and it begins lately to make it's appearance in these States. It is so interesting in itself as not to need the view of gain to induce engaging in it; and thence it is never played for money. Those, therefore, who have leisure for such diversions, cannot find one that is more innocent; and the following piece, written with a view to correct (among a few young friends) some little improprieties in the practice of it, shews, at the same time, that it may, in it's effects on the mind, be not merely innocent, but advantageous, to the vanquished as well as the victor. The game of Chess is not merely an idle amusement. Several very valuable qualities of the mind, useful in the course of human life, are to be acquired or strengthened by it, so as to become habits ready on all occasions. For life is a kind of Chess, in which we have often points to gain, and competitors or adversaries to contend with, and in which there is vast variety of good and ill events, which are, in some degree, the effects of prudence or the want of it. By playing at Chess, then, we may learn,

I. *Foresight*, which looks a little into futurity; considers the consequences which may attend an action: for it is continually occurring to the player, "If I move this piece, what will be the advantage of my new situation? What use can my adversary make of it to annoy me? What other moves can I make to support it, and to defend myself from his attacks?" II. *Circumspection*, which surveys the whole Chess-board, or scene of action, the relations of the several pieces and situations, the

dangers they are respectively exposed to, the several possibilities of their aiding each other, the probabilities that the adversary may make this or that move, and attack this or the other piece, and what different means can be used to avoid his stroke, or turn it's consequences against him. III. *Caution*, not to make our moves too hastily. This habit is best acquired by observing strictly the laws of the game, such as, "If you touch a piece, you must move it somewhere; if you set it down, you must let it stand:" and it is therefore best that these rules should be observed, as the game thereby becomes more the image of human life, and particularly of war; in which, if you have incautiously put yourself into a bad and dangerous position, you cannot obtain your enemy's leave to withdraw your troops, and place them more securely, but you must abide all the consequences of your rashness. And, lastly, we learn by Chess the habit of *not being discouraged by present bad appearances in the state of our affairs*, the habit of *hoping for a favourable change*, and that of *persevering in the search of resources*. The game is so full of events, there is such a variety of turns in it, the fortune of it is so subject to sudden vicissitudes, and one so frequently, after long contemplation discovers the means of extricating one'self from a supposed insurmountable difficulty, that one is encouraged to continue the contest to the last, in hopes of victory by our own skill, or at least of giving a stale mate by the negligence of our adversary. And whoever considers, what in Chess he often sees instances of, that particular pieces of success are apt to produce presumption, and it's consequent inattention, by which the loss may be recover-

ed, will learn not to be too much discouraged by the present success of his adversary, nor to despair of that good fortune, on every little check he receives in the pursuit of it. That we may, therefore, be induced more frequently to choose this beneficial amusement, in preference to others, which are not attended with the same advantages, every circumstance which may increase the pleasures of it should be regarded; and every action or word which is unfair, disrespectful, or that in any way may give uneasiness, should be avoided, as contrary to the immediate intention of both the players, which is to pass the time agreeably. Therefore, first, if it be agreed to play according to the strict rules; then those rules are to be exactly observed by both parties, and should not be insisted on for one side, while deviated from by the other—for this is not equitable.

Secondly, If it be agreed not to observe the rules exactly, but one party demands indulgencies, he should then be as willing to allow them to the other.

Thirdly, No false move should ever be made to extricate yourself out of a difficulty, or to gain an advantage. There can be no pleasure in playing with a person once detected in such unfair practices.

Fourthly, If your adversary be long in playing, you ought not to hurry him, or express any uneasiness at his delay. You should not sing, nor whistle, nor look at your watch, nor take up a book to read, nor make a tapping with your feet on the floor, or with your fingers on the table, nor do any thing which may disturb his attention. For all these things displease; and they do not shew your skill in playing, but your craftiness, or your rudeness. Fifthly, You ought not to endeavour to amuse and deceive

your adversary, by pretending to have made bad moves, and saying that you have now lost the game, in order to make him secure and careless, and inattentive to your schemes: for this is fraud and deceit, not skill in the game. Sixthly, You must not, when you have gained a victory, use any triumphing or insulting expression, nor shew too much pleasure; but endeavour to console your adversary, and make him less dissatisfied with himself, by every kind of civil expression which may be used with truth, such as, 'You understand the game better than I, but you are a little inattentive; or, you play too quickly; or, you had the best of the game, but something happened to divert your thoughts, and that turned it in my favour.' Seventhly, If you be a spectator, while others play, observe the most perfect silence. For if you give advice you offend both parties; him against whom you give it, because it may cause the loss of his game; him in whose favour you give it, because, tho' it be good, and he follows it, he loses the pleasure he might have had, if you had permitted him to think until it had occurred to himself. Even after a move, or moves, you must not, by replacing the pieces, shew, how it might have been placed better: for that displeases, and may occasion disputes and doubts about their true situation. All talking to the players lessens or diverts their attention, and is therefore unpleasing. Nor should you give the least hint to either party, by any kind of noise or motion. If you do, you are unworthy to be a spectator. If you have a mind to exercise or shew your judgment, do it in playing your own game, when you have an opportunity, not in criticising, or meddling with, or counselling the

play of others. Lastly, If the game be not to be played rigorously, according to the rules above-mentioned, then moderate your desire of victory over your adversary, and be pleased with one over yourself. Snatch not eagerly at every advantage offered by his unskilfulness or inattention; but point out to him, kindly, that by such a move he places or leaves a piece in danger and unsupported; that by another he will put his king in a perilous situation, &c. By this generous civility (so opposite to the unfairness above forbidden) you may, indeed, happen to lose the game to your opponent, but you will win what is better, his esteem, his respect, and his affection; together with the silent approbation and good-will of impartial spectators.

A NEW MODE OF BATHING.

Extracts of Letters to M. Dubourg.

London, July 28, 1768.

I greatly approve the epithet which you give, in your letter of the 8th of June, to the new method of treating the small-pox, which you call the *tonic* or bracing method; I will take occasion, from it, to mention a practice to which I have accustomed myself. You know the cold bath has long been in vogue here as a tonic; but the shock of the cold water has always appeared to me, generally speaking, as too violent, and I have found it much more agreeable to my constitution to bathe in another element, I mean cold air. With this view I rise early almost every morning, and sit in my chamber without any clothes whatever, half an hour, or an hour,

according to the season, either reading or writing. This practice is not in the least painful, but, on the contrary, agreeable; and if I return to bed afterwards, before I dress myself, as sometimes happens, I make a supplement to my night's rest of one or two hours of the most pleasing sleep which can be imagined. I find no ill consequences whatever resulting from it, and that at least it does not injure my health, if it does not in fact contribute much to its preservation.—I shall therefore call it for the future a *bracing* or *tonic* bath.

March 10, 1773.

I shall not attempt to explain why damp clothes occasion colds rather than wet ones, because I doubt the fact; I imagine that neither the one nor the other contribute to this effect, and that the causes of colds are totally independent of wet, and even of cold. I propose writing a short paper on this subject, the first moment of leisure I have at my disposal.—In the mean time, I can only say, that having some suspicions that the common notion, which attributes to cold the property of stopping the pores and obstructing perspiration, was ill-founded, I engaged a young physician, who is making some experiments with Sanctorius's balance, to estimate the different proportions of his perspiration, when remaining one hour quite naked, and another warmly clothed. He pursued the experiment in this alternate manner for eight hours successively, and found his perspiration almost double during those hours in which he was naked.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE GENERALLY PREVAILING DOCTRINES OF LIFE & DEATH.

TO THE SAME.

Your observations on the causes of death, and the experiments which you propose for recalling to life those who appear to be killed by lightning, demonstrate equally your sagacity and humanity. It appears that the doctrines of life and death, in general, are yet but little understood. A toad buried in sand will live, it is said, until the sand becomes petrified; and then being inclosed in the stone, it may still live for we know not how many ages. The facts which are cited in support of this opinion are too numerous and too circumstantial not to deserve a certain degree of credit. As we are accustomed to see all the animals with which we are acquainted eat and drink, it appears to us difficult to conceive how a toad can be supported in such a dungeon. But if we reflect, that the necessity of nourishment, which animals experience in their ordinary state, proceeds from the continual waste of their substance by perspiration; it will appear less incredible, that some animals in a torpid state, perspiring, less because they use no exercise, should have less need of aliment; and that others, which are covered with scales or shells, which stop perspiration, such as land and sea turtles, serpents, and some species of fish, should be able to subsist a considerable time without any nourishment whatever. A plant, with its flowers, fades and dies immediately, if exposed to the air without having its roots immersed in a humid soil, from which it may draw a sufficient quantity of

moisture to supply that which exhales from it's substance, and is carried off continually by the air. Perhaps, however, if it were buried in quicksilver, it might preserve, for a considerable space of time, it's vegetable life, its smell and colour. If this be the case, it might prove a commodious method of transporting from distant countries those delicate plants which are unable to sustain the inclemency of the weather at sea, and which require particular care and attention. I have seen an instance of common flies preserved in a manner somewhat similar. They had been drowned in Madeira wine, apparently about the time when it was bottled in Virginia, to be sent to London. At the opening of one of the bottles, at the house of a friend where I was, three drowned flies fell into the first glass which was filled. Having heard it remarked that drowned flies were capable of being revived by the rays of the sun, I proposed making the experiment upon these. They were therefore exposed to the sun upon a sieve which had been employed to strain them out of the wine. In less than three hours, two of them began by degrees to recover life. They commenced by some convulsive motions in the thighs, and at length they raised themselves upon their legs, wiped their eyes with their fore feet, beat and brushed their wings with their hind feet, and soon after began to fly, finding themselves in Old England, without knowing how they came thither. The third continued lifeless untill sunset, when, losing all hopes of him, he was thrown away. I wish it were possible, from this instance, to invent a method of embalming drowned persons, in such a manner that they might be recalled to life at any period, however distant;

for having a very ardent desire to see and observe the state of America a hundred years hence, I should prefer, to an ordinary death, the being immersed in a cask of Madeira wine, with a few friends, until that time, then to be recalled to life by the solar warmth of my dear country! But since, in all probability, we live in an age too early, and too near the infancy of science, to see such an art, in our time, brought to it's perfection, I must, for the present, content myself with the treat, which you are so kind as to promise me, of the resurrection of a fowl or a turkey-cock.

PRECAUTIONS TO BE USED BY THOSE WHO ARE ABOUT TO UNDERTAKE A SEA VOYAGE.

When you intend to take a long voyage, nothing is better than to keep it a secret till the moment of your departure. Without this, you will be continually interrupted and tormented by visits from friends and acquaintances, who not only make you lose your valuable time, but make you forget a thousand things which you wish to remember; so that when you are embarked, and fairly at sea, you recollect, with much uneasiness, affairs which you have not terminated, accounts which you have not settled, and a number of things which you proposed to carry with you, and which you find the want of every moment. Would it not be attended with the best consequences to reform such a custom, and to suffer a traveller, without deranging him, to make his preparations in quietness, to set apart a few days, when these are finished, to take leave of his friends, and to receive their good

wishes for his happy return? It is not always in one's power to choose a captain; tho' great part of the pleasure and happiness of the passage depends upon this choice, and tho' one must for a time be confined to his company, and be in some measure under his command. If he be a social sensible man, obliging, and of a good disposition, you will be so much the happier. One sometimes meets with people of this description, but they are not common; however, if your's be not of this number, if he be a good seaman, attentive, careful, and active in the management of his vessel, you must dispense with the rest, for these are the most essential qualities.

Whatever right you may have, by your agreement with him, to the provisions he has taken on board for the use of the passengers, it is always proper to have some private store, which you may make use of occasionally. You ought, therefore to provide good water, that of the ship being often bad; but you must put it into bottles, without which you cannot expect to preserve it sweet. You ought also to carry with you good tea, ground coffee, chocolate, wine of that sort which you like best, cider, dried raisins, almonds, sugar, capillaire, citrons, rum, eggs dipped in oil, portable soup, bread twice baked. With regard to poultry, it is almost useless to carry any with you, unless you resolve to undertake the office of feeding and fattening them yourself. With the little care which is taken of them on ship-board, they are almost all sickly, and their flesh is as tough as leather. All sailors entertain an opinion, which has undoubtedly originated formerly from a want of water, and when it has been found necessary to be sparing of it, that poultry

never know when they have drank enough; and that when water is given them at discretion, they generally kill themselves by drinking beyond measure. In consequence of this opinion, they give them water only once in two days, and even then in small quantities: but as they pour this water into troughs inclining on one side, which occasions it to run to the lower part, it thence happens that they are obliged to mount one upon the back of another in order to reach it; and there are some which cannot even dip their beaks in it. Thus continually tantalized and tormented by thirst, they are unable to digest their food, which is very dry, and they soon fall sick and die. Some of them are found thus every morning, and thrown into the sea; whilst those which are killed for the table are scarcely fit to be eaten. To remedy this inconvenience, it will be necessary to divide their troughs into small compartments, in such a manner, that each of them may be capable of containing water; but this is seldom or never done. On this account, sheep and hogs are to be considered as the best fresh provision that one can have at sea; mutton there being in general very good, and pork excellent. It may happen that some of the provisions and stores which I have recommended may become almost useless, by the care which the captain has taken to lay in a proper stock: but in such a case you may dispose of it to relieve the poor passengers, who, paying less for their passage, are stowed among the common sailors, and have no right to the captain's provisions, except such part of them as is used for feeding the crew. These passengers are sometimes sick, melancholy and dejected; and there are often women and children among them,

neither of whom have any opportunity of procuring those things which I have mentioned, and of which, perhaps they have the greatest need. By distributing among them a part of your superfluity, you may be of the greatest assistance to them. You may restore their health, save their lives, and, in short, render them happy; which always affords the liveliest sensation to a feeling mind. The most disagreeable thing at sea is the cookery; for there is not, properly speaking, any professed cook on board. The worst sailor is generally chosen for that purpose, who, for the most part, is equally dirty. Hence comes the proverb used among the English sailors, that "God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks." Those, however, who have a better opinion of providence, will think otherwise. Knowing that sea air, and the exercise or motion which they receive from the rolling of the ship, have a wonderful effect in whetting the appetite, they will say, that providence has given sailors bad cooks to prevent them from eating too much; or that knowing they would have bad cooks, he has given them a good appetite to prevent them from dying with hunger. However, if you have no confidence in these succours of providence, you may yourself, with a lamp and a boiler, by the help of a little spirits of wine, prepare some food, such as soup, hash, &c. A small oven made of tin-plate is not a bad piece of furniture: your servant may roast in it a piece of mutton or pork. If you be ever tempted to eat salt beef, which is often very good, you will find that cider is the best liquor to quench the thirst generally caused by salt meat or salt fish. Sea-biscuit, which is too hard for the teeth of some people, may be softened by steeping it; but

bread double baked is the best; for being made of good loaf-bread cut into slices, and baked a second time, it readily imbibes water, becomes soft, and is easily digested: it consequently forms excellent nourishment, much superior to that of biscuit, which has not been fermented. I must here observe, that this double baked bread was originally the real biscuit prepared to keep at sea: for the word *biscuit*, in French, signifies twice baked.* Pease often boil badly, and do not become soft; in such a case, by putting a two-pound shot into the kettle, the rolling of the vessel, by means of this bullet, will convert the pease into a kind of porridge, like mustard. Having often seen soup, when put upon the table at sea in broad flat dishes, thrown out on every side by the rolling of the vessel, I have wished that our tinmen would make our soup-basons with divisions or compartments; forming small plates, proper for containing soup for one person only. By this disposition, the soup, in an extraordinary roll, would not be thrown out of the plate, and would not fall into the breasts of those who are at table, and scald them. Having entertained you with these things of little importance, permit me now to conclude with some general reflections on navigation. When navigation is employed only for transporting necessary provisions from one country, where they abound, to another where they are wanting: when by this it prevents famines, which were so frequent and so fatal before it was invented and became so common; we cannot help considering it as one of those arts which contribute most to the happiness of mankind.—But when it is employed to transport things of no utility,

* It is derived from *bis*, again; and *cuit*, baked.

or articles merely of luxury, it is then uncertain whether the advantages resulting from it be sufficient to counterbalance the misfortunes it occasions by exposing the lives of so many individuals upon the vast ocean. And when it is used to plunder vessels and transport slaves, it is evidently only the dreadful means of increasing those calamities which afflict human nature. One is astonished to think on the number of vessels and men who are daily exposed in going to bring tea from China, coffee from Arabia, and sugar and tobacco from America; all commodities which our ancestors lived very well without. The sugar trade employs nearly a thousand vessels; and that of tobacco almost the same number. With regard to the utility of tobacco, little can be said; and, with regard to sugar, how much more meritorious would it be to sacrifice the momentary pleasure which we receive from drinking it once or twice a-day in our tea, than to encourage the numberless cruelties which are continually exercised in order to procure it for us! A celebrated French moralist said, that, when he considered the wars which we foment in Africa to get negroes, the great number who, of course, perish in these wars; the multitude of those wretches who die in their passage, by disease, bad air, and bad provisions; and lastly, how many perish by the cruel treatment they meet with in a state of slavery; when he saw a bit of sugar, he could not help imagining it to be covered with spots of human blood. But had he added to these considerations the wars which we carry on against one another, to take and retake the islands which produce this commodity, he would not have seen the sugar simply spotted with blood, he would

have beheld it entirely tinged with it. These wars make the maritime powers of Europe, and the inhabitants of Paris and London, pay much dearer for their sugar than those of Vienna, tho' they are almost three hundred leagues distant from the sea. A pound of sugar, indeed, costs the former not only the price which they give for it, but also what they pay in taxes, necessary to support those fleets and armies which serve to defend and protect the countries which produce it.

REMARKS CONCERNING THE SAVAGES OF NORTH AMERICA.

Savages we call them, because their manners differ from our's, which we think the perfection of civility; they think the same of their's. Perhaps, if we could examine the manners of different nations with impartiality, we should find no people so rude as to be without any rules of politeness; nor any so polite as not to have some remains of rudeness. The Indian men, when young, are hunters and warriors; when old, counsellors; for all their government is by the counsel or advise of the sages; there is no force, there are no prisons, no officers to compel obedience, or inflict punishment. Hence they generally study oratory; the best speaker having the most influence. The Indian women till the ground, dress the food, nurse and bring up the children, and preserve and hand down to posterity the memory of public transactions. These employments of men and women are accounted natural and honourable. Having few artificial wants, they have abundance of

leisure for improvement by conversation. Our laborious manner of life, compared with their's, they esteem slavish and base; and the learning on which we value ourselves, they regard as frivolous and useless. An instance of this kind occurred at the treaty of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, anno 1744, between the government of Virginia and the Six Nations. After the principal business was settled, the commissioners from Virginia acquainted the Indians by a speech, that there was at Williamsburg a college, with a fund, for educating Indian youth; and that if the chiefs of the Six Nations would send down half a dozen of their sons to that college, the government would take care that they should be well provided for, and instructed in all the learning of the white people. It is one of the Indian rules of politeness not to answer a public proposition the same day that it is made; they think it would be treating it as a light matter; and that they shew it respect by taking time to consider it, as of an important matter. They therefore deferred their answer till the day following; when their speaker began, by expressing their deep sense of the kindness of the Virginia government, in making them that offer, "for we know," said he, "that you highly esteem the kind of learning taught in those colleges, and that the maintenance of our young men, while with you, would be very expensive to you. We are convinced, therefore, that you mean to do us good by your proposal; and we thank you heartily. But you, who are wise, must know, that different nations have different conceptions of things; and you will therefore not take it amiss, if our ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same with your's. We have had

some experience of it; several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the northern provinces; they were instructed in all your sciences; but when they came back to us, they were bad runners; ignorant of every means of living in the woods; unable to bear either cold or hunger; knew neither how to build a cabin, take a deer, nor kill an enemy; spoke our language imperfectly; were therefore neither fit for hunters, warriors, nor counsellors; they were totally good for nothing. We are however not the less obliged by your kind offer, tho' we decline accepting it: and to shew our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and make *men* of them." Having frequent occasions to hold public councils, they have acquired great order and decency in conducting them. The old men sit in the foremost ranks, the warriors in the next, and the women and children in the hindmost. The business of the women is to take exact notice of what passes, imprint it in their memories, for they have no writing, and communicate it to their children. They are the records of the council, and they preserve tradition of the stipulations in treaties a hundred years back; which, when compare with our writings, we always find exact. He who would speak, rises. The rest observe a profound silence. When he has finished, and sits down, they leave him five or six minutes to recollect, that if he has omitted any thing he intended to say, or has any thing to add, he may rise again and deliver it. To interrupt another, even in common conversation, is reckoned highly indecent. How different

is this from the conduct of a polite British House of Commons, where scarcely a day passes without some confusion which makes the speaker hoarse in calling *to order;* and how different from the mode of conversation in many polite companies of Europe, where, if you do not deliver your sentence with great rapidity, you are cut off in the middle of it by the impatient loquacity of those with whom you converse, and are never suffered to finish it! The politeness of these savages in conversation, is, indeed, carried to excess; since it does not permit them to contradict or deny the truth of what is asserted in their presence. By this means they, indeed, avoid disputes; but then it becomes difficult to know their minds, or what impression you make upon them. The missionaries who have attempted to convert them to Christianity, all complain of this as one of the great difficulties of their mission. The Indians hear with patience the truths of the gospel explained to them, and give their usual tokens of assent and approbation: you would think they were convinced. No such matter! It is mere civility. A Swedish minister having assembled the chiefs of the Sasquehannah Indians, made a sermon to them, acquainting them with the principal historical facts on which our religion is founded; such as the fall of our first parents by eating an apple; the coming of Christ to repair the mischief; his miracles and suffering, &c. When he had finished, an Indian orator stood up to thank him. "What you have told us," said he, "is all very good. It is indeed bad to eat apples. It is better to make them all into cider. We are much obliged by your kindness in coming so far to tell us those things which you have heard from your mothers.

In return, I will tell you some of those we have heard from our's. "In the beginning, our fathers had only the flesh of animals to subsist on; and if their hunting was unsuccessful, they were starving. Two of our young hunters having killed a deer, made a fire in the woods to broil some parts of it. When they were about to satisfy their hunger, they beheld a beautiful young woman descend from the clouds, and seat herself upon that hill which you see yonder among the Blue Mountains. They said to each other, it is a spirit that perhaps has smelt our broiling venison, and wishes to eat of it: let us offer some to her. They presented her with the tongue: she was pleased with the taste of it, and said, 'Your kindness shall be rewarded. Come to this place after thirteen moons, and you shall find something which will be of great benefit in nourishing you and your children to the latest generations.' They did so, and to their surprise, found plants they had never seen before; but which, from that ancient time, have been constantly cultivated among us, to our great advantage.' Where her right hand had touched the ground, they found maize; where her left had touched it, they found kidney-beans; and where her backside had sat upon it, they found tobacco." The good missionary disgusted with this idle tale, said, "What I delivered to you were sacred truths; but what you tell me is mere fable, fiction, and falsehood." The Indian, offended, replied, "My brother, it seems your friends have not done you justice in your education; they have not well instructed you in the rules of common civility. You saw that we, who understand and practise those rules, believed all your stories, why do you refuse to believe our's?"

When any of them come into our towns, our people are apt to crowd round them, gaze upon them, and incommode them where they desire to be private; this they esteem great rudeness, and the effect of the want of instruction in the rules of civility and good manners. "We have," say they, "as much curiosity as you, and when you come into our towns, we wish for opportunities of looking at you; but for this purpose we hide ourselves behind bushes, where you are to pass, and never intrude ourselves into your company." Their manner of entering each other's villages has likewise its rules. It is reckoned uncivil in travelling strangers to enter a village abruptly, without giving notice of their approach. Therefore, as soon as they arrive within hearing, they stop and holla, remaining there till invited to enter. Two old men usually come out to them, and lead them in. There is in every village a vacant dwelling, called the stranger's house. Here they are placed, while the old men go round from hut to hut, acquainting the inhabitants that strangers are arrived, who are probably hungry and weary; and every one sends them what he can spare of victuals, and skins to repose on. When the strangers are refreshed, pipes and tobacco are brought; and then, but not before, conversation begins, with enquiries who they are, whither bound, what news, &c. and it usually ends with offers of service, of guides, or any necessaries for continuing their journey; and no recompense is exacted. The same hospitality, esteemed among them as a principal virtue, is practised by private persons; of which Conrad Weiser, our interpreter, gave me the following instance. He had been naturalized among the Six

Nations, and spoke well the Mohuck language. In going through the Indian country, to carry a message from our governor to the council at Onondaga, he called at the habitation of Canassetego, an old acquaintance, who embraced him, spread furs for him to sit upon, placed before him some boiled beans and venison, and mixed some rum and water for his drink. When he was well refreshed, and had lit his pipe, Canassetego began to converse with him: asked how he had fared during the many years since they had seen each other, whence he then came, what occasioned the journey, &c. Conrad answered all his questions; and when the discourse began to flag, the Indian, to continue it said, "Conrad, you have lived long among the white people, and know something of their customs; I have been sometimes at Albany, and have observed, that once in seven days they shut up their shops, and assemble all in the great house; tell me what it is for? What do they do there?" "They meet there," said Conrad, "to hear and learn *good things*." "I do not doubt," said the Indian, "that they tell you so, they have told me the same: but I doubt the truth of what they say, and I will tell you my reasons. I went lately to Albany to sell my skins and buy blankets, knives, powder, rum, &c. You know I used generally to deal with Hans Hanson; but I was a little inclined this time to try some other merchants. However, I called first on Hans, and asked him what he would give for beaver. He said, he could not give more than four shillings a-pound: but, said he, I cannot talk on business now; this is the day when we meet together to learn *good things*, and I am going to the meeting. So I thought to myself, since I

cannot do any business to-day, I may as well go to the meeting too, and I went with him. There stood up a man in black, who began to talk to the people very angrily. I did not understand what he said; but perceiving that he looked much at me, and at Hansen, I imagined that he was angry at seeing me there; so I went out, sat down near the house, struck fire, and lit my pipe, waiting till the meeting should break up. I thought too that the man had mentioned something of beaver, and I suspected it might be the subject of their meeting. So when they came out, I accosted my merchant. Well Hans, said I, I hope you have agreed to give more than four shillings a-pound. No, said he, I cannot give so much, I cannot give more than three shillings and sixpence. I then spoke to several other dealers, but they all sung the same song, three and sixpence, three and sixpence. This made it clear to me that my suspicion was right; and that whatever they pretended of meeting to learn *good things*, the real purpose was to consult how to cheat Indians in the price of beaver. Consider but a little, Conrad, and you must be of my opinion. If they meet so often to learn *good things*, they would certainly have learned some before this time. But they are still ignorant. You know our practice. If a white man, in travelling through our country, enters one of our cabins, we all treat him as I do you; we dry him, if he be wet, we warm him if he be cold, and give him meat and drink, that he may allay his thirst and hunger; we spread soft furs for him to rest and sleep upon; and we demand nothing in return.* But if I go in-

* It is remarkable, that in all ages and countries, hospitality has been allowed as the virtue of those, whom the civilized were pleased to call

to a white man's house at Albany, and ask for victuals and drink, they say, Where is your money? and if I have none, they say, Get out you Indian dog. You see they have not learned those little *good things* which we need no meetings to be instructed in, because our mothers taught them to us when we were children; and therefore it is impossible their meetings should be, as they say, for any such purpose, or have any such effect; they are only to contrive *the cheating of Indians in the price of beaver.*"

AN ALLEGORICAL DREAM.

In a dream I thought myself in a solitary temple. I saw a kind of phantom coming towards me, but as he drew near his form expanded and became more than human; his robe hung majestically down to his feet; six wings, whiter than snow, whose extremities were edged with gold, covered a part of his body: then I saw him quit his material substance, which he had put on to avoid terrifying me; his body was of all the colours in the rainbow. He took me by the hair, and I was sensible I was travelling in the ætherial plains without any dread, with the rapidity of an arrow sent from a bow, drawn by a supple and nervous arm. A thousand glowing orbs rolled beneath me: but I could only cast a rapid glance on all those globes distinguished by the striking colours with

barbarians, the Greeks celebrated the Scythians for it. The Saracens possessed it eminently; and it is to this day the reigning virtue of the wild Arabs. St. Paul, too, in the relation of his voyage and shipwreck, on the island of Melita, says, "The barbarous people shewed us no little kindness; for they kindled a fire, and received us every one, because of the present rain, and because of the cold."

which they were diversified. I now suddenly perceived so beautiful, so flourishing, so fertile a country, that I conceived a strong desire to alight upon it. My wishes were instantly gratified; I felt myself gently landed on it's surface, where I was surrounded by a balmy atmosphere. I found myself reposed at the dawn, upon the soft verdant grass. I stretched out my arms, in token of gratitude, to my celestial guide, who pointed to a resplendent sun, towards which swiftly rising, he disappeared in the luminous body. I arose, and imagined myself to be transported to the garden of Eden. Every thing inspired my soul with soft tranquillity. The most profound peace covered this new globe; nature was here ravishing and incorruptible, and a delicious freshness expanded my sense to ecstasy; a sweet odour accompanied the air I breathed; my heart, which beat with an unusual power, was immerged in a sea of rapture; while pleasure, like a pure and immortal light, penetrated the inmost recesses of my soul.

The inhabitants of this happy country came to meet me; and, after saluting me, they took me by the hand. Their noble countenances inspired confidence and respect; innocence and happiness were depicted in their looks; they often lifted their eyes towards heaven, and as often uttered a name which I afterwards knew to be that of the Eternal, while their cheeks were moistened with tears of gratitude.

I experienced great emotion while I conversed with these sublime beings. They poured out their hearts with the most sincere tenderness; and the voice of reason, most majestic, and no less melting, was at the same time conveyed to my enraptured ear.

I soon perceived that this abode was totally different

from that which I had left. A divine impulse made me fly into their arms;—I bowed my knees to them; but being raised up in the most endearing manner, I was pressed to the bosoms which inclosed such excellent hearts, and I conceived a presentiment of celestial amity, of that amity which united their souls, and formed the greatest portion of their felicity.

The angel of darkness, with all his artifice, was never able to discover the entrance into this world!—notwithstanding his ever-watchful malice, he never found out the means to spread his poison over this happy globe. Anger, envy, and pride, were there unknown; the happiness of one appeared the happiness of all! an ecstatic transport incessantly elevating their souls at the sight of the magnificent and bountiful hand which collected over their heads the most astonishing prodigies of the creation. The lovely Morning, with her humid saffron wings, distilled the pearly dew from the shrubs and flowers, and the rays of the rising sun multiplied the most enchanting colours, when I perceived a wood embellished by the opening dawn. The youth of both sexes there sent forth hymns of adoration towards heaven; and were filled at the same time with the grandeur and majesty of God, which rolled almost visibly over their heads; for in this world of innocence, he vouchsafed to manifest himself by means unknown to our weak understandings. All things announced his august presence, the serenity of the air, the dyes of the flowers, the brilliancy of the insects, a kind of universal sensibility spread over all beings, whose vivified bodies seemed entirely susceptible of it. Every thing bore the appearance of sentiment; and the birds stopped in the

midst of their flight, as if attentive to the affecting modulations of their voices. But no pencil can express the ravishing countenance of the young beauties, whose bosoms breathed love. Who can describe that love of which we have not any idea, that love for which we have no name, that love, the lot of pure intelligent beings, divine love, which they only can conceive and feel; the tongue of man, incapable, must be silent! The remembrance of this enchanting place suspends at this moment all the faculties of my soul. The sun was rising—the pencil falls from my hand. O Thomson, never did thy muse view such a sun! What a world, and what magnificent order! I trod, with regret, on the flowery plants, endued, like that we call sensitive, with a quick and lively feeling; they bent under my foot, only to rise with more brilliancy: the fruit gently dropped, on the first touch from the complying branch, and had scarcely gratified the palate when the delicious sensation of its juices was felt glowing in every vein; the eye, more piercing, sparkled with uncommon lustre; the ear was more lively; the heart, which expanded itself over all nature, seemed to possess and enjoy it's fertile extent: the universal enjoyment did not disturb any individual; for union multiplied their delights, and they esteemed themselves less happy in their own fruition than in the happiness of others. This sun did not resemble the comparative paleness and weakness which illuminates our gloomy terrestrial prison; yet the eye could bear to gaze on it, and, in a manner, plunge itself in a kind of ecstasy in it's mild and pure light; it enlivened at once the sight and the understanding, and even penetrated the soul. The bodies

of those fortunate persons became, as it were, transparent; while each read in his brother's heart the sentiments of affability and tenderness with which himself was affected. There darted from the leaves of all the shrubs which the planet enlightened, a luminous matter, which resembled, at a distance, all the colours of the rainbow; it's orb, which was never eclipsed, was crowned with such sparkling rays that the daring prism of Newton could not divide. When this planet set, six brilliant moons floated in the atmosphere; their progression in different orbits, each night formed a new exhibition. The multitude of stars, which seem to us as if scattered by chance, were here seen in their true point of view, and the order of the universe appeared in all it's pomp and splendour. . In this happy country, when a man gave way to sleep, his body, which had none of the properties of terrestrial elements, gave no opposition to the soul, but contemplated in a vision, bordering on reality, the lucid region, the throne of the Eternal, to which it was soon to be elevated. Men awaked from a light slumber without perturbation or uneasiness; enjoying futurity by a forcible sentiment of immortality, being intoxicated with the image of an approaching felicity, exceeding that which they already enjoyed. Grief, the fatal result of the imperfect sensibility of our rude frames, was unknown to these innocent men; a light sensation warned them of the objects which could hurt them; and nature removed them from the danger, as a tender mother would gently draw her child by the hand from a pitfall. I breathed more freely in this habitation of joy and concord; my existence became most valuable to me; but in proportion as the charms which sur-

rounded me were lively, the greater was my sorrow when my ideas returned to the globe I had quitted. All the calamities of the human race united, as in one point, to overwhelm my heart, and I exclaimed piteously.—'Alas! the world I inhabited, formerly resembled your's; but, peace, innocence, and chaste pleasures soon vanished.—Why was I not born among you? what a contrast! the earth which was my sorrowful abode is incessantly filled with tears and sighs; there the smaller number oppress the greater; the demon of property infects what he touches, and what he covets. Gold is there a god, and they sacrifice on his altar, love, humanity, and the most valuable virtues. Shudder, you who hear me! the greatest enemy which man has is man; his chiefs are his tyrants; they make all things bend under the yoke of their pride or their caprice; the chains of oppression are in a manner extended from pole to pole; a monster who assumes the mask of glory, makes lawful whatever is most horrible, violence and murder. Since the fatal invention of an inflammable powder, no mortal can say, to-morrow I shall repose in peace;—to-morrow the arm of despotism will not crush my head;—to-morrow dreadful sorrow will not depress my soul;—to-morrow the wailings of an useless despair, proceeding from a distressed heart, will not escape my lips, and tyranny bury me alive as in a stone coffin! Oh, my brethren! weep, weep over us! We are not only surrounded with chains and executioners, but are moreover dependent on the seasons, the elements, and the meanest insects. All nature rebels against us; and even if we subdue her, she makes us pay dearly for the benefits our labour forces from her. The bread we eat

is earned by our tears and the sweat of our brow; then greedy men come and plunder us, to squander it on their idle favourites. Weep, weep with me, my brethren! hatred pursues us; revenge sharpens its poniard in the dark; calumny brands us, and even deprives us of the power of making our defence; the object of tenderness betrays our confidence, and forces us to curse this otherwise consolatory sentiment. We must live in the midst of all the strokes of wickedness, error, pride, and folly.'

While my heart gave a free course to my complaints, I saw a band of shining seraphs descending from heaven; on which shouts of joy were immediately sent forth from the whole race of these fortunate beings. As I gazed with astonishment, I was accosted by an old man, who said, 'Farewel, my friend! the moment of our death draws near; or rather, that of a new life. The ministers of the God of clemency are come to take us away from this earth; we are going to dwell in a world of still greater perfection.'

'Why, father,' said I, 'are you then strangers to the agonies of death, the anguish, the pain, the dread, which accompany us in our last moments?'

'Yes, my child,' he replied, 'these angels of the Highest come at stated periods, and carry us all away, opening to us the road to a new world, of which we have an idea by the undoubted conviction of the unlimited bounty and magnificence of the Creator. A cheerful glow was immediately spread over their countenances; their brows already seemed crowned with immortal splendor; they sprang lightly from the earth in my sight; I prest the sacred hand of each for the last time, while with a smile they held out the other to the seraph, who had spread his

wings to carry them to heaven. They ascended all at once, like a flock of beautiful swans, that, taking flight, raise themselves, with majestic rapidity, over the tops of our highest palaces. I gazed with sadness; my eye followed them in the air, until their venerable heads were lost in the silver clouds, and I remained alone on this magnificent deserted land. I perceived I was not yet fitted to dwell in it, and wished to return to this unfortunate world of expiation: thus the animal escaped from his keeper returns, following the track of his chain, with a mild aspect, and enters his prison. Awaking, the illusion was dispelled, which it is beyond the power of my weak tongue or pen to describe in its full splendor; but this illusion I shall for ever cherish; and, supported by the foundation of hope, I will preserve it till death, in the inmost recesses of my soul.

A PARABLE AGAINST PERSECUTION.

1. And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun. 2. And behold a man bowed with age, coming from the way of the wilderness leaning on a staff, 3. And Abraham arose, and met him, and said unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night; and thou shalt arise early in the morning, and go on thy way. 4. And the man said, Nay; for I will abide under this tree. 5. But Abraham pressed him greatly: so he turned, and they went into the tent: and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.
6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, creator of heaven and earth? 7. And the man answered and said, I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth always in my house, and provideth me with all things. 8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose, and fell upon him, and drave him forth with blows into the wilderness.
9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying, Abraham, where is the stranger?
10. And Abraham answered and said, Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness. 11. And God said, have I borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and

couldst not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night? 12. And Abraham said, let not the anger of my Lord wax hot against his servant: lo, I have sinned, forgive me, I pray thee.
13. And Abraham arose, and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him; and returned with him to the tent; and when he had entreated him kindly, he sent him away on the morrow with gifts. 14. And God spake again unto Abraham, saying, for this thy sin shall thy seed be afflicted four hundred years in a strange land: 15. But for thy repentance will I deliver them, and they shall come forth with power, and with gladness of heart, and with much substance.

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THE LIFE

of

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, LLD.

Hopwood sc.

Sold by George Nicholson, Poughnill.

THE LIFE OF

DR. FRANKLIN.

In the memoirs of every distinguished person there are incidents which always excite curiosity, and generally, afford improvement; there is something also to admire, and something to imitate; but in a task, like the present, of tracing the course of a life, marked in it's origin by obscurity, to it's advancement as a legislator; of pursuing the gradations of genius from a state unaided by scientific tuition to that of ranking with the first of philosophers; to mark the means and the good fortune by which an individual emerged from poverty to opulence and fame; to contemplate an instance of the successful efforts of industry, economy, and perseverance, accompanied by inflexible integrity, unostentatious manners, strong talents, and true benevolence of mind, is one of the most pleasing and interesting of employments. The subject of this memoir has left a printed account of his life to his twenty-fifth year, which is fraught with incidents and observations of an extraordinary and valuable kind. It is to this that we are indebted for a considerable portion of the following account.

Benjamin Franklin was born at Boston, in New England, Jan. 6, 1706. He was the son of Josias Franklin, a tallow-chandler, descended from an ancient English family, who had resided upwards of three centuries at Eaton, in Northamptonshire, possessing a small freehold estate of thirty acres, the eldest son of which had uniformly been bred up to the

trade of a blacksmith. This family had early embraced the principles of the reformation, and were in danger of suffering for them, under the bloody reign of Queen Mary. They had an English Bible, and, to conceal it the more securely, they fastened it, open, with packthreads across the leaves, on the inside of the lid of a close-stool. The lid of the close-stool was turned upon the knees of our author's great grand-father, when he wanted to read, while one of the children was stationed at the door, to give notice if he saw the proctor (an officer of the spiritual court) make his appearance. Benjamin was the youngest son of the youngest branch of this family. His father had joined the nonconformists, and on the prohibition of conventicles under Charles II, emigrated, with his wife and family, to New England, in 1682; where, on the death of his first wife, he married Abiah Folger, daughter of Peter Folger, a descendent of one of the first colonists in that province, who was author of several tracts on liberty of conscience. She bore him in all ten children. Benjamin very readily acquired reading and writing, but made no progress in arithmetic. His father had destined him for the church, but owing to the demands of his numerous family, he found the expenses of a college education would subject him to difficulties, and he abandoned this intention.

From ten to twelve years of age young Franklin wrought at his father's business. In this employment he continued for two years, but growing much dissatisfied with it, his father wished to discover the natural bias of his disposition in the choice of a trade. He therefore took him to see masons, coopers, joiners, and other mechanics, while employed at their work. He was then sent on trial to a cutler. Discover-

ing, from his earliest years, a passion for reading, he now laid out all the money he could procure in books. His father's little library consisted chiefly of practical and polemical theology. Among them, however, were Plutarch's "Lives," and De Foe's "Essay on Projects;" these were his text books; these he read over and over again. Franklin has since acknowledged that from the latter he "derived impressions which have since influenced some of the principal events of his life." This inclination determined his father to make him a printer, tho' his elder brother James was already of that profession. He was accordingly bound apprentice to his brother, and by his rapid proficency in the art, soon became of great use to him; yet he often treated him unnaturally and rather tyrannically. Franklin now began to write poetry, particularly ballads, which his brother printed and then dispatched our young rhymer about the town to sell them. This success flattered his vanity, but his father convinced him that his talent was not for poetry. About this time he met with an odd volume of the Spectator, with which he was enchanted, and wished he had the power to imitate it. With this view, he selected some of the papers, made short summaries of the ideas of each period, and laid them aside for a few days. He then, without referring to the original, endeavoured to enlarge those ideas in polished style. He afterwards made a comparison, and thereby perceived his incorrections, and deficiencies, which originated chiefly in the want of a fund of words, and a facility of recollecting and employing them. He says, "I thought if I had proceeded in making verses, the continual need of words of the same meaning, but of different lengths for the measure, or of different sounds for

the rhyme, would have obliged me to seek for a variety of synonyms, and have rendered me master of them. From this belief, I took some of the tales of the Spectator and turned them into verse; and after a time, when I had sufficiently forgotten them, I again converted them into prose. Sometimes also I mingled all my summaries together; and a few weeks after endeavoured to arrange them in the best order, before I attempted to form the periods and complete the essays. This I did with a view of acquiring method in the arrangement of my thoughts. On comparing afterwards my performance with the original, many faults were apparent, which I corrected; but I had sometimes the satisfaction to think, that, in certain particulars of little importance, I had been fortunate enough to improve the order of thought or the style; and this encouraged me to hope that I should succeed, in time, in writing decently in the English language, which was one of the great objects of my ambition. The time which I devoted to these exercises, and to reading, was the evening after my day's labour was finished, the morning before it began, and Sundays, when I could escape attending divine service." With a passion for reading and writing, he imbibed the kindred one of disputing. This met with fuel from his familiarity with a youth of similar turn, and he was for a time a very doughty and dogmatic polemic. The perusal of a translation of Xenophon's "Memorabilia," softened him into a Socratic, and he became very dexterious in the sly mode of confuting or confounding an antagonist by a series of questions. In such a course of mental exercise he became a sceptic with respect to the religion in which he had been educated; and h the zeal of a convert, took all opportunities of

propagating his unbelief. These doubts he appears never to have been able to remove; but he took care strongly to fortify himself with such moral principles of conduct as directed him to the most valuable ends by honourable means. "When about sixteen years of age," says he "Tryon's "Way to Health, Long Life and Happiness," fell into my hands, in which he recommends vegetable diet. I determined to observe it. My brother being a bachelor, did not keep house, but boarded with his apprentices in a neighbouring family. My refusing to eat animal food was found inconvenient, and I was often abused for my singularity. I attended to the mode in which Tryon prepared some of his dishes, particularly how to boil potatoes and rice, and make hasty-puddings. I then said to my brother, that if he would allow me per week half of what he paid for my board, I would undertake to maintain myself. The offer was instantly embraced, and I soon found that of what he gave me I was able to save half. This was a new fund for the purchase of books; and other advantages resulted to me from the plan. When my brother and his workmen left the printing house to go to dinner, I remained behind; and dispatching my frugal meal, which frequently consisted of a biscuit only, or a slice of bread and a bunch of raisins, or a bun from the pastrycook's with a glass of water. I had the rest of the time, till their return, for study; and my progress therein was proportioned to that clearness of ideas, and quickness of conception, which are the fruits of temperance in eating and drinking." His mother being asked why her son had adopted so singular a plan of diet, replied, "Because he had read a foolish philosopher called Plutarch; however," added she, I let him take his own way." During this time Frank-

lin improved himself in arithmetic and other branches of science, as well as in composition, by writing anonymous essays for his brother's paper, "The New England Courant," and which, being much admired, were for some time of advantage to it. But one of them, on a political subject, happening to give offence to the assembly, his brother was taken up, imprisoned for a month, and prohibited from printing his newspaper. The paper was then continued under the name of Benjamin Franklin, whose indentures were resigned, and a new secret contract agreed on. "At length," says our author, in the account of his own life, "a new difference arising between my brother and me, I ventured to take advantage of my liberty, presuming that he would not dare to produce the new contract. It was undoubtedly dishonourable to avail myself of this circumstance, and I reckon this action as one of the first errors of my life; but I was little capable of estimating it at it's true value, embittered as my mind has been by the recollection of the blows I had received. Exclusively of his passionate treatment of me, my brother was by no means a man of an ill temper, and perhaps my manners had too much of impertinence not to afford it a very natural pretext." At the age of seventeen, therefore, Franklin emigrated to Philadelphia, where he arrived after several trifling accidents in the passage, escaping the danger of being taken up as a run-away servant, &c. and without knowing a single individual in the place. We cannot omit here an anecdote which discovers the native unostentatious simplicity of his manners. Walking through Market-street, he met a child with a loaf of bread, and he enquired where they were sold, for he had often made a dinner of dry bread. He asked for three penny-worth.

The baker gave him three large rolls. He had no room in his pockets, so put one roll under each arm, and walked on, eating the third. After taking some water, he found himself well satisfied with his first roll, he gave the other two to a poor woman and her child. At Philadelphia, he soon obtained employment from Bradford and Keimer, the only printers then in the city. He here contracted an acquaintance with several young men attached to literary pursuits, in whose society he spent many of his evenings. He was afterwards introduced, by his brother in law, Captain Holmes, to Sir Wm. Keith, governor of the province, who *promised* to do much for him, but, except entertaining him occasionally, in his own house, or at a tavern, performed nothing. Towards the end of April 1724, he set out to pay a visit to his parents. On his return, "At Newport," says Franklin, "we took on board a number of passengers; among whom were two young women, and a grave, sensible, quaker lady, with her servants. I had shewn an obliging forwardness in rendering the quaker some trifling services, which lead her, probably, to feel an interest in my welfare; for when she saw a familiarity take place, and every day increase, between the two young women and me, she took me aside and said, "Young man, I am in pain for thee. Thou hast no parent to watch over thy conduct, and thou seemest to be ignorant of the world. Rely on what I tell thee; those are women of bad characters; I perceive it in all their actions. If thou dost not take care they will lead thee into danger. I advise thee to form no connection with them." As I appeared at first, not to think so ill of them as she did, she related many things which she had seen and heard, that had escaped my attention, but which

convinced me she was in the right. I thanked her for her obliging advice, and promised to follow it. When we arrived at New-York, they informed me where they lodged, and invited me to come and see them. It was, however, well I did not go, for the next day the captain missing a silver spoon and some other things, which had been taken from the cabin, he procured a search-warrant, found the stolen goods, and had them punished. Thus, after having been preserved from one rock concealed under water, upon which the vessel struck, during our passage, I escaped another of a more dangerous nature."

It must not be omitted, that in this passage, during a calm which stopped the vessel above Block-island, the crew employed themselves in fishing for cod, of which they caught a great number. Franklin had hitherto adhered to his resolution of abstaining from eating every thing which had lived and moved. "I considered says he, "agreeably to the maxims of my master Tryon, that the capture of every fish was a murder committed without provocation; since these animals had neither done, nor were capable of doing, the smallest injury to any one, that could justify such a measure. This mode of reasoning I conceived to be unanswerable. I had formerly been fond of fish, and when one of these cod were taken out of the frying-pan, I thought it's flavour delicious. Hesitating, for some time, between principle and inclination, I recollected that when the cod had been opened some small fish had been found in it's belly. I then argued, if fish eat each other, why may they not be eaten? I then dined on the cod, and have continued since to eat like mankind in general, returning only occasionally to my vegetable diet. How convenient it proves to be a RATIONAL

animal, who knows how to find or *invent*, a plausible pretext for whatever it has an inclination to do!"

Franklin returned from this visit to Keimer, with whom he lived on good terms, but he concealed from him a design which he had formed of going to London. Keimer was fond of argumentation, but Franklin drew him into difficulties by his Socratic method of reasoning, from whence he could not extricate himself. Keimer urged him to wear his beard and keep the sabbath, to which Franklin consented, on condition that he would abstain from eating flesh. Keimer doubted whether his constitution would be able to bear it. Franklin assured him that he would find himself much better for it. "He was a glutton," says Franklin, "and I wished to amuse myself by starving him. He consented to make trial of this regimen, if I would bear him company; we continued it for three months. A woman in the neighbourhood prepared and brought our victuals, to whom I gave a list of forty dishes, in the composition of which there entered neither flesh nor fish. This fancy was the more agreeable to me as it turned to good account. The whole expense of our living did not exceed, for each, eighteen-pence a week. I have since that period," continues Franklin, "observed several Lents with the greatest strictness, and have suddenly returned again to my ordinary diet, without experiencing the smallest inconvenience; which had led me to regard as of no importance the advice commonly given, of introducing gradually such alterations of regimen. I continued this plan cheerfully; but poor Keimer was a great sufferer. Tired of the project, he sighed for the flesh pots of Egypt. At length he ordered a roast pig, and invited me and two of our female acquaintance to dine with him; but the pig being ready

a little too soon, he had eaten it all up before we arrived!" At the end of 1724, Franklin determined on removing to London. He was much encouraged in this undertaking by Sir William Keith, who promised him letters of recommendation, and one of credit, to enable him to purchase a press, types, and paper. After repeated waitings, and repeated evasions, on the part of Sir William, Franklin obtained not a single letter. An associate of the name of James Ralph, accompanied Franklin on his voyage, but as he had no business to recur to for subsistence he was a considerable incumbrance to Franklin. This man underwent some difficulties, and was involved in some adventures, before he became settled as a schoolmaster at a village in Berkshire. He afterwards became a political writer of some eminence, and is noticed in Pope's Dunciad. Franklin, thus unrecommended, was fortunate enough to obtain employment at Palmer's in Bartholomew-close, where he continued nearly a year. Here he was engaged in compositing "Wolaston's Religion of Nature." Franklin thought some of Wolaston's arguments not well founded, and wrote an animadversion on some passages, intitled *A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain;* dedicated to his friend Ralph. In this production he endeavoured to prove that there is no difference between virtue and vice; which he afterwards considered as one of the great errors of his life. "This pamphlet," says our author, falling into the hands of a surgeon, of the name of Lyons, author of a book called "Infallibility of Human Judgment," was the occasion of a considerable intimacy between us. He expressed great esteem for me, came frequently to see me, in order to converse on metaphysical subjects; and introduced

me to Dr. Mandeville, author of the "Fable of the Bees," who had instituted a club at a tavern in Cheapside, of which he was the soul. He was a facetious and very amusing character. He also introduced me at Baston's coffee-house, to Dr. Pemberton, who promised to give me an opportunity of seeing Sir Isaac Newton, which I very ardently desired; but he did not keep his word. I had brought some curiosities with me from America; the principal of which was a purse made of the abestos, which fire only purifies. Sir Hans Sloane hearing of it, called on me, and invited me to his house in Bloomsbury-square, where, after shewing me all his curiosities he prevailed on me to add this piece to his collection; for which he paid me very handsomely." Franklin calculating on some advantages to be obtained by a removal, solicited and obtained employment as a pressman at the printing-house of Watts, near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. "I drank," says he, "nothing but water. The other workmen, to the number of about fifty, were great drinkers of beer. I carried occasionally a large form of types in each hand, up and down stairs, while the rest employed both hands to carry one. They were surprised to see, by this and many other examples, that the "American Aquatic," as they used to call me, was stronger than those who drank porter. My fellow pressmen drank every day a pint of beer before breakfast, a pint with bread and cheese for breakfast, one between breakfast and dinner, one at dinner, one again about the hour of six in the afternoon, and another after he had finished his day's work. This custom appeared to me abominable; but he had need, he said, of all this beer, in order to acquire strength to work. I endeavoured to convince him that the bodily strength

produced by the beer, could only be in proportion to the solid part of the barley dissolved in the water of which the beer was composed; that there was a larger portion of flour in a penny loaf, and that consequently if he ate such a loaf and drank a pint of water with it, he would derive more strength from it than from a pint of beer. This reasoning, however, did not deter him from drinking his accustomed quantity of beer, and paying every Saturday night a score of four or five shillings a week for this cursed beverage; an expense from which I was wholly exempt. Thus do such poor devils continue all their lives in a state of voluntary wretchedness and poverty." Franklin was afterwards required as a compositor, in the same house, and quitted the press. His example prevailed with several of his fellow workmen to renounce their abominable practice of bread and cheese with beer; and they procured, like him, from a neighbouring house, a good bason of warm gruel, in which was a small slice of butter, with toasted bread and nutmeg. This was a much better breakfast, which did not cost more than threehalfpence, and preserved the head clear.

Franklin recommended himself to his employer by his assiduous application to business; and his extraordinary quickness in compositing always procured him the work most urgently required, which is commonly paid an advanced price for. He lodged in Duke-street, with a woman rather advanced in life, who had been educated a protestant; but her husband, whose memory she highly revered, had converted her to the Catholic religion. Franklin was always glad to pass an evening with her, and was sometimes invited to her room. Their supper consisted only of half an anchovy each, upon a slice of bread and but-r, and half a pint of ale between them. But the en-

ertainment he valued was her conversation.

At Watts's printing-house, Franklin contracted an intimacy with a sensible young man named Wygate, who, as his parents were in good circumstances, had received a proportionate liberal education; to this young man he taught the art of swimming, in which he excelled. One day, Wygate and he made a party on the water to Chelsea; on their return, Franklin, at the intimation of Wygate, undressed, quitted the boat near Chelsea, and swam to Blackfriar's-bridge, exhibiting in this course a great variety of feats of activity and address, both on the surface of the water and under it. Wygate proposed to Franklin, to make the tour of Europe, maintaining themselves by the exercise of their profession. Franklin was on the point of consenting, when he mentioned it to his friend Mr. Denham, who dissuaded him from it, and advised him to return to Philadelphia, to which place he was going. This gentleman had formerly been a merchant at Bristol, but failing, he compounded with his creditors, and emigrated to America, where he acquired a fortune; then returned, invited his creditors to a feast, and paid their balances with interest. He engaged Franklin as his clerk and book-keeper, and to superintend the goods he was taking to America. "I had passed," says Franklin, "about eighteen months in London, working almost without intermission, avoiding all expense, except going now and then to the play, and purchasing a few books. But my friend Ralph kept me poor. He owed me about twenty-seven pounds, which was so much money lost; and when considered as taken from my little savings, was a very great sum. I had notwithstanding this a regard for him, as he possessed many amiable quali-

ties." They sailed July 23, 1726, and arrived at Philadelphia, Oct. 11. They found that Keith had been deprived of his office of governor. Mr. Denham took a warehouse. Franklin applied closely, studied accounts, and was expert in trade. He indeed behaved to him like a father, and they loved and respected each other. But this happiness was of short duration. Mr. Denham died in Feb. 1727, leaving Franklin a small legacy in his will, as a testimony of friendship. Our author once more abandoned to himself, in the wide world, engaged as a printer with Keimer; whom he also served as a letter founder, ink-maker, engraver, and copper-plate-printer; as well as constructor of a press for that purpose. This press, which was the first that had been seen in the country, was erected by Franklin at Burlington, to print some new Jersey money-bills; and proved the means of his aquaintance with Judge Allen, and several other members of the assembly, who were afterwards of great service to him. After this he imported types from London, set up a printing office, in company with Hugh Meredith, one of Keimer's lads. Franklin has recorded the extraordinary pleasure he experienced in receiving the first fruits of their industry, amounting to five shillings. "The recollection of what I felt on this occasion," says he, "has rendered me more disposed, than perhaps I should otherwise have been, to encourage young beginners in trade." At the same time he established a weekly club, for mutual improvement, which not only proved an excellent school of philosophy and politics, but turned out also beneficially to his business. "Our questions," says Franklin, "which were read a week previous to their discussion, induced us to peruse at-

tentively such books as had been written on the subjects proposed, that we might be able to speak on them more pertinently. We thus acquired the habit of conversing more agreeably; every subject being discussed conformably to regulations, and in a manner which prevented dissatisfaction." The following queries put to the candidates for admission, by way of test, indicate the liberal and philanthropical spirit of the founder. "Do you sincerely declare that you love mankind in general, of what profession or religion soever? Do you think any person ought to be harmed in his body, name, or goods, for mere speculative opinions, or his external way of worship? Do you love the truth for truth's sake; and will you endeavour impartially to find and receive it yourself, and communicate it to others?" This society, which was called the "Junto," lasted nearly forty years.

Franklin now applied himself with unwearied industry to the concern of printing. Early and late at work, he composed and distributed a folio sheet per day, on pica letter, loaded with heavy notes in a smaller type, besides doing other occasional jobs as they came in. Meredith, his partner, executed the presswork. Franklin, had an intention of commencing a newspaper, and communicated his design to a workman of Keimer's, who had solicited employment. This man betrayed his secret to Keimer, who immediately published a prospectus of a paper he intended to institute himself. Franklin wrote some satire on the design in Bradford's paper, the only one then existing in Philadelphia. Keimer, however commenced his paper, under the patronage of not more than ninety subscribers; he continued it for nine months only, and then sold the copy-right of it to Franklin for a mere trifle. At this period he

was much harrassed by pecuniary difficulties. In his first visit to Philadelphia he had received £36 for a friend of his brother John, of the name Vernon; this money he had not yet repaid. Mr. Vernon reminded him of it. Meredith's father had agreed to advance the whole expense of the printing materials, but had paid only £100. Another £100 was still due, and the merchant, tired of waiting, commenced a suit for it's recovery. In this distress two real friends, offered, without the knowledge of each other's intentions, to assist our enterprising printer with whatever money was necessary, if he would detach himself from Meredith, who they said was frequently seen drunk in the streets. These friends were William Coleman, and Robert Grace.

Such a separation Franklin soon effected; for Meredith's father could not advance the money he promised, and his son, having not been educated a printer, grew tired of it, and gladly returned to his original occupation of farming, and thus in 1729, Franklin was left sole proprietor of the business. He then accepted from his friends one half of the needful sum from each, which enabled him to carry on his undertaking more extensively. At this time a new emission of paper-currency being wished for by the public, but opposed by the opulent part of the Assembly, Franklin published a pamphlet on the subject, which, being unanswerable, occasioned the measure to be carried, and the author rewarded by the lucrative employment of printing the bills. Public and private employment now enabled our author to begin to pay the debt he had contracted, and to open a stationer's shop. "In order," says he, "to insure my credit and character as a tradesman, I took care not only to be *really* indus-

trious and frugal, but also to avoid every appearance of the contrary. I was plainly dressed, and never seen in any place of public amusement. I never went a fishing or hunting. A book indeed enticed me sometimes from my work, but it was by stealth, and occasioned no scandal. To shew that I did not think myself above my business, I conveyed home, occasionally, in a wheel-barrow, the paper I had purchased at the warehouses. I thus obtained the reputation of being industrious, and punctual in my payments. The merchants who imported articles of stationary solicited my custom; others offered to furnish me with books, and my little trade went on prosperously." Franklin, early in life, had made an acquaintance with the daughter of Mr. Read of Philadelphia, at whose house he was a lodger on his first visit to that place. On his departure for London they parted with regret, interchanging mutual promises of fidelity; but on this new theatre of amusement he forgot his fair blossom. He wrote to her indeed, once, but his letter merely informed her that he was not likely to return soon. Her family, justly despairing of Franklin's attachment, urged her to marry a potter, of the name of Rogers; to which she consented; but they grew miserable and parted. The husband involved himself in debt and fled, about 1727, to the West Indies, where he died.

In the mean time, the passion of youth, so difficult to govern, led Franklin into various intrigues, not unaccompanied with expense and inconvenience, but fortunately his health remained untainted.

On his return to Philadelphia, he reflected on his conduct with shame, regarding his inconstancy, during his abode in London, as the principal cause of Miss Read's misfortune. Franklin endeavoured, as a

neighbour and old acquaintance, to cultivate a friendly intimacy with her family. A mutual affection revived, and they married on the 1st of September 1730. She proved an excellent wife, a faithful companion, and contributed essentially to the success of his shop. We deeply regret that here terminates the invaluable clue of our author, which has hitherto been our almost entire conductor. The following narrative is from a continuation by his friend Dr. Stubner, of Philadelphia, and from other authentic sources of information.

In 1731, Franklin's love of literature induced him to establish first a private, and afterwards a public library, which in 1742, became incorporated by the name of "The Library Company of Philadelphia;" which now consists of many thousand volumes, besides a philosophical apparatus, &c. In 1732 Franklin began to publish *Poor Richard's Almanack*, a work that he rendered remarkable by a valuable selection of concise, moral and economic maxims, which he at last collected into one humorous address to the reader, entitled *The Way to Wealth*, which has been translated into various languages. In 1736 he entered on his political career, by being appointed Clerk to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania. In 1737 he was appointed post-master. In 1738 he formed the first company for preventing damages by fires, and soon after obtained the establishment of an insurance company. In 1744, during the war between France and Britain, the French and Indians having made inroads on the frontiers of the province, he proposed a voluntary association for it's defence; which was approved of, and immediately signed by 1200 citizens, who chose Franklin their colonel. But he was then too deeply engaged in

philosophic and political pursuits to accept of that honour. In 1745, he published an account of a new invented fire-place, of which the particulars at length are given in his *Letters and Papers on Philosophical Subjects*, p. 284 to 318, edit. 1769. About the same time he commenced those electric experiments which have conferred celebrity on his name. His discoveries were communicated in three publications, entitled, "*New Experiments and Observations in Electricity, made at Philadelphia in America*," in letters to Mr. Collinson, dated from 1747 to 1754. These tracts were universally admired. Dr. Priestley in his "History of Electricity," remarks of them, "It is not easy to say whether we are most pleased with the simplicity and perspicuity with which these letters are written, the modesty with which the author proposes every hypothesis of his own, or the noble frankness with which he relates his mistakes, when they were corrected by subsequent experiments." Concluding that in the excitation of the electric tube, the fluid was conveyed from the person who rubbed it, to him who touched it, he termed the latter state that of being electrified *positively*, or possessing more than his natural quantity of eclectic effluvia; the former person was said to be *negitively* electrified, or possessing less than his natural quantity. This led to his capital theory of the charged Leyden phial, namely, that when one side is electrified *positively* or *plus*, the other is electrified *negitively* or *minus;* so that in charging a phial the electricity is thrown from the outside into the inside, and when it is discharged the equilibrium is restored. He confirmed this theory by a set of very ingenious experiments, which have been thought decisive. He farther proved that the accumu-

lated electric fire in the charged side of the phial resided not in the coating, but in the pores of the glass itself. In the course of his experiments, he, in common with other electricians, was accidentally surprised and alarmed at the power of the electric fluid. He received a discharge from two of his large electric jars, through his head, which struck him to the ground, but did him no lasting injury. A young woman, in attending to one of his experiments, inadvertently brought her head so near the conductor as to receive a still greater shock, which caused her to fall; but she instantly rose up, uninjured. This encouraged him to try whether it's power might not be lessened when the experiment was made on six men at the same time, the first placing his hand on the head of the second, and so on. Having obtained the men and placed them in the manner just mentioned, he discharged his two jars, by laying his conducting rod upon the head of the first man. They all fell to the ground at the same instant, believing he had struck them down by some kind of magic. When he endeavoured to explain to them in what manner he had performed the experiment, they declared they had neither seen the flash nor heard the report of the discharge. The most brilliant, however, of his discoveries, was that of the identity of the electric fire and that of lightning. Franklin was directed towards the complete verification of the fact by the extraordinary power which he had observed to be possessed by pointed bodies, in attracting and throwing off the electric effluvia. The first positive proof which he obtained of his problem occurred in June, 1752; when, by means of a silken kite, furnished with an iron point, having a key appended to the termination of it's hempen string, and from thence a silken cord, he drew down from a passing

thunder cloud sufficient of electric fire to yield sensible sparks from the key. He afterwards fixed an insulated iron rod upon his house, which drew down the lightning, and gave him an opportunity of examining whether it was positive or negative. His letters containing an account of his electric experiments, and among them his relation of drawing electricity from the clouds, were soon published in Europe and translated into different languages. "Nothing was ever written on the subject of electricity," says Dr. Priestley, "which was more generally read and admired in all parts of Europe, than those letters. Electricians every where employed themselves in repeating his experiments, or exhibiting them for money. All the world, in a manner, even kings, flocked to see them, and all returned full of admiration." As utility was in his opinion the great end of philosophic investigation, he applied this discovery to the protection of buildings from the effects of lightning, which is particularly alarming on the continent of America. By means of pointed metallic conductors projecting from the top of the building, he conceived that the passing thunder clouds might discharge their fire silently and inoxiously. Such was the public confidence in this opinion, that these conductors soon came to be generally adopted in America, in England, and other countries. Before this period, philosophers had amused themselves only with the smaller phænomena of Electricity; such as relate to the attraction of light bodies; the distances to which such attractions would extend; the luminous appearances produced by the excited glass tube; and the firing of spirits and inflammable air. Little more was known on this subject, than Thales had discovered 2000 years before; that certain bod-

ies such as amber and glass, had this attractive quality. Our most indefatigable searchers into nature, who in other branches seemed to have explored her profoundest depths, were content with what was known of electricity in former ages, without advancing any thing new of their own. Sufficient data and experiments were wanting to reduce the doctrine and phænomena of electricity into rules or system, and to apply them to useful purposes. This great attainment, which had eluded the industry and abilities of a Boyle and a Newton, was reserved for a Franklin. The assiduity with which he prosecuted his investigations appears from his first letter to Mr. Collinson, dated Mar. 28, 1747. "For my own part," says he, "I never was before engaged in any study which so totally engrossed my attention and time. For, what with making experiments, when I am alone, and repeating them to my friends and acquaintance, who, from the novelty of the thing, come continually in crouds to see them, I have for some months past had leisure for little else."

The unostentatious deportment of Franklin may be held up by way of contrast to the dogmatism and vanity of some authors; for in the communication of his discoveries, he appeared rather seeking to acquire information himself than giving it to others. "Possibly," says he to his friend, "these experiments may not be new to you, among the numbers daily employed in such observations on your side the water, it is probable some one or other has hit on them before." In another letter he says, "I own that I have too strong a *penchant* to building hypothesis: they indulge my natural indolence:" yet indolence was no part of his character. To the end of his life he observed the same uniform modesty and

caution. The first philosophic paper inserted in his collection, in 1756, is entitled, "*Physical and Meteorological Observations, Conjectures, and Suppositions*;" and his last at Passy, in 1784, is written in a similar style; viz. "*Meteorological Imaginations and Conjectures; Loose Thoughts on an Universal Fluid*;" and the like. In 1747 he was elected a representative of the city of Philadelphia in the General Assembly of that province. At that time a contest subsisted between the Assembly and the proprietaries, chiefly with respect to the claim of the latter to have their property exempted from the public burdens. He took the popular side of the question by supporting the rights of the citizens in opposition to the proprietaries. Franklin was a friend to universal freedom from his infancy, and ever distinguished himself as a steady opponent to injustice. His influence in this body was great. His speeches consisted not of rhetorical flowers; they were simple and unadorned, but pointed, sensible, and concise. Oft has his penetrating and solid judgment confounded the most eloquent and subtile of his adversaries. A single observation has rendered ineffectual an elaborate and elegant discourse. But he was not contented with supporting the rights of the people; he wished to render them permanently secure, which can be done only by making their value known, and by increasing and extending information to every class of men. Franklin therefore drew up a plan of an Academy "suited to the infant state of the country," which he was enabled to complete on an enlarged scale, through the interposition of his benevolent and learned friend, Peter Collinson, of London. A charter of incorporation, dated July 13, 1753, was obtained from the honourable proprietors of Pennsylvania, Thomas

Penn and Richard Penn, esqrs., accompanied with a benefaction of five hundred pounds sterling.

About this time, Franklin assisted Dr. Bond in instituting the Pennsylvania Hospital. Franklin had now conducted himself so well in his office of postmaster to the province, that in 1753, he was appointed deputy post-master general to the British Colonies; and under his management this branch of the revenue soon yielded thrice as much annually as that of Ireland. Yet none of his public avocations prevented him from attending to his scientific pursuits, in which he so eminently distinguished himself as to attract the attention and applause of the Count de Buffon, and other French philosophers. His theories were at first opposed by the members of the Royal Society in London; but they afterwards voted him the gold medal, which is annually given to the author of a memoir on some curious and interesting subject. In 1754, the American colonies having suffered much by the depredations of the Indians on their frontiers, considerable alarm was excited through the colonies, and commissioners from a number of them held a meeting at Albany for the purpose of concerting a defensive union. Franklin attended with the plan of a general government in the colonies, to be administered by a president nominated by the crown; and by a grand council chosen from the representatives of each colony, vested with extensive powers. The plan was unanimously agreed to by the commissioners present, and copies transmitted to each assembly, and one to the king's council in England. It was disapproved of by the English ministry, as giving too much power to the representatives of the people; and rejected by the assemblies, as giving too much influence to the

president, who was to be appointed by the king. This rejection, on both sides, affords the strongest proof of the excellency and impartiality of the plan, as suited to the situation of Britain and America at that period. It appears to have steered exactly between the opposite interests of both parties.

When the expedition in 1755, to dispossess the French of some of their encroachments, was in preparation, a difficulty arose for the want of waggons, Franklin stepped forward to obviate it, and in a short time procured one hundred and fifty. The unfortunate issue of this expedition having caused their destruction, he was in danger of a ruinous loss, but was relieved from his obligations by the interference of the governor. He was afterwards instrumental in forming a militia bill; and was appointed colonel of the Philadelphia regiment of twelve hundred men, and took a share in providing for the defence of the north-western frontier. The militia was however soon disbanded by orders from England. In 1757 Franklin sailed for London in the capacity of agent for Pennsylvania, the assembly of which was involved in warm disputes with the proprietaries. After several debates before the privy council, it was agreed that the proprietary lands should take their share in a tax for the public service, provided that Franklin would engage that the assessment should be fairly proportioned. The measure was accordingly carried into effect. He remained at the British court as agent for his province; and his reputation caused him also to be entrusted with a similar commission from Massachussets, Maryland, and Georgia. The continual molestation received by the British colonies from the French in Canada induced him to write a forcible pamphlet, pointing out the

advantages of a conquest of that province by the English. The subsequent expedition against it, and it's retention under the British government at the peace, were probably much influenced by his reasonings. In visiting England, he had opportunities of seeing those friends which his merit had procured him while in America. The opposition which had been made to his discoveries had ceased, and the Royal Society of London, which had refused to admit his performances into it's transactions, now thought it an honour to rank him among it's fellows. He had likewise the degree of LL. D. conferred on him by the universities of St. Andrews, Edinburgh, and Oxford. His correspondence was courted by the most eminent philosophers of Europe. His Letters abound with true science, detailed in language the most simple and unadorned. Altho' Dr. Franklin was now principally occupied in political investigation, yet he extended his electric researches, particularly by experiments on the stone called the tourmalin. He repeated some of Dr. Cullen's experiments on cold produced by evaporation, and found that by evaporating æther in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, so great a degree of cold was obtained, that water was converted into ice on a summer's day. At this time the effect produced by rubbing the brim of a drinking glass with a wet finger was generally known. The sweetness of those tones induced Dr. Franklin to make various experiments. The construction of that elegant instrument called the "Harmonica," was the result of them. In 1762 he returned to America. On his passage, he had an opportunity of trying the singular effect produced on an agitated vessel by casting oil on the water. The surface of the oil remaining smooth and

undisturbed, while the surrounding water was in the utmost commotion. Dr. Franklin received the thanks of the assembly of Pensylvania, and a compensation of 5000*l.* American currency, for his services during his residence in England. He took his seat as a member of the Assembly and continued a steady defender of the liberties of the people. The part he took against the proprietary interest occasioned the loss of his re-election, in 1773, but so powerful were his friends in the assembly, that he was immediately re-appointed agent for the province, and in consequence again visited England.

The disturbances produced in America by Mr. Grenville's stamp-act, and the opposition made to it are well known. Among other means of collecting information respecting the disposition of the people, Dr. Franklin was called to the bar of the House of Commons. His examination was published; in which the strength and clearness of his representations had a material effect in producing the repeal of that obnoxious measure. At this time, the disputes between the partisians of the British government and the friends of the people ran high. Letters were discovered written by Governor Hutchinson and others in Massachusetts' bay to Thomas Whateley, esq. (private secretary to Mr. Grenville) containing the most unfavourable reports of the conduct and intentions of persons in that country, and advising coercive measures. These letters were privately put into the possession of Dr. Franklin, who, as agent for the colony, thought it his duty to transmit them to the legislature there, by whom they were published.

The assembly of the province was so much exasperated, that they returned attested copies of the letters accompanied with a petition and remonstrance, for

the removal of Governor Hutchinson, and Lieutenant Governor Andrew Oliver from their posts. Some letters had passed in the public prints between Mr. Thomas Whately's brother and Mr. John Temple, concerning the manner in which the letters of Gov. Hutchinson, &c. had escaped from among the papers of Mr. Thomas Whately, at that time deceased. One of the gentlemen wished to avoid the charge of having given them; the other of having taken them. At length the dispute became so personal and pointed, that Mr. Temple thought it necessary to call the brother to the field. The letter of provocation appeared in the morning, and the parties met in the afternoon. Dr. Franklin was not apprized of their intention in time to prevent it; but he immediately afterwards published the following letter addressed to the printer of the "Public Advertiser."

Sir,

Finding that two gentlemen have been unfortunately engaged in a duel about a transaction and it's circumstances, of which both of them are totally ignorant and innocent; I think it incumbent on me to declare (for the prevention of farther mischief, as far as such a declaration may contribute to prevent it) that I alone am the person who obtained and transmitted to Boston the letters in question. Mr. Whately could not communicate them because they were never in his possession; and for the same reason, they could not be taken from him by Mr. Temple. They were not of the nature of private letters between friends. They were written by public officers to persons in public stations, on public affairs, and intended to procure public measures; they were therefore handed to other public persons who might be induced by them to produce those measures. Their

tendency was to incense the mother country against her colonies, and, by the steps recommended, to widen the breach; which they effected. The chief caution expressed with regard to privacy, was to keep their contents from the colony agents; who the writers apprehended might return them, or copies of them to America. That apprehension was, it seems, well founded; for the first agent who laid his hands on them, thought it his duty to transmit them to his constituents.

CRAVEN-STREET,
DEC. 25, 1773.

B. FRANKLIN,
Agent for the House of Representatives of the Massachusetts' Bay.

In consequence of these events, Dr. Franklin was called to attend at the Council chamber, Jan. 29, 1774, when Mr. Dunning and Mr. John Lee appeared as counsel for the assembly, and Mr. Wedderburne (afterwards Lord Loughborough) as counsel for the Governor and Lieutenant Governor. Mr. Wedderburne was very long in his answer; which chiefly related to the mode of obtaining and sending away Mr. Whately's letters; and spoke of Dr. Franklin in terms of gross abuse. The following are the principal passages, which may serve as a specimen of the rancour of political malice, and of that intemperate acrimony which too frequently characterises the eloquence of the bar. "The letters could not have come to Dr. Franklin," said Mr. Wedderburne, "by fair means. The writers did not give them to him; nor yet did the deceased correspondent, who, from our intimacy would otherwise have told me of it. Nothing, then, will acquit Dr. Franklin of the charge of obtaining them by fradulent or corrupt means, for the most malignant of purposes; unless he stole them, from the person who stole them. This argument is

irrefragable.——— I hope, my lords, you will mark and brand the man, for the honour of this country, of Europe, and of mankind. Private correspondence has hitherto been held sacred, in times of the greatest party rage, not only in politics but religion. He has forfeited all the respect of societies and of men. Into what companies will he hereafter go with an unembarrassed face, or the honest intrepidity of virtue. Men will watch him with a jealous eye; they will hide their papers from him, and lock up their escrutoires. He will henceforth esteem it a libel to be called a *man of letters; homo trium* [i. e. *fur* or thief] *literatum!* But he not only took away the letters from one brother, but kept himself concealed till he nearly occasioned the murder of the other. It is impossible to read his account, expressive of the coolest and most deliberate malice, without horror. He here read the foregoing letter published by Dr. Franklin in the "Public Advertiser." "Amidst these tragical events," he then continued, "of one person nearly murdered, of another answerable for the issue, of a worthy governor hurt in his dearest interests, the fate of America in suspense; here is a man, who with the utmost insensibility of remorse, stands up and avows himself the author of all. I can compare it only to Zanga in Dr. Young's "Revenge."

Know then 't was——I!
I forged the letter! I disposed the picture!
I hated, I despised, and I destroy!

I ask, my lords, whether the revengeful temper attributed, by poetic fiction only, to the bloody African, is not surpassed by the coolness and apathy of the wily American?" These pleadings for a time affected much. The lords assented, the town was

convinced, Dr. Franklin was disgraced, and Mr. Wedderburne appeared in the high road to advancement. Unfortunately for Mr. Wedderburne, the events of the war did not correspond, with his systems. Unfortunately too for his "irrefragable argument," Dr. Franklin afterwards took an oath in chancery, that at the time he transmitted the letters, he was ignorant of the party to whom they had been addressed; having himself received them from a third person, and for the express purpose of their being conveyed to America. The following particulars relating to Dr. Franklin's behaviour on this occasion are from a communication by Dr. Priestley to the editors of the Monthly Magazine, vol. 15, page 1. "On the morning of the day" says he, "on which the cause was to be heard," I met Mr. Burke in Parliament-street, accompanied by Dr. Douglas afterwards, Bishop of Carlisle; and after introducing us to each other, as men of letters, he asked me whither I was going; I said, I could tell him whither I *wished* to go. He then asking me where it was, I said, to the Privy Council, but that I was afraid I could not get admission. He then desired me to go along with him. Accordingly I did; but when we reached that anti-room, we found it quite filled with persons as desirous of gaining admittance as ourselves. Seeing this, I said we should never get through the crowd. He said, "Give me your arm;" and locking it fast in his, he soon made his way to the door of the Privy Council. I then said, "Mr. Burke, you are an excellent leader; he replied, "I wish other persons thought so too." After waiting a short time, the door of the Privy Council opened, and we entered the first; when Mr. Burke took his stand behind the first chair next to the President, and I behind

that next to his. When the business was opened, it was sufficiently evident, from the speech of Mr. Wedderburne, who was council for the Governor, the real object of the court was to insult Dr. Franklin. All this time he stood in a corner of the room, not far from me, without the least apparent emotion.

Mr. Dunning, who was the leading counsel on the part of the colony, was so hoarse that he could scarcely make himself heard; and Mr. Lee, who was the second, spoke but feebly in reply; so that Mr. Wedderburne had a complete triumph. At the sallies of his sarcastic wit, all the members of the council, the president himself (Lord Gower) not excepted, frequently laughed outright. No person belonging to the council behaved with decent gravity, except Lord North, who, coming late, took his stand behind the chair opposite to me. When the business was over, Dr. Franklin, in going out, took me by the hand, in a manner which indicated some feeling. I soon followed him, and in going through the anti-room, saw Mr. Wedderburne there, surrounded by a circle of his friends and admirers. Being known to him, he stepped forwards, as if to speak to me; but I turned aside, and made what haste I could out of the place. The next morning I breakfasted with the doctor, when he said, "He had never before been so sensible of the power of a good conscience; for that if he had not considered the thing for which he had been so much insulted, as one of the best actions of his life, and what he should certainly do again in the same circumstances, he could not have supported it." Dr. Franklin declared, that he did not know that the letters written by Governor Hutchinson existed, till they were brought to him as agent for the colony, in order

to be sent to his constituents; and the cover of the letters, on which the direction had been written, being lost, he only guessed at the person to whom they where addressed, by the contents. The late Mr. Pennant has said of Dr. Franklin, that "living under the protection of our mild government, he was secretly playing the incendiary, and too successfully inflaming the minds of our fellow-subjects in America, till that great explosion happened, which for ever disunited us from our once happy colonies." "As it is in my power," says Dr. Priestley, "as far as my testimony will be regarded, to refute this charge, I think it due to our friendship to do it. It is probable that no person now living was better acquainted with Dr. Franklin and his sentiments on all subjects of importance, than myself, for several years before the America war. I think I knew him as well as one man generally knows another. At that time I spent the winters in London, in the family of the Marquis of Lansdown, and few days passed without my seeing more or less of Dr. Franklin; and the last day which he passed in England, we spent together, without any interruption, from morning till night. Now he was so far from wishing a rupture with the colonies, that he did more than most men would have done to prevent it. His constant advice to his countrymen, he always said, was "to bear every thing from England however unjust;" saying, that "it could not last long, as they would soon outgrow all their hardships." On this account, Dr. Price, who corresponded with some of the principal persons in America, said, he began to be unpopular there. He always said, "If there must be a war, it will be a war of ten years, and I shall not live to see the end of it." This I have heard him say many times. "It was at his request, en-

forced by that of Dr. Fothergill, that I wrote an anonymous pamphlet, calculated to shew the injustice and impolicy of a war with the colonies, previous to the meeting of a new parliament. "As I then lived at Leeds, he corrected the press himself; and, to a passage in which I lamented the attempt to establish arbitrary power in so large a part of the British empire, he added the following clause, "To the imminent hazard of our most valuable commerce, and of that national strength, security, and felicity, which depend on union and on liberty." "The unity of the British empire, in all it's parts, was a favourite idea of his. He used to compare it to a beautiful China vase, which if once broken, could never be put together again; and so great an admirer was he at that time of the British constitution, that he said "he saw no inconvenience from it's being extended over a great part of the globe." He was, however, at this time regarded by government with such jealousy, that he was dismissed from his office of post-master-general, and it was proposed to arrest him as a fomenter of rebellion. The Doctor, however, departed for America in the beginning of 1775, privately, and before it was suspected that he had such an intention. Being elected a delegate to the continental congress, he had a principal share in bringing about the revolution, and declaration of independency. In 1776, Dr. Franklin was deputed by congress to persuade the Canadians to throw off the British yoke; but they had been so much disgusted with the hot-headed zeal of the New Englanders, who had burnt some of their chapels, that they refused to listen to the proposals, tho' enforced by every argument which he could urge. On the arrival of Lord Howe in America, he entered into

a correspondence with him on the subject of reconciliation. In these Letters he strongly expresses his opinion of the temper of the British nation, to which and not to any particular designs of the court or ministry, he imputed the fatal extremity which was then arrived. He was afterwards appointed, with two others, to wait on the English commissioners, and learn the extent of their powers. As these were found to extend only to a grant of pardon on submission, he joined his colleagues in considering them as insufficient. The momentous question of independence was soon after investigated, at a time when the fleets and armies, which were sent to enforce obedienc, were truly formidable. With a numerous army, but ignorant of discipline, and entirely unskilled in the art of war; without money, without a fleet, without allies, and with nothing but the love of liberty to support them, the colonists determined to separate from a country, from which they conceived they had experienced a repetition of injury and insult. In this question, Dr. Franklin was decidedly in favour of the measure proposed, and had great influence in bringing over others to his opinions. He afterwards sat as president of the convention assembled for the purpose of establishing a new government for the state of Pennsylvania. On this occasion, his idea of the best form of a constitution seemed to be that of a single legislative and a plural executive. In the latter end of the same year, Dr. Franklin was made choice of to assist in the negotiation which had been commenced by Silas Deane, at the court of France. This important commission was readily accepted, tho' he was in his 71st year. He brought to effect the treaty of alliance offensive and defensive in 1778, which produced an immediate war between France and

England. In 1777 he was appointed plenipotentiary from Congress to the French court. Having at length seen the full accomplishment of his wishes, by the conclusion of the peace in 1783, which confirmed the independence of America, he requested to be recalled, and was succeeded by Mr. Jefferson. Before he left Europe, however, he effected a treaty of amity and commerce between the United States and Sweden; and a similar treaty was concluded also with Prussia. These treatises are replete with benevolence, and perhaps an unparallelled instance of this kind may be found in the 23d article of the latter. "If war should arise between the contending parties, all merchant and trading vessels, employed in exchanging the products of different places, and thereby rendering the necessaries, conveniences, and comforts of human life more easy to be obtained, and more general, shall be allowed to pass free and unmolested and neither of the contracting powers shall grant or issue any commission to any private armed vessels, empowering them to take or destroy such trading vessels, or to interrupt such commerce." The article concerning the treatment of prisoners of war is also remarkable for it's truly benevolent spirit. The whole treaty is a singular phænomenon in the history of nations. Military powers uniting to alleviate the miseries of war, to lessen the horrors of blood-shed, and relieve the distresses of their enemies, is the best lesson of humanity which a philosophical king, acting in concert with a philosophical patriot, could possibly give to the princes and statesmen of the earth. Privateering is certainly totally contrary to the principles of equity and morality. The practice is altogether robbery, and is as much a violation of justice as any other species of theft or plunder whatever. The

states of America have put in practice the benevolent principles of our author for abolishing privateering, by offering in all their treaties articles of this nature. Would it were universally adopted by all nations on the earth! Franklin arrived safe at Philadelphia in September 1785, and was received amidst the acclamations of a vast multitude, who conducted him in triumph to his own house. He was afterwards twice elected president of the assembly.

In 1787, he was appointed a delegate from Pennsylvania, for revising the articles of confederation; and signed the new constitution in the name of the State. In concluding the deliberations on this important transaction, he delivered a truly wise and patriotic speech recommending perfect unanimity in adopting the resolutions of the majority, tho' not entirely conformable to the opinions of individuals, as was the case with respect to himself. The high regard in which he was held by his fellow-citizens appeared in his being chosen president of various societies, among which were the "Philadelphia Society for alleviating the miseries of Prisons," and of the "Pennsylvania Society for promoting the Abolition of Slavery." His last public act was signing a memorial on this subject, Feb. 12, 1789. Dr. Franklin during the greatest part of his life had been very healthy. He had, however, in 1735, been attacked by a pleurisy, which ended in a suppuration on the left lobe of the lungs, so that he was nearly suffocated by the quantity of matter thrown up. But from this, as well as another attack, he recovered so completely that his breathing was not afterwards in the least affected. As he advanced in years, however he became subject to fits of the gout, to which, in 1782, a nephritic colic was superadded. His memory was

uniformly tenacious, and his faculties were entirely unimpared, even to the hour of his death. The following account of his last illness was written by his friend and physician Dr. Jones.

"The stone, with which he had been afflicted for several years, had for the last twelve months confined him chiefly to his bed; and during the extreme painful paroxysms, he was obliged to take large doses of laudanum to mitigate his tortures; still, in the intervals of pain, he not only amused himself with reading and conversing cheerfully with his family, and a few friends who visited him, but was often employed in doing business of a public as well as a private nature, with various persons who waited on him for that purpose; and in every instance displayed, not only that readiness and disposition of doing good, which was the distinguishing characteristic of his life, but the fullest and clearest possession of his uncommon mental abilities; and not unfrequently indulged himself in those *jeux d' esprit* and entertaining anecdotes which were the delight of all who heard him.

"About sixteen days before his death, he was seized with a feverish indisposition, without any particular symptoms attending it, till the third or fourth day, when he complained of a pain in the left breast, which increased till it became extremely acute, attended with a cough and laborious breathing. During this state, when the severity of his pains sometimes drew forth a groan of complaint, he would observe, that he was afraid he did not bear them as he ought, acknowledged his grateful sense of the many blessings he had received from that Supreme Being, who had raised him from small and low beginnings to such high rank and consideration among men, and made no doubt but his present afflictions were kindly in-

ended to wean him from a world in which he was no longer fit to act the part assigned him. In this frame of body and mind he continued till five days before his death, when his pain and difficulty of breathing entirely left him, and his family were flattering themselves with the hopes of his recovery, when an imposthumation, which had formed itself in his lungs, suddenly burst and discharged a great quantity of matter, which he continued to throw up while he had sufficient strength to do it, but as that failed, the organs of respiration become gradually oppressed, a calm lethargic state succeeded, and, on the 17th of April 1790, about eleven o'clock at night he quietly expired, closing a long and useful life of eighty-four years and three months." He left one son, governor William Franklin, a zealous loyalist; and a daughter, married to Mr. William Bache, merchant in Philadelphia, who waited on him during his last illness. Three days before he died, he begged that his bed might be made, in order to die in a decent manner; to which Mrs. Bache answered, that she hoped he would recover and live many years. He replied, "I hope not." To the two latter he bequeathed the principal part of his estate, during their respective lives, and afterwards, to be divided equally among their children. To his grandson, William Temple Franklin, esq. he left a grant of some lands in the state of Georgia, the greater part of his library, and all his papers. He left also several public legacies: to the Philadelphia library, 3000 volumes; to judge Hopkins, his philosophical apparatus; and to the president of the United States, a gold-headed cane in the following words. "My gold-headed cane, curiously wrought in the form of a cap of liberty, I leave to my friend and the friend of mankind,

neral Washington; if it were a sceptre he has mer-
l and would become it." He made various be-
sts and donations to cities, public bodies, and
ividuals, and requested that the following epitaph,
ich he composed for himself many years previous
his death, should be inscribed on his tomb-stone.

THE BODY
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer,
(like the cover of an old book,
it's contents torn out,
and stripped of it's lettering and gilding)
lies here, food for worms;
yet the work itself shall not be lost,
for it will (as he believed) appear once more,
in a new
and more beautiful edition,
corrected and amended
by
the Author.

ladelphia never displayed a scene of superior
eur than at the funeral of this great man. His
ns were interred on the 21st, and the concourse
ple assembled was immense. The body was at-
l to the grave by thirty clergymen, and persons
ranks and professions, arranged in the greatest
All the bells in the city were muffled and tol-
companied by a discharge of Artillery; the
pers were put in mourning; and nothing was
l which could shew the respect and veneration
ellow-citizens. The congress, on this occasion,
l a general mourning for one month throughout
ted States; and the National Assembly of

France decreed a general mourning of three days. "The August spectacle of the first free people on earth in mourning for the father of the liberty of two worlds," says a gentleman, in a letter dated Paris, June 14, "added a peculiar interest and solemnity to the session of this day. So memorable a victory of philosophy over prejudice, is not recorded in the annals of the human race." The common council of Paris paid an extraordinary tribute of homage to his memory by attending at the funeral oration delivered by the abbé Fauchett, at the Rotundo, in the New Market, which was hung with black, illuminated with lamps and chandeliers, and decorated for the occasion with the most expensive devices.

"Thou bright luminary of freedom," apostrophized the abbé, "why should I call thee great? Grandeur is too often the scourge of the human kind, whose felicity thy goodness was ever exerted to promote. Thou hast been the benefactor of the universe! Be thy name ever revered! May it be the comfort of the wretched, and the joy of those who are free! What man is more entitled to our gratitude! It was not sufficient to controul the lightning of heaven, and to avert the fury of the growling tempest: thou hast rendered to mankind a service still greater; thou extinguished the thunder of earthly despots, which was ready to be hurled upon their trembling subjects. What pleasure must it have been to thee on earth to perceive others profiting by thy precepts and thy example! With what greater rapture must thou now contemplate thy own diffusion of light! It will illumine the world; and man, perceiving his natural dignity, will raise his soul to heaven, and bow to no empire but that which is founded on virtue and reason. I have but one wish to utter; it is a wish dear to my

heart; a wish always cherished in thy virtuous and benevolent bosom. Surely it will derive some favour from the throne of God, when uttered in the name of Franklin! It is, that in becoming free, men may become also wiser and better: there is no other means of deserving liberty. An Eulogium on Dr. Franklin was delivered March 1, 1791, in Philadelphia, before both Houses of Congress, and the American Philosophical Society, &c. by Wm. Smith, D. D., and published by Cadell, London, 1792.

"Panegyric," say the Monthly Reviewers, in noticing this publication, "which has so often been disgracefully employed in strewing flowers on the tombs of the worthless, redeems her credit when she comes forth with truth by her side, to immortalize the memory of the great and the good. To these epithets, if greatness and goodness be measured by the *capacity* and the inclination to serve mankind, no man had ever a fairer title than Benjamin Franklin." The following encomium, from Dr. Smith's eulogy, applies, without being chargeable with any exaggeration to the character of this great man. "At the name of Franklin, every thing interesting to virtue, freedom, and humanity, rises to our recollection! By what Euloge shall we do justice to his pre-eminent abilities and worth? This would require a pre-eminence of abilities and worth like his own. His vast and comprehensive mind was cast in a mould, which nature seems rarely to have used before, and therefore, can be measured only by a mind cast in a similar mould. His original and universal genius was capable of the greatest things, but disdained not the smallest, provided they were useful. With equal ease and abilities, he could conduct the concerns of a printing-press, and of a great nation; and discharge

the duties of a public minister of state, or the private executor of a will. Those talents, which have separately entered into the composition of other eminent characters in the various departments of life, were in him united to form one great and splendid character; and, whoever, in future shall be said to have deserved well of his country, need not think himself undervalued, when he shall be compared to a Franklin, in any of the great talents he possessed; but the man who shall be said to equal him in all his talents, and who shall devote them to the like benevolent and beneficent purposes, for the service of his country and the happiness of mankind, can receive no further addition to his praise." Franklin was never ashamed of his origin, or avoided referring to the time when he wrought for daily hire. In a conversation at Paris, in company with Count D' Aranda and the Duke de la Rochefoucault, he replied to an Irish gentleman who asked him some questions concerning the state of the paper manufactory there, "Few men can give you more information on that subject than myself, for I was originally in the printing trade." When in London he visited the spot, then occupied by Mr Hett, where he once laboured; and he retired with apparent gratification. The following extract may serve to evince that rare degree of modesty which he ever retained. In a letter to Dr. Mather of Boston, he says, "You mention your being in your 78th year, I am in my 79th. We are grown old together. It is now more than 60 years since I left Boston; but I remember well both your father and grandfather. The last time I saw the former was in the beginning of 1724, when I visited him after my first trip to Pensylvania. He received me in his library; and on my taking leave,

shewed me a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over head. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly towards him, when he said, hastily, "Stoop, stoop!" I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed any occasion of giving instruction; and said to me, "You are young and have the world before you; stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps." This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it, when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought on people by their carrying their heads too high."

If we may judge from many parts of Dr. Franklin's writings, his character in private life was marked with those finer feelings which are calculated to render mankind in general, and particularly one's friends and descendents, happy. On every occasion he seems to have exerted himself in the promotion of virtue, toleration, and liberality of sentiment; to excite a spirit of diligence and industry among his countrymen; to improve literature and science; and to advance the interests of humanity and universal benevolence. "When I was a boy," says he, "I met with a book entitled "Essays to do good." It had been so little regarded by a former possessor, that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good, than on any other kind of reputation; and if I have been a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book." In a plan drawn up by him and Mr. Dalrymple, dated Aug. 29, 1771,

for subscribing towards a voyage to civilize the inhabitants of New Zealand, the Doctor, among other things, says, "Many voyages have been undertaken with views of profit or plunder, or to gratify resentment; to procure some advantage to ourselves or to do some mischief to others: but a voyage is now proposed to visit a distant people on the other side of the globe; not to rob them, nor to seize their lands, or enslave their persons; but merely to do them good, and make them, as far as in our power lies, to live as comfortably as ourselves. It seems a laudable wish that all the nations of the earth were connected by a knowledge of each other, and a mutual exchange of benefits: but a commercial nation particularly, should wish for a general civilization of mankind, since trade is always carried on to much greater extent with people who have the arts and conveniences of life, than it can be with mere savages. We may therefore hope in this undertaking, to be of some service to our country as well as to those poor people who, however distant from us, are in truth related to us, and whose interests do in some degree concern every one who can say, "Homo sum, et humani a me lientum puto."—I am a man, and nothing which relates to man can be foreign to my mind. His ideas of the slave-trade are a further confirmation of the benevolence of his disposition. "Navigation," observes our philosopher, "when employed in supplying necessary provisions for a country in want, and thereby preventing famines, which were more frequent and destructive before the invention of that art, is undoubtedly a blessing to mankind. When employed merely in transporting superfluities, it is a question whether the advantage of the employment it affords is equal to the mischief of hazarding so many lives on the ocean; but when

employed in pillaging merchants, and transporting slaves, it is clearly the means of augmenting the mass of human misery. It is amazing to think of the ships and lives risked in fetching tea from China, coffee from Arabia, sugar and tobacco from America, all which our ancestors did well without. Sugar employs near one thousand ships, tobacco almost as many. For the utility of tobacco little needs be said; and for that of sugar, how much more commendable would it be if we could give up the few minutes gratification afforded once or twice a day by the taste of sugar in our tea, rather than encourage the cruelties exercised in producing it. An eminent French moralist says, that when he considers the wars we excite in Africa to obtain slaves, the numbers necessarily slain in those wars, the many prisoners who perish at sea, by sickness, bad provisions, foul air, &c. &c. in the transportation, and how many afterwards die from the hardships of slavery, he cannot look on a piece of sugar without conceiving it stained with spots of human blood! Had he added the consideration of the wars we make to take and retake the sugar islands from one another, and the fleets and armies which perish in those expeditions, he might have seen his sugar not merely *spotted*, but thoroughly *dyed scarlet in grain*. It is these wars which make the maritime powers of Europe, the inhabitants of London and Paris, pay dearer for sugar than those of Vienna, a thousand miles from the sea, because their sugar costs not only the price they pay for it by the pound, but all they pay in taxes to maintain their fleets and armies which fight for it.—*Letter to Mr. Alphonsus de Rey.*

In company, Dr. Franklin was sententious, but not fluent; more inclined to listen than to talk; an instructive rather than a lively companion. Yet his

conversation was valuable, not only on account of the prominence of truth and virtue therein discoverable, but from a precision and accuracy of definition which rendered him intelligible to the meanest capacity; a habit he had acquired from mathematical study. He was ever impatient of interruption; and often mentioned the custom of the indians, who always remain silent some time before they give an answer to a question which they have heard attentively; very unlike some of the politer societies in Europe, among whom it is difficult to complete a single sentence before another begins to reply. Respecting religion, after renouncing his sceptical principles, as neither true nor beneficial to society, he became a firm believer in the scriptures. Some interesting thoughts on death, which discover his opinion on this subject, appear in a letter written to Miss Hubbard, on the death of her father-in-law, and his brother John Franklin, in which he says, "We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us, while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, they become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given; it is then equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may be rid of them. Death is that way. Our friend and ourselves were invited abroad on a party of pleasure, which is to last for ever. His carriage was first ready; and he has started before us. We could not all conveniently set out together; and why should you and I grieve at this circumstance, since we are soon to follow, and know where to meet with him?"

Dr. Franklin's powers of mind were not only strong but various, and his observations were not confined to one science. There were few subjects of common utility on which he could not comment, and he turned his thoughts to none which he did not improve and illustrate. As a philosopher, his merit is universally acknowledged, and science will record his name in the impartial registers of fame. When caprice, the malevolence of party, and the adulations of servility have subsided, posterity ever render justice to the memory of the dead. The principles and properties of electricity were little known in the last age. The electric fluid is but barely mentioned at the end of Newton's Optics. It was reserved to Franklin to investigate the nature of this subtile agent, the cause of so many wonderful phænomena. By uniting theory with practice he was enabled to make very important discoveries, independent of those in Europe, of which his three first publications, entitled New Experiments and Observations on Electricity made at Philadelphia in America, communicated in letters to Peter Colinson, esq. F.R.S. the first of which is dated July the 28th 1747, and the last, April 18, 1754, are a convincing proof. Besides the productions already mentioned, the following are from the pen of Dr. Franklin. An historical Review of the Constitution and Government of Pensylvania, 8vo. which appeared in 1759. In 1779, Political, Miscellaneous, and Philosophical Pieces, &c. in 8vo. and 4to. In 1787, Observations on the Causes and Cure of Smoky Chimnies, 8vo. His papers in the Philosophical Transactions are a Letter to Peter Collinson, esq. concerning the effects of lightning, June 20, 1751, vol. xlvii, p. 289. Letter to the same, concerning an electrical kite, Oct. 1, 1752, ibid. p. 565.

Electrical Experiments, made in pursuance of those of Mr. Canton, dated Dec. 3, 1753, with explanations, by Mr. Benjamin Franklin, communicated by P. Collinson, dated Philadelphia, Mar. 14, 1755, vol. xlix, p. 300. Extract of a letter concerning Electricity, from Mr. B. Franklin, to M. Dalibard, inclosed in a letter to Mr. P. Collinson, dated Philadelphia, June 29, 1755, ibid. p. 305. An account of the effects of electricity in paralytic cases, in a letter to Sir John Pringle, received June 12, 1758, vol. 1, p. 481. Remarks on some experiments in electricity, made by Father Baccaria, read Feb. 14, 1760, ibid. p. 525. Letter to the Rev. Thos. Birch, Feb. 4, 1762, vol. lii, p. 456. Physical and Meteorological Observations, Conjectures, and Suppositions, read June 3d. 1756, vol. lviii, p. 182. Letter to the Astronomer Royal, containing an observation of the transit of Mercury over the Sun, Nov. 9, 1769, by John Winthorne, esq Feb. 12, 1770, vol. lxi, p. 81. Letter to Sir John Pringle, on pointed conductors, read Dec. 17, 1772, vol. lxiii, p. 66. And a Letter on stilling the waves by oil, vol. lxiv, p. 445. His Essays, humorous, moral, and literary, with his Life, written by himself, have appeared since his death in two small volumes. A complete collection of his works with biographical memoirs, has long been expected from the hands of his grandson.

Various and respectable testimonies have been given of Franklin's merit. A small selection may not be uninteresting. On his reception into the French Academy, D' Alembert welcomed him with that well known line, which displays a stroke possessing all the boldness and sublimity of Lucian.

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

He snatched fire from Heaven, and the sceptre from tyrants.

And Doubourg inscribed under a portrait of him, the following lines:

"Il a ravi le feu des cieux;
Il fait fleurir les arts en des climats sauvages;
L'Amerique le place à la tête des sages;
la Grèce l'auroit mis au nombre de ses dieux."

He disarmed Heaven of it's thunder; he caused the arts to flourish in the most unfavourable climes; America places him at the head of her sages; had he lived in Greece, he would have been ranked amongst the number of her gods. Signor Baccaria has prefixed to his curious treatise, "Elettricismo Artificiale," a complimentary letter to our philosopher, in which he considers him as the father of electricity," and speaks of his discoveries with enthusiasm. "To you, says he, it was given to enlighten the mind of man in this new science. It is you who have disarmed the thunder of all it's terrors, and your daring genius has even taught the fire of heaven, which was regarded as the weapon of Omnipotence, to obey your voice." Lord Chatham, in the year 1777, adverted to Franklin's dissuasive arguments against the American war, in a speech conceived in the highest strain of panegyric; and Voltaire paid our American Newton a very flattering compliment.

The following remarks and anecdotes are extracted from an interesting work called the "Algerene Captive; or, the Life of Dr. Updike Underhill." "I carried," says Doctor Underhill, a request to Dr. Benjamin Franklin, then president of the state of Pensylvania for certain papers which I was to deliver on my journey. I anticipated much pleasure from an interview with this truly great man. To see one, who from small beginnings, by the sole exertion of native genius and indefatigable industry, had ris-

ed himself to the pinnacle of politics and letters; a man who, from a humble printer's boy, had elevated himself to be the desirable companion of celebrated men; who, from trundling a wheel-barrow in bye-lanes, had been advanced to pass in splendour through the courts of kings; and from hawking ballads, to the contracting and signing treaties, which gave peace and independence to three millions of his fellow citizens, was a sight extremely interesting.

I found the doctor surrounded by company, most of whom were young people. He received me with attention; dispatched a person for the papers I wanted; asked me politely to be seated; enquired after my family; and told me a pleasing anecdote of my brave ancestor, Captain Underhill. I found in the doctor all that simplicity of language which is remarkable in his productions. I am convinced that men of genuine merit as they possess the essence, they need not the parade of great knowledge. A rich man is often plain in his attire; and the man who has abundant treasures of learning, simple in his manners and style.

The doctor, in early life, was economical from principle; in his latter days perhaps from habit. "Poor Richard" held the purse-strings of the president of Philadelphia. Permit me to illustrate this observation by an anecdote. Soon after I was introduced, an airy thoughtless relation of the doctor's, from a New England state, entered the room. It seems he was on a party of pleasure; and had been so much involved in it, for three weeks, as not to have paid his respects to his venerable relative. The purpose of his present visit was to solicit the loan of a small sum of money, to enable him to pay his bills, and transport himself home. He preluded his request with a detail of embarrassments which might have be-

fallen the most circumspect. The doctor enquiring how much was the sum, he replied, with some hesitation, fifty dollars. Franklin went to his escritor, and counted out a hundred. He received them with many promises of punctual payment, and hastily took up a pen to draw a note of hand for the cash. The doctor, who perceived the nature of the borrower's embarassments better than he was aware, and prepossessed with the improbability of ever recovering his cash again, stepped across the room, and laying his hand gently upon his cousin's arm, said, "Stop, cousin, we will save the paper; a quarter of a sheet is not of great value, but it is worth saving:" conveying at once, a liberal gift and gentle reprimand for the borrower's prevarication and extravagance.