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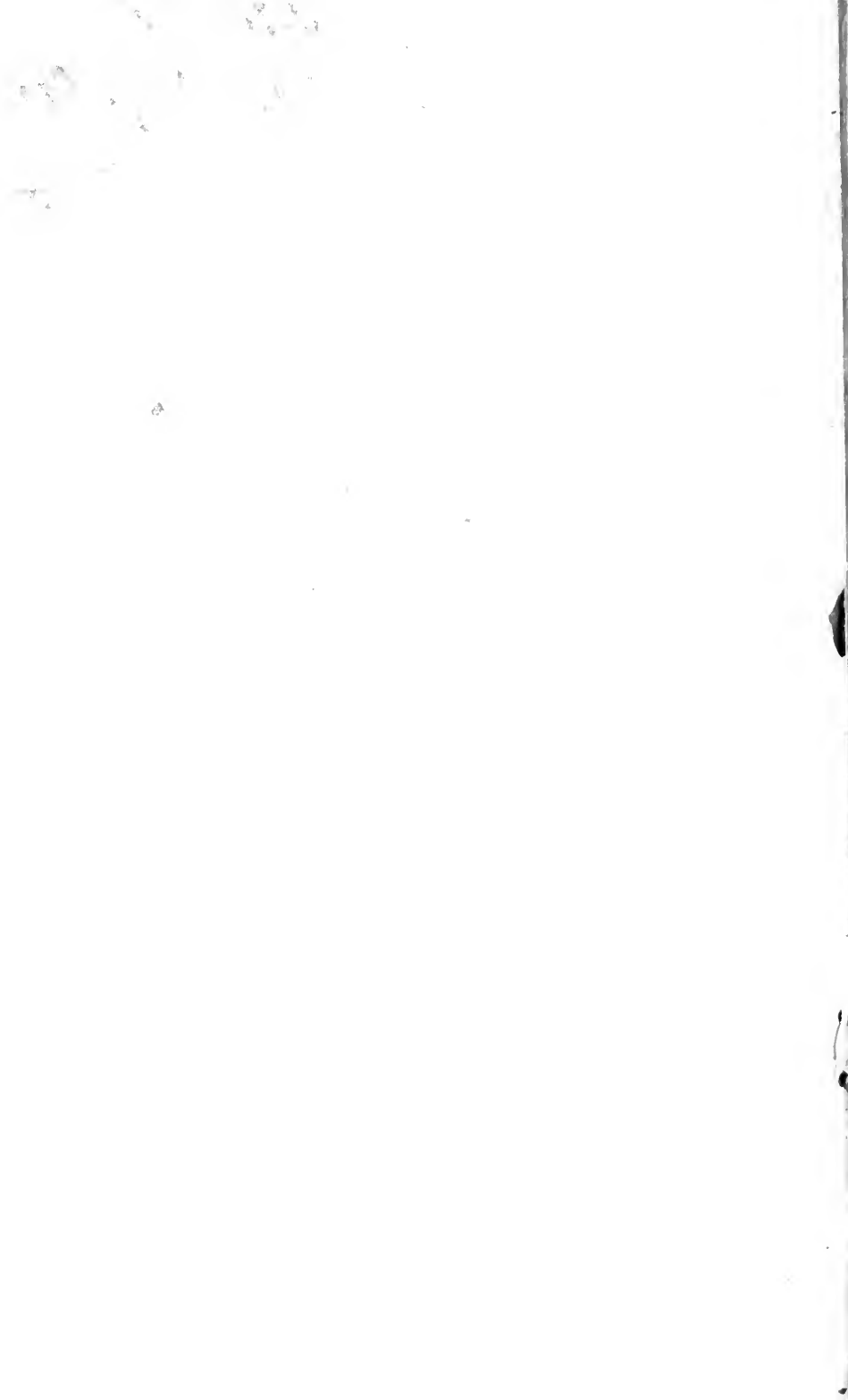
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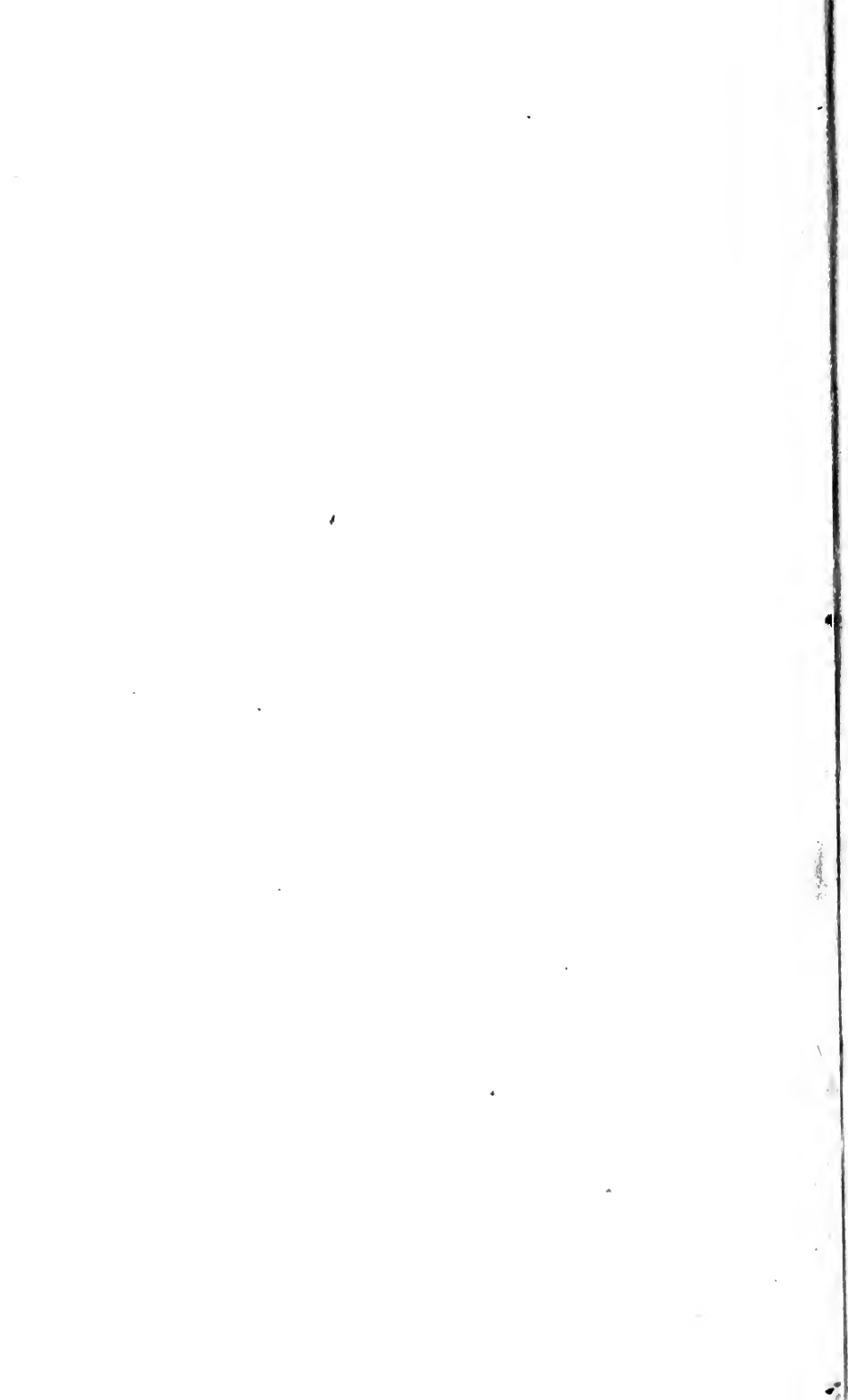
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DIALOGUES

J. James CONCERNING *the* *Beauty* *of* *00*

EDUCATION.

Πείθομεν ἀλλήλους τοῖς λόγοις, καὶ πλάττομεν τὴν
ψυχὴν τῶν ΝΕΩΝ πρὸς τὰ Βέλτιστα ἐκτυπῶντες.

PLAT.



Gravelet In

V. de Gucht Sc.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED in the Year M. DCC. XLV.



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INTRODUCTION.

TIS about two Years last *April*, since five of us fet out early in the Stage-Coach from * * * *, fo early that we could not diftinguifh one another's Faces. For an Hour or two we travelled in the dark; and there was but little Inclination to talk among Perfons Strangers to one another: a Situation which put me in mind of the Lot of Humanity, that frequently cafts us into Societies and Communities without our Choice, and where we are entire Strangers to thofe with whom, perhaps, we muft affociate for Life.

THE Morning dawned by degrees, and as the Light approached, every one's Curiofity increafed to fee thofe with whom He or She were to fpend an agreeable or a tedious Day. One Feature appeared after another, till at length the full Flow of Morning Light difcovered us to each other diftinctly. We then commenced immediate Acquaintance, and almoft congratulated each other upon our new Alliance. From the firft diftinct Survey we had of each other, we began to form more or lefs favourable Sentiments concerning our feveral

B Characters,

2 INTRODUCTION.

Characters, as we fancied the Complection and Turn of the Face exhibited more or less amiable Pictures of the Temper and Manners. Our Recovery out of Darkneſs gave us a viſible Increate of Spirits, and the chearful Aſpect of human Faces, from which we had been, for a while, ſecluded, made us more ſociable and better affected to one another.

THERE was an honeſt Country Gentleman in the Coach with his Wife. He had undergone a ſevere Operation in Town, and loſt a large quantity of Blood; which made him look very thin and pale. Tho' he and his Lady were at ſome pains to conceal themſelves, whether thro' an Affectation of a certain fashionable Politeneſs, or from what other Cauſe I cannot tell, yet their mutual Fondneſs was every now and then falling forth at a thouſand unguarded Avenues. The Anxiety of the Wife was ſtamped on her Face, and betrayed itſelf in tender Questions. The Husband, when he ſhould have addreſſed her by the reſpectful Title of *Madam*, let ſlip, without thinking of it, the more tender one of *My Dear*, and would have recalled the kind Expreſſion, when it was too late. Thro' this aukward Diſguiſe there appeared a Picture of conjugal Tenderneſs, which ſhewed how difficult it is to act a borrowed Character, or to diſguiſe the true one.

OUR other Fellow-Travellers were, a grave elderly Gentleman, and a young Lady in all the Bloom of Life. The Gentleman, tho' he ſeemed to be pretty far advanced in Years, had a peculiar Freſhneſs and Healthfulneſs in his Looks, which intimated

imated that he had led a very sober, regular Life. There was a certain Mixture of Chearfulness and Dignity in his Countenance, which seemed to bespeak an inward Grandeur and Serenity of Mind. I soon discovered that the young Lady was in some sort related to him, which indeed he could not forbear shewing by all the Marks of Care and Complaisance. He sat directly opposite to her, and viewed her whole Behaviour with an attentive Pleasure. The Lady with a modest Look, the Emblem of conscious Virtue, and which discovered no Sensibility to those Advantages of Person she was possessed of, seemed to refuse, yet attracted the Esteem and Respect of the whole Company. She spoke little, but what she said was the Picture of a most ingenuous Mind, and, coming from her Mouth, had a Charm in it that stole upon the Heart. She shewed a Deference to all the Company, and was attentive to every thing they were pleased to say. The old Gentleman, as I soon found, was her Guardian. But his Authority was softened by his Affection, which rendered it rather amiable than awful. The young Lady shewed a high Respect for him, and could not have paid him greater Veneration, had he been her Father.

WE were observing the agreeable Verdure of the Fields and delightful Freshness of the Air at a distance from the Smoke of the Town; when the old Gentleman, looking with a pleasant Steadfastness on his fair Charge: My Dear, said he, you are going down into a sweet part of the Country, but where you must expect none of the gay Diversions of the Town. You will find there less

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Compliment and Ceremony from your Neighbours, but a friendly Welcome and as much real Kindness. You will meet with plain honest People, who affect neither Gaudiness in their Dress, nor great Refinement in their Manners; home-spun Folks, who speak as they think, and appear what they are. Fine Fields you will see indeed, enjoy fresh Air and agreeable Walks, and be entertained with Nature in her genuine Dress; but, adieu to Balls, to Assemblies, to Plays, and all the Gaiety that attends them. O, Sir, said the young Lady, you cannot think that this will be such a mighty Disappointment to me. I went sometimes to those Diversions, it is true, but without being at all in love with them; I found little other pleasure at an Assembly, than what the Company of a few Friends gave me. And I confess, that the chief Entertainment I received at a Play, was the Representations I there met with of Life, and the Lessons I drew from the Virtues or Follies of others. If, as you tell me, I am chiefly to be entertained with Nature in the Country, I go thither most chearfully. For I am a profess'd Admirer of whatever is natural, and hate all Art that is allied to Diffimulation or Falsehood.

THE Company had heard her with no small Attention, and her Guardian with a peculiar Pleasure. I was a little surpris'd to hear the young Lady talk so sensibly, tho', under the Simplicity of her Appearance, I could discern an Air of Grandeur which bespoke something more than a Person of ordinary Rank. 'Tis very well, replied the old Gentleman, we shall have a fair Trial of your Taste
for

for the Simplicity of Nature, by seeing how you relish the Plainness and Uniformity of rural Life.

I LISTENED to the Gentleman's Words with great Attention, and was pleased to think that we were to make so advantageous an Exchange, by leaving the Town for the Country. But the young Lady's Sentiments had a peculiar Beauty in them, and made me quickly wish to become better acquainted with a Mind so amiable.

MEAN time, in the progress of our Journey, I found that the Lady, whose Sense appeared so far superior to her Age, had had a refined Education under the Eye and Care of her Guardian. He had himself instructed her in some Parts of Knowledge not usually taught the fair Sex. Yet so discreetly had he done it, and so apt a Scholar had she been, that her Sentiments appeared the pure Dictates of Nature. I could discern no Art or Affectation in what she said or did;—scarce anything that could lead me to think she had read much, or had been improved by any extraordinary Education. It was some time, before I came to be informed that she was acquainted with the politest modern Books, spoke the *French* and *Italian* very prettily, and, which was of more Consequence, was well acquainted with History, and had been particularly instructed, by an able Tutor, in the Conduct and Decorums of Life.—However, from what I then saw and heard, I was anxious to learn whether she intended for the same Place where I was, in the Calm of Retirement, to devote some Time to my Studies; nor could I help discovering a little of the Concern and Emotion I felt. When I was somewhat com-

6 INTRODUCTION.

posed, I said, Pray, Madam, will you be so good as indulge my Curiosity, if I ask how far you design to go? After the Lady had with unaffected Frankness answered my Question, I was not a little pleased to hear that we were both bound for the same Place, and felt my Face flush with secret Joy. My next Concern was to obtain the Liberty of waiting on her in the Country. I did not care for asking that Favour directly either of herself, or her Guardian, as I was a Stranger to both; but watched an Opportunity of doing it handsomly. In the mean while, the old Gentleman asked me several Questions about my Design of retiring into the Country, the Course of my Studies and Way of Life hitherto, where I had lived in Town, and the like. I answered his Questions very frankly. As he had an uncommon Sagacity in his Eye, I perceived he searched me with a very piercing Look, and observed my Answers and Behaviour all along with no small Attention. In the Course of our Conversation, I found he was acquainted with some of my Relations, and that he liked me no worse on their account.

ABOUT Noon we stopt at *D**** to dine. When we were ready to take coach again, a Country Girl of an honest but homely Appearance asked the liberty of a Place in the Coach to the next Market-Town. It being very readily granted by the whole Company, she took the vacant Seat, but was soon observed to turn very pale. Whereupon the young Lady asked her if she was uneasy with riding backwards. The Girl replied that, as she was not used to a Coach, perhaps that, or the jolting
of

of the Coach might be the Reason she was somewhat squeamish. Immediately the Lady exchanged Places with her, which the honest Girl consented to with a modest Reluctance. She gave her a Bottle of Salts to revive her Spirits, and shewed a great Concern for her, all the while she continued with us. We were all wonderfully pleased with the graceful and unaffected Affability and Kindness of the young Lady's Carriage to our plain Stranger, and you may believe the old Gentleman was behind none of us in the Complacence with which he eyed his lovely Ward. She asked her several Questions about her Parents, her Way of Life, and the like, and was so well satisfied with the Innocency and Modesty of her Answers, that when the Girl left us, I saw her slip a Half-Crown privately into her hand.

GROWING therefore more and more intimate as we travelled forward, and observing the old Gentleman to be in a fine Flow of Good-humour upon the agreeable little Incident that had happened, I took courage and resolved to hazard the Attempt I had so much at heart. Wherefore addressing my fair Fellow-Traveller, I said, I am extremely glad, Madam, that my good Fortune leads us both to the same Place. I go to the Country to study, but as my Disposition inclin^es me to Society as well as to Books, it will add greatly to my Prospect of living agreeably there, if, Madam, I may be allowed to pass an Hour or two with you now and then. For I promise myself no small Improvement from the Conversation of a Lady of your Sentiments and Taste. Having thus said, the

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Lady looked at me with some mixture of Confusion, without seeming however either to grant or reject my Request, and then turned her Eye towards her Guardian, as if she waited his Determination, and had no Will of her own. The old Gentleman smiling with a consenting Air, said, I should be very welcome to visit his Ward now and then in the Country; but, added he, with a pleasant kind of Gravity, See, young Man, that you use that Liberty in the discreetest manner; otherwise I cannot be answerable to myself, or to this important Charge that is lodged in my hands. The young Lady, with a modest Air, seemed to assent to his Will, in such a way as expressed her Obedience to her Guardian, rather than any Complaisance to me.

I now thought my Happiness complete. I humbly thanked the good Man for the Liberty he allowed me, which, if I should abuse, I said, would justly forfeit his and the Lady's Esteem. I expressed my Gratitude to the young Lady rather by Looks of Joy than by any formal Thanks.

NOTHING remarkable happened the rest of our Journey: the Roads were good, the Weather favoured us. We got safe to our Inn about Seven; and after our short-lived Acquaintance of a Day, were obliged to suspend it, and bid one another adieu with some kind of Regret, but not without a great desire on my part, of seeing those again for whom I had conceived an uncommon Esteem.

N * * * * is a pretty Town, situated in a delightful Country. The Villages are sown thick
round

round about, and present you every where with the Face of Plenty. The Soil is generally rich, and where it is otherwise, Culture supplies the Defect: Such is the Influence of Liberty, which employs the most naked, and improves the most fertile Spots! The happy Constitution of *Britain* may be traced in our blooming Fields, as well as in the chearful Faces of the Inhabitants. A beautiful River washes the Skirts of the Town, and, winding itself thro' a delicious Valley, disperses Wealth and Verdure with its bounteous Stream. The Town is environed on all hands with charming Villas and Orchards, which amuse the Eye with a delightful Variety. At a Distance is seen trowning among the Clouds a noble Ridge of Mountains, that give you an Image of the Grandeur and rude Magnificence of Nature.

THE Muses Seat, whither I was to retire, stands at a Distance from the Town on a rising Ground, whence we have a fine Prospect of the Windings of the River, the contiguous Valley, the green Fields and surrounding Mountains. It has many shady Walks and Bowers about it, which favour Retirement and Contemplation. A Garden too with a fine Bowling-green belonging to it serve for Study or Amusement. The Academy is a pretty large Structure: various Apartments for the Students are disposed round the Court, having a Prospect into the Garden. An ample Hall on one side serves for their public Exercises. And opposite to it is one where the Students dine. An ancient venerable Chappel lies between them, where we pay
our

our Morning and Evening Devotions, and in which there are sometimes Discourses on Subjects of the greatest Importance, where every one is obliged to be present, or to pay a Fine which goes to a Fund for charitable Uses. At six o'clock in the Morning, the public Bell summons every body to rise, and again at Seven to appear in the Chappel, there to consecrate the Day by our Homage to the supreme Parent and Governour of the World, The rest of the Morning is allotted to private Study.

WHEN I first entered this Mansion of the Muses, I was very agreeably surprized with the Sight of so many young Gentlemen, some of them of Rank and Fortune, who were come hither from all Quarters to imbibe the Principles of Science and Virtue, in order to qualify them for the Service of their Friends and Country. They received me as a new Guest, with that Affection and Sincerity, which becomes the Votaries of the Muses. I was at first a little out of countenance to see them flocking round me, wanting to view and hear me talk, and, from a natural Curiosity, anxious to learn who I was, and whence I came. Having satisfied their Curiosity, every one expressed a Fondness to serve me; some of them conducted me into the Parlour, while others ran to inform the Master of the Arrival of a new Pupil. This kind Contention among them, who should be most civil to a Stranger, gave me favourable Impressions of them. I had not waited long before EUPHRANOR came, for so I shall call him, who received me with open Arms,

INTRODUCTION. II

Arms, and welcomed me to his House with all the Tendernefs of a Parent. From the very firft Sight, I felt a Reverence for him; for with a tall ftately Perfon, he has fo commanding and compofed a Countenance, that he brought to my mind that Dignity of Afpeft fo much celebrated by the Ancients. After a fhort Converfation, he appointed an Apartment proper for my Reception, and ordered his Servants to attend me with all proper Care.

DIALOGUE



DIALOGUE I.

SOON after my Arrival I walked into the Garden with *Sopbron*, the only Acquaintance I had in the Academy before I came thither, and by whose Advice I quitted the other Places of Education, both Schools and Academies, in which I had been hitherto trained, for the sake of finishing my Education under *Euphranor*.

SOPHRON is a young Gentleman of the mildest Aspect, and a proportionable Sweetness of Manners. He has naturally a rich Vein of Fancy, and a happy Facility of Expression that will qualify him for being one of the finest Speakers in *Great Britain*. His great Talent lies in History, Poetry, and the fine Arts, to which he joins a Mastery in Classical Learning, surprising for his Age. His Memory is large and tenacious. And his Knowledge is not hoarded up by him as an useless Treasure, but he can, with an admirable Dexterity, apply the Experience of ancient and modern Times to the Use of Life and Entertainment of Company; either confirming general Observations by Instances
from

from History, or enlivening Conversation with an Account of real Characters and Manners. *Sopbron* has a Heart susceptible of the tenderest Passions; and, from several strong Symptoms, his Friends are apt to suspect him to be either naturally of an amorous Cast, or that he has met with some Disappointment in Love. Sometimes he will fall a musing in Company, at others run from it for Days, and for the most part loves Solitude, and indulges Contemplation, which, we do not imagine, is always upon *Scientific* Subjects: hence he frequently goes under the Name of the LOVER, a Title he bears with great Good-nature and Pleasantry.

AFTER a few turns in the Garden I said to him, Pray, *Sopbron*, let me hear your real Opinion of *Euphranor*, and of the Genius and Institutions of that Society of which he is the Head. From the first time I saw him, I was delighted and struck with his Appearance; for, tho' his Aspect has something awful in it, I thought it tempered with a Sweetness and Affability, that encourages the Addresses of the most bashful.

THE Character, replied *Sopbron*, of the Master shall I call him, or Father of our Society, does not, I assure you, belie his Appearance. You have observed a Dignity in his Air and Carriage, that commands Deference and Respect; but it is not the Authority of the Master that strikes so much, as the real Concern and Benevolence of the Friend, which appears in his minutest Actions; the Consequence of which is, that, tho' he be highly revered, he is still more beloved by all his Pupils. They listen to his Instructions as to Oracles

of Wisdom, and his Advice is, in a manner, a Law to them. He is a Man of superior Talents, very learned withal, and understands most of the ancient and modern Languages. To a profound Skill in Philosophy and the Mathematics he joins an elegant Taste in the classic Writers.

I RECKON it, said I, the Mark of a very happy Genius, when one has a Mastery in Things which require such different Talents, and which we find so rarely united. A *Barrow*, a *Newton*, or a *Clarke*, are not the Productions of every Age.— But pray Sir, go on.—

WERE *Euphranor*, *Sophron* proceeded, disposed to assume the Character, he has the Qualifications necessary for an able Divine, being deeply versed in Scripture, and in ecclesiastic as well as profane History. And, which is no mean nor useless Talent in any Station, he is likewise a Master in Life and Manners, and can paint their Varieties with great Justness and Spirit—But tho' thus qualified for the sacred Office, he reckons he can do better Service, by laying the Foundations of Religion and Virtue in a good Education, and by tincturing the Youth of his Country with the truest Principles of Learning and good Manners, and a deep Sense of the Obligation to all social and religious Duties. But his chief Excellency is, that his Example contains more persuasive and emphatic Lessons than all his Precepts. This procures him the true Love and Esteem of all who know him. These, my Friend, are a few Hints, and but very imperfect ones, of this good Man's Character. It would require a more masterly Hand than mine

to draw him at full Length, and do justice, at the same time, to the noble Original. You must be intimate with him yourself, to know all his Worth.

FEW and imperfect as these Hints are, replied I, I am already greatly in love with so fair a Picture, and shall not enjoy myself much, till I am better acquainted with the amiable Original.

THAT you may soon be, said *Sopbron*; for no one is easier of access to all his Pupils. It is a Delight to him to see them court his Acquaintance.

BUT pray, *Sopbron*, said I, who are his Assistants, and what is their Character and their Business under him?

BESIDES inferior Ushers, replied *Sopbron*, he has one principal Assistant, who is his Second in the higher Parts of Education, and is, in every Respect, a very amiable and accomplished Man.

I BEG, Sir, said I, you will let me more particularly into his Character.

KNOW then, answered *Sopbron*, that he is a Gentleman of great Probity and truly qualified for educating Youth in the most substantial Parts of Learning. He was, in the first Part of his Life, engaged in Business, and well acquainted with the World; so that he has not more conversed with Books than with Men, to which I have heard him ascribe his attaining a more useful Knowledge than is acquired merely by reading. He has read the Ancients with great Taste, and is acquainted with the best modern Books: but is particularly conversant with Writers on Morals and Government, to which he adds an extensive Knowledge of History; he is an excellent Accountant,

comptant, and a Master in experimental Philosophy. As he travelled with a Gentleman of Fortune, he had the best Opportunities to see foreign Countries, and was no idle Spectator of their Manners. For he has made very ingenious and curious Observations on many Places, where he hath been, and has laid up a Set of the wisest Maximis for the Conduct of Life. One Thing remarkable in his Character is, that, tho' he hath conversed with Men of such different Sentiments and Characters, as the several Nations he has visited produce, and might, therefore, be supposed to have acquired a Spirit of easy Conformity, pliable to all sorts of Principles, Fashions and Manners, yet he adheres so strictly to Truth, and is so precisely honest in his Conduct, that he will not stoop to say or do any one thing that seems in the least to border on Falsehood or Disingenuity: old-fashioned in nothing else, but an antiquated kind of Plainness and Sincerity, which allows him to speak only what he thinks *true*, and to do what he believes *right*, whether it be fashionable or not.

A RARE Character, indeed, said I, interrupting *Sophon*, especially in one, who hath seen the World, and who, it might be expected, should have attained that high Strain of Politeness, which subdues the Scruples of a rigid Honesty, and substitutes a certain *Decorum* of Behaviour in the room of *Principle*. But pray go on. I beg pardon for interrupting you.

NAY, *Simplicius*, you are welcome to interrupt me, as oft as you please; the more Freedom of that kind, the better. But I assure you, *Philander*,

for that is the Name he generally goes ^{by} ~~under~~ among his Friends, as denoting that singular Humanity which is so natural to him; *Philander*, I say, is so far from having reached that sublime Pitch of Politeness you talk of, that, on the contrary, he disdains some of our modern Refinements, and what we sometimes call Elegance of Manners, he terms false Breeding. In a word, *Uni æquus Virtuti* ~~et~~ *ejus Amicis*, is his Character, and in a manner his Rule of Action; and whatever will not square with it, he reckons Knavery, however it may be complimented or dignified. He is peculiarly fond of young People, in whom he discerns any Thirst after Knowledge, or the least Dawnings of Ingenuity and Goodness. He loves to form such Minds, enters into their Studies, and Views, and leads them on, Step by Step, in their Enquiries. A Knot of these in the Academy, he uses to call his little Nursery, which he hath planted with his own Hand. And indeed he takes great pains about them, opens their Minds by degrees, and is delighted beyond measure, when any of the young Plants put forth the Buds of Knowledge and Virtue earlier than ordinary. He says it makes him bode well of the coming Age, and hope for an uncommon Harvest of rich Discoveries and virtuous Actions. O! *Simplicius*, you cannot imagine how much he is beloved by us all.

I Do not wonder that he is, said I, with all those amiable Qualities about him. I am delighted with the Prospect of living and studying under the Direction of such able Teachers, and Men, in every Respect, so accomplished. Now, I shall be obliged to
you,

you, if you will inform me of their Method of teaching, and of the Orders of your Society.

THE Genius of our Society, returned *Sopbron*, is the most free and philosophical that can be; and we are taught more in the way of Conversation than in a formal didactic manner. We generally know beforehand, what Subjects are to be canvassed and debated at next meeting. That we may be the riper on these, *Euphranor* recommends to us the best Books which treat of them. He urges and accustoms us to start Questions, and propose our Difficulties in every Subject he handles. For he does not seem to be afraid, either of diminishing his Authority, by his Openness and Familiarity with his Scholars, or of exposing his Character, as a Teacher, by allowing them to grapple with him in free Debate. He often says that a Man may best discover his own Strength and Dexterity in close Fight, and that he acquires more Improvement and Skill, in such familiar Conferences than in the most formal and set Discourses. Besides, I have often heard him no less modestly, than ingenuously confess, that we, by our unexpected Questions, and quick Repartees, do sometimes give him surprizing Hints, and cast an unusual Light on intricate Subjects, or at least put him upon a more accurate and thorough Discussion of them, than he would otherwise have essayed. As he is a great Admirer, he is no less a Practitioner of the *Socratic* Method of teaching, by putting Questions to his Pupils, and reasoning with them from those Principles they already know. This he reckons the surest Method, because it is gradual and slow,

and they are sensible of every Step of the Progress; and likewise the most delightful, because they seem all the while to be instructing or confuting themselves; a Circumstance that conceals, in a good measure, that Appearance of Superiority which is generally discouraging in the directer Methods of Instruction. By thus putting us upon the Exercise of our Knowledge, he says, he frequently increases his own, and never attains such a Precision and Mastery of his Ideas, as when he is obliged to range and digest them for our use, and has communicated them to us.

I AM very much of *Euphranor's* Opinion, said I, for we are very apt to take up with confused Notions of Things, or to fancy they are clear before we express them to others; but when we come to that Trial, we often find little or nothing, in what we thought of great Importance, and therefore are afterwards obliged to ascertain and distinguish our Ideas more accurately.

WHEN, proceeded *Sophron*, *Euphranor* gives us Lectures in a more formal and continued Strain, he makes Pauses at proper Distances, and, with an encouraging kind of Look, asks us if we have thoroughly comprehended his Meaning, or have any Exceptions against what he has advanced; and endeavours by all means to engage us in making Observations, and discoursing on the Point in hand. 'Tis expected of all the Students, that they should have Discourses now and then, before their Master, or to a Circle of their Companions; but it is left to themselves to chuse the Subject, and the Time which suits them best. Sometimes you shall see
one

one begin to read to a small Circle in the Library, or perhaps in the Garden, or wherever a Cluster happen to be got together; but ere he has done, he shall have drawn a whole Croud about him, who make their Remarks upon what they have heard, with great Plainness and Freedom. By degrees the Debate ^{grows} warm, the Company take Party for, or against the Declaimer, Opinions are weighed, and Arguments formed on the one side or the other, without Regard to Authority or Party, according to the Capacity or Inclination of the several Combatants. To see them, you would imagine you were transported into the *old Academy*, or *Portico at Athens*, where the Philosophers taught, or talked Philosophy in the most familiar and unassuming Manner. Here you may see a Resemblance of their Suspense of Judgment, of their Freedom of Enquiry, that Patience of Debate and Contradiction, that Caution not to be deceived, and that noble Facility of confessing and retracting, when one has been in the wrong. Here every one may follow his own Genius, and that Method of Study he most approves of. He may be of this or that Sect of Philosophy he thinks the most rational, a *Peripatetic* or a *Stoic*, a Follower of *Descartes* or *Sir Isaac Newton*. The grand Principle by which we profess to be governed in our Enquiries, is to doubt till we are convinced, and to yield no degree of Assent, superior to the Evidence or Proof alledged. No Regard is paid to Names, or mere Authority, however great, in Philosophy; we feel none of the Restraints or Biases of Systems. No Embargos are laid upon any Branch of Knowledge;

all Monopolies are discouraged. The Commerce of Letters is alike open to all, every one may chuse his Side, or oppose just as he pleases. Hence it happens, that our Society is split into several lesser Companies or Clubs, who apply to some particular Branches of literary Commerce, to which their Genius inclines most. Some are Dealers in Words, weigh their Force, Significance and Beauty, and compute the Value and Propriety of the several Idioms of Language. Others seek Improvement in mathematical Knowledge, whose Business it is to invent Problems, to deduce Theorems, to measure Quantity, and analyze the Laws of Nature. Some deal in chymical, and other experimental Operations, and by variously subduing and torturing Matter, discover its several Properties, Relations and Effects. There are other Artists of a more visionary Turn, who spin ingenious Cobwebs out of their own Brain, sketch out Fables, and Allegories, and Visions, and manufacture the several kinds of Poetry. In their poetic and moral Looms, many amusing Tales, Poems and rough Draughts of Plays, have been wrought, which are dispersed with no small Approbation over the Academy. Not a few are Dealers in Politics and History, nay and take upon them, *Simplicius*, to model States, and plan out *Utopian* Laws for the Good of their Fellow-Creatures. In fine, there is no Branch of Literature from which we are secluded, no kind of Materials, which we do not work and polish for our own Benefit, or that of others.

THEN, I suppose, said I, you are provided with proper Tools and Advantages, for those several kinds

kinds of Manufacture, and able Workmen in each kind, to direct and assist the raw and unexperienced.

WE are not ill provided with either, replied *Sophon*; we have a particular Apartment for experimental Lectures, and a neat Apparatus of Instruments for all the Branches of natural Philosophy; 'tis there *Philander* gives a very ingenious Set of Lectures in the experimental way. We have a tolerable *Laboratory* too for chymical Experiments, where one *Constant*, of whom I may give you an Account afterwards, performs, and is no mean Operator. We have likewise a Chamber for Dissection, where *Jugbranor* himself frequently performs, and shews us some of the principal Parts and Functions of the animal System, though he does not pretend to go through a complete Course of *Anatomy*. One of the Ushers teaches Languages, and the Classics, and, by that means, interests us in the most distant Scenes of Action: so that while a *Demosthenes* thunders, or a *Cicero* charms, or a *Livy* paints, we enter into the Characters of Men, and Interests of Nations, we take part with the Actors, sift their Counsels, share their Fortunes, and, in a manner, *live o'er* the busy Scene. I am obliged sometimes, how unequal soever to the Task, to read Lectures on History and Antiquities. In short, such is the Constitution of the Academy, that no Senior Pupil is exempted from taking his turn of teaching, now and then, some of the inferior Classes; but he may chuse the Subject of his Discourses.

I TOLD *Sophon*, I admired this Constitution exceedingly; as it induces a kind of necessity of Ap-

plication, and not only puts a Man upon exploring the Bent of his Genius, but makes him read with great Severity, and search to the bottom of a Subject, when he knows that his Sentiments will be canvassed by others with a rigid Scrutiny.

HOWEVER, said *Sophon*, this Constitution has been thought so severe, that some have left our Society before their Course was expired, that they might not be obliged to undertake a Task, for which they knew themselves so ill-qualified. I had like to have forgot mentioning one advantageous Circumstance, which, methinks, contributes not a little to our Improvement, that Gentlemen of the first Rank, in the Town and Neighbourhood, do us often the Honour to visit our Academy, and think it not beneath them to take a part in our free familiar Conversations, and to give us their Assistance and Advice, particularly in making Experiments. To their Favour our Master recommends us with a peculiar Warmth and Tenderness.

I DOUBT not, said I, but, by the Advantage of their Conversation, you will contract a more liberal, ingenuous and manly Turn, both of Mind and Manners, and have your Views considerably opened in many Branches of Literature, by the Delicacy and Justness of their Sentiments, which they communicate so frankly. This, *Sophon*, is a noble Advantage indeed, much to be wished for, but how rarely enjoyed by the Youth! Either it shews a singular Humanity in them, or that they have a very particular Esteem and Veneration for *Euphranor*.

YOUR

YOUR Remark is just, said *Sopbron*; for indeed the good Man is wonderfully beloved, nay caref- fed by all the Gentry of the Country, who look upon him as the common Father and Former of the Youth, and one of the best Supports of the sinking Virtue of our Age. And methinks it is no mean Proof of their own Merit, that they know so well to estimate *Euphranor's*, and condescend so generously to mix with his Pupils, and aid their aspir- ing Designs in the Road of Learning and Virtue.— Besides those Places already named, and the grand common Hall, for the more solemn Times of teach- ing, there are lesser Apartments for the several Arts, either for conversing or hearing Lectures upon them. One of them is called the *Oratory*, where all Matters of Eloquence are debated. Another the *Prytaneum*, where Morals, History, and Poli- tics, are fully handled. A third is allotted for Poetry and the fine Arts, those especially which require a Hand. This is called the *Chamber of Design*: 'tis filled with the best Prints, several Statues and Busts. Another is reserved for ma- thematical Studies, and for Observations of all kinds with Glasses. We call it the *Observatory*, and it is in the Cupula of the House. There is one for Mechanics, Agriculture, and Gardening, where are to be seen various Models of Machines and useful Instruments. All have free Access, and at all times, to those several Apartments, and may converse with the best Masters in each way, which our Society affords; but none are forced to go thi- ther, or to enter upon a Course of Study which they do not relish. In the *Oratory* there is an

open

open kind of Pulpit, three or four Feet higher than the Floor, to which you may ascend on all sides. It is not inclosed round, so that the Speaker has nothing to obstruct the Motion of his Arms, and is seen from Head to Foot. We mount it, when we are about to recite or declaim; and here too we personate some of the greatest Characters of ancient and modern times, a *Solon*, a *Timoleon*, a *Brutus*, a *Cato*, a *Pelopidas*, and make extemporary Replies to each other, thus invested in our borrowed Characters. We think this a beneficial Practice, both to raise our Ideas, to inflame our Minds with an Emulation of their Virtues, and likewise to acquire a Facility and Copiousness in speaking. The open Structure and Elevation of our Pulpit is thought to conduce to our learning to stand with an erect Posture, and to speak with a more easy disengaged Air. If any of the Society have any curious or important Question to propose, it is hung up, for the Consideration of all, on one of the Pillars, at the further End of the Library, for the space of a Month; during which time, any Member may bring in his Solution of the Question. If, after that time is elapsed, none have offered any Answer, the Question is taken down, and the Proposer is obliged to read it in the presence of the whole Academy, and to give the best Solution of it he is able. If his Solution is not approved by the Majority, the Question is wrote down in the academical Book, in the List of *DESIDERATA ACADEMICA*. If it be thus approved, the Proposer has the same Honours paid him as any other, who had resolved the Question, with this Addition,
 that

that his Name is recorded in the Book of Questions. When several Solutions are offered, they are all read in the same solemn Manner, and the Majority of Votes determines who has given the best Solution. Upon which, the Proposer sets forth the Merit of having solved the Question, and the Person who has solved it, has peculiar Honour paid him by the Society. The Votes of the Society are taken by Ballot, the Names of the several Candidates being inscribed on several Bits of Paper. While I am upon this, I cannot forbear mentioning to you another Usage of our Society, which serves, not a little, to awakeⁿ our Ambition and Industry. Whoever has invented any Theory, or made any Discovery, that has the Air of Novelty, or contrived any Model of an Instrument, or Machine, which is either new, or, in any respect, perfecter than it was before, hangs it up to View on the other Pillar, at the upper End of the Library, where it is likewise, for the space of a Month, exposed to the Inspection, and particular Examination of all. At the End of the Month, the Society testify their Approbation or Dislike of it by Ballot, in the same way the Royal Society admit or refuse Members. If the Majority approve of it, it is enrolled in the Book, which contains the *INVENTA ACADEMICA*, and the Inventor's Name is affixed in Letters of Gold. Besides other Privileges which he obtains, he is allowed what is reckoned no small Honour, to present a Book to the Library with his Coat of Arms upon it. He has likewise bestowed on him the Prize of a Copper Medal cast in the Academy, with the Model

of the Instrument, or a Device futable to the Subject on the one side, chosen by him who gains the Prize, and a Figure of the Academy on the Reverse, with this Inscription, which is over the Entry to the Academy, PRO PATRIA. Sometimes *Euphranor* hangs up Questions, in the same public manner to be resolved by us, and, according to the Importance of the Question, or the Ingenuity of the Solution, either Rewards of the former kind are assigned, or *Euphranor* distributes Medals, and chuses what Device he thinks proper. Those Medals are valued at a high Rate, being estimated, not by the Worth of the Metal, but by the Impression they bear, so honourable to the Possessor; like those Crowns among the Ancients, which, though of slight Materials, imported some extraordinary Merit in those who won them, and, therefore, were accounted the most honourable Badges any could wear.

I CANNOT, said I, help looking on those Honours that are conferred on Heroes of a peaceful and inventive Strain, as fairer and more lasting than all the Crowns and Wreaths of the most triumphant Conquerors either won in War, or at their celebrated Games; as the former are Badges of Ingenuity and Art, the latter of Strength *chiefly* and Valour; and as it is more honourable to have been the Author of Inventions, which are of universal and immortal Benefit, or of beautiful Theories, than to have ravaged Nations, or conquered Provinces.

BE that as it will, returned *Sophon*, those Prizes are immensely valued, and have a mighty effect upon

upon the Minds of the Pupils in kindling an uncommon Ardor of Study, and an Ambition to excel, and deserve such distinguished Honours.

I MUST own, replied I, I cannot help admiring those excellent Institutions of *Euphranor*, and doubt not but they must promote a very free, philosophical, and generous Spirit of Enquiry. I think them particularly calculated to encourage and give fair scope to the natural Efforts of Genius, which can never rise to any thing eminent or masterly, if it be checked, or any wise discouraged in its first Propensities. But both the Liberty which prevails here, and the Rewards that accompany the generous Exertions of Genius, cannot fail to call forth its most latent Seeds, and ripen them to a full growth. As I presume, however, you do not spend your whole time in Study, what Exercises or Diversions do you use?

THEY are of various kinds, replied *Sophron*, but we seldom indulge them, till the main Business of the Day is over. The Morning is entirely devoted to Study, and it is looked upon as the mark of an indolent or fauntering Disposition, when any employ the Hours of Study at Play. Our Diversions are Bowling [for we have a fine large Bowling-green in our Garden] Angling, Fowling, Hunting, Billiards, and riding out, on Parties of Pleasure, to some of the neighbouring little Towns or Villas. When the Weather will not permit us to go abroad, we amuse ourselves with Draughts or Chess, by which Games we both relieve and employ the Mind, and gain a Habit of Attention, which is reckoned no Enemy to the superior kinds of Contemplation.

Euphranor

Euphranor recommends all those innocent Amusements, as proper to unbrace the Mind, that it may act with more Vigour, when it is bent again, but severely forbids, and punishes all immoderate Indulgence of them. For all the Diversions we use are never considered as any part of Business, but as Relaxations both necessary, and subservient to our principal Employments.

'Tis certainly, said I, a great Art in Life to know how to mix its Amusements and Business discreetly, so as to have no vacant Hour, and to make the one relieve and prepare for the other. But pray, *Sopbron*, have you any thing else to observe with regard to the Institutions of your Society?

Yes, my Friend, replied *Sopbron*, I have not yet mentioned what appears to me of principal Importance, in its Constitution; I mean the Tendency and joint Concurrence of all its Orders and Regulations to form, not so much good Scholars, as *good Men*; so that our College is to be considered, rather as a School of *Manners*, than of *Literature*, where the Youth are trained, not merely for this or that particular Profession, but for being sober, honest, and beneficent Creatures, in any Rank or Station of Life, in which Providence may place them. Therefore *Euphranor* keeps a strict eye over the Morals of his Pupils, and leads the way himself to the Practice of every Virtue, not by rigid Precept or sullen Advice, but by the most insinuating Conversation and Example. You cannot behold him, in his most ordinary Actions, without a certain degree of Veneration; he goes about them with such an Air of Composure and manly Dignity, wherein

Goodness,

Goodness, not Stateliness, is the chief Ingredient. He is strictly sober, and rather rigid in his own Diet, and severely practises that frequent Abstinence he so warmly recommends to us. And indeed our Table is simple and frugal, without any Luxury, or Variety of Dishes; inclined more to the light Diet of *Pythagoras* than to the gross Food of an *English* Table, as being thought more friendly to Study than the other. 'Tis much if a Person escapes the Title of an *Epicure*, who cannot fast at least once a Week.

What, said I, whether his Constitution will bear it or not?

Ay, *Simplicius*, unless the Case be very singular; for a strong Constitution can never be hurt by it, and a weak one, it is presumed, will be rather strengthened than impaired by it. And when any have once tried the Practice, it is a difficult matter to persuade them out of it; they call it high Luxury, and say, they have found it of as great benefit to the Mind, as to the Body, in the Flow of Spirits, easy gay Conceptions, and light Dreams, which have never failed to accompany it. He who can fast longest, and does it oftneft, is thought the best constituted for Virtue, and public Service. Frequent and sometimes severe Exercises, particularly bathing in cold Weather, Digging, Planting, and other Business in Gardening and Husbandry, felling and cleaving Wood, working at the Turner's Loom, or in the Shops of Artificers, and the like, are both recommended and used, as proper to form a strong, hardy Habit of Body, and a sound, firm Temperament of Mind. But *Eufbrator* is, above

all things, solicitous to inspire his whole Family; for he is particularly fond ~~to~~ call ^{us} by this Name, with the higheſt Notions and ſtrongeſt Feelings of a ſteady Regard for the Public, and of our Connexion with Society. Accordingly, the whole Genius and Inſtitutions of our Family breathe a ſocial and public Spirit. Nay, the Academy, in its Foundation and Principles, is in the very Spirit and Taſte of a *Sparta*, or old *Rome*. Beſides thoſe Inſtances already mentioned, there are ſeveral others, in which each Member of the Community has a Right to vote, determine, elect, and propoſe whatever he ſhall think conducive to the Good of the whole. The Freedom of Speech and Debate, I ſaid, was univerſal; and the higheſt Honours and Preferments in the Academy are alike open and free to all. Hence all come to have the Notion of a *Public*, or free Conſtitution, are ſenſible of their Relation to it, and of the Rights and Interests they ſhare as Members of it. By this and many other ſuch Images *Euphranor* is at immense pains to open and extend our Views to the Conception of a larger Polity, that of our Country; and the ſtill more comprehensive one of Mankind. Here I cannot help mentioning to you a ſolemn Ceremony which you muſt be witneſs to ere long, and in which you will be nearly concerned. It is the Ceremony of Admiſſion, or of *Initiation*, as we ſometimes call it. But I believe I had better forbear deſcribing it at preſent, that it may have a more powerful Effect, when it is performed.

NAY rather, said I, let me hear a particular Account of it, that I may not be surpris'd, but come prepared to it.

KNOW then, subjoined *Sophron*, that it is performed in an Apartment you have not yet seen, and which none are permitted to see before the Day of Initiation. At the upper End of the Chamber is rais'd an open Frame made of Oak, to which you ascend by several Steps. It has the Appearance of a Throne. On the right side of the Throne is placed a Statue of *Virtue*; on the left, that of *Liberty*. Above them is this Inscription set in Letters of Gold, PUBLIC VIRTUE AND LIBERTY. Next the Statue of *Virtue* stand a few Bustos of some of the famous Law-givers of Antiquity, *Moses*, *Charondas*, *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, and others. On the side of *Liberty* are placed its most eminent Assertors—*Pelopidas*, *Timoleon*, *Brutus*, and several others. Next the Law-givers you see a few of the Inventors and Improvers of useful Arts and Sciences, among the Ancients and Moderns. On the side of the Friends to *Liberty*, are set the Heads of some of the most celebrated Masters of Politics, ancient and modern. Among others are *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Sir Thomas More*, *Harrington*, *Sidney*. The Candidate for Admission has a Copy of the Oath of Initiation given him a Week before he takes it; but it is left to his own Choice, whether he will take it or no. For the Obligation must be entirely voluntary. Upon the Day of Initiation, the whole Society assembles in the *Admission-Chamber*. *Euphranon* places himself on the Throne. Then is

the Candidate introduced by two of the fenior Pupils, and fet down in a Chair at the lower End of the Floor. When he is feated, *Euphranor* informs him, with a peculiar Solemnity of Voice and Manner, of the original Defign of erecting the Academy, namely to inſtruct and form the Youth for being good Citizens, Countrymen, and Members of Society ;—that all its Orders and Inſtitutions were contrived expreſly with this View ;—that all their Studies and Exercifes, nay, and the whole Circle of Arts and Sciences, are only valuable and honourable, as they are ſubſervient to this grand Purpoſe ;—that, henceforth, he is to account himſelf as a Part of the Public, and made for the Good of others ;—that he is to conſider the Train of Education, upon which he is now to enter, as a Courſe of Inſtruction and Diſcipline neceſſary to qualify him for ſerving the Public ;—and finally, that he is always to remember, that he is a Commoner of Nature, and conſequently ſubjected to the Laws and Orders of the ſupreme Adminiſtration ; and is a Freeman both in Body and Mind, and therefore under no Controul but that of Reason, and Authority founded upon it. After this ſolemn Speech, he is interrogated, whether he is willing to take the Oath to be propoſed to him. If he declare his Conſent, he is led forward, by the ſame Pupils who introduced him, to the upper End of the Chamber, where kneeling on the loweſt Step of the Throne, *Euphranor* adminiſters to him the following Oath :

“ I ſwear in the Name of the all-ſeeing Deity, and
 “ before theſe Witneſſes, that I will henceforth be

“ a Slave to no Sect or Party of Men,——that I
 “ will espouse no Principles, but such as I believe
 “ true, and submit myself only to reasonable Au-
 “ thority,——that I will always look upon myself as
 “ a Part of the Society to which I belong, and
 “ therefore bound to promote its most extensive
 “ Interest above all private or personal Views; tho’
 “ still in subordination to the two grand Societies of
 “ my Country and Mankind. I likewise solemnly
 “ declare, that I consider myself as a Citizen of
 “ the intellectual World, and Subject of its al-
 “ mighty Lawgiver and Judge ;——that by him I
 “ am placed upon an honourable Theatre of Action,
 “ to sustain, in the sight of mortal and immortal
 “ Beings, that Character and Part which he shall
 “ assign me, in order to my being trained up for
 “ Perfection and Immortality : and shall, therefore,
 “ from this time forth devote my Life to the Ser-
 “ vice of God, my Country, and Mankind. As I
 “ observe this Oath, may I be acceptable to God.”
 Such is the Form of the Oath ! Here I asked *Sophron* how he felt himself affected when he took this Oath ; for, added I, I do not question but you took it.

You judge right, replied *Sophron*, and I can freely confess to you, I was greatly struck with the Solemnity and Importance of it, as much as with any thing in my whole Life. It had an Effect upon me something like that of Inspiration. I began to look upon myself as a nobler Creature, than I had hitherto conceived, and called upon to act a more important Part in Life, than I had ever

yet dreamt of. I felt an unusual Vigour added to my Resolutions. I considered my Studies in a different, and more public Light, and pursued them with an Ardor hitherto unknown to me. I enquired into Truth with other kind of Eyes, and now began to look upon Science as the least Part of my Business in Life.—After the Oath, *Euphranor* descends from the Throne, raises the Initiate, and with open Arms welcomes him to the Mansion of Liberty and Virtue; then he presents him to the rest of the Assembly, who ^{all} embrace him ~~round~~. If he decline the Oath, that Part of the Ceremony which regards it is omitted, but he is, notwithstanding, informed of his public Connexions, and the Design of the Academy. But we have few Instances of any that decline it, it is so generally well esteemed and reckoned one of the noblest Badges of philosophic Freedom.—And indeed it has a fine Effect upon the Minds of the Students, not only in inspiring them with grand and noble Sentiments of the Public, and of the fundamental Rights and Liberties of Mankind; but in animating them with an irreconcilable Aversion to every Species and Degree of Bondage, whether intellectual, or civil, and a most sovereign Contempt and Scorn of every thing that looks like Tameness, or a servile Truckling to the Opinions or Conduct of others, whether in public or private Life. There is something magnanimous and of a public-spirited Cast in their Dispositions; so that I never saw a Set of young Men, who deal less in Compliment, or who disdain more to flatter either their own, or the Vices
and

and Follies of others; but they inveigh, with a peculiar Indignation, against all kinds of public Vice and Corruption, nor can they bear to sanctify the Fraud and Knavery either of the Corrupted, or the Corruptors, with any of those soft Names by which they are often disguised or palliated. For they reckon a public Villain the worst of Villains, and no Set of Mortals more contemptibly little than those Men of Rank or Fortune, who betray their Country for a Bribe, and, after they have cast off public Virtue themselves, laugh at it as a mere Chimæra in others.

UPON this, I told *Sophon*, I could not help approving a high Sense of Virtue and public Spirit in Youth; but may not their Minds be filled with too exalted Ideas of human Affairs, and with too many visionary Schemes relating to public Life and Action, and, in consequence of this, be enflamed with a romantic Heroism, which neither their Fortune nor the Situation of Things will ever afford them an Opportunity to exert? Have we in our Age many Countries in which a true Spirit of Patriotism has full Scope to exert itself? If we have not, might it not be more advisable to employ the juvenile Ardour on less ~~arduous~~^{useful} and controverted Matters?

WE have not time now, replied *Sophon*, to enter on so delicate a Subject; but I can hardly think it possible to work up the Minds of Youth to too high a Sensibility and Taste for Virtue and public Good, or to too strong a Disrelish of Vice and Prostitution. Time and Accidents will sufficiently mellow that Temper, and their Heroism,

being fixed in its proper Station, will act with a Vigour proportionable to that Strain to which it was raised. This, as far as I can judge, seems to be the Drift of those Academic Institutions, which tend to cherish this public and high-spirited Cast of Mind. And, further to promote the benevolent Temper, each Student takes his Turn in distributing ~~these~~ Fines which are put into the Charity-Box, and is obliged to give an account on what charitable Uses he has laid them out.

AFTER the Work of the Day is over, the Bell gathers us into the Chappel, there to perform our Evening Devotions, which are never neglected, whether *Euphranor* be present or not. Whoever is absent, without a sufficient Excuse, forfeits six Pence. If any discover a Contempt of those religious Exercises, *Euphranor* expresses a peculiar Indignation and Displeasure at them. For he uses to say, that Want of Reverence to the Deity, especially in Youth, is one of the worst Symptoms of a degenerate Mind; and that he who knowingly fails in his Homage and Gratitude to the Author of his Life, is a Barbarian, and might be easily tempted to stab his Parent, or betray his Friend. Therefore is he, above all things, solicitous to impress our Minds with a supreme Respect and Veneration of an invisible and governing Power, who made us and all things. These, *Simplicius*, are a few Hints concerning our Society, and its Institutions; but you will be soon better acquainted with them your self than I can inform you.

I AM much pleased, *Sopbron*, with the Account you have given me. I shall be obliged to you, if
you

you will indulge me with a short Detail of some of the principal Characters in the Academy; those at least you are most intimate with, that I may know those with whom I am to live.

THAT, *Simplicius*, I must refer to another time; when I shall have more Leisure to satisfy your Request.

D I A L O G U E II.

SIMPLICIUS, CLEORA.

SIMPLICIUS having gone to visit *Cleora*, the following Conversation pass between them.

Simp. WELL, Madam, how do you like the Country? Do you find things answer ~~to~~ the Description your Friend gave you of it? Do you meet with Nature every where, without Disguise or Colouring of Art? Or have not the People in the Country their Manner too of covering their Art and Disingenuity, which they reckon polite and genteel, as well as those in Town?

Cle. WHY truly, Sir, I am afraid the Town corrupts the Country. For thither they bring their Manners along with them, where they find too many disposed to imitate what they reckon polite and fashionable; a Stamp the Manners of the Town are always supposed to carry with them. And I believe you will confess it is easy to pass from admiring to imitate Modes, how ridiculous soever.

Simp. BUT do not you think, Madam, that the People of the Country are generally more open and ingenuous than those who are bred in great Towns?

Cle. SIR, I have not had, as yet, sufficient Acquaintance with them, to judge, with any Degree of Certainty, of their real Character. Perhaps they are blunter, and less assuming, than the Town's People, whose Wits are sharpened by more frequent Commerce.

Simp. BUT are you not of opinion, Madam, that their Character is, in the main, more natural
and

and unaffected, that their Sentiments come more from the Heart; and their Complaisance, though less polished, is more genuine, and may be more surely depended on.

Cle. I SUSPECT, Sir, if we want to see Characters quite untainted by Art, we must go farther from home, and seek them among the Nations not infected by *European* Converse; among whom we shall find less indeed of what we call MANNERS, but perhaps more of Innocence, Friendship and Sincerity; Qualities, in my opinion, far superior to the most *modish* Refinements. In short, 'tis among them we may expect pure original Nature, without the corrupt Mixtures of Art.

Simp. NATURE is, doubtless, a lovely thing when cultivated and improved; but when naked and unadorned, it does not, methinks, make an engaging Figure. She must be cloathed, and perhaps mended too by Art, to make her truly beautiful.

Cle. WELL, however unpolite I may be thought, I frankly confess, I incline to give the preference to the genuine Originals of *Nature*, though ruder and simpler in their Appearance, rather than to Copies, that have more Ornament and Shew, but less Reality.

Simp. Do not you think, Madam, that there is a Rudeness in its grosser Features, which shocks instead of pleasing? I fancy, the rude Courtship of one of your *Indian* Originals would give you no very favourable Opinion of the Delicacy of Nature. Nor would their Manner of eating, drinking, or receiving one another at a Visit, afford agreeable Ideas of that natural Simplicity you seem so much

to admire. Their immoderate Laughing, extravagant Shouts, coarse Address, and all the boorish Effusions of excessive Mirth, would, I suspect, spoil some of your Prejudices, in favour of simple artless Nature, and reconcile you more to our own *European Refinements*.

Cle. You mistake me much, if you imagine me an Enemy to the Improvements of Art; for as much as I am in love with plain Nature, yet I would have her wear a proper Dress; let it only be easy and becoming. Let it not disguise her natural Beauties, nor try to supply a supposed Want, by an affected Tinsel or false Varnish.

Simp. I find, Madam, you are no less forward to condemn those indiscreet Daubers of Nature, than a favourite Poet is to blame those Pretenders to Wit, who,

—unskilled to trace,
*The naked Nature and the living Grace,
 With Gold and Jewels cover every Part,
 And hide with Ornaments their Want of Art.*

But after all, Madam, would you have Conversation without its Ceremonials?

Cle. By no means, Sir; no more than a fine Lady appear in public in a *Deshabillé*. There are Decencies in Life to be observed. You may call them Improvements upon Nature, but I should think them Nature itself, or that becoming Dress which discovers her fairest Proportions, and shews her to greatest Advantage.

Simp. WOULD you have us then, Madam, say nothing in Conversation but what we think, use

no Words but such as convey our precise Meaning, and must we avoid all Complements that express more than we intend? Shall we not grow sad unmannerly Creatures, if we observe such a punctilious Honesty, and must we not forgo all polite Conversation, if we discard those ordinary Forms, that have obtained a right of Prescription, by long undisputed Possession?

Cle. I REALLY think, Sir, I should incline to err on the scrupulous side. And however less agreeable I should be on that account, to the injudicious Many, I imagine I should not be less regarded by the sensible Few; nor would my Professions be deemed less sincere, because I was sparing of them. I shall allow, that Honesty does not oblige you to speak every thing you think, but, methinks, it binds you not to speak more or otherwise than you think.

Simp. WHAT Treatment must he meet with from the Ladies, who forbears all the pretty soothing things you are wont to be entertained with? How distasteful would a Conversation be, if stript of those Flowers of Speech, and how sullen would your Beauties look upon us, if we did not address you in the elegant Formalities the Mode has settled? One need not tell downright Untruths, but may we not exaggerate a little, where there is good Foundation, embellish a Feature, and throw out some pretty Exclamations on a fine Hand, or handsome Face, when we are to be repaid with an approving Smile or graceful Blush?

Cle. IT is very well, Sir! You are no ill Practitioner, I find, in your polite way—But will you let me ask you seriously, would you chuse to talk
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in a Strain, that will deceive or impose on an innocent unwary Neighbour, or flatter the Vanity of a young Creature, who has already a Bias strong enough that way, by your extravagant Compliments? You do not seem to apprehend the dangerous Consequences of those pretty things, nor how much they may mislead the more unexperienced of our Sex, to imagine that your Designs are more serious and deeper than you would care they should be thought.

Simp. I CONFESS, Madam! there is a Distinction very necessary to be made in the Case, as you put it, between raw young Girls, who are unacquainted with the Ways of the World, and would be apt to mistake every soft thing said to them, for a Declaration of Love, or serious Piece of Courtship; and those Ladies, who have been much in the World, who are thoroughly practised in the Arts of Gallantry, and have been accustomed to have a great deal of Incense offered to them. I should look upon it as a piece of horrid Indiscretion, if not of downright Villany, to go about to impose on the former, by practising on their Vanity or Ignorance. Nor should I have any Peace of Mind, if, through my Folly, I had contributed to a Lady's having a Passion for me, or imagining that I had one for her, when I had none. But with regard to those other Ladies, I can see no harm in coaxing or cajoling them a little; for in no other Light do I consider the Compliments made them: whatever high Opinions they may have of their own Merit, there is no danger they will lay any great Strefs on things that come so cheap, and
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which are bestowed with so little Distinction, or Choice.

Cle. I WISH your Sex, *Simplicius*, were always as careful to observe that Distinction in their Conduct, as there is, perhaps, good ground to make it. But how plausible soever your Distinction may be, I do not think it will quite clear you Gentlemen Coaxers from all share of Blame. For though Women of real Sense will despise your empty insignificant Haranguers, who would daub them over with common-place Plaister, and then laugh at their Credulity; yet many of our Sex are silly enough to be your Dupes, and I am afraid few of us are able to resist Flattery, when it is artfully couched, and tempered with proper Allays.

Simp. FAR be it from me, Madam, to defend any kind of Imposition on your Sex; but, methinks, it were too rigid to weigh, with a critical Exactness, every gay and complaisant thing, that is said by us in the Company of the Ladies. Conversation would languish, and lose ^{a little} of its Sprightliness and Poignancy, if the Men were debarred those agreeable cajoling Ways, which are really expressive of a peculiar Regard to the Sex, but are perhaps raised somewhat above the Truth.

Cle. THE End of Conversation, as I take it, is to be understood, and to exchange Sentiments with one another for mutual Instruction and Pleasure; but if we make it only a Conveyance of Lies, and Circulation of Fraud, we render it not only useless, but also hurtful. And pray, Sir! may we not be honest without being rude and offensive? Nay, may we not be polite and agreeable, without polish-
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ing our selves out of our old *British* Plainness and Sincerity?

Simp. I GRANT, Madam, that the End of Conversation is such as you have represented it, and think I am no Friend to Deceit; but may we not look upon the ordinary Forms of Civility, and polite Phrases, that are used by well-bred People, as no more than Counters, which, tho' they may glitter, and amuse the Eye as much as real Gold, yet none but Fools are amused with them? Their Value is known, and they signify just as much, and no more, than they were at first intended to stand for.

Cle. I HAVE heard it said, that those Phrases we commonly use, as *humble Servant*, and the like, were once real Badges or Expressions of Servitude, by which Inferiors signified their Dependence on their Superiors, in those times when *Vassalage* prevailed. If so, may there not be something mean in continuing the use of them, when the Cause is happily removed; and might it not be better to use those which import less Subjection, but more of that Equality and Friendship which ought to reign in Society? But it is not so much those common Forms of speaking, which Custom has made universal, that I condemn, as those courtly Strains of Deceit, used by your Sex, to flatter and impose on ours.

Simp. I FIND, Madam, it will be no easy matter to please one of your Delicacy; but I believe, whenever you come to try it, you will find it a knotty kind of Business, either to dissuade the Men from giving into those polite Modes of Complaisance,

fance, or to persuade the Ladies to reject them as fallacious and insignificant.

Cle. IT may be so; mean while, I do not see what excuse you can have for nourishing our Vanity as you do.—But 'tis, it seems, the Fate of our weak Sex, to be always treated like Children—You throw us fine Toys and Gew-gaws to amuse us, and when you see us taken with the shining Trifles, you carry us off in triumph, and reduce us under the Orders of domestic Discipline.

Simp. I AM sorry you think our Sex pay so little Regard to your Sense and Merit, as to treat you like Children—if the End of all our Pursuits, is only to get possession of you, it is a shrewd Suspicion, we esteem you a Treasure richly worth having; which is, at bottom, no bad Proof of the Value we set upon you, let us talk what and how we will. But may I beg leave to ask you, Madam, how it has come about, that you, who have been bred up at and near the Town, and have been often at Court, should be such a sworn Foe to the elegant Forms of polite Life, or to those Ways of Address, that are in vogue among People who pass for the best-bred?

Cle. I WOULD not have you imagine, Sir, from any thing I have said, that I incline to give myself any nice Airs, or to take a different Road in Life from others—but if I happen to have a different way of thinking in some things, I owe it chiefly to my Guardian, and to my having lived mostly with plain sincere People, who never flattered me themselves, and taught me to abhor it in others.

Simp.

Simp. I HAVE heard, Madam, that you have been much indebted to that Gentleman for the Care he has had of you, and especially of your Education. His Conversation plainly shews, that he is no great Friend to any thing that looks like Craft or Disingenuity.

Cle. AND I assure you he is what he appears to be, a plain honest Man, without Guile or Shew. He has often told me, that whatever swerves from Truth, is beneath the Dignity of the human Kind;—that to indulge those Forms of Speech, which either signify nothing at all, or, if they have any Meaning, trespass in some degree on Truth, tho' it may be in trivial Matters, does yet lessen the Reverence due to it, and beget a Habit of slighting it in things of greater Importance;—he farther informed me, that many of the polite Forms of ordinary Conversation are only a more specious kind of Lies, and that they fetter the Freedom and easiness of friendly Intercourse, and ought therefore to be banished out of a Country, once justly celebrated for the Plainness, and honest Bluntness of its Inhabitants, to those politer Regions which glory in wearing such Chains.

Simp. I AM much of your Friend's Opinion, and heartily agree with you, Madam, in thinking it wisest, and most humane too, to err on the honest side, though the gay Part of the World should call it Bluntness, or Affectation: for I had rather be called a scrupulous Simpleton, than a polite Dissembler. But after all, if we are too rigorous in our Maxims, what, Madam, shall we become of those DECENCIES of Life, that regulate the Conversation.

sation and Practice of the politest Part of the World? Shall we not be reckoned aukward, antiquated Creatures, and even somewhat unfociable, if we despise or transgress them? Shall we offer no Sacrifice to those inferior Graces?

Cle. You must not expect, Sir, the Satisfaction of your Doubts from me. I shall only tell you a Distinction, which my Guardian has taught me to make, and which you may apply as you will. There are certain Decencies in every Country, which take their rise from something peculiar in the Genius, Manners, or Circumstances of the respective People. These, added he, are arbitrary, variable, and often different in one Country from those of another; because they are derived from no general or unchangeable Principle. But, continued he, there are other Modes of speaking and acting, which are founded on Nature, at once becoming and expressive of its Dignity in general, or suitable to the particular Character, Office, or Circumstances of the Speaker or Actor. These, said he, constitute Decencies, which have an innate Charm, and are approved by us, antecedent to civil Modes and Institutions, and which are invariable, while those Circumstances continue. To condemn, or refuse complying with the former, when they imply nothing contrary to the latter, were no less Folly than ill Manners. Whereas, added he, to offend against the last, is, in some degree, immoral, and betrays a Mind either unconscious of its own Dignity, or little concerned to support it.

Simp. I BELIEVE, Madam, there is a just Foundation for your Friend's Distinction, and I should

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think it an useful Part of Prudence, and of real Importance in the Conduct of Life; to be able to distinguish those Decencies aright; because it would prevent our falling into the Ridicule of violent Prepossessions for, and against Trifles, and making too valuable Sacrifices to the Tyranny of Custom.

Cle. INDEED, my Tutor seems to have been of that Opinion. For I have heard him frequently say, that it is an essential Point in the *Education of Women*, to make them acquainted with those Decorums of a higher Order, that are the Growth of Nature; such especially as belong to the Female Character and Allotments in Life, and are grafted upon the innate Honour, Modesty, Softness, and other Virtues peculiar to the Sex. Therefore he has been at great pains to point out to me the proper Rank and Dignity of Women, and the Part they are destined to act, and to inspire me with Sentiments every way suited to these. The least Deviation from them, he told me, was an Inlet to Disorder, by removing the Guards placed in our Constitution, and throwing down the Fences which Nature, for our Protection, hath planted around us, in our very Form, Voice, Air and Manner. He said, when these are once thrown down, Ruin and Infamy are ready to invade them.

Simp. To me, indeed, the Sex appear admirably formed by Nature for those amiable Decorums both of Conversation and Behaviour, that are proper to engage the Hearts of Men, and unbend our more stubborn Natures for the softer Cares, as well as Sweets of private and domestic Life. And, therefore, Madam, I am much of your Guardian's Opinion, that

it must be of great Consequence in the Education of Women, to direct their Notions of Decency, as it respects their Situation and Conduct in Life, rather than those little Modes that differ in every Country, and undergo frequent Changes in the same; to point out to their sprightly Apprehensions those Objects, which merit their chief Attention and Regard; and to engage them in Spheres of Action the most adapted to those lovely Talents, with which Nature has furnished them.

DIALOGUE III.

SOPHRON. SIMPLICIUS.

Simp. **I** COME now, my Friend, to put you in mind of the Promise you made me the other day, to give me some Account of the Gentlemen of our Academy. I hope you are now at leisure to gratify my Curiosity.

Soph. I MUST frankly confess to you, *Simplicius*, my Acquaintance in our Society is very narrow; for tho' I love to converse sometimes with most of my Fellow-Pupils, there are but a few with whom I have formed a particular Friendship. But indeed, I have often considered our Academy as the World in Miniature, and thought I could discern in the Genius and early Pursuits of the Students, no unlikely Prognostics of their future Character. Thus, methought, I could see the careless Gentleman in the Negligence and Deshabillé of the Scholar; or in the affected Primness of another, the shrewd Symptoms of a Beau. From the Spruceness and studied Conceits of one, I prognosticated the quaint Orator, and I imagined I perceived the zealous Patriot growing out of the public Spirit, the Ardour and inflexible Honesty of another. The serious, anxious Look and Demeanour foretel the grave plodding Citizen; the obsequious Air, and smooth Address, give no uncertain Presages of the Courtier. In fine, I have frequently diverted myself with tracing, in the Mien and Aspect, Studies and Amusements of my Fellow-Students, the Statesman,
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the Physician, the Scholar, the Soldier—or their Counterfeits, the Sham-Politician, the Quack, the Pedant, the Bully.

Simp. IT must, doubtless, be an Entertainment pleasant enough, to observe Nature in her first Efforts, sketching, if I may say so, the Outlines of a Man, and exhibiting in *Little*, those Features of Understanding and Action which she afterwards enlarges to their full Size and just Dimensions. I cannot think it would be a bad Piece of *moral* History, to trace the natural Seeds of a Man's Genius and Temper, from their earliest Origin, thro' their gradual Progress and successive Revolutions, to their Maturity and Perfection.

Soph. I Do not question but it would be a very useful Part of *moral* Knowledge; but it would be no easy matter to compile such a History. Few would be at pains to attend to the slow Progress of Nature in others, and were any to attempt it with regard to themselves, they must begin to watch her, when they are but ill qualified for the Task; and, tho' they were better than we can well suppose them, it would be very difficult to place themselves at such a distance, as to survey so interesting an Object with Candour and Impartiality.

Simp. YET I have known some analyze the Principles of their Character with great Accuracy, and trace back their present Temper and Manners to some of their original Seeds, and to the most material of those Circumstances in their Education and Manner of Life, which had conspired to form them. An Experiment of this kind cannot fail to be of private Benefit at least, since it must conduce

to a better Acquaintance with one's self, and with those Causes, which have had a good or bad Influence on one's Character. But, pray, Sir, go on with the Account you was enter'd upon.

Soph. BEFORE I inform you of the Character of my particular Friends, (and I do not pretend to make you acquainted with any others,) I would take notice to you, that, when I came into the Country, tho' I was fully resolv'd to employ my Time chiefly in Study, I did not apprehend that the Conversation of young Enquirers like myself, would be any Hindrance to this Design. I was rather of Opinion, that I should be able to gratify my Thirst of Knowledge more effectually, if I could procure a few ingenious Companions, with whom I might communicate my Sentiments, and debate freely on Subjects of Learning and Ingenuity.

Simp. I AM much of your Opinion, and shall be very ready to follow your Example, in seeking out proper Companions of my Studies. For, I know not how it happens, the Mind is more sprightly and active in Company, than alone, the Images croud in faster, and Humour flows in a freer Vein. I doubt not but you have often observed this.

Soph. I CONFESS I have, but cannot so easily guess at the Reason. Whether it is, that the Aspect of Humanity awakens and enlivens our Faculties, or that the social Passions we exert in Company are, by some secret Connexion, a powerful Spur to set the Imagination to work; or whether Emulation, and a Sense of Honour and Love of Praise

Praise call not forth, and brighten our Sentiments? Whatever be the Cause, certain it is that amidst the Concussions of friendly Debate, surprising Light is sometimes struck out. In Company, a Subject has the best Chance to be canvass'd on every side; 'tis a great hazard but Truth darts from the Diversity of Sentiments, and tho' it should not, the Views of each must be enlarged by having the Discoveries of all imparted to them. This made me resolve to look out for a few select Friends to be my Fellow-Travelers in the Paths of Science. While I was busy in this Search, and was enquiring with Care, into the Characters of my Fellow-Pupils, my good Genius directed me to a little Knot of them, every way suited to answer the End of my Enquiry.

Simp. I CONGRATULATE you on your good Fortune. I think I have heard you mention their Names, but I want to know their Characters.

Soph. You shall both know their Characters, and be made acquainted with them; and, I hope too, be admitted a Member of their Club.

THE first I shall mention, is EUGENIO, a young Gentleman of Distinction, and Heir to a considerable Estate, naturally gay and sprightly, of a genteel Address, and amiable Aspect. His independent Fortune has, you may believe, added to his Spirit; but having been always in the best Company, his Vivacity is not petulant or over-bearing, but is generally tempered with Good-manners, and an obliging Carriage. He has strong natural Parts: his Genius inclines him chiefly to the politer Studies, and, tho' he is not altogether unacquainted with the

Principles of the Sciences, yet, what Knowledge he has, is drawn mostly from Observations on Life, and the Result rather of natural, than improved Parts ; I mean, improved by Reading. He is a great Admirer of the Fair Sex, and loves much to make a handsome Appearance in a Circle of Ladies. Nicely sensible of Honour, and fond of Applause, he studies to mould himself so thoroughly into the Sentiments of his Company, and accommodates himself with such an easy Condescension to their Humour, that he is apt to step aside from his real Character, and to profess Sentiments which he has not.

Simp. THE Character, *Sophron*, you draw of your Friend, is, I think, in the main, very amiable ; and the Shade you have observed in it, is very apt to stick to those who have been much in the World. Has he ever travelled ?

Soph. NOT much. He has been abroad, but he was in *France* most of the time. We are apt to alledge, he has contracted some kind of Favour for *French* Manners, and improved his Taste for Gallantry in that polite School. But after all, I take him to be a true *Englishman* at bottom.

Simp. WHO are the other Gentlemen of your Acquaintance ?

Soph. CONSTANT, another of my Companions, is pretty much his Reverse, being a rigid Admirer of Truth, and a professed Enemy to all manner of Deceit and Dissimulation, under what Name or Shape soever it may appear. He loves exceedingly the Character of a PLAIN-DEALER, and never dreads speaking his Sentiments roundly, and without

out disguise, let who will take it amiss. He has a great Dash of the HUMOURIST in him. *Eugenio's* Good-nature he calls a *vitious Complaisance*, and when it falls in his way, never fails to lash him soundly for it. *Eugenio* calls his Plain-dealing *Sur-liness* and *Ill-Manners*, and says, he covers a Sourness of Temper with the specious Name of Freedom of Speech. *Constant* is a violent *Republican* in his Principles, and a sworn Foe to all Tyranny, whether in Church or State. So thoroughly has he imbibed the Notions of *Harrington* and *Sidney*, that you would take him for another *Cato*. He often repeats these Lines of *Sidney*, with a particular Pleasure ;

——— *Manus hæc inimica Tyrannis,*
Ense petit placidam, sub LIBERTATE, Quietem.

LIBERTY is his Motto, and Idol. Hence he goes frequently under the Name of the PATRIOT. For he uses great Freedom sometimes with the People in Power, and declaims loudly against the Growth of Corruption, and a general Servility, both in Principles and Manners. *Eugenio*, on the other hand, is of a more courtly Turn, and whether it arises from that Complaisance and Easiness of Temper, which is natural to him, or from his Connexions with some of the Great, to whom he is related, and his having heard mostly what is said on one side ; I say, whatever be the Cause, he generally takes the defensive Side, and says, that Things are greatly exaggerated by a Spirit of Party and Opposition. For this Reason, however,

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among others, we are wont to call him, the COURTIER.

Simp. I DOUBT not but this Diversity of Taste and Sentiments must open a fine Vein of Humour in your Conversation with them. For I suppose they will generally take opposite Sides on any Question.

Soph. IT happens as you observe; they seldom agree in any Debate, and they differ too in their Manner of speaking. For, *Eugenio* talks more like a Man of the World, in a courtier and more florid Strain. Whereas, *Constant* speaks more like a Scholar, is rather laconic and pithy in his Style, especially when he delivers Oracles of *Patriotism*; tho' sometimes he affects the more pompous Phrase of *Eugenio*, the better to expose it. *Constant*, in short, is of an even, steady Temper, has an acute Understanding, and ready, tho' dry Elocution; is deeply versed in *mathematical*, and has, at the same time, a strong Turn for *moral* and *political* Knowledge. He can distinguish nicely, and explain a knotty Point with great Judgment and Perspicuity. 'Tis but seldom he appears in Company, especially of the gayer kind; for he cannot bear what he calls the *Froth* and *Levity* of it. I have seen him sometimes eat up with the Spleen, upon leaving a Circle of Females, into which he happened to stumble, and have been much diverted with his strange Faces. I shall conclude his Character, by telling you, that in order to conceive a just Idea of *Constant*, you must figure to your self a severe, re- cluse Scholar, rather than a Man of the World; somewhat rude and unpolished in his Manners, of

a dogmatic Turn, and who is fonder of converſing with his Books, than with the Ladies.

Simp. I LIKE your Friend much. Methinks he makes no unamiable Figure, with all his Roughneſs and Plain-dealing about him; is an admirable Contraſte to *Eugenio*; and, when placed together in Company, they cannot fail to enliven and ſet off each other.

Soph. VERY agreeably, I aſſure you, ſometimes to the no ſmall Mirth and Entertainment of the Company.

HIERO is another Member of our little Club, a Youth of a ſerious and devout Turn; very apt to draw us into a grave Converſation, and who will improve the ſlighteſt Occaſion to hint ſome religious Sentiment. He obſerves ſuch Temperance, or rather Severity in his Regimen, that he might paſs for an *Aſcetic* of the ſtricteſt Order. I never ſaw a Man ſo raiſed above the World, ſo little concerned in thoſe petty Interests and Parties that agitate Mortals, one ſo little governed by the common Maxims of Faſhion. This has procured him the Reputation of that Impartiality and Diſintereſtedneſs, that the whole Academy do commonly appeal to him, as their Umpire, in all Controverſies and Debates whatſoever. His Aſpect is generally grave, but it is mixed with a chearful Compoſure, that renders the Serenity of his Mind viſible. He has a large Stock of various Knowledge, but ſays, he has derived it chiefly from the ſacred Scriptures, which he ſtudies much in the Originals. He has looked little into Creeds or Confessions of Faith, uſes to call the Bible his Creed, and minds but little the

the Distinctions that prevail among Christians. He professes a Veneration for the Fathers of the primitive Church, as to Customs and Discipline, but lays no stress on their bare Authority, in Matters of Faith. He is afraid of dipping into theological Systems, lest they should lay a false Bias on his Judgment, and fill him with the Shadows of Science, rather than the Substance of it. Nor does he willingly study any of the prevailing Controversies in Divinity, lest they should give him a controversial, disputatious Cast, or sour his Spirit against those who think differently from him. For he sets too high a Value on the Tranquillity of his Mind, and Sweetness of his Temper, to risque the spoiling of either by his Skill in polemical Divinity. He deals only in Commentators of the strictly critical and historical Kind, is careful in comparing the different Versions and various Readings, and above all, uses *History* as the grand Help to explain and illustrate the Scriptures. He reads much, or rather studies to imbibe the very Spirit of the divinest Moralists, ancient and modern; so that you would think the Soul of a *Plato*, or *Antoninus*, were transfused into him: and, for the unconfined Benevolence of his Temper, you would take him for a Citizen of the World, no less than a Member of a particular Community or Country. I must not omit another Stroke in his Character, that, as he glories in being a *Christian*, he is a strict Follower of his Master and Saviour, loves to inculcate his Religion, as beneficent and salutary to Mankind, and breathes the Spirit of a primitive Disciple. He considers this Life as connected with, and introductory

ductory to another, and thinks our Aims and Actions ought always to be referred to that future and immortal Existence. Such a Reference, he says, must give an Elevation and Generosity to our Views, that will lift us above sordid Interest and Ambition, and render our whole Conduct both humane and heavenly. You may easily believe, that from this Character, and Turn of Studies, *Hiero* obtains among us, the Title of the DIVINE.

Simp. I LOVE the Man exceedingly, and think he deserves that Title, in a very superior and distinguished Sense; but I much doubt whether, with such a Character and Talents, and such a singular Application of them, he is in a hopeful Way of being preferred. One so little attentive to the Interests and Cabals set on foot here below, must not expect to rise into great Power, or make a Fortune. Besides, I am afraid he is too honest to be a Tool, and has not Zeal enough to be a Party-man.

Soph. I FIND, *Simplicius*, you are disposed to be merry on Preferment. But be that as it will, *Hiero* seems to have higher Views than any Preferment, whether civil or ecclesiastical, and is of a Temper, that, I dare say, will never allow him to sacrifice the Interests of Truth or Virtue, to any Consideration whatsoever. I had not been long acquainted with these young Gentlemen, when we conceived the Design of forming ourselves into a Club, and having regular Times of Meeting, for the sake of Conversation. Whether our Liberty, or Climate, be the Reason, I cannot tell; but I found the Observation true, that we are, of all Nations,

tions, the most forward to run into Clubs, Parties and Societies, which, by the by, is no ill Proof of the sociable Turn of our Temper, whatever Foreigners may say of our Sullenness and Reserve. This Humour runs thro' the whole Nation, and diffuses itself among all Characters of Men. We have Clubs for Trade, musical Clubs, Clubs for mathematical and philosophical Researches, Clubs for Improvement in the fine Arts, Clubs for pure Diversion and Merriment. I have heard of religious Clubs likewise, where honest Citizens, over their Pot of Ale, and smoaking their Pipe, canvass the sublimest Mysteries of our holy Religion, dispute the knottiest Points in controversy among *Christians*, and combat even *Jews* and *Free-thinkers* with all sorts of Weapons. We settle Offices, elect Members, and, in short, the Business of our Metropolis is carried on in the Club-way.

Simp. THE Observation is certainly just, and sufficiently notorious; nor can I help thinking, that it is no unhopeful Way of going to work, if this Maxim be true, that Mens Wit united, is better than when apart, and that the joint Endeavours of two or three, laying their Heads together, will do more to the Contrivance and Execution of any Scheme, than double that Number, when divided. There is a certain Spirit of Emulation, a social Heat of Invention, that pervades all these little Confederacies of Men, which sharpens their Wits more, and ripens their Projects sooner, than is to be found any where else. But, pray, *Sophon*, does not your Club consist of too small a Number to answer your Design?

Soph.

Soph. WE thought it large enough to set out with at first, and within the Bounds of the ancient Maxim, which forbids a Company to exceed the Number of the Muses, or to fall short of that of the Graces. Besides, we did not confine ourselves to that Number, but left ourselves at liberty to receive any future Candidate that should be agreeable to the Society.

Simp. DO you never admit any occasional Visitor?

Soph. SOMETIMES, tho' rarely—but we are cautious of increasing our Number. Only, when *Philander*, the Gentleman I formerly mentioned to you, deigns to favour us with his Company, he is always welcomed with Pleasure and Gratitude. We call him the PRESIDENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Simp. HE must undoubtedly be a very agreeable Addition to your Number. Have you any Rules for the Regulation of your Society?

Soph. IN imitation of the laudable Practice of other Clubs, we, likewise, did, with the Assistance and Advice of *Philander*, lay down a few Laws for the better Regulation of our's, such as we judged would be most conducive to our mutual Improvement, and to the maintaining a proper Order and Decency in our Conversations.

Simp. I SHALL be glad to hear what they are.

Soph. THEY are very simple, and few. To prevent Reflections, and avoid Occasion of Offence, we proposed to meet by Turns in one another's Chambers, rather than in a public Tavern.

THE first Law is, That it shall be lawful for any Member of the Club, to start what Subject of Discourse

course he pleases; but if the Majority do not approve of it, it shall be immediately dropt.

THE second Law is, That any Member may talk on either side of the Question, and deliver his Sentiments with perfect Freedom, without Suspicion or Fear of Controul.

THE third Law: No Person shall interrupt another, while he is speaking, without Leave asked, and given by the Speaker: and, in case of such Offence, shall be rebuked by the President.

THE fourth Law: No Person shall be importuned to drink more, or oftner, than he likes.

THE fifth Law. No occasional Visitant, or new Member, shall be admitted, without the general Consent.

THE sixth Law: A Chairman shall be elected, who shall not preside above a Week: and each Member shall afterwards take his Turn in the Chair. *Philander* shall always preside, when present. The President's Office shall be to adjust all Points relating to Form.

THE seventh Law: All Points of Form are to yield to the Conveniency of the Members.

THE eighth Law. No new Laws shall be enacted, without the Consent of the whole Club; but little Differences may be determined by the Majority.

THE ninth Law. Eleven o' clock at Night shall be the ordinary Hour of parting; and in extraordinary Cases, the Time of Sitting shall not exceed Twelve. These are all, or the most material of our Laws, as far as I remember. No stated Times of Meeting are fixed, but are left to be settled.

settled by Circumstances of Conveniency, and the Humour of the Company.

Simp. YOUR Laws are sufficiently simple, and numerous enough in all reason. For, I do not think Men of Sense and Probity need many Laws to regulate their Conversation or Conduct. They are a Law to themselves, and run no risque of losing their Temper, or committing Indecencies amidst the greatest Heat of Debate.

Soph. PERHAPS they are Matters of Form; but some Forms may be necessary, even in the Conversation of Friends, were it for nothing else but to prevent Disputes, and make things proceed with more Order. Sometimes the Ardour of Conversation, and Contention of Spirits runs high among us; but our mutual Friendship and Esteem preserves a perfect Equality, so that none offers to dictate to the rest. Such is the free Turn of our Society, that any one may propose what Paradox he pleases, provided he do it with Decency, and defend it with Coolness and Modesty. And any one may contradict the clearest Maxim, provided he neither make personal Attacks, nor pretend to take too much upon him.

Simp. WELL, *Sophon*, I really think the Conversation of a Set of ingenious Men, truly well-bred, and who have a sincere Esteem for each other, is one of the greatest Enjoyments in Life. Among such, the Discourse must be managed with Life and Spirit, while they are animated by each other's Presence, and feel the joint Influence of mutual Aspect, Voice, Gesture, and every friendly Emotion. They will speak their Sentiments roundly,

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and not dispute. If they differ with the others, they will propose their Reasons with Candour, and rather yield, than push an Argument with Stiffness. They will not take advantage of an Adversary's Weakness, and much less triumph over him because they have got the Ascendant of him in the Argument. In short, the Conversation of such Men will be natural and easy, arising from the Subject itself, and not forcing its Way, but flowing in that smooth Channel, which the Circumstances or Humour of the Company cut out for it.

Soph. I WOULD not have you imagine, my Friend, that we are just such a Set of Men as you have been describing. We are not those wise, considerate Persons you seem to suppose. We have not gained such Experience of the World, as to throw out Oracles of Wisdom at every opening of the Mouth. We do not discourse of Trade, or public Affairs, nor meddle with State or Love-Intrigues, nor do we presume to settle the Interests of the Nation, and adjust the Balance of *Europe*, nor to handle any of those Topics that interest the busy Part of Mankind. Much less do the Revolutions of the Mode, or any of those Subjects, that amuse the idle and gay Part of the World, fall within the compass of our Discourse. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the Characters and Artifices of Mankind, to qualify us for being Correctors of Life or Manners. We only amuse ourselves with talking on such Subjects, as occur to us in our daily Studies, or remarking on those Books and Characters that fall within the Reach of our narrow Observation. But tho' we do not canvass
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the high Affairs of State, the Interests of Parties, the Balance of Trade or of Power, we deal in Questions which we think import us more to know; namely, “ How Men are formed? by what Methods their Interests are best secured? how these are impaired? How the Balance of our Passions and Affections may be kept? How the Disorders of this domestic Government are to be rectified? and by what Means the Conduct may be formed to Decency and Virtue?”

Simp. THESE are Questions, *Sophron*, of the utmost Importance, and which must afford ample Matter for the most rational and entertaining Discourse.

Soph. BUT I would have you always remember that we converse, not like Men of the World, but like Scholars, with a formal kind of Air and Manner. You must consider us too as young Men, who love to display their Talents, and who, when they have got a Glance of any bright Conceit, flourish upon it, and delight in shewing it on all sides. Besides, you must allow somewhat of a disputing Humour, and Spirit of Contradiction, to *Academics*, who, like young Wrestlers, just instructed in the Principles of the *Gymnastic* Art, long to try their Skill, and measure the Length of their Arms, and Solidity of their Fists, with their Antagonists; and when they are once fairly engaged, lay about them with all their Might. If a Fellow-Combatant give us any advantage, we seize it immediately, and use all our Dexterity to foil him. And, tho' once down, we are not discouraged, but often renew the Conflict with equal Ardour, till,

having spent all our Strength, the doughtiest Champions among us sit down breathless, and are compelled to ask and give mutual Quarter. Yet, after all, we are neither ashamed of a Defeat, nor very proud of a Victory. We contend for Truth, and on whatever side she is found, readily embrace her; being more solicitous about sharing the Prize in common, than having the Honour of first discovering her.—Do not therefore, my Friend, by dressing us out in a Mock-Excellence, rob us of what really belongs to us. Perhaps you will find us sometimes *reason*, but, like young Speakers, as often *declaim*, and, it may be, expatiate longer on an Argument than is consistent with the Rules of ordinary Conversation.

Simp. WERE you to do otherwise, you would, perhaps, act out of Character. Great Allowance must be made to a Society instituted upon such a Plan as yours, who meet for Improvement in the Literary Way, and debate on both sides of a Question, the better to find out the Truth.

Soph. THAT indeed, *Simplicius*, is the principal Merit we pretend to, the maintaining the Character of honest Enquirers, who doubt till they see ground to be convinced; and even then, interrogate or believe, rather than dogmatize. In a word, we reason for our own Improvement, not to teach others; and laugh, without meaning the least harm to any Person, frequently by raising the Laugh first against ourselves.

Simp. METHINKS it is no small Degree of Merit you pretend to; and if, in good Earnest, you support those Pretensions by your Fairness and Impartiality,

partiality, you are entitled to no small Regard from all who consider how difficult it is to lay aside Prejudices, and welcome Truth wherever they find it, how opposite soever to their former Prepossessions, or future Interests.

Soph. You will judge best how well our Pretensions are supported, when you come to be acquainted with us, and our Manner of conversing.

Simp. BUT, pray, *Sophon*, does your Society talk off hand, as we say, upon whatever Subject happens to be started by any of the Company? Or do you come prepared, as having had some previous Guess or Notice of what is to be proposed as Matter of Debate?

Soph. SOMETIMES, before our more solemn Debates, we have such previous Advertisement, and frequently mention, at one Meeting, what we are to be upon the next. And then we take care to lay in and digest some Materials, that we may be the readier to speak on the Subject. Or perhaps, in the Interval of Meeting, one gives notice to the rest, that he intends to start such a Question at the first Meeting. But, as frequently we have no such Warning given us, but talk of whatever happens to be first suggested, and either give our Opinion, or not, as we please, and in as loose and desultory a Manner as we please, or else enter more deeply into the Subject, reason in Form, and list ourselves on the affirmative or negative Side of the Question, according to our present Humour.

Simp. ARE there any other Clubs in the Academy?

Soph. THE whole Academy is split into different Kinds of them. One is called the *Poetical Club*; another, the *Mathematical*; a third, the Club of *Politicians*; a fourth, the *Virtuoso Club*; and several more, who are denominated from those Arts and Sciences, about which they chiefly converse. Our's commonly passés for the *Philosophical Club*.

Simp. DOES *Euphranor* ever super-intend or direct any of the Clubs?

Soph. No, *Simplicius*, he never meddles with any of them, nor interferes with any of their Regulations, lest he should damp the Freedom of Genius and unlimited Spirit of Enquiry, which he wishes to prevail there. You may perhaps remember how much Ease and Freedom of Conversation reigned in that Club, which was afterwards formed into the *French Academy*, when they met privately, and had none to direct or controul their philosophical Debates; but how they were afterwards manacled in their Attempts, and into what a Spirit of Adulation and Servility they sunk, when the political *Cardinal* deigned to honour them with his Protection, and modelled them into an Academy. *Euphranor* therefore leaves us at perfect liberty to associate and converse upon any Bottom we please. He encourages no Spies or Informers to give him notice of what passés there; he prescribes no Bounds to our Researches, and combats any new Opinions, that are broached, with no other Weapons, but those of Argument and Reason. Accordingly, every Club is a Picture of the Academy in Miniature. The same Largeness of Enquiry, the same
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doubting Humour, and Freedom of Debate, prevail in the one as in the other.

Simp. I THINK, *Euphranor* discovers a true Vein of Sense and Discretion in this Conduct, as well as in his other Institutions. For where Conversation is under any foreign Awe or Check, it can never exert itself with Vigour, nor produce any Thing original or masterly. I confess, *Sophron*, you have raised in me a wonderful Curiosity to be a Witness to some of your free Conversations; I shall therefore take it as a very great Favour, if you will introduce me now and then, as an occasional Visitant, to your Society.

Soph. I HOPE, my good Friend, I shall be able to obtain your Admission, as a Member of our Society, and therefore intend, at our first Meeting, to propose you as a Candidate.

Simp. YOUR Friendship, *Sophron*, almost prevents my Wishes. I begin already to anticipate my Felicity.

D I A L O G U E IV.

AS *Sopbron* and I were walking out the other Morning, to take a little Air, we wandered along the Meadow that lies on the South Side of the Town, near the Windings of the River, under the Shade of some venerable Oaks, which form a very agreeable Walk. I had been thanking him for the Honour he and the other Gentlemen had done me, of admitting me a Member of their Society; and was observing, that when I first entered it, I was not without Apprehensions lest a Set of young Gentlemen, whom I represented to my self as so many Philosophers, should assume too severe a Mien, or talk on too abstruse Subjects for ordinary Life and plain Sense; and should dispute in a metaphysical Strain.—And how agreeably I was disappointed, when I found that there is scarce a Society of a freer and more unaffected Cast, or who enter into Things with such Plainness and Simplicity, and frequently with so much Humour and Pleasantry. You do not seem, added I, to talk from Ostentation, or a Spirit of Contradiction, but only to receive mutual Information.

I AM glad, replied *Sopbron*, that you find us a more facetious and conversable sort of People than you apprehended. Indeed, we generally differ from each other, and often debate, perhaps too metaphysically; but it is not merely for the sake of debating, but only to canvass a Subject
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more fully, and view it in all Lights. 'Tis expected, indeed, but we do not require it by any Law, that every one should deliver his Sentiments on the Subject of Debate, much less do we think ourselves obliged to come to a Decision. For frequently we leave the Question open and undetermined as we found it, allowing every one to determine for himself, as he sees Reason. We have no superiour Judge, to whose Authority we appeal; tho' we pay a great Deference to *Philander's* Opinion, yet not because it is his, but because it is generally well supported. We doubt till we are in a condition to judge; and never talk of yielding, but to the Appearance of superiour Evidence.

AFTER we had, for some time, walked up and down the Meadow, we turned round the Inclosure, which was on the Outside of the Trees, and there, to be in the Shade, we threw ourselves down on the Grass. We had not sat long there, before we were alarmed by a confused Murmur of Voices at some distance, which, as they approached nearer us, we could hear more distinctly. *Sophron*, having listened to them with some Attention, said, it was the gay *Eugenio*, engaged in close Debate with *Amelia*, one of the greatest Beauties and Coquets of N****. At length, they came and sat down on a Bench, which was on the other side the Inclosure. Their Nearness to us tempted us to sit still and listen, with an impertinent Curiosity, to the sprightly Pair.

WELL, Sir, said *Amelia*, you shall never convince me, that it is possible for any of you gay

young Sparks to feel a real Passion, or to be constant in it, if you should.

WHAT! replied *Eugenio*, you think, I suppose; Madam, that the Philosophy we learn at Schools, fortifies us against the Charms of the Fair Sex, and makes us Proof against the soft Deceiver, *Love*.

I NEITHER know nor care, returned *Amelia*, what Feats your Philosophy performs, nor what Armour she forges for your Use—but I verily believe, your Hearts are steeled with a natural Insensibility, which renders them impenetrable to the Influence of the fairest Maid.

I AM sure, said *Eugenio*, we had need of all the Insensibility we can receive from Nature, or Art, to enable us to combat, upon any tolerable Terms, with our fair Enemies, and to ward off even the random Arrows they often let fly at us.

WOMEN, replied *Amelia*, are such feeble, inoffensive Creatures, that surely you Philosophers, of all others, have the least Reason to apprehend any Danger from our Quarter, or to be at such pains to provide defensive Arms against Creatures, who are themselves defenceless.

NEED. I then, Madam, answered *Eugenio*, inform you where your Strength lies, or tell you that, like the Porcupine, you are covered all over with offensive Darts, and are then most formidable and destructive, when you least hide yourselves? Nature has provided other Creatures with various Weapons for Self-Defence, suited to their Frame and State. Your Beauty is not only your Defence and Security, but the most dangerous Weapon that was ever formed against the human Race. Man, who

who has tamed every other Animal, has never been able to resist the united Force of female Charms.

PERHAPS, said *Amelia*, the whining Part of your Sex have been silly enough to languish at the Feet of a proud, stubborn Beauty, and to acknowledge, with humble Airs, that they were subdued by her resistless Arms. But what! are you Masters of Reason, you Heroes of Resolution and Bravery, unable to cope with a weak, silly Woman, armed with all those destructive Weapons you pretend she has about her? As soon should I believe that a Conqueror would exchange his triumphant Crown, for the Chains of the Slaves who follow his Chariot, as that you would resign your Liberty to the finest Woman that ever marched forth to conquer.—I cannot believe it, no not I, say what you will.

You may believe it or not, as you please, replied *Eugenio*, but no Philosophy that I ever heard of has been sufficient to philosophize Men into Stocks or Stones. Princes, Heroes, the greatest Captains and gravest Philosophers, have been disarmed by your Sex, of all their Insensibility and Courage. They have sunk, irretrievably *sunk into the soft Captivity*; and by doing so, have descended to the Rate of ordinary Mortals. How unjustly then do you complain of Nature, that she has left you weak and defenceless? She has been palpably partial in your favour; and, by the Superiority she has given you over Man, hath set you at the Head of the Creation.

WE could perceive thro' the Quick-set, by the Side-view we had, that *Amelia* listened with no
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Small Pleasure to *Eugenio*; but, affecting an Air of Coldness and Disdain, she made answer, I warrant, *Eugenio*, for all your fine Speeches, you would laugh heartily at the Simplicity of that Girl, who should fall into the Noose, and, believing you sincere, should imagine herself possess'd of all those fatal Weapons, killing Darts, and what not, which you talk of. I am resolv'd, however, you shall not impose upon me; I know your seducing Arts, and am armed against your Eloquence, by the Infidelity of your Sex, and the Indifference of my own.

UPON this, she rapt her Fan, and turned aside with a kind of scornful Smile.

DEAR Madam! return'd *Eugenio*, I wish any thing I could say or do, could secure me against that captivating Charm, which dwells in the Looks of a fine Woman, and speaks so movingly in every Air and Gesture. My Heart is neither Rock nor Adamant; I feel it made of pure Flesh, Flesh of the tenderest kind. And when the blind mischievous Boy draws his Shafts from *Amelia's* Quiver, and aims them here (pointing to his Breast) Books cannot shield me, Philosophy's a Dream, and whether I run into Solitude or Society, the Dart accompanies me, sticking fast in my Heart.

PHOO! replied *Amelia*, still with an Air of Indifference, which did not, however, quite hide the Pleasure that sparkled in her Eyes; now you talk quite out of Character: Scholars, the profess'd Lovers of Learning, should never affect the modish Rant of Beaus and pretty Fellows. Besides, who need mind this Common-place Stuff you scatter
profusely,

profusely, and without distinction, to every handsome Girl that comes in your way?

O, MADAM! returned *Eugenio*, it is not every handsome Girl that would extort such Confessions from me; but when a Man feels a real Passion, he must talk in a Strain that may resemble, perhaps, but which will be easily distinguished by a Judge in those matters, from the ordinary, insipid Compliments of unfeeling Prattlers. Love dictates—

MEER Stuff! *Eugenio*, said *Amelia*, interrupting him; you ought to talk of no other Love, but that of Knowledge; nor of other Beauties, but those refined ones I have heard of, *Truth* and *Virtue*—Leave vain Compliment, and all the common Cant of Love and Darts and Wounds, to Boys and Girls that just begin to read Romances. Get you home to your Book, know your self, and what is expected of your Character. Are you not ashamed to owe your Instruction to a Woman? Saying so, she tapped him on the Shoulder with her Fan, and started up with a graceful kind of Disorder, and a certain Air of Triumph, while *Eugenio* looked somewhat disconcerted, little expecting so grave a Lecture from such a gay Lady.

WE were not a little diverted, to see *Amelia* thus dissembling with *Eugenio*. As there was to be a Meeting of the Club in the Evening, *Scopron* said, he intended to rally him upon his Morning Adventure, and make a little merry at his Friend's Expence.

I SAID, I thought that might be an Affair of some Delicacy, and possibly, before Company, might
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put *Eugenio* too much to the Blush. However, you, Sir, added I, are the best Judge what Freedoms you may use with him.

SOPHRON answered, that *Eugenio* was not easily put out of countenance on such Subjects, and that such Freedoms were no unusual thing among them.

ACCORDINGLY, in the Evening, when *Eugenio* appeared at the Club in a gayer Dress, and with a sprightlier Air than usual; after a little indifferent Conversation, *Sophron* said, So, *Eugenio*, I will lay a Wager you have been sipping Tea with some Nymph or other, and have been shewing away with your usual Gaiety; you seem to tread so light, and wear that sprightly Air and Humour, with which the Presence of the Ladies is apt to inspire our Sex; those especially, who are their profest Admirers. Now will I engage to hit off some of the Topics, on which you have been displaying your Eloquence.

THAT, replied he, I fairly defy you to do. You imagine, I suppose, that, like some silly Fellow of the Town, I have been canting on Love, and exhausting the thread-bare Common-places of modern Gallantry.

I Do not pretend to judge, said *Sophron*, what are other People's Common-places, but I think I can shrewdly guess at yours. Confess ingenuously, have you not been haranguing some fair Lady on the Charms of Beauty, its mighty Energy?—how weak and ill-provided Men are against the wondrous Eloquence of a fair Face, a winning Air, and easy Shape;

Fine by Degrees, and beautifully less?

Have you not completely armed the Ladies against us, surrounded them with Darts, Instruments of Conquest, and all the Weapons of Destruction? Nay, my Friend, if you still deserve that Name, have you not supplanted Man, robbed him of his confessed Superiority over the Creation, and graced Woman with the Spoils? As for Philosophy and Reason, those Privileges of our Manhood, these, I suppose, have been given up as empty Names, insufficient to defend us against soft Glances and seducing Smiles. Be ingenuous; have you not, within these two Hours, confessed Love, and made an Offer of a bleeding Heart?

EUGENIO, for all his Assurance, was in some measure disconcerted by so unexpected an Attack. He could not help remembering the large Encomiums he had made so lately on Beauty and female Power, nor durst he flatly deny the rapturous Strains into which the sprightly *Amelia* had so artfully led him.—Putting, however, the best Face he could on the matter, he replied, I wonder, *Sophron*, how you come to suspect me of such high Degrees of Complaisance to the Fair, as, by a new kind of Treachery, to surrender the Interests of Philosophy, our best Friend and Guardian, into the hands of our declared Enemies. Whatever my Attachment may be to the other Sex, Charity begins at home, and Self-Love is the supreme Passion, which Reason directs us to gratify in the first place.

TALK not, my Friend, returned *Sophron* smiling, of Reason in Affairs, where Love and the Fair Sex

are concerned. By virtue of the ancient Prerogatives of this elegant Passion, Reason is excluded: the Passion is, like the Power which sovereign Princes assume, to be accountable to none; and all Ranks, from the Hero down to the Peasant, stoop to its Decrees without Resistance. Besides, *Eugenio*, your Heart is none of the adamantine kind—it is all soft and penetrable,—the very Butt of *Cupid*, and stuck thick with his Darts.—Neither Books, nor Philosophy are any Defence or Refuge to you.

WELL, I confess frankly, said *Eugenio*, I have been Fool enough to talk sometimes at this romantic Rate; but pray indulge me, my good Friend, am I betrayed by the cunning, the insinuating * * *; has she exposed my Folly, and laughed at all my Fondness?

No indeed, Sir, replied *Sophon*, but by yourself. Ask me no more Questions; only take a Friend's Advice; govern yourself with more Discretion and Secrecy for the future—take care who overhears your sublime Rants, and know well the Character of those on whom you lavish your Tenderness and Complaisance.

THE Company were not a little diverted with this pleasant Dialogue, and could scarce forbear laughing at the Confusion and Simplicity which appeared in *Eugenio's* Looks. He had, however, the Presence of Mind to thank *Sophon* for his kind Advice; and added, with some Indignation, I must take care, I find, how I ever trust Coquets and conceited Girls with even unmeaning Declarations of a Passion, who may either foolishly mis-
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take our Aim, or slyly draw us on only to laugh at us.

Do not blame, replied *Sophon*, your fair Companion, but remember where the Scene of your Gallantry lay, and thank your Stars that you fell into the hands of Friends, who, without exposing, can make merry with your gallant Excursions.

HEREUPON *Hiero* asked, how it comes about that Flattery and Falsehood are so fashionable and prevailing between the Sexes? That Honesty is generally reckoned Rusticity, and Truth is frequently accounted Rudeness and ill Manners? That he is generally esteemed the Man of the most accomplished Character, who can act best the Part of a polite Hypocrite, who can disguise his real Sentiments most artfully, and express with most Appearance of Sincerity those he has not?

CONSTANT said bluntly, that it was owing either to the Folly or Knavery of the Men. For some are caught with mere Show, and imagine that a fine Complexion, or a handsome Set of Features, include every Virtue and Perfection. But to speak plainly, Gentlemen, I would rather ascribe it to the Artifice of those who love to flatter Women with soothing Speeches, and pompous Titles, and entertain them with the frothy Stuff of Flames, Daggers, Poison, and the rest of that insipid Cant, that, by thus applying to *their* Weakness, they may the more effectually accomplish their own wicked Designs. I pity the Women that fall into the hands of such artful Knaves. But I do not know, whether the Women are quite blameless in the Affair. Some of them, I am afraid too

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many, may imagine that their Superiority consists in their Outside, and therefore easily swallow any ridiculous Tale, which flatters their chief Excellence. For that Flattery takes always the surest Aim, and pierces the deepest, which points at the Quality we most value ourselves upon. Thus the Cunning of the Men, and Credulity of the Women, tally to one another, and give rise to a perpetual Round of Falshood and Imposture. Surely it least of all becomes Philosophers to contribute to the Deception of the Innocent but Vain.

EUGENIO thinking himself aimed at by this last Remark, was going to make some Reply with a little Warmth, when *Hiero* mildly interposed between them, and observed, that he really believed many might assist in that Deception, without any bad Intentions, and merely to please those they converse with—that he thought the Fault complained of was chiefly owing to the reading of Romances, Novels and Plays, which are generally stuffed with unnatural Conceits, fantastic Characters, bombast Compliment, and extravagant Love. These, added he, are put early into the hands of the Youth of both Sexes, which, for want of better Entertainment, they greedily catch at and admire, as the Quintessence of Politeness. Their Heads are quite filled with wonderful Adventures, Love-Scenes, pure disinterested Passions, and all the wild Visions of Romance. So that the Youngsters grow admirable Proficients in the unmeaning Jargon of a thing they call *Gallantry*, learn to lisp out the Language of Love before they feel the real Passion, and feign Wonder and Extacy, to which
they

they are perfect Strangers. These are the false Incentives of Nature, which, by raising unnatural Fancies and Desires, supplant the genuine Passions, disguise our original Feelings, and teach a Language foreign to Human Nature. Happy had it been for Mankind, that those silly distorted Productions of the Brain, the Spawn of *Ancient Romance*, and *modern Gallantry*, had never been written; since they tend so much to corrupt the Minds of the Youth, and fill them with Chimera and Affectation, instead of useful Knowledge, just Pictures of Life and moral Entertainment: Conversation had not then been stuffed with so much false Politeness and hollow Sophistry, nor both Sexes contributed so heartily to deceive and be deceived by each other.

EUGENIO, who seemed impatient to speak all the time *Hiero* was talking, when he saw he had done, said with some Sharpness; Gentlemen, I am a little surprized, first, at your present Question, which casts an odious Reflection on both Sexes; particularly on the Ladies, whose Character I think myself, in honour, bound to maintain, especially in their Absence: and next, at your Strain of Reasoning upon it. You put me in mind of a certain Species of Philosophers I have heard of, who, taking Facts for granted, and begging their Principles, make admirable Deductions from them, and show wondrous Ingenuity in reconciling Facts to their Theories. In like manner, Gentlemen, you have first supposed the Fact, that Flattery and Falshood is the fashionable Method of Intercourse between the Sexes, — and that the greatest Knave is the most accomplished, and consequently the

most acceptable Character: then, having taken it for granted, that the Gallantry which prevails among the gay Part of the World, is nothing else but the Art of feigning or disguising one's Passions, you conclude, with full Assurance, that it is an unmeaning and fantastick, or a most pernicious thing. It were no hard matter, by such a vague way of reasoning, to praise or censure any thing. But I hope, Gentlemen, you will not allow yourselves to be misled by a general Clamour. You must permit me, at least, to doubt of the Fact. For tho' some giddy Girls are silly enough to delight in Panegyric and high-strained Compliments, yet all Women of Sense do most heartily despise the wanton Effusions of an indiscreet and excessive Complaisance. And whoever is much in the World, will find that most Ladies are more apt to regard the Men of plain Sense and unaffected Behaviour, who speak as they think, and appear just what they are, than the most specious insinuating Hypocrite, or the most noisy Pretender. For they no less abhor and dread that Conversation or Conduct which favours of Artifice and Dissimulation, how gilded soever with voluble Speeches and a smooth Address, than they are pleased with the sober Expressions of a genuine Esteem. The artificial polite Seducer may perhaps take for a few Afternoons, but better Acquaintance unmasks him, and he soon becomes conspicuous, through those thin Covers he wears about him—and then he is hated, if he is not despised.

I AM wonderfully delighted, said *Constant*, to hear such a Remark made by *Eugenio*, who should know the Truth of the matter; and wish, for the
Honour

Honour of the Sex, it were beyond doubt. But my Unacquaintedness with what you call the *Beau-Monde*, is the Reason perhaps that I still retain some Grains of Infidelity about me; therefore I should be glad to be assured by him in sober Seriousness and good Earnest, that your *fine* Ladies like the *sincere*, better than they do the *fine* Gentleman, and wish to have *true* rather than *smooth* things said to them. Is it really so, *Eugenio*?

I AM afraid, replied *Eugenio*, it would be a vain Attempt for me to endeavour to remove my Friend's remaining Grains of Infidelity, who has not the most advantageous Prepossessions in favour of the Fair-Sex. I would only appeal to what I think a very substantial Proof of the real and serious Opinion of the Ladies, as well as of their Affection; namely, that though the fine Gentleman, as *Constant* calls him, or smooth Speaker, may possibly be thought the most agreeable for a little Tea-Table Talk, or the properest Partner at a Ball; yet we find they generally prefer the Man of Worth, the sensible and true Friend, when they think of chusing a Companion for Life.

WELL, subjoined *Constant*, I am content to yield to *Eugenio*'s better Acquaintance with the Inclinations of the Ladies.—But I protest, I hardly thought their Taste had been so just, but that it was more modish to prize the gaudy and refined above the plain and simple. I shall begin to think I may, by and by, get into the Mode myself. But will *Eugenio* be so good, as to explain this same Gallantry of his, that I may know whether I have any Chance for improving in it too?

I FIND, said *Eugenio*, my Friend inclines to be pleasant. But were I to defend this Gallantry of mine, as he is pleased to call it, I should not chuse to appeal to the Decision of so unfeeling a Judge as *Constant*; much less should I reckon myself obliged to defend Romances, or that kind of Gallantry with which they are so plentifully stored. I am for a more natural kind of it. But I do not know any thing that has been more mistaken, or less understood than this Affair. For after all that has been said for and against it, what, in the name of wonder, is Gallantry but the amiable Correspondence of Minds, carried on between the two Sexes by the Intervention of kind Language, Looks, Air and Gesture? If any other Creature, surely Man was made for Society; and if for any, certainly above all others, for that sweetest, and most endearing one with Woman. To cultivate this, he is prompted by the most powerful and tender Instincts of his Nature, which *Constant* may disown if he will, but which he may possibly feel to his Cost one time or other. For Nature is a stubborn thing. It may indeed be concealed or disguised, but rarely mastered by Art. Its Instincts are, in a manner, irresistible; and though our Passions may be eluded for some time, they will return upon us with so much the greater Violence, for having been checked in their natural Course. But why disavow Passions, which are at once so natural, and whose Influence is so cheering and beneficial? Does not Man find, in the Indulgence of those social Affections, the sweetest Repose, after he is fatigued with the necessary Toils and Business

of Life? And does not the very Exercise of them tend to humanize his Mind, and refine his Manners? Shall the manly and generous Commerce of Sentiments, which subsists among a few select Friends, be deemed natural, and becoming the human Dignity; and shall that milder and more softened Union and Intercourse between the two Sexes, which springs from consenting Features and Passions, be thought romantic and unnatural, or beneath the Gravity of either our manly or philosophic Character? But perhaps, Gentlemen, you will say you do not deny that the Passion which is the Foundation of Gallantry, is just and natural; only you think the Ways usually taken to express it, are insincere, and often delusive, or at least extravagant and absurd. But pray tell me what dictates a proper Language for the Passions? Is it not Nature herself? And are not the Generality open to the various Impressions of Nature; and do they not speak as they are prompted from within? Art may indeed counterfeit, or perhaps refine upon the Language of Nature; but it will never have that powerful and persuasive Charm, which seldom fails to accompany Nature. It will still betray the Constraint and Affectation from which it proceeds. If we mean to reach the Heart, our Language, be it of the Eyes or Voice, must come directly from it. Now I ask, what an insipid thing were human Life, if not seasoned with the elegant Refinements of Love and Gallantry, and all those tender Delicacies of Conversation which are inspired by female Softness, and directed by good Manners? How naked and unadorned are the

coarser Indulgences of Passion, if stript of all the Charms borrowed from mutual Esteem, Sympathy and kind Endearment? I am afraid, Gentlemen, without these we should degenerate into perfect Savages, and be overgrown with Claws and Nastiness. I refer you, for farther Satisfaction in this matter, to the History of the *Amazons*, so humorously told by the *Speſtator*.

I FIND, ſaid *Hiero*, that *Eugenio* has, with a good deal of Zeal, and no leſs Art, endeavoured to vindicate modern Gallantry. I ſhall not deny, that with proper Reſtrictions, and in a certain way of explaining it, the thing may bear a Meaning ſoft enough; but I much doubt whether, with all his ingenious Caſuiſtry, he can defend it as it is generally practiſed, and in the ordinary Acceptation of the Word. For is it not either a concerted System of Fraud and Diſguiſe, to ruin the Innocent? Or an artful Application to the Vanity and Pride of the Sex, to delude them into the Belief of a counterfeited Paſſion in us, or to enſnare them into a real one themſelves? Or ſhould it be leſs criminal, is it not, ſuppoſing the beſt of it, a low and promiſcuous Proſtitution of Praise, without regard to Merit, or the Circumſtances of Time, Place or Perſons? This is commonly termed good Breeding, and he is called a polite gallant Man, who can, with moſt Addreſs, adminiſter this intoxicating Draught; but if it lead the other Sex, of whoſe Innocence and Virtue we ought to be Patrons, to an overweaning Conceit of themſelves, or to a Reliſh of unjuſt Applauſe, I ſhould chuſe to be reckoned unmannerly and ungallant,
rather

rather than contribute to such a hurtful Delusion or wrong Taste. But how much more criminal must it be, by a Train of little Artifices, or, if you will, fine Compliments and tender Protestations of Friendship, or Love, 'tis no matter which, to steal upon an innocent unguarded Creature, and rob her of a Heart, whose Person you never meant to possess!

WOULD you then, interposed *Eugenio*, never say a pretty thing to a Lady, unless you felt a real Passion, nor carry on a gallant Correspondence with a female Friend, in which you both found mutual Pleasure and Improvement, without thinking your self obliged to court her in form?

I WOULD never, answered *Hicro*, say a thing I did not think, nor would I even say all I thought, if I suspected I should thereby nourish that Vanity I ought rather to starve; much less would I profess a Friendship, which might easily be interpreted into a Passion. 'Tis dangerous, my Friend, to practise upon honest unsuspecting Hearts, and highly ungenerous in us, whom Nature hath appointed the Guardians of the Fair-Sex, to attempt, by the artful Refinements of a real or affected Friendship, to undermine the Affections of those to whom we never intend a full Return. The insatiable abandoned Rover, who prowls day and night to prey upon the Honour of the Sex, is not, in my Opinion, so cool and complete a Villain as the supple insinuating Gallant, who invades their un-
 sullied and defenceless Minds. The one openly professes his Designs, and, by a direct Attack, endeavours to ruin their Persons and Reputation,
 which

which may possibly be retrieved by their future Behaviour. The other debauches their Principles, and, by his wiley Arts, preys upon their tender Hearts, robs them of their Peace and Freedom, and perhaps after all, with a savage unfeeling Mind, abandons them to the Pangs of a cruel Jealousy, or disappointed Passion.

FAR be it from me, replied *Eugenio*, to vindicate a Gallantry that draws so deep: but do not the most ordinary Rules of good Manners impose a kind of Necessity upon us, of saying as well as doing a great many agreeable things to the Ladies, which cannot be warranted by the strictest Veracity? How shocking would the Society even of Men be, with one another, were they to display all that Pride, Selfishness, Arrogance, Peevishness and Contempt of others, which they often feel? Politeness therefore requires, that they hide those Passions as discreetly as they can, and put on the Appearances of such as are most contrary. The greater Advantage or Superiority one Man has over another by Birth, Rank, Fortune, or any Accomplishments of Body or Mind, good Breeding obliges him to lessen that Distance by a superior Affability, and more obsequious Airs of Complaisance. This is still more decent and necessary with regard to the Fair-Sex. We can hardly shew them too much Respect, or pay them too great a Deference, that we may conceal, and, in some degree, compensate to them the Superiority which Nature hath given us over them. We could not otherwise converse on equal Terms, but should be offensive or formidable to those, to whom Nature intended

intended we should be the most agreeable. And while we are studying to make ourselves thus agreeable, how is it possible to check our Fancy, and weigh every Word with a scrupulous Nicety; especially when we are animated with all that Tendernefs and Effusion of Heart, with which we are inspired by their fair Prefence?

I CANNOT help thinking, returned *Hiero*, that we may be abundantly affable and complaisant, without being false or hypocritical. We may shew a just and decent Respect to others without any servile Abasement of ourselves or disingenuous Flattery of them. But did real Politeness, and some Degree of Falseness, run up into one another, and become, in any Instance, inseparable, which I do not think is ever the Case; I should, without Demur, appeal from what is well-bred and fashionable, to what is honest and right. No *wise* Man would chuse to be singular in Trifles; every *good* Man will dare to be so, where he thinks the Laws of Truth and Happiness of Mankind are concerned. But good Breeding, which is only a more refined Humanity, can never oblige us to transgress the one, or sacrifice the other.

SOPHRON, who had not interposed in the Debate, perceiving it was now at an end, said, he agreed with *Eugenio*, in thinking that the Source of the Evil which *Hiero* complained of, was to be traced from some powerful Disposition or Instinct, interwoven with our very Nature. I do not say, added he, that Nature leads us to Falseness and Deceit, or ever intended there should be an Intercourse of Lying between the Sexes: but I be-

lieve Nature has softened the rough male Heart, with such a Tenderneſs towards the other Sex, as is apt to heighten their Excellencies in our Eye, and betray us into many agreeable Deluſions in their favour. Our mutual Sympathy eaſily runs up to Paſſion: and where Paſſion has once the aſcendant, it ſoon brings over the Judgement to its Party. We naturally ſpeak in the Language of the prevailing Paſſion: Be it really felt, or only affected, the Diſcourſe will accompany it, and be of a Colour. In the former Caſe indeed, the Language will be natural, and, amidſt all the Flow of Fondneſs and Folly, will ſtill wear the Appearance of Truth. But in proportion as Nature is exaggerated or perverted, our Language will appear falſe and unnatural. Beauty lends its prevailing Aid to carry on the Deception, and moral Charms, or the Appearance of them, add wonderful Force to the natural Tenderneſs. Good Manners too concur to poliſh and refine the Paſſion, and ſhow it in the moſt agreeable Lights, according to the reigning Mode. No wonder then, if ſuch a Mixture frequently works up the Paſſions of Mankind to a height of Extravagance, and that Extravagance vents itſelf in high-ſtrained Praises, and luxuriant Compliments. However, we ought to guard againſt the Biſs of Nature and Fashion, wherever they would miſlead us, and never be tempted, by any Conſideration whatſoever, to act againſt the ſtricteſt Rules of Honour or Humanity.

DIALOGUE

D I A L O G U E V.

PHILANDER honouring us with his Company last Night, told us he had been at * * * for some days, where he had seen a Man of a very extraordinary Character, whose chief Excellence lay in the Knowledge of Books, among which he was buried alive. As he is, proceeded he, a profound Admirer of Antiquity, it is only the Volumes of the Ancients, or those which were published in the first Age, after the Revival of Learning, that he will deign to look into. He professes a perfect Contempt of the later Moderns, whom he uses to call the Mushrooms of a Day; and says, it is only those high Spirits that have been mellowed by Time, and stood the Test of Ages, that are worth tasting. The first time I happened to be in his Company, not being well acquainted with his Character, but having only heard that he was a Man of Learning, I asked him if he had read Mr. *Pope's* Essay on Man. He told me, Sir, you may spare your self the trouble of asking me such Questions. I read no modern Books, but those Authors only of the last Age, who have signalized themselves by collecting and unfolding to us the inestimable Treasures of Antiquity. The Moderns are all Wasps or Drones. Their whole Business is to sting one another, or to suck the Honey of the laborious and generous Bees of ancient Times, which they pretend to distribute as their own. If you take from their Compositions those exalted Spirits they have derived from thence, what remains is only a *Caput Mortuum*.

Robbers,

Robbers, who thus load themselves with the Spoils of the honest and industrious Part of Mankind, ought to be banished the Republic of Letters, and publickly condemned as Thieves. Commend me to a *Homer*, a *Plato*, or an *Aristotle*, those Parents of Learning, who, with immense Sagacity and Labour, ransacked every Corner of Nature, gathered from every Flower and Plant, their precious Stores, and then imparted them to the whole World, with a Generosity equal to their vast Eru- dition. These, Sir, are the Books I chuse to read

— *Juvat integros accedere Fontes,
Atque haurire:—*

I asked pardon for presuming to trouble him with Questions about any thing he did not like—and decently retired.

I WILL lay any Wager, said *Eugenio*, this musty Mortal knows no more of Men than he does of modern Books, and is as great a Stranger to the Fashions of modern Life, as he is a Connoisseur in the Modes and Forms of the ancient World. I will engage he can adjust the Plaits of a Roman *Toga*, better than he can those of his own Gown, if he wears one; and will tell you the Value of a *Mina* or *Attic* Drachm, better than of a *Moydore*, or *Picce* of Eight.

You judge very truly, replied *Philander*, he is a mere Book-worm,—perfectly ignorant of the most common Decencies of Life. His odd Aspect and uncouth Address, as well as the little Conversation I had with him, made me inquire more particularly into his Character. I found him, *Eugenio*, to be such as you imagine in every re- spect.

spect. He never reads any News, and knows nothing of what is doing in the World about him. The Revolutions of *Europe* give him no Concern; to him they are mere Trifles. I am not certain, if he knows what Form of Government he lives under, but he can trace the *Grecian* and *Roman* Republics from their Origin, through all the Steps of their Progress and various Revolutions, to their Decay. He can harangue to you whole Hours of all the great Characters of Antiquity; but a *Lord Chancellor*, or a *Prime Minister of Great Britain*, are too puny Objects to attract his Notice. When he appears in Company, you see something singular and oddly antique in his Dress. A Wig is too modern an Invention for him, and he would fain introduce the loose Robes of Antiquity, which, he says, are at once majestic, and salutary to the human Constitution, instead of the stiff short Clothes of the *Gothic* Cut. If, at any time, he stumble into a Company of Ladies, they are quite frightened at his awkward Appearance, and ask one another from what mouldy Cell this Wonder has crept. He talks to them of Customs they never heard of, and in a Style as antique as his Manner, quotes Scraps of ancient Story, and brings *Sanchuniathon*, or *Diodorus Siculus*, and *Dionysius Halicarnassensis* for his Vouchers; and informs them of the Fashions worn by *Aspasia*, or *Cleopatra*, and other celebrated Toasts of Antiquity. Ten to one if some Piece of his Dress is not awry, or indecently unbuttoned. But the Ladies make ample Reprisals upon him, when they talk of Balls, Masquerades and *Ridotto's*, *Têtes* and *Robe de Chambre's*,

an Idiom as barbarous and unknown to him, as his *Greek* is to them.

THE Company were both surprized and entertained, to hear of such an Oddity in our Times, when every body's Taste is so much modernized.

SOPHRON said, What pity is it to see so much Learning misapplied and rendered, in a manner, useleſs in Life, through the perverted Taste of its Poſſeſſor? How much farther will a little Grain of good Senſe go, in the way of Buſineſs and Practice of the World, than whole Loads of uſeſs Erudition? I doubt not, but this good Man, with the help of a little more Judgement, or by having his Studies directed in a right Channel, might have roſe to ſomething conſiderable in the World: whereas now he grows mouldy and ſuperannuated in his Cloſet, or perhaps riſes no higher than the Character of an able Grammarian, or laborious Lexicographer. What a different Creature is he from thoſe great Scholars and Ancients he ſo much admires! *Homer*, we are told by one of his ingenious Hiſtoriographers, was a welcome Gueſt at the Tables of the Great. Princes courted the ſtrolling Bard, and he ſhone in the Company of the Ladies, who liſtened to him with ſilent Wonder, while he painted the Charms of a *Helen*, or ſung the melodious Hymns of *Minerva* and *Venus*. He was thoroughly acquainted with their Modes of Dreſs, and could entertain them with all the pretty Trinkets that go to the Coëffure of a fine Lady. A *Plato*, even a divine *Plato*, and his exalted Maſter, the Parent of *præctical* and *moral* Philoſophy, condeſcended to ſtoop to the Appre-
henſions

ensions of the meanest Artisan, and to talk in plain *Greek*, of the most common Affairs of Life. Is it not preposterous then, to admire Antiquity so much, and yet not imitate that Part of it which is the most commendable? To profess such a Veneration for its most illustrious Men, yet be the very Reverse of their Character? And yet are not such Inconsistencies too often to be met with among Men of Learning? Nay, are not the profoundest Scholars frequently the most ignorant of the World, and the worst qualified for Business, or making a Figure where they ought to appear with most Lustre and Advantage?

I CONFESS, said *Eugenio*, if you will allow me to say so, I have been often diverted with the awkward Figure the generality of Scholars, or mere College-bred People make. If, at any time, they are drawn out of their Cells into the World, and appear in polite Company, they look like the Inhabitants of another World, as perfect Strangers as *Philander's* Acquaintance, to the Manners and Fashions of this. Their Concern is visible to all about them; like solitary Animals, who have lived in Caves and Desarts, they seem to be afraid of Company, and cannot bear to have the Eyes of others fixed upon them. How have I blushed to see the poor Creatures, with all their Dust and Mouldiness about them, sweating for want of knowing what to say, disconcerted by every Question put to them, utterly at a loss what to do with their Hands, or how to dispose of their Limbs! I have seen the Silence of the Company put them in an Agony, and make them reden

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like a blushing Girl. What a Reproach does it cast on Learning, to see its Friends wearing so mean and ridiculous a Garb? If it unfits a Man for the Commerce of the World, or unqualifies him for Business, methinks he had better be without so unprofitable, I may say so hurtful an Accomplishment.

PHILANDER subjoined, It is with deep Regret, *Eugenio*, that I observe your Remark is generally too true. And I am afraid this is one Reason why Learning has been so often banished from Company and the World, into Schools, and the Monkish Retreats of solitary Mortals, as if it were incompatible with Politeness of Manners and elegant easy Conversation. One kind of Knowledge has been thought necessary to furnish a *learned Head*, and quite another to form a *Gentleman*. People presume, without examining, because some Men, reputed learned, have been mere Simpletons in the common Affairs of Life, that therefore *all* Men of Learning must be so. They take it for granted, that a Man who has a deal of Book-Lumber about him, is, on that very account, unqualified for the Practice of the World. Formerly, the Divorce between Science and Capacity for Business, between Politeness and Learning, was not so common a Sight as, I am afraid, it has been in later Times. How many great Men in ancient Ages have united the Character of the Scholar and the Gentleman? Some of the ablest Philosophers of Antiquity were Men of Action as well as Study: they shone in the Courts of Princes no less than in the Walks of Philosophers,

losophers, and were as eminent in Camps as in Academies.

THE celebrated Sages of Greece were all, but one, Governours in their respective Cities; and that one, I mean *Thales*, you know, Gentlemen, founded a famous School, to which he gave Laws, full as durable and extensive as those the others framed, by the Oraeles of Wisdom which he uttered. And if we consider their Successors in Wisdom, we shall find them no-wise inferiour in Reputation: *Plato*, for instance, whom *Sophon* just now mentioned, was a Man of the World, as well as a profound Scholar, a great Traveller, and withal a laborious Student, courted by Princes, and conversant among those of the first Rank and Figure both at home and abroad. His noble Competitor, and Rival in Philosophy, was no less a fine Gentleman and great Captain than a Philosopher of the first Order. And no Man ever knew better how to practise the deepest Maxims of Philosophy on the most trying and important Occasions. *Aristotle*, another of the *Socratic* Family, was a Man of immense Learning and unwearied Application to the Sciences, yet Tutor to a Prince, versed and active in State-Affairs, joining the Elegance of a Court to the Depth of a Scholar. *Thucydides* distinguished himself in the Service of his Country, both as a great General and an eminent Citizen, and hath left behind him an immortal Monument of his Reach and Capacity in either Character.

In the amiable *Polybius* we see the polite Gentleman, the generous Patriot, the able Statesman, the universal Traveller and Scholar.

NOR were the *Roman* Worthies inferiour to the illustrious Models from whom they drew. Was not *Cato* the *Censor*, whom *Livy* characterizes as so accomplished an *Architect* of his own Fortune, an excellent Lawyer, and able Speaker; a noble General, and withal deeply skilled in all the Learning of his Times? The *Younger* of that Name joined the severest Practice to the most rigid Precepts of Philosophy, and was no less eminent for his Dignity and heroic Spirit, as a Magistrate, than for his Reach as a Scholar.

I CANNOT help thinking, said *Eugenio*, that both his Practice and Philosophy were alike too morose and unfriendly for Society, especially in a State where Conduct was as necessary as Courage to defeat Villany, and where Virtue wanted the Seasonings of Art to render it palatable to a corrupt People.

PERHAPS, replied *Philander*, *Cato* urged Things with too impetuous a Career, and possibly his Virtue was of too blunt an Edge to cut through such knotty and knavish Times; but, natural Temper is a stubborn thing to deal with, especially if the Principles of Philosophy co-operate with it. But I hope, *Eugenio*, you have not the same Objection against his eminent Contemporary *Cicero*, in whom the Orator, Statesman and Philosopher combined to form a very illustrious Character. His vast Eru- dition was no Prejudice to his political Capacity. It was all applied to public Good, or personal Glory. His Experience and Practice of the World added Lustre to his philosophical Character, and gave noble Heightenings to his Learning.

I WISH, said *Constant*, your Orator had not fallen into the very Reverse of that Fault but just now condemned in *Cato*: I mean, a supple Versatility of Manners, which made him truckle to the reigning Party, flatter and caress those Men he hated, and do many things beneath the Dignity of a *Roman* Citizen, and much more, of a profest Philosopher. For my part, I had rather imitate the blunt, intrepid Honesty of the surly *Stoic*, and in doing so, continue always of a piece with myself, than by sily trimming to Persons and Times, become a very *Proteus* in my Character, or through a silly Ambition to be agreeable to Knaves and Fools, forfeit my Dignity as a Man.

You certainly make a right Choice, *Constant*, replied *Philander*; and yet I am persuaded there is a just Mean between the inflexible Stateliness and *Cynical* Honesty of the *Stoic*, and the too pliable Turn and smoothartificial Address of the *Academic*. But, methinks, you are somewhat too severe upon this truly great Man, who, by the Confession of his Enemies, was a hearty Lover of his Country, and who, if ever he disguised or departed from his real Character, did it, the more effectually to promote the best of Interests, those of Liberty and public Happiness.— But he needs no Testimony of mine to vouch or vindicate his Reputation. Let his Actions and immortal Writings do it for him. It will at least be owned, that his Character is sufficient Authority to prove the Point for which I produced it. I might name many others for the same purpose; *Paulus Æmilius*, *Scipio Africanus*, *Lucullus*, and

particularly *Cæſar*, in whom we admire the fine Scholar, as much as the well-bred Gentleman, the elegant Orator, the accomplished Politician, the unrivalled Commander, and only regret that ſuch ſuperiour Talents ſhould have been employed, I mean abuſed, to the execrable Deſign of enſlaving his Country. — But there is no Occaſion to produce Examples to prove that genuine Learning, and the brighteſt active Accompliſhments, are not incompatible. I will not ſay that modern Times do not afford many Inſtances of the ſame Truth. But I believe they are rarer. Many eminent Stateſmen, Captains, and Men in the higheſt Stations of a late Date, have been able Scholars. And I could name ſeveral great Characters, now in public Life and Luſtre, who excel in the Arts and Sciences. But theſe Men have added to the Culture, received in the eſta- bliſhed Seats of Literature, farther Improvement from private Inſtruction, and an extenſive Inter- courſe with the World. But, turn the Medal. How few of your profeſt Scholars, if taken from their deep Speculations, and produced upon the Theatre of the World, or ſent abroad, on an Em- baſſy, to command an Army, or govern a Province, would make any tolerable Figure, and not rather bring Diſgrace and Contempt on Scholar-Craft? I am afraid it is either Learning of a different kind, that has been too often taken up with now-a-days, or ſomething in the Manner of communicating it, that has given it ſuch an unfriendly Aſpect on Bu- ſineſs and the World, and raiſed, I am ſorry to ſay, too many Prejudices againſt it.

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WHEN *Hiero* saw that *Philander* had made an end, he gravely said, Is it not too evident, Gentlemen, that Learning has been hitherto used by the Generality, as a meer Scaffold to Preferment? Certain Exercises were to be learned, and a Set of Forms gone through: a Man was obliged to perform his Quarentine for a Term of Years, in the outer Court of the Muses, and then he was admitted to the inner Court, where he was either crowned with nominal Honours, or rewarded for his Attendance and Ostentation of a little common-place Learning, with a substantial Post or Pension. When he had thus raised his Building, and obtained a Seat among the learned Order, then down with the Scaffolds as of no farther Use. He had finished his Work, and might then rest from his Labours. If any Minds of a nobler Mould, true Lovers of Knowledge, applied for more liberal Instruction to the profest Masters of Science, their starched Garb and forbidding Look, were apt to frighten the Beginner; but if some, eager to be introduced to the Company of the Muses, happened to press forward into the venerable Mansion, they were entertained there with an antiquated kind of Sophistry, and metaphysical Jargon of Entities, Categories and Predicaments, and were instituted in the Chimes of Mode and Figure, by which they laid in Materials; for what? A Capacity to wrangle and debate. If at any time they allowed them to look into Authors of another Character, the illustrious *Greeks* and *Romans*, or Moderns of the same Stamp; instead of entering into the Spirit of a

Work, pointing out the Beauties of Composition, forming their Pupils to a Relish of noble Characters and Sentiments, or instructing them in the Conduct of Life; Tasks indeed, for which they themselves were ill qualified; they initiated them, perhaps, into the Rules of Profody and verbal Criticism, shewed them the various Readings, inspired them with a high Veneration for Authority and Degrees, but above all, an inviolable Attachment to established Forms and Statutes.

MANY of the raw Disciples, the implicit Admirers of their Teachers, were caught with this solemn Parade of Science, and believed *that* to be wondrous deep and learned, which their short Understandings could not fathom. Thus, they learned Sound instead of Sense, imagined they knew every thing, while they were ignorant of the very first Elements of Knowledge; and presumed themselves qualified to act any Part in Life, yet, when it came to the trial, were found good for nothing. Others of a nicer Taste and higher Spirit, being fed with those Scraps and Crumbs of Science, were soon disgusted, and, tired with such fruitless dry Study, threw off all farther Thoughts of Learning. They quitted a Chace which afforded so little Game, and either tried the Pursuits of Ambition and Interest, or took refuge in the gayer Amusements of the Men of Pleasure. If any one had the good Fortune, by the Strength of natural Parts, or Conduct of some happy Genius, to escape those thorny Labyrinths, and get into a smoother Track; then fairer Prospects opened to view, and the Connection between
 Life

Life and Learning having clearly appeared, in that case Knowledge of a more legitimate kind began to dawn upon him: the several Quarters of Science displayed themselves to his Sight, and the Ascent to the Seat of the Muses became inviting and easy.

BUT so long as Learning was made an Affair of Interest and Tool of Ambition, or was managed by those who are unqualified for the Work, and who were engaged by some personal or Party-Interest to infuse an adulterate kind of it into the Minds of the Youth, the Progress of Science was very slow, and its best Friends despaired to see it the Study of Gentlemen. And should ever the same State of Things return again, I am afraid the Republic of Letters, instead of flourishing, will decay every day, and seldom or never produce Men of Genius or Capacity for the grand Employments of Life. But let Students be once instituted in the Rudiments of a practical, genuine Knowledge, I believe Learning will be found to be one of the finest Accomplishments of a Gentleman. It will not be so rare a Sight as it has been till of late, to see Scholars come forth from Schools and Colleges into the World, fit to appear in Courts and shine in Senates, Men qualified for the highest Offices whether civil or military.

I AM afraid, subjoined *Constant*, ere we can expect an entire Revolution in the Commonwealth of Learning, such as we wish for, and is begun of late, we must first find Teachers of another Stamp than those who have generally presided over the
Education

Education of Youth. With such Masters as the Ancients had, we should not have wanted Scholars of Genius to make as notable a Figure as they did. In ancient Times, Masters formed their Pupils for Action with no less Care, than they instructed them in Arts and Eloquence. *Homer* tells us, that *Peleus* sent *Phœnix* along with his Son *Achilles*, to the *Trojan War*, to be his Tutor both in speaking and acting. I shall give you my Authority, if you will not reckon me just such another as *Philander's* learned Acquaintance.

Τέρεκα με προίηκε διδασκόμεναί τὰ δὲ πάντα
Μύθων τε Πητῆρ' ἔμεναι προκλήρα τέ' Ἐργῶν

Plato taught *Dion of Syracuse* the ingenious Arts, and likewise rouzed him in Defence of his Country. *Aristotle* did not only spur his Royal Pupil to Glory and Renown, but guided his Career, and taught him both to speak and act. So did *Lysis*, *Epaminondas*, the greatest Man in *Greece*. *Isocrates* instructed the warlike and learned *Timotheus*, Son to the brave *Conon*. And *Xenophon* formed, both by his Precepts and Example, *Agesslaus*, a Prince illustrious for every Accomplishment and Virtue. *Pericles*, who excelled both in Eloquence and Action, in so much that Persuasion was said to dwell upon his Lips, and who governed *Athens* forty Years, was trained up under *Anaxagoras*, a Man of universal Learning. I might offer more Instances of the same kind, were it necessary. I shall only add, that even those who were of the highest Order of Priests, were not only consulted as Oracles in Matters of Religion, but were of admirable Use

to

to the Youth by their Advice and Instructions in civil Affairs, and shone both in the Senate and Forum. Witness, *Publius Crassus*, *T. Coruncanus*, *Scævola*, and many others. If therefore such were the Tutors, no wonder the Scholars became so eminent in their several Capacities and Professions. Had our modern Tutors been better qualified than they were, we might then have expected to see a genuine and useful sort of Learning more universally taught, and our Youth formed for an *active* Life, as well as one that was purely designed to be *contemplative*.

D I A L O G U E VI.

THE other Night, *Eugenio*, who is no Dogmatist, but loves to wear his Opinions as he does his Clothes, with an Air of Negligence and Ease, and alters them almost as often as the Fashions, advanced a Paradox at the Club, which, at first proposing, surprized us a little.

GENTLEMEN, said he, with his usual Gaiety, what a mighty pother is made by you and a great many others, about the Affair of *Education*! What a Noise about instilling Principles into the Minds of Youth, forming their Tempers by an early Culture, teaching them the Opinions of this and that Party, crouding their Heads with a number of Names and Notions and dead Languages, and anticipating their Genius and Choice by the Restraints of a severe Discipline! I do not know whether it would not be much better to leave the Mind open and untingered with the Prejudices of Education, to trust to the genuine Dictates of Nature and good Sense, which will teach a truer and more useful Knowledge than most Masters have themselves. After the Rudiments of Language are attained, what is learned in most Schools and Colleges, but a Set of hard Words, with an insignificant Parade of Knowledge, or a vain Conceit, that we have imbibed the very *Arcana* of Science, joined with a thorough Contempt of all others whom we fancy less knowing? Or if superiour Sense teach us to despise the false Glare of Learning, with which old
Fools

Fools amuse young ones, 'tis ten to one, if we do not at least bring away with us from those Seminaries, a Spirit of Party, and Attachment to narrow Principles, founded on Interest, which we never afterwards get rid of. Does it not happen from hence, that one half of our Life is spent in unlearning the Prejudices and popular Errors we acquired in the other Part of it; not those only for which we are indebted to our Nurses, but those we learned in Schools, which are more difficult to be rooted up, as they were planted with so much Care and Appearance of Wisdom?

PRAY *Eugenio*, said *Constant*, what is this nice Method you would propose to keep the Mind impenetrable to Prejudices and Mistakes, and to acquaint it with Philosophy and Science, without obliging it to go through the ordinary tedious Process, by which it is attained? The Invention of such an expeditious Method will entitle you to a large Premium from the Public, and save the Nation an infinite deal of Trouble.

WHY truly, replied *Eugenio*, my Method is neither nice nor far-fetched; but quite simple, and such as Nature itself dictates. Instead of putting the Mind into a Mould, and hampering it with the Trammels of Education, in my Opinion it would be better to give unlimited Scope to Nature, to lay no Biass on Judgement and Genius, to infuse no positive Opinions; but to let the young Adventurer, like the industrious Bee, wander about in quest of intellectual Food, rifle every precious Flower and Blossom, and, after he has picked up Materials from every Quarter, range
and

and digest them into a well-compacted and useful Body. Such a Conduct would, I doubt not, produce more original Genius's than we generally meet with; it would promote Invention, and enable the Mind, unbeaten and unsubdued by Art, to take amazing Flights in Regions hitherto unexplored. That this is no Chimera of my Invention, or an impracticable Scheme, may easily appear, from the daring Efforts of Genius in those who have been no-wise, or but little, cultivated by Art, and not imbibed the Principles of Learning at second hand. Thus had *Homer's* Genius been formed and chastised by the rigid Rules of Art, his Imagination would never have run with such a swift and unbounded Career, through every Region of Nature; had he lived in more polished Times, and undergone the Discipline of Schools and Colleges, and *there* been instituted in the Rules of Criticism, and the whole Mechanism of Poetry, as it has been opened in modern Times; I dare say he would never have attained that Perfection of Poetry, or painted Men and Manners with that Truth, and expressive Variety, for which he has been so justly celebrated in all Ages. Nay, had the Originals themselves, from which this great Master drew, been fashioned by Art, or what we call Learning and School-Breeding, I am convinced that they would neither have reached those Heights of Prudence and Valour they did, nor have afforded such entertaining Pictures, though *Homer* himself had finished them. And do you imagine, Gentlemen, that our Country-man *Shakespear*, the grand Mimic of modern Times, would have exerted such
immense

immense Fruitfulness of Invention, drawn almost every Passion and Habit of Nature in such inimitable Colours, and animated his Pieces with such a bold and original Spirit, had his Mind been fettered with a School-Education, or the native Spring of his Genius cramped with Opinions, Systems, and a Load of Learning? I was led into this Train of thinking, by an Instance I lately saw of an ingenious *Artist* in a neighbouring County, who, without any Education, by the mere Dint of Genius, has acquired an astonishing Skill in Mechanics, contrived some curious Engines for drawing Water, and made considerable Improvements upon several Machines for the Use of Life, so that he has been frequently taken for a Conjuror by the common People. I could mention several other Instances of Tradesmen and Mechanics, who, by the native Vigour of their own Genius and Application, without the Instruction of Masters, have made a surprizing Progress in the Arts and Sciences. Had these Men been taught the common Rules of their Trade, and been led on in the same beaten Track of their Masters, to whose Practice and Experience they had been confined, I am confident they would never have shown any thing masterly or inventive in their way. I might produce other Instances in *Mathematics*, *Optics*, nay and in Philosophy and Divinity. But I believe, Gentlemen, such Instances are familiar to you. To confirm what I have said, I will tell you the Practice of a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, of a superiour Genius and universal Learning, who educates his Son upon the Plan I have here proposed. He has in-

deed sent him to School to learn to read and write, but not for some Years after the time those things are usually taught—But he does not instruct him in the Peculiarities of any Trade or Profession, nor in the Badges and Singularities of any Party. He lets his Mind open by degrees, does not overlay the natural Fire of Genius either with Lessons or rigid Restraints. He introduces him into all Company, and forbids only too familiar Commerce with Nurses and Servants; and indeed the Boy shews a surprizing Sagacity in most things; his Observations are quite natural, his Answers quick and pertinent, and I have heard him make Remarks, which appeared much above his Years. If it be said that such a Genius, or those others that have shone so bright without the Aid of Culture, had they enjoyed the Advantage of a regular Education, would have been still more eminent in their several Accomplishments; this is difficult to prove, and to me more difficult to believe. For had those soaring Minds been encumbered with Rules, and inured to the same common Track of Study with others; I mean, accustomed to think and investigate every thing in the same Road with their Teachers; I doubt much if they would ever have emerged from Obscurity, or got above the Prejudices, and low and narrow Practice of the Trade or Profession to which they applied themselves.

I HOPE, said *Constant*, with some Warmth, *Eugenio* will forgive me if I differ from him in a Point of such Importance, as the *Education* or *Non-Education* of Youth. For that seems to be the
Point

Point in question. He wants to set all things loose. Let us once get free of all Principles and Restraints, and then our Practice may take its full swing. This is fashionable Doctrine, and palatable to the present Age; for it favours of Licentiousness: but let us weigh it in the Scale of Reason. For my part, I have been always of opinion, that it was of the utmost Consequence to season young Minds with an early Tincture of Knowledge, as well as Virtue; and, for all our Sceptical Friend has said to the contrary, I see no reason to alter my Opinion. Let us consider what would be the natural Effects of that untutored uncultivated State, *Eugenio* so warmly recommends to us. Let us suppose an Infant exposed in the Woods, let him run loose there with the native Savages, learn their Arts and Oeconomy, be of a Party with them in their nocturnal Excursions, and make his Observations on the Brow of a Mountain, or in the shady Valley. Here, I hope, no Art has entered to subdue the native Vigour of Genius; he has not been taught any of those Prejudices that pervert, or those Rules that fetter the Mind, nor has he been instituted in any of the disciplinary Forms and Habits of artful Life. Take now your untaught Savage from his solitary Haunts, introduce him into Company, I say nothing of his Hair or Claws; I allow him to be gifted with Language by some supernatural Means; what Figure, think you, *Eugenio*, will he make among his kindred Race? What surprizing Inventions will he bring from the Woods? What Efforts of Genius or new Discoveries will he shew? Will he greatly

excel his Fellow-Mortals, who have been initiated in every Art, and had the Sinews of Genius hamstrung by the Culture of Schools and Academies? Must not this gaping unformed Creature be taught the very first Principles of human Knowledge, and the Arts of Civility, with which even a Ploughman or Porter is acquainted, before we can distinguish him, otherwise than by his Shape and Features, from his Companions of the Woods? Has he not a vast Stretch to make, before he can exchange his native Barbarity and Ignorance, for the immense Capacity of a *Newton*, or the ingenious Acquisitions of a *Boyle*? But you will say, this is making the most unfavourable Supposition that can be. Well, let it be so, though I think it shews clearly the Extravagance of my Friend's Scheme. I shall put the Case a little lower, and suppose him in the midst of Society, having the Advantage of conversing with Men of all Characters, and reading all sorts of Books; but, as *Eugenio* would have it, let him follow the Conduct of his own Genius, and owe his Improvement partly to that, and partly to the Influence of favourable Circumstances. We are told by Philosophers, of no small Note, that the Mind is, at first, a kind of *Tabula rasa*, or like a Piece of blank Paper, that it bears no original Inscriptions, when we come into the World,—that we owe all the Characters afterwards drawn upon it, to the Impressions made upon our Senses; to Education, Custom, and the like. Be that as it will, certain it is, that a human Creature, untaught by Art, and undisciplined by Habit, does, of all other Creatures, lie the most

open to Impressions from without, and is the most susceptible of every Form, Habit and Passion. Such a Creature is perceptive, and withal credulous; curious, yet easily imposed on. We have an innate, and almost insuperable Propensity to Imitation, and imbibe Manners as easily as we do Opinions. Leave therefore a young Mind as open as you please, let no Culture be applied, let Nature do all, will it form no Opinions, contract no Habits? Some Company he will see, some Books must fall into his hands, and he will be conversant with a Variety of Objects. In such a State, will he remain long uninfluenced by any Prejudices or Passions? Will nothing stick, of all he sees, or hears, or reads, so as to lead him into false Opinions and popular Errors? How is it possible to prevent this, unless you exclude him all human Commerce? Here then you have this Alternative to chuse; either to leave him to himself, to suck in such Notions, and contract such Habits, as his Circumstances, and the uncertain Accidents of Life shall throw in his way; or to cultivate his Mind with Care, sow the Seeds of Knowledge and Virtue in it early, and improve his natural Talents by all the proper Arts of a liberal Education. For my part, had I a Son to educate, I should not once hesitate in my Choice. When Objects once present themselves to the intellectual Eye, it will not remain long undetermined, but judge of their Forms, Relations and Proportions, as quickly as the bodily Organ does of things which fall under its Observation. For it is with Opinions, as with our Choice of different Objects, the Mind is un-

easy till it hath taken some side. If then you do not prepossess it with true Opinions, it will as readily embrace false ones; nay, there is a greater Chance for its doing so, as Error is infinitely diversified, whereas Truth is simple and uniform; and therefore there is more likelihood of its falling in with the former, than with the latter. 'Tis the same with Manners. If you do not accustom your Pupil to good Habits, bad ones will be contracted. For the Mind must take some Form; and according to the Mould of Example, Company and Fortune, into which it is cast, such will that Form be. From these Principles, had I not already, Gentlemen! incroached upon your Patience, I could deduce several useful Reflections. Give me leave to mention but one: That it is of the utmost consequence, what Teachers Youth have, what Books they read, and what Company they keep; because generally upon these depend their Sentiments, Character, and the whole Colour of their future Life.

I CAN hardly think, said *Philander*, that *Eugenio* meant to carry the Point so far as to assert, that Education and Culture were entirely unnecessary, or pernicious to Youth. I should only believe he designed to expose some of the ordinary Methods of Education, as too narrow and unsuitable to the free expansive Genius of Nature. As little would I agree with those Philosophers *Constant* mentioned, that the Mind resembles a Leaf of white Paper. I would rather compare it to a Seed, which contains all the Stamina of the future Plant, and all those Principles of Perfection, to which it aspires

in its After-growth, and regularly arrives by gradual Stages, unless it is obstructed in its Progress by external Violence. Our Minds, in like manner, are completely organized, if I may say so, at first; they want no Powers, no Capacities of Perception, no Instincts or Affections that are essential to their Nature; but these are, in a manner locked up, and are purposely left rude and unfinished, that Prudence, Industry and Virtue, may have full scope in unfolding, raising them up, and bringing them to Maturity. 'Tis the Business of Education, therefore, like a second Creation, to improve Nature, to give Form, and Proportion, and Comeliness to those unwrought Materials. And, in my Opinion, we have as much need of the Hand of Culture to call forth our latent Powers, to direct their Exercise; in fine, to shape and polish us into Men, as the unformed Block has of the Carver or Statuary's Skill, to draw it out of that rude State, into the Form and Proportions of a *Venus of Medicis*, or an *Olympian Jupiter*. But he had need to be a very nice and skilful Artificer, who would undertake this creating, this forming Task, and hope to succeed in it. 'Tis an easy matter to say, you must prepossess the Mind with right Opinions, and accustom it to good Habits. But the difficulty lies in doing it on a rational Foundation; that is to say, in giving it just Opinions without weakening its Capacity of thinking, and inuring it to the best of Habits, without impairing its Vigour of acting. Now 'tis certain, that Opinions which the Mind receives from others, upon their bare Authority, without perceiving

their Reasons and Connections, may take fast hold of the Judgement, especially of the young and unexperienced; but all such Opinions fill the Mind without enlightening it, they give no Exercise to the mental Faculties, but rather teach them to rely on the Activity of others, and consequently lull the Mind into a stupid Idolence, and Inapplication of its own Powers; a State the most dangerous, and unproductive of real Improvement, we can well suppose. Opinions so infused, are easily imbibed in the open and unsuspecting Season of Life; but, let them have once taken root, and been naturalized to the Soil, no Effort shall make them quit their hold ever after. What shall we do then? Shall the Mind be left to the Tutorage of Chance, or to pick up its Opinions, while it is incapable of judging for itself? By no means. Would you not form its Judgement then, and season it with right Principles, to fortify it against the Infection of the bad? Doubtless. But take care how you proceed in this *seasoning* Business, lest while you seek an Antidote, you prepare Poison, and render it more susceptible of Errors, by making it lean upon a Guide which may possibly, and we find often does, lead it into them; I mean, the Judgement and Authority of others. In the whole of this Affair therefore, I would not anticipate, but follow Nature. No discreet Nurse would give a Child Nourishment till it craved it, nor continue cramming it, when its Hunger was allayed; but patiently wait the Return of Appetite. The Mind too has its Cravings and Capacities. I would not give it intellectual Food,

till it showed some Desire of it, nor bid it judge, till it discovered a Capacity of judging. We find that the Appetites and Capacities always go together; so that Nature never stings with the former, till it has bestowed the latter. Whenever, therefore, Curiosity and the Love of Enquiry begin to disclose themselves, it is a natural Indication that Reason is now in a Capacity to act and digest such Nourishment as is proper for it. Wherefore to teach the Pupil Words, to which he can affix no Ideas, or to prepossess him with Opinions, of which he is incapable to judge, is to cram him with Food which cannot nourish, but may, nay must, turn into Crudities and ill Humours. But say some, first teach him the Things, he will understand the Reasons afterwards. Can that be called Knowledge, where the Mind discerns no Connection, or Agreement of Ideas? And if no Knowledge is conveyed, what is taught but Words? If so, how much wiser is your Pupil made than a Parrot? But how is it possible to communicate Truth to the open and credulous Mind, without secretly and insensibly influencing its Judgement, by the Authority of the Teacher? Nothing more practicable or easy, if you will let it teach itself. Strange Chimera! What, teach itself, before it has got any Principles, and become at once its own Tutor and Pupil! The Mind soon begins to compare things, and, in proportion to the Extent of its Observation, judges wherein they differ or agree; it deduces one thing from another, and seldom makes a wrong Conclusion, if the Premises are fairly set before it. Let therefore such Objects, as are pro-

portioned to the Stretch of the intellectual Eye, be presented to it, and placed in the proper Point of View, and it will, by a sudden and instantaneous Glance, comprehend them truly. All therefore we have to do, or which is fit to do, is to furnish Materials, and store the Mind with plenty of Ideas; it will range and combine them itself, and by a natural kind of Instinct, cleave to Truth, while it rejects Error. Whereas if you anticipate its Judgement, lay down Principles for it, and draw Conclusions from thence, though ever so justly, between which it has perceived no Connection, the Mind in all this Process, having exerted no Act of its own, sees nothing, judges nothing, and like one led in the dark or blindfold, trusts only its Guide. Now, Gentlemen, I appeal to you, whether it bids fairest for going right, by thus blindly following the Conduct of every Guide, whom Chance throws in its way; or by taking nothing upon Trust, but by seeing and examining itself with all the Sagacity it is master of. Such Exercise must naturally strengthen the Mind, and enable it to see farther, and judge more surely of things; but the servile way of Authority hoodwinks the Mind, enervates the Powers of thinking, and makes one the Dupe of every Impostor, who has Art or Impudence enough to set up his Judgement, as the Standard of Truth, and impose his Opinions, as the unerring Dictates of Reason. 'Tis easy to see that it is only the Principles and Opinions, which he has imbibed in the rational way, whose Foundations and Connections he has seen, or which he has, in a manner, discovered himself, that can secure him effectually against the Seductions of Error, and Prejudices of Company and Books.

For those Opinions which he owes to Authority, may be easily supplanted by other, or greater Authority; and, where he has no other Standard by which to judge, he must for ever fluctuate amidst contending Authorities, without any stable Bottom on which to rest. It might be easy to show in like manner, that it is with Habits as with Opinions; unless they are raised upon a rational and just Foundation, and cemented with the original Principles of our Constitution, they will never acquire a proper Firmness and Stability, or be secure against the counter-workings of contrary Habits and Impressions. I mean, Gentlemen, that, unless the Mind sees the Reasons of its Actions, and be accustomed to observe the Nature and Tendency of the Course to which it is habituated, and unless that Course be agreeable to its original Feelings and Affections, it will never act with Vigour and Complacency, and though it may contract a strong Propensity to a certain Object, or Scheme of Action, yet the Habit, wanting its main Basis and Support, will be easily displaced, when the particular Influence, whether of Example, or of Bribes or Terrors, ceases to act; or when a better Scheme of Conduct, which approves itself to its genuine and uncorrupted Feelings, is proposed.

THEREFORE, Gentlemen, tho' I agree with *Constant*, that Culture and Education are absolutely necessary to draw the unformed Mind out of its natural Rudeness, Ignorance and Barbarity, and to unfold and refine the various Powers and Features of Humanity; yet I must join issue with *Eugenio*, that the more open and disentangled it is left, and the less it is embarrassed with Rules, subdued by
 Authority,

Authority, and habituated to one Track of thinking, it will exert its natural Spring with more Vigour, and rise to greater Heights of Knowledge and Virtue than it would have otherwise attained.

I SHOULD think, said *Simplicius*, that as the Progress of the Mind in Infancy and Childhood is exceedingly slow, and the Fields of Knowledge are of a vast Extent, the shortest and directest Way were to teach it by System; such an easy and compendious one, as should contain the chief Elements of Knowledge, necessary to be understood in that early Period. If your Pupil be left to form his own Opinions, and collect scattered Scraps of Knowledge, as he best can, from his own Experience and Observation, and, in the slow operose Method of Deduction, to trace every thing to first Principles; I am afraid he will advance heavily in his Task, and never acquire any just or well-connected Series of Notions. Whereas a System shews a Set of Principles deduced to one's hand, in a regular Order, and united into one entire well-proportioned Body. Teaching in this way therefore, and leading him on step by step, convincing him of each Principle as he goes along, must not only shorten his Work in the Acquisition of Knowledge, but accustom him to a coherent Way of thinking on every Subject. It has been a Method always in vogue, nor would a discreet Teacher chuse to innovate, unless a better one were first substituted in its place. It would be particularly dangerous in the Affair of Religion, to leave the Mind accessible to Error as well as Truth, and to let it form a System of Faith to itself out of the many discordant Opinions

Opinions of *Christians*, in doing which, it might be so easily led astray by the Artifice of Seducers, or Love of Singularity and Novelty. But let it be first principled with a sound and sober System, this will be the noblest Antidote against Heresy of every kind; and when the Pupil is once Master of that, he may venture to walk alone with more Safety, in the thorny Paths of Controversy, or ascend the sublimer Stages of Science.

I CONFESS, said *Hiero*, looking somewhat demurely, we are much indebted to *Simplicius* for his admirable Method of instructing the Youth by System. 'Tis, without question, a brief Way, and shortens one's Labours greatly to have such vast Funds of Literature disposed in exact Symmetry and Order, all done up to one's hand in so small a Bundle. And 'tis well if it be a small one. All the difficulty is, to hit upon a good one, unanimously approved by the best Judges of the several kinds. For I find a great Number of them, some recommended to us by Authority, others without that Sanction. Every Country, nay, each different Club and Party of a Country, have got their peculiar Systems. There are none of them without their respective Claims. They all pretend to contain the very Sum and Substance of all Morals and Theology. Now if, amidst those rival Systems, one should happen to make a bad Choice, and, instead of a true orthodox one, stumble upon a Mine of Error and Heresy; one must go so much the farther wrong, for being deluded by solemn Sophistry, dressed up in the Pomp of System, and disguised with the Air of Truth and Science. To whom therefore shall we address ourselves for Information

formation which is the safest and foundest System, and in which the Elements of all necessary Knowledge are deduced in the plainest and most unsophisticated manner? And what is the proper Posture and Point of View, in which one must stand to take the fairest Survey of the several Systems, and their contending Claims?

WERE an *Indian*, who had never conversed with any Rank or Denomination of *Christians*, to pass into a *Christian* Country, where there was a free Toleration of the different Sects and Parties of Christians, where all had full Liberty to propose and defend their several Opinions, and were indulged in their respective Forms of Worship and Government; let him converse with those different Parties, hear their distinct Pretensions, and those Arguments with which they support their Cause, without having any Interest or particular Attachment to bias him in favour of any one of them more than another; do not we think him like to form a more impartial Judgement of the Equity of their several Claims, and the true Merits of the Cause in general, than a *Christian*, who has been enlisted in a Party from his Infancy, who was taught the *Skibboleth* as soon as he could lisp, and has since been often engaged in the Heats of Controversy? Or, suppose the authentic Character of the whole Community put into his hands, the Sense of which, each Corporation or independent Company pretended alone to understand and appropriated to themselves, while he continued ignorant of the particular Pretensions of each, and did not so much as know the Names of the different Claimants;

Claimants ; would he not be deemed the most candid Interpreter of the original Charter, and be appealed to by all as the fairest Arbitrator of their interfering Claims ? But let us extend the Supposition a little farther, and imagine, that an Inhabitant of some neighbouring Planet should pay a visit to our World, and traverse the different Regions of the Globe, where there are the most remarkable Systems of Faith : were he to examine the *Jewish* and *Christian Testaments*, the *Coran* of *Mohammed*, or the Doctrines of *Confucius* and *Burab* ; and were he to compare the Arguments with which the several Believers support the divine Mission and Authority of their respective Prophets ; I dare say, this disinterested Stranger would be universally allowed to be the most impartial Judge of their different Pleas : and when all were fairly laid before him, his Decision must be deemed the most equitable, whether he pronounced in favour of *Jews* or *Christians*, *Mussulmen*, *Chinese*, or other *East-Indians*. For neither Education, Interest nor any Party-Views, can be supposed to lay any undue Bias on his Mind. Without some Impartiality of this kind, how can one depend on the Judgement he forms of the contradictory Claims of the different Sects of Christians, or the high Pretensions of other Nations, who boldly call *them* Infidels, and who all assert the divine Authority of their national Religions ? But as we can hardly suppose Children brought up in any Country, without imbibing the religious Principles in vogue there, nay, as it would be unfit not to lay the Impetuosity of Youth under a religious

ligious Influence, I cannot help thinking it the best way to keep them as much Strangers, as possible; to the distinguishing Marks of Parties, the Names and Tenets, and little Particularities of contending Sects, that no hostile Prejudices may be formed, no Antipathies nourished against any particular Set of Men; that Humanity and Benevolence may have full scope, and a Man may be valued and loved, not because he has got his Head crouded with this, or the other Set of Notions, but for the Honesty of his Heart, and the Goodness of his Life and Manners. I must add, that no Person will do justice to himself, or his Religion, who does not, as much as he can, put himself in the place of the *Mahometan* or *Planetarian* Inhabitant before mentioned; and, from that distant Eminence, take a wide and impartial Survey of the Party he has chosen, and the Principles he has embraced. He must canvass every Notion, under what specious Appearance soever it has been admitted; see upon what Bottom his Faith stands, though guarded with the most awful Sanctions, and most solemn Ceremonies. For in most Countries *these* are to be found. He must therefore trace back the several progressive Steps of his Education, to the earliest Dawn of Reason. Nay, if he be in good earnest in quest of Truth, he must cast off the very Regards to a Party, if inconsistent with higher Obligations, and follow the Conduct of Honesty and Reason, whithersoever they lead him, be the Consequences what they will. Parties may perhaps be necessary, and unavoidable in Church as well as State; but I think the less a Child knows of either,

and

and the less he is tinctured with the Peculiarities of either, his Judgement will be more unbiassed, and consequently he will have the fairest Chance to find out the Truth, whenever he applies himself to the Search. I do not pretend, that such a Course will form one a zealous Party-man, of any Denomination, or an easy Tool; but I presume it will bid fairer, than the Methods sometimes taken, for making an honest or good-natured Man; Qualities, in my Opinion, full as valuable as the nicest Refinements of the Head.

SINCE some of you, Gentlemen! said *Sopbron*, seem to apprehend such Danger from a narrow Education, I do not know whether the Method proposed by *Hiero* be so proper to obviate those Dangers, and give it that full and liberal Cast it ought to have.

I AM afraid the keeping one's Pupil purposely ignorant of the Distinctions and Parties that prevail, and the respective Badges by which they are known, might lead him into too blind an Attachment and Veneration for that Class, among whom he is educated, and consequently into as blind and supercilious a Contempt of all others. Or should he discover that any thing was artfully concealed from him, he might apprehend there was something very singular, and well worth his knowing, in what was designedly hid; and thus might be tempted to indulge a Curiosity, fatal to those Principles he had already imbibed. I would offer an Expedient therefore, that shall give Education more Freedom and Compass, and be less liable to the Inconveniencies which are dreaded. Let your
Pupil.

Pupil be made acquainted as much as may be, with the History of the World, the State and Revolutions of human Affairs in different Ages, and Nations; and then little Party-names, Distinctions and Interests will appear mean and despicable to a Mind enlarged with such extensive Views. 'Tis only our Confinement to a narrow Spot of Ground, and our View of such Objects only as lie within its Compass, that is apt to raise our Admiration, and beget fond Prejudices or partial Attachments. A Tradesman in a Country Town, fancies the Affairs of his Borough or Village, of the utmost Importance to all the World besides; thinks it the Mart of Trade, and that the Welfare of the Kingdom must rise or fall, as its Interests flourish or decay. A Mechanic in the Metropolis takes in a larger Circle, observes how his Corporation or Company is connected with the larger Community, what weight it bears, and is well acquainted with the different Interests and Characters of the Parties into which it is split. A Merchant moves in a wider Sphere, and comprehends a larger Interest, he looks into the Causes of the Fall or Rise of Trade, and the Influence of one Branch upon another. But private Regards to his Company, or in favour perhaps of his particular Branch of Trade, shall frequently engross all his Thoughts, and entirely govern his Conduct, without any View to the public Good, or the general Interests of Mankind. A Minister of State, provided he be of a public Spirit, and entirely consults the common Weal, and has withal travelled and studied the Genius and Policy of different Nations, is master
of

of a much wider Field of Observation. For he not only discerns the Wheels, upon which the whole Frame of Government moves, the Interests of Parties, the Balance of Property, the Connections of the landed and commercial Interests; but perceives the Influence of foreign upon domestic Affairs, the Balance of Power, and various Political Connexions and Dependencies of States and Kingdoms. We may easily imagine, that one of such extensive Views will judge more soundly of Men and Things, and be less swayed by private or party Views and Prejudices, than Persons of narrower Observation and Experience. The Case is much the same with respect to a narrow or liberal Education. A narrow Set of Principles, or a confined View of Men and Things cramps the Mind, greatens little Objects, and makes us violent in our Prepossessions for, and against Matters of no great Moment. A larger Comprehension dispels the Enchantment, discovers the true Shapes and Proportions of Objects, and teaches us to measure our Esteem according to their intrinsic Value. With regard therefore to Systems and Parties, were it possible to make your Pupil acquainted with the several Denominations of *Christians* in this, and former Ages, the different Creeds which have been composed, whether by Authority or without it, the Broils and religious Controversies that have employed the Tongues and Pens of the ablest Disputants, with their Springs and Leaders; nay, were he to be instructed in the Doctrines of the *Coran*, and Expositions of *Hali*, or the Tenets of *Con-fu-çu*; or were he to dip into the *Arcana* of

Pagan Theology, the Myſteries of *Ceres*, the *Egyptian Hieroglyphics*, or the Commentaries of the *Jewiſh Rabbins*, I apprehend no Danger from this unlimited View of Religions, Sects, Myſteries, Creeds, Controverſies, were it poſſible to take ſuch a Range with one's Pupil; but this is perhaps impracticable. The more, however, he knows, the leſs will he be dazzled with Party-Notions, ſyſtematical or national Prejudices, and the leſs apt will he be to take things upon Truſt.

I Know nothing that more opens and enlarges the Mind, than a Knowledge of Men and public Affairs. The Hiſtory of our own and paſt Ages, is not the worſt Treafury whence this is to be fetched. There is one Advantage belonging to the Study of it, namely, that it keeps the Mind clear of that Rock which ſome of my Friends, who ſpoke before me, thought ſo dangerous; a Narrowneſs of Principle and Partiality of Spirit. It generally expoſes plain Facts before us, and allows us to deduce the Conſequences, and ſets Men to view, in every Light, by delineating their Paſſions, Interests and Actions. It calls back paſt Ages to inſtruct and entertain you, and though the Grandeur of thoſe Scenes may awaken and intereſt you, they ſeem to be too remote, and unconnected with any immediate Concern you have in them, to lay an unfair Biſs on your Judgment. What is it to you, whether the *Athenians* or *Lacedemonians* had the Sovereignty of *Greece*? Whether *Carthage* or *Rome* obtained the Empire of the World? Whether *Marius* or *Sylla* played the Tyrants? *Cæſar* or *Pompey* reigned? While Ages and Nations paſs, as it were, in review before

fore you, while the mightiest Empires rise from such obscure Beginnings, advance, by swift or slow Steps, to such enormous Bulks, and dwindle down again so fast, till they are lost in their original Obscurity, while you gaze at the fleeting Scenes of human Grandeur, the Triumphs and Overthrows of Ambition, the mighty Efforts of Virtue, the Contests and Ravages of Honour, the Struggles of Parties, the Removes of People, the Translations of Empire and Trade; after the View of such Vicissitudes and Revolutions, what is there in human Life to surprize and astonish? How little will the Parties, Controversies, Sects and Names appear, that Men make such a mighty Bustle about? How little will the Mind be under the Influence of partial Views, and narrow Attachments, that is grown familiar with all that is grand, conspicuous, and interesting in the Circle of human Affairs! It will not be apt to admire easily, nor to contract sudden Antipathies against any thing, but judge cautiously and coolly of Men and Things.

IN opposition to what *Sophron* had advanced, it was said, that his Expedient would not quite remove the Dangers dreaded from a narrow Education, since it seemed to be subject to those very Difficulties he meant to obviate—that History, without doubt, is a noble and pleasant Field to expatiate in, as it opens a Scene of fresh Wonders to entertain the Scholar's Curiosity, and keep his Attention awake—nay, that it is a short and easy Road to Knowledge and Wisdom, since it lends us the Experience of former Times, to direct our Conduct in almost every Circumstance of Life.

But how *Sophron* would infure us against being misled by it into Partiality of Spirit and Principle, was not so easy a matter to comprehend. For what Historian shall we find, that is not biased by some Party or Interest, some national or private Prejudice? Look into the *Roman* Historians, do not their Histories wear the Air of Panegyrics, rather than of strict Narrations, when they speak of their Country and it's Exploits? But when they describe others do not they resemble Satirists who write Invectives? Who else but the candid *Polybius* does justice both to the *Romans* and their Rivals the *Carthaginians*? Were we to enter into the Detail of their Histories, what Differences should we find, according as they stood affected, and were of the *Patrician* or *Plebeian* Party? What odious Colours does the descriptive *Appian* lay upon the bravest Struggles of Liberty and Virtue, and how artfully does he vilify the Patrons of Liberty, and Defenders of their Country, to compliment the Race of the *Cæsars*? With what Address does the elegant and false *Paterculus* change the Names and Appearances of Things, and slur over Vices with the Varnish of Virtue, to make his Court to the Tyrant? Who does not see the Dexterity with which *Cæsar*, the Subverter of *Rome*, palliates his Ambition, and the Injustice of his Cause, and seeks to grace his Victories with the Spoils of Truth and Virtue? And is it not too visible, that the *Patrician* Pride and Spirit did considerably leaven the Compositions of other Historians of Note, who are too apt to overcharge the Seditions, Discontents and Tumults of the People,

while they place, in the most favourable Light, the Arrogance and Oppression of the Nobles? The same Remark might be made of the *Greek* Historians, who were generally Friends to the Aristocracy, and professed Foes to a popular Form of Government. It would be doing too much Honour to mention that low Prostitute, that fawning Court-Tool *Dion Cassius*, with any thing but Contempt. But were we to descend so low as our own History, is it not too apparent, that a Party-Spirit animates many of our Historians, especially when they approach near their own Age, or those Ages in which they fancy they are as much interested? Do not many of our Histories seem to be written rather to defend a favourite Cause, than to deliver a simple and just Narrative of Facts? Do we not therefore find the Execution proportioned to the Design; lofty Encomiums on those who have been embarked in the same Cause; Vindications of the most destructive Court-Measures; nay artful Defences of the most slavish Principles; and odious Misrepresentations of Men of the greatest Characters who opposed them? In short, among Historians, how few shall we find, who, divested of Party and Country Prejudices, have made Truth their sole Aim, have drawn Characters, and given us a Detail of Actions, without personal Pique or Favour, and neither heightened nor lessened things, to flatter others or serve themselves? Therefore I cannot help thinking even History a dangerous Study, and so much the more apt to mislead the unwary Mind, that the Actions it relates are great and interesting. The Pleasure of the Narra-

tion is a kind of Opium to lull the Mind asleep, while the Writer is laying on false Colours to disguise and deceive. So that in reading History, it is necessary to proceed with the utmost Caution; to know the Characters, Principles and Views of the Writer; to compare Facts and different Representations; and, from the whole to deduce the greatest Appearance of Probability and Truth. Are there not other as noble and elevating Subjects to employ a young Mind, and that are still more remote from Party, and every partial Notion? May not Mathematics and Philosophy be justly reckoned among these? For instance, the Principles of Geometry are abstracted Truths, that draw to no Party, interfere with no Interests, and are connected with no secular or religious Systems. While they accustom the Mind to a close Method of Reasoning, they open and enlarge its Views. Here Truth gains upon us by its native Charms, unaided by the Daubings of Art, and needs no Bribe to captivate our Regard. Every new Discovery is a new Acquisition, and fully repays the Labour of the Search. When by the Help of this Nurse of the Sciences, we stretch our Views beyond the narrow Limits of our World, trace the Laws of the Universe, and soar into the planetary and celestial Systems, that are wide spread through the Abyss of Space, how little does our Canton appear! How contemptible those Parties that are formed, and the Bustle that is made on some of its puny Spots! The more we are conversant with such magnificent Objects, the Mind rises in proportion to their Grandeur; the more

we grow acquainted with the Laws and Structure of the stupendous Frame, we are less subject to the Servitude of Prejudices and vain Panics; our Imagination, which used to be spent on Trifles, is now lost in the Immensity of Nature; and, with that Superiority of Mind which Knowledge bestows, we can look down on those common Objects, that surprize and amuse our Fellow-Mortals. To see a Plan laid out for universal Happiness, conducted with an amazing Simplicity, and unchangeable Order; lesser Systems connected into one, this encircled with larger ones, rising above each other, in infinite Progression; and all these Clusters of Systems, and Worlds chained together, and balancing each other, and composing a perfect and harmonious Universe, is one of the largest Ideas that can fill a human Mind; a Sentiment not to be felt without Astonishment and Rapture. The puny Objects of human Grandeur, the little Interests and Distinctions that divide Mankind, the Pride and Ostentation of Life, in a manner, disappear before this vast unbounded Scene of Things. I conclude therefore, that if you can find the Art of employing the inquisitive Mind, about such exalted Contemplations, and rendering them easy and familiar to it, you will take the surest Method, at once to disengage it from the Influence of narrow Principles, and arm it most effectually against the Inroachments of Prejudice, Bigotry and every little Party-Passion.—But I forget myself—the Grandeur of the Subject hath hurried me beyond my proper Share of the Conversation.

GENTLEMEN, said *Philander*, who now wound up the Debate, the Diversity of your Sentiments, in the Course of this Debate, has given me more pleasure than if you had all been in one way of thinking. For I doubt not but several useful Hints may be taken from your different Opinions, for the better conducting the Affair of Education. I believe *Eugenio*, for all his sceptical Humour, will confess, that the boldest youthful Traveller, who ever set out in the Road of Science, though furnished with the choicest Gifts of Nature, and prompted by the keenest Curiosity, will need a Guide to lead him part of the way, and point out to him the principal Quarters, the high Roads and Boundaries of Knowledge, that he may not distress himself to little purpose amidst the thorny Brakes, nor lose his way in the uncultivated Wilds. But though a proper Guide may be very useful, yet no one will from thence conclude, that even the unexperienced Traveller must follow him with an implicate Faith, or never go out of the beaten Track, to make new Discoveries, or find out some rising Ground, from whence he may take a more advantageous Survey of the adjacent Country, but especially of those Parts that were never trodden by human Foot: much less that we are always to go like Children, with Leading-Strings, and never venture to walk alone, or get out of sight of our Keepers and Nurses. However, *Eugenio* has shewn, that the more liberal and ingenuous the Education is, and the less the opening Genius is cramped in its first Excursions, it will stretch with a swifter Career in the wide Fields of Truth and Science. *Hiero* has seconded

seconded him in some measure, on this Topic, and by an Instance borrowed from our higher Concerns, shewn the Danger of insinuating narrow Notions, and a Party-Spirit, in Affairs of Science, or the Business of Education. *Constant*, on the other hand, has evinced the Necessity of Culture, to call forth the Seeds of Genius, to nourish and tend them in their Growth, and raise them to Maturity, by showing what a simple and savage Creature Man would be, if left entirely to his own Conduct, and unimproved by Instruction, Converse and other Advantages derived from Society. From what he and *Hiero* have said, I think it must follow, that, as the Understanding ought to be opened and enlarged, by laying the best of Materials, both philosophical and religious, before it; so too great Pains cannot be taken to guard against unjust and narrow Prejudices, and to keep the Heart open to every humane and benevolent Impression. I apprehend it is no hard matter to reconcile *Hiero* and *Sopbron*, by admitting, that there is no Harm in making the Pupil acquainted with the various Systems, Sects and Controversies that have been, or are still a-foot in the World, provided the Mind is not laid under an *undue* Influence by any of them. For there seems to be a wide Difference between knowing the History of them, and being tinctured with their minute partial Differences. As to the Point started by *Simplicius*, whether it is best to instruct in the way of System or otherwise, I doubt we must refer so knotty a Question to be discussed in some future Debate. Mean time, though he and *Sopbron* seem to be at variance

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in some things, I think they may easily be brought to a perfect Harmony, and would therefore propose to unite their respective Studies, which, as far as they relate to Nature, are indeed both Histories, though conversant about different Subjects, as might soon be made appear, was there time for it now. I am only sorry to take notice, that neither will History, nor the Investigations of Nature, and the sublime Speculations of Mathematics, guard us entirely against the Insinuations of a Party-Spirit, or Power of Prejudice and Passion. We are not so much governed by our speculative Principles, as by our Taste, which though it may be influenced, yet will not be controuled or altered by our Studies. After we have surveyed the Elevations and Falls of Grandeur, the Instability of human Affairs, and Vicissitudes of Life and Empire; we must fall into the same beaten Track, and engage in all the Din and Parade of Life. After our most exalted Flights into the heavenly Regions; after we have traced Nature in her various Forms, Revolutions and Periods; seen the Harmony and Constancy of her Laws; and contemplated the Subordination and Oeconomy of her Inhabitants, we must descend again into the little Circle of Shew and Folly, and be *unphilosophized* into all the Cares and Parties of ordinary Mortals. Our high Speculations must sink into little, but unavoidable Schemes for supplying the urgent Necessities of a feeble Nature. We must take place among the busy Actors, and, like them, sustain a more or less important Part in the Play. But even from this fatal Necessity, I would infer the Usefulness and Excellency of that Study, which *Sophon* has so warmly, and I think

think justly recommended. Since after our most curious and sublime Researches, the Conduct of Life must be our principal Care; History, whose Subject is Life, whether public or private, must be a Study of the first Rank, and most general Use. *Simplicius* has well cautioned us against some of the most obvious, though not all the Dangers to which it exposes us. Armed with due Caution and Impartiality, we may pursue this Study with no small Advantage. What, for instance, can be a more instructive Study, with regard to the Knowledge of Mankind, than the History of our own Country? In it we see the Influence and Effects of Conquest, frequent Migrations and Intermixtures of People, the gradual Progress of Liberty through its several Periods, and almost a constant Rotation of Power, keeping pace with the correspondent Changes and Translations of Property; we find there the several Forms of Government, the Dangers of Arbitrary Power, and the Advantages of that which is limited, the Shocks of Parties, the various Face and Calamities of civil War, the joint Force of Religion and Policy, the Influence of Trade and Letters; all this in a continued Series, for a vast Tract of Years down to our own Time. These are the grandest and most moving Scenes in History, which afford ample Matter for a variety of the finest and most useful Observations. But in entering upon this, as well as every other Study, we must come with unprejudiced Minds, with an Attachment to no Party, at least with no Biass weighty enough to distort our Judgement of Men and Things, with Minds ready to embrace the Truth, on which side soever

it lies, and only prepossessed in favour of Virtue, and against Vice, wherever their genuine Features appear. But this Impartiality of Mind must depend much on the free Turn of one's Education; and therefore, Gentlemen, it must be a Speculation of no small Use, and worthy your Thoughts, to settle this Affair on a right Foundation,

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE VII.

L***, a delightful little Villa, near N***; lies on the Brow of a gently rising Hill, whence you can command a distant Prospect of the Country. It has a natural Wildness about it, which is heightned by the Finishings of Art. Three Terrasses almost surround the House, rising one above another by an easy Ascent. The sloping Greens between them wear a perpetual Verdure. Before the House there is a fine Bason, which is plentifully supplied from several Springs, on a neighbouring rising Ground. This Bason pours its Stores, through different Branches, into several Ponds in the Garden; and, in its Progress, by the Advantage of its Situation, it forms a beautiful Cascade. At the Foot of the Hill, within sight of the House, a small River, with a brisk Course, glides through a rough uneven Channel, which keeps the Stream in constant Agitation, and its Waters always clear and transparent. On the North side of the House, as you ascend the rising Ground, the Prospect closes with a little Forest, which extends far enough to cloathe both sides of a charming Valley; in the midst of which runs a delicious Rivulet. One Part of the Garden leads you into a sort of Wilderness, where the Trees and Bushes appear in a lovely Disorder, and several venerable Oaks give it a sylvan Air of Grandeur and Retirement. You are surprized with Jets of Water and artificial Fountains, playing in different Places, which cast a Freshness on Nature,
and

and seem to awaken the Scene. Some Statues, Fresco-Paintings, and other Ornaments, are disposed up and down the Garden with such a happy Taste, as to hit the Eye, at different Openings, with agreeable Surprize. The House itself is a perfect Beauty, its Simplicity and Symmetry being equally admirable. The Inside corresponds to the outward Appearance. The Rooms are truly proportioned, and furnished with great Propriety and Taste. You see nothing wanting, no Profusion of Ornament, nor any thing too glaring to please an injudicious Eye. Several Busts of ancient Worthies grace the Lobby, which strike you with Awe as you enter. The principal Rooms are adorned either with Family-Pieces, and a few Originals, or else with Copies and Prints of Originals of some of the best *Italian* Masters.

CLEORA had been at this charming Villa some days, to visit *Atticus* and his Lady, who were her Relations; when *Eugenio*, who was acquainted with the Family, but had not yet seen *Cleora*, one day proposed to me our taking a Walk thither; promising to introduce me to *Atticus*, if I would do him the same Favour with *Cleora*. Having accepted the Terms, we set out after Breakfast. On the Road, I begged *Eugenio* to let me know something of the Character of the Gentleman whom we were going to visit.

You will soon know the Original yourself, replied *Eugenio*; and I confess frankly, I have but an indifferent Hand at drawing Characters; therefore you had best have patience till you can satisfy your Curiosity with your own Eyes. When

I still insisted, *Eugenio* yielded; and said, Know then, *Simplicius*, that *ATTICUS*, whom I have the Honour to call my Friend, is a Gentleman of fine Parts, highly improved by Reading, and conversing with the best of Company. His Temper has a Mixture of Sweetness and Vivacity, which being joined to a sprightly Flow of Wit, render his Conversation both entertaining and instructive. Books are his peculiar Delight; and I never knew a Man who understands better the happy Art of tempering Business with the Amusements of Life. He is an early Riser, and spends his Morning-Hours in Study. After Breakfast he generally goes out a coursing, or takes a Ride till Dinner. These Exercises give a remarkable Freshness and healthful Vigour to his Countenance; which, being graced by a Look of singular Penetration, form a very manly and amiable Appearance. He reads the Ancients with true Taste, and is master of the best modern Writers, of our own and other Nations, whom he understands in their original Languages. But he has conversed still more with Men, and is acquainted with the most distinguished Characters of the Age, which he paints with great Spirit and Justice. History and Politics are his favourite Studies. His Principles in the last, he has derived chiefly from the Ancients, and the best of the Moderns. I know no Man better qualified for serving his Country. His steady Virtue makes him independent, and inaccessible to Corruption. He loves it and its Liberties, with a generous Attachment, and has a great Facility of Expression, and a nervous Eloquence, with a Sa-

gacity

gacity and Solidity of Judgement, that qualify him for being one of the ablest Speakers of the Kingdom.—But he so much dislikes the ordinary way of obtaining a Seat in Parliament, and has such an Abhorrence of the Party-Principles, which too often entitle to the Favour of *either* side, that he disdains to come in upon such a footing. Besides, he is so great a Lover of Retirement and philosophic Ease, that he can scarce resolve to sacrifice it to a Service, in which, from the Strain of political Measures generally taken, he thinks he must be often disappointed.

I AM always sorry, *Eugenio*, when I see Gentlemen of Fortune, and of such Qualifications as those you represent *Atticus* endued with, declining to serve their Country in the most important Stations. The Mercenariness of the *Many*, is a Reason, and a strong one too, why the disinterested *Few* should combine together, and undertake those Offices they see so weakly, or wickedly discharged by others. But I hope your Friend is so much the more useful in private Life, as his time is not taken up with public Cares and Employments.

THERE is none, replied *Eugenio*, more esteemed by all the Gentlemen of the Neighbourhood, than *Atticus*, none more beloved by the Country-People, but especially by his own Tenants. To them he is like a common Father, accessible to them at all times, ever ready to hear and redress their Grievances; goading the Idle by the strongest of Baits, those of Interest, and encouraging the Industrious by due Rewards. So kind a Master, that he never
allows

allows his upper Servants to oppress the lower, nor his Stewards to squeeze his Tenants; and so exact an Oeconomist, that he never trusts entirely to them in things of Consequence, and which require Care and Application. Therefore never was an Estate in better Condition; nor a Master more truly and universally beloved. In short, *Atticus* is a fine Gentleman, not altogether without some Dashes of the *Humourist* in his Character. Besides, He has a facetious and pleasant Vein of Raillery, which he often loves to indulge in Conversation. But the chief Excellence of this amiable Man, is a certain universal Benignity of Temper, which disposes him equally to love Mankind, and be beloved by them, and a peculiar Humanity to Strangers, whom he treats according to their Merit, and not the Circumstances of their Birth or Fortune,

You have drawn, *Eugenio!* a very lovely Character, but pray what Family has he?

He has a Wife, and one only Daughter: The Mother is a pious Woman, of good Sense and polite Manners. The Daughter, the Darling of both, though under fifteen, yet has a surprizing Capacity and Prudence. She has nothing of the Levity or giddy Airs of the Child about her, but behaves with almost the Decency and Sedateness of a Matron. I have seen her act the Part of Mistress at the Table, when her Mother was absent, with a Discretion and Dignity much above her Age. Nor yet is there any thing in her proud or affected. The Graces which Nature has poured liberally on her Person, are not her best Ornaments. Of these she discovers less Consciousness

than young Ladies generally do. She is not insensible of the Respect due to her Rank and Fortune, but she seeks to deserve it rather by the Sweetness of her Manners, and the Regard she shews to every body. She reads and talks the *French* prettily, but neither values herself for it, nor is forward to shew it. I have now indulged your Request, *Simplicius*, therefore I expect you will as frankly satisfy mine. It is to describe the Figure and Character of *Cleora*, a Lady whom all talk of, and so few have the happiness to know.

I WOULD not, *Eugenio*, anticipate your Judgment of so rare a Woman, whose Charms are not easily described; but to requite the Favour you have done me, I shall give you a rude Sketch of her, which will serve to shew rather the Out-lines, than the just Proportions of the Original.

CLEORA is tall and finely formed; and has something noble and commanding in her Air. You cannot call her an exact Beauty: Her Features are large, but well proportioned. She has a quick, piercing, sagacious Look, mixed with a Sweetness that both attracts and awes you. When she smiles, you would think Goodness itself dawned upon you, with its mildest Influence. To her Shape she adapts her Dress, with an Elegance and Judgement that shews it to the greatest Advantage, and is never overloaded with Ornaments. There is a Propriety and Spirit in all her Motions; nothing light or flaunting, nothing stiff or affected. Such is her Outside! To give a Character of her Mind, were a difficult Task indeed. To have a faint Idea of it, imagine, *Eugenio*, a large superiour

perious Understanding, joined to a noble generous Heart; an exquisite Sensibility, governed by a Strength and Elevation of Soul, you shall rarely find united even in Men. Imagine *Virtue* in her sweetest Attitude, mild, open and serene, supported by Dignity and Prudence, with unaffected Modesty and Goodness in her Train, and you will have some Image of the lovely *Cleora*. Only let me add, for your farther Information, that she is no Admirer of Compliment, nor any of those fine Speeches, with which our Sex chuse frequently to entertain the Ladies. For she is a perfect Lover of pure Nature, and declares, both by Word and Practice, against the Ceremony, and unmeaning Pomp, which prevails too frequently in modern Conversation. This makes her deliver her Sentiments in a very frank and unaffected manner, without regard to the Opinion of the Vulgar, *great* or *small*, or to the polite Forms imposed by the Fashion.

PRAY *Simplicius*, said *Eugenio*, has this accomplished Lady no Shades in her Character?

I Do not doubt, replied I, but she has; but I have had no Opportunity as yet of becoming acquainted with them. Besides, you know that Women have generally Discretion enough to conceal their most glaring Foibles from us.

WELL, *Simplicius*, said *Eugenio*, if your Acquaintance has fewer Beauties than you describe, I shall be in danger of falling in downright love with her; and if I once feel a real Passion, I cannot be sure that I shall not talk a little wildly both to her-

self, and to you about her, even though I should incur the Censure of being a Fool for my Pains.

LET that be as it will, *Eugenio*, remember you have had fair Warning. If you once forfeit *Cleora's* good Graces, you will not so easily recover them.

By this time we were got to the House, and were conducted into a Parlour, that looks into the Gardens. While we were sitting here, *Eugenio* having his Eyes fixed on the Garden, the young Lady I had been describing, stept in upon us unawares. She was dressed in a white Night-gown, her fine jet Hair flowing in loose Ringlets about her Shoulders; and moved towards us with an engaging yet awful Air. *Eugenio* started from his Seat with Surprize and Confusion, and, like one thunderstruck, seemed robbed of that Presence of Mind and easy Assurance, which he generally possesses. To give him time to rally his straggling Spirits, Madam, said I to *Cleora*, may I hope to obtain your Pardon for presuming to introduce to you a Friend of mine, the least of whose Merit is the Esteem and Honour he has for your Sex?

You know, *Simplicius*, replied *Cleora*, I am not fond of increasing my Acquaintance, and I dare say, you would not have crossed my Inclination in this Instance, but to give me the Advantage of knowing one, for whom you have a very particular Regard.

So polite a Reply charmed *Eugenio*, and he stood for some time mute with Admiration of her Person. *Cleora* having desired us to sit down, I should not, said I, have ventured, Madam, to trespass upon the Terms of our Acquaintance, had I

not

not thought that any Person, whom *Atticus* honours with his Friendship, would not be unwelcome to *Cleora*. *Eugenio*, continued I, was so struck with this enchanting Place, and his Eyes have been wandering over the Beauties of the Landicape before the Window, with such Eagerness, that he is scarce recovered from the delightful Reverie.

SAY rather, replied he hastily, that *living* Beauties have a stronger Effect on me than the fairest unanimated Prospect. If I must confess Disorder, I will do justice to Nature and to you, Madam, whose Presence was the Cause.

I AM sorry, Sir, replied *Cleora*, half blushing, that my Presence should put you into any Confusion. If you please, Sir, I will remove it, to restore you to your former Composure.

I DOUBT, Madam, returned *Eugenio*, you, who occasioned my Confusion, are the fittest Person to dispel it. I have heard of Trances, into which Men have fallen upon the Sight of good Angels, and the same Presence that threw them into that Extasy, served likewise as a Counter-charm to awaken them.

SIR, said *Cleora*, you talk so mysteriously, that I must beg your Friend to turn your Interpreter, or you to talk in plainer Language.

THEN, Madam, replied *Eugenio*, I must tell you, I was enjoying the Prospect from that Window, with a sort of philosophical Serenity till you came in. Your Appearance spoiled my Contemplation—I could not compose myself to speak to you—and now I find I am not quite so easy here as I should have been elsewhere. It is but just,

Madam, before you offer to retire, to restore me to myself,

I FIND, said *Cleora*, somewhat gravely, you are the very Man I heard of. I am not yet vain enough to think I am capable of discomposing any body's Quiet, much less of a Gentleman of your Education. And I have a better Opinion of you than to imagine your Repose can be disturbed by the Appearance of any Woman.

Do me justice, Madam, replied *Eugenio*: I should have but an indifferent Opinion of myself, if I thought I were incapable of being disconcerted by the first sudden Appearance of a Lady of more than ordinary Charms. I glory in a Heart sensible of all that is fair and good in Nature, and am not ashamed to confess the unusual Emotion they raise in me, when they surprize me as at present.

SIR, said *Cleora*, putting on a more severe and reserved Air, if you mean that our Acquaintance should be of any Continuance, less of Compliment will please me more. I am not used to the pretty Prattle with which your fine Ladies are commonly entertained. We shall converse more freely if we do it on equal Terms.

CLEORA spoke these Words with such a graceful Reserve, that *Eugenio* stood corrected and mute, looking at her with an Air of Astonishment. *Cleora* perceiving his Confusion, went on thus. I allow, Sir, that the Sensibility you talk of betrays nothing mean, when proper Objects have time to work on a Mind that is susceptible; but it is no Argument of a great Mind to be taken only with Appearances, and to receive strong Impressions at first

first fight. Hearts so open to every Impression can not retain them long. I have always thought it an Instance of Wisdom, not to judge too hastily.

WHY truly, Madam, replied *Eugenio*, I was in the same way of thinking till now, and could have harangued an Age on Suspense of Judgment, Firmness of Heart, and all that;—but I find Experience a better Mistress than Speculation. Nature soon gets the Ascendant of our Reasoning, and quickly razes all the Fortifications we throw up. Time is not always necessary to ripen Esteem: the Looks of Merit may win a Heart in a Minute as well as in a Year; and that Knowledge, which is gained by Intuition, is full as clear and satisfying, as that which is the Result of a Train of Consequences.

PERHAPS, Sir, resumed the Lady, your Sagacity may have something extraordinary in it; but Appearances are very deceitful: when we at any time take up Notions very hastily, we often find reason to lay them as quickly down.

'TIS very true, Madam, returned *Eugenio*, this is often the Case, when People found Conjectures on doubtful Appearances. But I am apt to fancy that there is a close Connexion between the external Form and Air, and the Turn of the Mind and Manners; and therefore one of tolerable Sagacity in Physiognomy may judge surely enough in what Aspect Virtue is painted. Time indeed may discover new Worth, but that would only confirm the Opinion formed already, it would never alter it.

I AM afraid, Sir, subjoined *Cleora*, there is nothing in which we are so apt to be mistaken, as

In our sudden Prepossession for and against Characters. Something agreeable in Aspect, Air or Manners, immediately leads us into favourable Prejudices, that every engaging Quality dwells under that amiable Appearance; but when the Person grows familiar to us, those bright Illusions vanish; and frequently, under the deceitful Colouring, some disagreeable Form appears, to damp Admirations, and beget Opinions of a different Stamp. I have as often seen it happen, on the other hand, that an homely, and almost disgusting Figure, which raised in us, at first Sight, the most unamiable Opinions, has mended upon us every Day, till it has brightened up at length, into a very agreeable Image of a Mind that is still more lovely.

SUCH things, replied *Eugenio*, may happen in extraordinary Cases, but our Persons and Minds are generally matched; so that the Qualities of the one are delineated (if I may use the Phrase) in the Features of the other. The joint Result of these, or the Expression of the Countenance, depends on the Temper; and therefore we cannot go far wrong, when we judge by those natural Signatures. I have never been mistaken, when I have faithfully traced the Indications of Nature.

I Do not know, Sir, said *Cleora*, how far your Skill in Physiognomy may extend, nor how sure its Decisions may be. But I must confess Experience made me speak so assuredly; for I have often been deluded, I might have said, have deluded myself, by supposing fine chimerical Characters, without a Foundation, which have generally, I shall

shall not say always, dwindled to nothing, when I grew better acquainted; and yet I have, perhaps, Weakness and Credulity enough to turn Castle-Builder again, whenever the same Temptations occur. This, however, makes me more cautious how I trust to Appearances; and sometimes prevents me from contracting Familiarities, which might be dangerous, and giving into an Esteem that would soon be blasted.

SUCH a Character, will you allow me to say, Madam, subjoined *Eugenio*, is an Argument of a noble Mind, and still confirms me in my Prejudices, if you will call those Prejudices which are founded on Truth and Conviction. Suspicion and Distrust, are no surer Emblems of a dark ungenerous Heart, than easy Faith in the Honesty of others, and a Willingness to be mistaken on the favourable Side, bespeaks Generosity and Greatness of Soul. Such a Disposition makes us more conversant among the Beauties, than the Blemishes of the World; and if it lays us open, at any time, to Error and Imposition, it abundantly compensates that, by letting us taste much oftner the higher Pleasures of Benevolence.

CLEORA put an end to the Conversation, which was like to grow too personal again, by proposing to us, to walk into the Garden in quest of *Atticus*, who had taken a Walk after Breakfast.

WE found him employed in watering a fine Bed of Tulips, which belonged to *Cleora*. He appeared so deeply engaged in this innocent Employment, that it was some time before he took Notice of us.

WHEN he perceived us, and the first Compliments were passed, he told *Cleora*, how much she was indebted to him for refreshing her thirsty Family—I was, at the same time, amusing myself, Gentlemen, continued he, by imagining I was in Company with an Assembly of Ladies gayly dressed, and as diversified in their Complexions and Airs, as *Cleora's* Tulips. Some were pale and languishing Beauties, others of a florid Complexion, a third kind were your Brunettes. But what pleased me particularly, was to trace their different Qualities and Characters, under their several Variations and Attitudes. Those which carried their Heads aloft, and seemed, with a conscious kind of Pride, to look above their Fellows of humbler Stature, I considered as your stately imperious Beauties, who regard their Rivals with Contempt, and treat their Admirers with haughty Scorn. Others, with an unassuming Air, and downcast Heads, I thought the modest bashful Ladies, who alone not conscious of their Charms, attract the Regard which they seem to reject. There was great plenty of Coquets, whose Beauties were spread wide to View, and decked with a Variety of alluring Colours. They seemed, by their promiscuous Smiles, to lay Traps for the Admiration of every Beholder. I observed likewise a few Prudes, who folded up their Leaves with a disdainful Coldness; but upon my sprinkling them with a little Water, they seemed to look more gayly, and methought they bended to the Hand that watered them. In short, there was scarce a Character among the Sex, which I could not suit in this parti-

particoloured Assembly. Pray, Sir, said *Cleora*, which kind of Beauty is most in fashion among this gay Tribe?

YOUR pale Beauties softly streaked with Red, seem to be in greatest Vogue just now. But their Reign is short, and seldom lasts above a Season: For our Taste is ever changing.

IN good earnest, *Atticus*, I believe you consider us Women in the same Light as *Annuals*, mere Flowers of a Season; for I find, that after a short-lived Bloom and Run of Applause, for a Year, or perhaps a Month, some upstart Beauty rises into Fame, and we sink into Obscurity, and are as much forgot as if we were hid under ground, or had never been. How you can answer for such Capriciousness and frequent Change of Taste, let your own Consciences determine.

I CONFESS, *Cleora*, replied *Atticus*, 'tis a woful Case, and, without doubt, we are highly to blame if we forget or undervalue those fair Flowers, while they continue in all their Bloom and Beauty. But if any Ladies should place their principal Merit in Beauty, when that is faded, as how soon does it fade! can they justly blame us, if we then withdraw our Regard that was founded on so frail a Title? Let them understand their own Interests better, and then they will have no reason to complain of the Shortness of their Reign, or of our fantastick Taste.

PRAY, Sir, resumed the Lady, I, as well as the rest of my Sex, shall be much obliged to you, if you will point out to us any certain Method to detain the roving Taste of you Men, and secure a
Place

Place in your Esteem, when our transient Bloom is gone. For I declare, I should think this as useful an Art as has been ever yet taught us.

HAVE you never observed, Madam, replied *Atticus*, that those Plants which take deep Root, which unfold themselves by slow Degrees, first spread out their Leaves, then blossom, and at length bring forth Fruit, to which the Leaves serve for a Defence?

I HAVE, Sir, replied *Cleora*.

WHY then, continued *Atticus*, there are none that either rise to greater Heights, that can sustain the Shocks of Winds and other Accidents better, or retain their Bloom longer than such Plants as thus rise, by gradual Steps, to the Perfection of their Nature. Would the Ladies imitate these, instead of being Annuals, they might be like Evergreens; every Season might then have its peculiar Bloom, nor would their Verdure be subject to those Accidents which now impair it.

I MUST beg, Sir, subjoined *Cleora*, you will explain this Piece of natural History, and unveil the Moral it contains. For at present it is above my Comprehension.

I MEAN therefore, in plain *English*, that would the Ladies learn to know what they are, and wherein the true Perfection of their Nature consists, would they seek to fix their Roots by settling a steady and important Aim in Life, would they unfold and make themselves known by degrees, and at proper Times, and not desire to hurry all at once into Splendour and Fame; would they, in short, keep to their proper Character, and seek to excel in that
Tenderness

Tenderneſs of Affection, that Mildneſs and Modeſty of Conduct, and that Decency of Manners, which are the peculiar Glory and Ornament of the Sex, then I will venture to affirm that they will neither be over-looked through the Unripeneneſs of Youth, nor be forgot becauſe of the Decays of Age; their Life will be one continued Bloom, and every Period of it have its peculiar Charm. This will effectually fix our Taſte, and inſure to you a well-ripened and laſting Eſteem.

You have preſcribed us, Sir, no eaſy Taſk; I believe it is far eaſier to aſpire at this Perfection than to attain it.—However, thoſe Women muſt be unambitious Souls, who will not uſe their utmoſt Efforts to the attaining what muſt be at once ſo honourable and advantageous to themſelves.

I FORGOT, *Cleora*, to mention one Circumſtance to you, in which I thought the Reſemblance failed between your Tulips and the Ladies. Though they were adorned each with their reſpective Beauties, they were all mute, and ſeemed neither to envy nor censure one another.

WELL, *Atticus*, ſaid *Cleora*, now you are malicious: how you love to be ſevere upon our Sex! yet notwithſtanding all this Malice and Severity, I ſuppoſe you are not quite ſo indifferent about us as you would often affect to appear.

INDIFFERENT about you, Madam? returned *Eugenio*, haſtily. Perhaps we are leaſt ſo when we employ the greateſt Poignancy of Wit and Satire againſt you. This is frequently but a Piece of Revenge we take to alleviate a Senſe of the many Hardſhips you make us ſuffer, or elſe a mere Cover

to hide the deep Regard we feel. The most profest Women-Haters are, I doubt; at their Heart Slaves to their Power.

Do not think, *Cleora*, subjoined *Atticus*, that I am either your Enemy, or have a low Opinion of your Sex. Women are the loveliest, prettiest Play-things in the World. I do not know how we could pass our Time without you.

OH! very pretty indeed, replied *Cleora*, for you to trifle away your idle Hours with. I find we shall grow into mighty Consequence, by being put on the same footing with your Hawks and Hounds. But be ingenuous, *Atticus*; have we never made you feel our Importance and Power over you, even with all this Insignificance we have about us? And tell me honestly, was you in a serious, or in a gay and dissipated Mood, when you was moralizing, shall I call it, or allegorizing so profoundly on my poor Bed of Tulips? I thought we caught you with a Book in your hand; it should seem you do not think an Hour devoted to Study mispent, when we pretty, insignificant Play-things are the Subject of your serious and manly Reveries, and when you can indulge so much Fancy in tracing very slight and far-fetched Resemblances betwixt us and our blooming Allies of the Garden.

I MUST confess, *Cleora*, I was somewhat seriously disposed, but it is not the first time I have been serious about Trifles. I love now and then to moralize in this manner. Besides, it has the Air of a philosophical Enquiry to investigate Analogies between animate and inanimate Objects; and when once a Vein of Fancy of that kind is opened,

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it is a pleasure to follow it through all its Windings. I do not know what surprizing Discoveries I might have made in those Regions of Fancy, had not the fair Nurse of the blooming Family waked me out of my philosophic Dream.

I AM glad, replied *Cleora*, that those pretty Toys, which but just now diverted only a dissipated Hour, are all of a sudden become a proper Subject for Philosophy to employ itself upon. It seems, our Idea, or, if you will, our Phantom, is not far from you, when the Flowers of the Garden can, at any time, so easily suggest and raise us to your View. I believe you will find Women too, yonder among your Pines and Elms.

You see, Gentlemen, said *Atticus*, turning to us, and desiring us to step forward to an Arbour a few Paces off, how this Gypsy teazes one. I cannot employ or amuse myself ever so innocently, but she must know what I am about, and have a share, as she calls it, in my Entertainment. If I am in the Garden, I must be asked a hundred Questions about this and the other Flower or Plant, their Tribes, Natures, Uses, and all that, as if I was a compleat *Florist* or *Botanist*; and ere I have satisfied one half of her Questions, ten to one but she has slyly drawn me into some intricate Piece of Philosophy, from which I find no other way sometimes of disengaging myself, but by taking fairly to my Heels.

By this time we were got to the Arbour, where we were joined by *Cleora's* Guardian, who had been taking his Morning's Walk likewise. It stood on a little Eminence, whence we had a View

along a green Alley, of a Fall of Water, dashing and shining among some rough Fragments of a Rock, between which, it formed a few Windings, till it cast itself into a smooth Pond. The View was terminated by a close Thicket, which the Sun could not enter. The Arbour was inclosed by a double Row of Jessamin and Honey-Suckle, which, interweaving their Branches, formed a deep Shade over our Heads. In this delightful Bower we sat down. *Eugenio* happened to sit over against *Cleora*, whom he eyed with no philosophic Calm. 'Tis impossible to describe the successive Passions of Admiration, Pleasure, and Surprize that took their Turn in his Face, as he heard her speak and saw her smile.

GENTLEMEN, said *Atticus*, you are come most seasonably to my Relief. This Damsel here, looking towards the young Lady, has been teasing me strangely this Morning, how it came about, that your ancient Sages and Philosophers lived so much in Gardens, and were chiefly delighted with rural Scenes and Solitude, at a distance from the Din and Smoke of Cities, seldom caring to mix with the Croud or visit the Assemblies of the People. She asked me whether there were any gay polite People in their Towns, and if they had any of those fine Entertainments and Diversions we have now-a-days. If they had, she wanted much to know why those Men of acknowledged Genius and Taste preferred the still Life and lonely Retreats of the Country, to the splendid Circles and gay Amusements of the Town. I must refer her to you, Gentlemen, for Satisfaction in these Points; and I hope

hope you will give her such Reasons as shall deter her from indulging her solitary Humour. I am afraid she will become just such another as one of those moaped Philosophers. She is fondest of the most unfrequented Walks and Recesses of the Garden. Nay, I have caught her wandering in the deepest Shades of the Forest, with a Book in her Hand, very early in the Morning.

WHAT, Madam, said *Eugenio*, smiling, did you never hear the Reason why those ancient Sages chose this strange unfashionable Way of Life? It was either the surly *Cynics* and *Stoics*, or the airy Followers of *Epicurus*. The former run into Solitude because they hated Company, and could vent their Spleen against Mankind, without fear of Contradiction or Controul. The *Stoics*, those stately Gentlemen! scorned to possess a Happiness that rose and fell with that of others, or which should depend in the least on the Humours of those they despised, or on the Accidents of a Life they could not govern. Both these Tribes of Philosophers put me in mind of your Eastern Monarchs, whose Majesty is abased by being seen, and who think their Grandeur best supported by being unfamiliar and inaccessible. The *Epicureans* betook themselves to Solitude from different Principles. They placed their Happiness in a lazy, indolent Tranquillity, and were afraid to discompose their philosophic Calm by the Din of Company and the dangerous Agitations of civil Life. Therefore they chose to loll at Ease in the Shade, or on the Bank of some purling Stream, and to hear the Storm roar at a distance. I do not know, however, but they kept

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their

their Mistrefs in some retired Corner of thofe Groves, to which they repaired fo often.

CLEORA, not feeming to relifh *Eugenio's* Answer, turned to me, and faid, Pray, *Simplicius*, were all the Sages of Antiquity, who frequented Gardens and Woods, fuch fort of People as your Friend would represent them?

I ANSWERED, that I was far from thinking they were all of that ftamp: there appears, added I, to be fome Malice in *Eugenio's* Solution, fince he has chofen to represent the darkeft Side of their Philofophy. Doubtlefs, thofe Philofophers he has mentioned, were no great Admirers of a City-Life, nor did they often frequent popular Affemblies; but the greateft part of them were far from being of that folitary, morofe Caft he afferted, or fuch Friends to private Intrigue. If they were fond of Retirement, it was not from any Averfion to Society, but becaufe they thought they could enjoy their Friends better there, than in the Croud, and preferred the calm Delights of Contemplation to the bufling Pleafures of a City-Life, or to guiding the Helm of Government, which was fubject to fo many untoward Blafts and Storms. They had a fupreme Relifh and Veneration for Truth and Nature, which they fancied they could beft enjoy in thofe filent Retreats; they loved Health of Body and Tranquillity of Mind, which they thought moft attainable by Temperance, moderate Exercise, and being much in the open Air. And, if *Eugenio* will have it, they were above all things fond of Independence; but not of fuch a fullen and unfriendly Independence as he pretends. The *Academics*,

demics, particularly, and other Philosophers of no mean Figure, frequented the Resorts of Men more than the Haunts of Beasts, appeared in the public Walks, Colleges, and Halls, read their Lectures to the politest Circles, gave and received Visits from those of highest Rank and Office in the State; and though they would not join in the Cabals and Intrigues of the Forum, they were at immense pains to make those Men better in *private*, whom they despaired of leading in *public* Life.

I MUCH approve their Wisdom, subjoined *Atticus*, in keeping aloof from the busy, popular Scene, and not daring to encounter that many-headed Monster, which never wanted Ways to devour even those who paid the most servile Court to it. I always thought it egregious Folly to sacrifice one's private Ease for no other purpose, than to procure Envy, and Censure, and Hate, which are the never-failing Attendants not only of the most innocent, but the most meritorious Greatness. But surely it must be the Height of Madness to risk one's Life or Fortune on the dangerous Shelves of *royal* Rage, or *popular* Frenzy, in attempting, by an unseasonable and importunate Officiousness, to rectify Errors, which the Generality will not own; or care not to be convinced of, and to govern those who are too wise or too wilful to be led.

I AM afraid, said *Phylax*, that if we will not undertake to serve our Country till we can be sure of Success, we shall never want Pleas to excuse our Sloth and Want of Zeal. But surely, Indolence must be least of all excusable, if ever our Country should need our Assistance, and when the Grievances

of an injured People loudly call upon us to exert ourselves in its behalf. Perhaps there are certain Seasons, when it would be both dangerous and fruitless to interpose in Civil Affairs; but I doubt we shall hardly deserve the honourable Name of true Patriots, if, when the Interests of Liberty are at stake, and when the weight we have might be of real use, were it for nothing else but to rouze or shame others by our Example, we do not employ it in a generous Attempt at least, to prolong the Liberty of our Country, if we can; and thereby give our Posterity at least a Chance to raise it up to its ancient Splendour and Happiness. To stand single in such a Cause is glorious, and to fall in it, the most honourable Exit we can make, and what every good Man would chuse, rather than to survive his Country's Liberty a Day or an Hour.

PRAY, Gentlemen, said *Cleora*, a Truce, if you please, from Politics. Do not let us drop the Subject we were upon. I think there was some Truth in the Solution which *Simplicius* gave. I want to know something more concerning the *ancient* Way of living, and the Inducements they had to prefer it. For my part, I should much incline to imitate the Philosophers, in preferring a Country-Life.

'Tis certain, replied *Atticus*, that the Philosophers, even of the gravest Turn and most rigid Austerity of Manners, were, let them say what they will, close Students of *Pleasure*. Some of them, indeed, were so honest as to profess it openly. Others covered it with a more specious and honourable Name. They called it *Honesty*, *Virtue*, *Self-sufficiency*.

sufficiency. But that they all meant the same thing, is evident, from their taking all the same Road to come at it; such as correcting their Fancies, in order to ascertain a true Taste of Happiness, keeping their Passions within due Bounds, observing a strict Temperance and Command over their several Appetites, diminishing their Wants as much as possible, and waiting the Cravings of Nature. This way of Life they thought most practicable in the *Shade*. They knew the Engagements of a *political* Life were manifold, and sometimes interfering with one another; and that, by entering into them, if the Mind should not be cast off from its just Poise, they must crouch to and flatter a giddy Populace; which they were too proud to do:—that, supposing them exempt from this Servitude, they must meet with frequent Interruptions to their domestic Regimen; and that, after all their Services, they might probably receive for Thanks a ten Years Banishment, or perhaps a worse Fate. —Therefore they run into the *Shade*, to be safe, and obscure, and happy.

THOSE Philosophers of the *Shade*, said *Phylax*, who took so much pains to keep their Passions in Tune, and their Appetites under Command, for no other purpose but to pass their time easily and securely, I am apt to view in much the same light as many of our honest Countrymen, who keep good Hours, eat and drink in due Season, and the best of every Kind, in order to preserve their Looks fresh and ruddy, to enjoy a hale Corpulence, and to rowl about in a healthful Indolence. Or at best, they appear like those ingenious Gentlemen, who

exercise their Limbs with indefatigable Industry and Application, that they may tumble through a Hoop, or walk the slack Rope with a graceful Ease and Nimbleness, and perform many other such admirable Feats of Agility. Your solitary Philosophers did well, no doubt, in observing such a strict Regimen, and preserving their inward Constitution tight and sound; but if they disciplined their Fancies and Appetites, and controuled their Passions, merely to enjoy the Pleasure of contemplating this goodly Order and Regularity, without regarding that Society or Public with which they were connected, or employing those well-adjusted Movements for it's Benefit; I can look upon them only as Instruments, pretty for Show, and exactly tuned, but locked up in a Case, and too delicate for common Use, or for maintaining the Harmony of Society.

WHAT Comparisons have we got here! returned *Atticus*. Are we to sacrifice Health and every thing to the Public, whether it is likely to be of any use or no? Charity, I thought, began at home. Happiness and Pleasure, rightly understood, co-incide. In this, as I observed, the Pursuits of all terminate. If a healthful Tranquillity secure this main Chance, to what purpose give myself farther Trouble? Am I to bustle, and drudge, and be unhappy, that others may be happy? I love the Public sincerely, but Nature never intended I should neglect the personal Charge she assigned me, to serve it.

BUT, pray, Sir, replied *Phylax*, what if you should find your account in making considerable Abatements

Abatements of your Solitude about this private or *personal* Charge, as you call it, in order to care a little more for the Public—and, what if inroaching, now and then, upon your domestic Tranquillity, will conduce no less to the Happiness of the Mind than to the Health of the Body? For, as I take it, the Body and Mind were alike made for Action, and their happy State does not consist in Rest, but in a healthful Activity: Now, as I would not call that Body the strongest and healthiest, which is fairest and goodliest to the Eye, either in Shape or Complexion, or which can perform the most surprizing Tricks of Agility; but the rough, brawny and well-muscled, that can bear all kinds of Weather, Diet and Usage, and perform every natural Motion with Ease and Strength: so, I do not think him of the soundest and most vigorous Mind, who has got a knack of spinning out the finest Speculations, or of disputing with the most ingenious Sophistry, and whose Affections seldom rise or fall, but flow always with the same ~~cool~~ and languid Tenour; but rather that Man, whose Head and Heart are equally poised for Action; who boldly enters the busy Scene; whose Passions rise, and grow warm with the Importance of the Occasion, without disturbing the Coolness of his Reason; who is intrepid amidst Danger; inflexible in his Principles; comporting with every State of Life, bearing Adversity without Meanness, and enjoying Prosperity without Insolence; unchanged with all the Vicissitudes of Fortune, and, with an unbending Resolution and Virtue, pursuing the public Good amidst Calumny, Corruption, Servi-

tude and Faction. That Philosophy which does not thus brace the Mind for Action, and for *public* as well as *private* Life, is effeminate, daftardly, and puftillanimous. And that Life, which does not answer the Intention of Nature, by employing us in promoting the Happinefs of Mankind, and thereby gratifying the sweetest Feelings and Affections of Humanity, will, I am afraid, be productive of the leaft private Pleasure or Self-Enjoyment. I would not, therefore, call thofe the genuine Sons and Students of Philosophy or Pleasure, who either indolently over-looked or artfully waved their Connection with the Public, and in confequence of that, buried themfelves in an inglorious, though lettered Obscurity.

I AM afraid then, returned *Atticus*, we muft not repair to the Gardens, the unfrequented Cells, or even the crouded Academies, to find Philofophers who deferve that Name; but muft go feek them in the Forums, the public Halls, the Seats of Juftice, and wherever Men are to be found. And indeed, I have often thought that thofe Heroes better deferved the Title of Philofophers, who went about doing good, redreffing the Wrongs, chaftifing the Vices, taming the Paftions of Mankind, and bleffing their Country, by giving it falutary Laws or ufeful Arts, directing its Counfels, or leading its Armies, than thofe reclufe monkifh Gentlemen who difputed in Academies, or founded Sects and Schools.

I AM entirely of your Opinion, Sir, fubjoined *Phylax*. Let us therefore call thofe only a Baftard-Kind of Philofophers, who either profefled folety to court Pleasure, or who, paying Homage to the fairer

fairer Name of Virtue, forbore themselves, or deterred others from entering upon the finest Field, in which the very Divinity of it may be best displayed ; I mean, public Spirit, the Love of Liberty, of our Country, and of Mankind. But let those be denominated Philosophers, who made public Good their Aim, and who were neither terrified by Dangers, nor discouraged by Opposition from promoting it. And let that be called the truest and most masculine Philosophy, which inspires us with those noble Affections, and points out to us their wisest Exercise. In fine, let us esteem that at once the highest Virtue and truest Pleasure, which consists in an honourable and useful Activity, how obnoxious or fatal soever.

I CAN hardly think, said *Eugenio*, that those Philosophers who consulted merely private Pleasure, took the best Method to attain it, by living such a reclusé, solitary Life. Its Pleasures are dull, and confined within a narrow Compass. It approaches too near the Life of a *Vegetable*, and has nothing to stir the Passions, or keep them awake. Besides the Uniformity of the Scene damps the Imagination, and the Stillness of Solitude casts a melancholy Gloom over the Mind, which can only be dispersed by Company, or the agreeable Tumults of Town-Diversions.

FOR my part, said *Cleora*, I should rather chuse to calm than agitate my Mind, and find greater need of having my Passions composed than awakened. The undistinguished Run of Company in the Town, produces in me a Levity and Dissipation of Mind ; the Variety of Objects one encounters

ters there, and the Confusion and incessant Hurry from one Scene of Amusement to another, possess every Sense, and engross all the Powers of Imagination; therefore I am obliged to fly to the Country, as to a Sanctuary, in order to recover the Faculty of Thinking, to gain a Mastery over my Imagination and Passions. And really, I should think, the Mind may be calmed without being overspread with Melancholy.

BUT, Madam, replied *Eugenio*, as we were just now informed by your Friend, that the easiest and happiest State of the Mind lies in Action, in order that our fine Ladies may pass their Time agreeably in the Country; what Employments would you substitute in the room of Dressing, Assemblies, Drawing-Rooms, Plays, Operas, Masquerades, shining at Balls?

O, SIR, said *Cleora*, when Time lies heavy on one's hand, might you not trust to female Invention, to contrive a thousand shifts for *killing* it? We can ride, walk out, amuse ourselves in the Garden, or with one's Spinnet or Lap-Dog, and write Letters, which is an infinite Relief to us, when we do not know what to do with ourselves. Besides, we have News-Papers, Journals, and Plenty of Novels, Romances, and a thousand such sweet pretty Things, which *your* Sex have charitably invented for the Entertainment of *our's*.

I CONFESS, Madam, resumed *Eugenio*, here is abundance of Work; but one must be strangely mortified to the World, who can prefer those insipid Amusements of the Country, to the dear delicious Delights of drawing People's Eyes, wherever

one goes, of being the Admiration of *Beaux* and the Envy of *Belles*; add to all, the rare malicious Pleasure of Tea-Table Scandal.

WHAT think you, Sir, returned *Cleora*, of being the best-dressed Person in a Country Parish, keeping one's Flower-Plots in order, — hearing the natural Music of the Groves, instead of that of Operas and Concerts, — witnessing many natural Scenes of rural Life, instead of Plays; — and instead of the Smoke of the Town, and crouded Mall, the fresh, fragrant Air and natural Beauties of the Country? And to name no more, what think you of conversing with a Friend, instead of hearing Scandal, of which you may very possibly be the Butt, when your Back is turned? But, should this fail, or grow at any time insipid, could not one, think you, in a Strait, be Company to one's self for a few Hours?

CLEORA, Sir, said *Atticus*, turning to *Eugenio*, is the strangest Creature you can imagine. She is quite unfashionable in her Taste of Pleasures. I have sometimes suspected her to be of that Tribe of Philosophers you described to us but just now. She does not care that her Pleasures should depend on the Opinions or Caprice of others. Admiration and Power and Fame, and all that, she calls Things without her; and therefore neither worth the seeking, nor certain in Possession when obtained. She has got a certain Standard she calls *Nature*, by which she measures Things, and not by Fashion; and whatever will not square with this, she rejects, though it should be stamped with the Authority of the whole *Beau-Monde*. She has got a Family of poor Children in the Neighbourhood, whom she
visits

visits daily, causes to be taught to read and work, and she buys good Books for them. She had much rather be with them, or among my Books, than in the brightest Circle that ever fluttered at Court on a Birth-night. I am forced sometimes to chase her out of my Closet, lest she should lose her Wits with too much reading.

I MUST beg you, Gentlemen, replied *Cleora*, somewhat touched with *Atticus's* Discourse, not to imagine me such a queer old-fashioned Creature as my Friend draws me. He perfectly envies *us* the manly Entertainments of *your* Sex, and would scarce allow us the Privileges of Thought and Reason; as if we were good for nothing but being dressed out as mere Dolls to catch the Idiot Stare of a few simpering Beaux, and other Mortals as insignificant as ourselves. Because he surprizes me sometimes among his Books, he imagines I mean to commence Philosopher; and if I have, by chance, got a Pen in my Hand, he suspects I am going to turn Author. For my part, I desire no other Privilege but the Right of thinking for myself, and following my own Taste. 'Tis a small Circle of Pleasures to which our Sex is confined. I hardly think it generous in the Men to abridge even that, and pin us down to that glittering, silly, unsatisfactory Way of Life, which is commonly led in Town, as if we were capable of nothing higher.

CLEORA spoke these last Words with a graceful Warmth and Indignation, which brought a sudden Flush into her Face, that did not a little heighten her Charms, and seemed to dart, like Lightning, upon *Eugenio*.

THE Bell to Dinner interrupted our Conversation. We were entertained very politely by *Atticus* and his Lady, and returned home in the Evening.

ON our way home, *Eugenio* laying hold of my Arm; Whom, said he, impatiently, in the Name of Wonder, have we been seeing? Where has she been living all her Life? Where bred? Let me know all her History? With whom——? He would have gone on in this manner I do not know how long, had I not laughed in his Face, and asked him, Pray, *Eugenio*, why all this Impatience? Whence this huge Curiosity? Are you really caught—and at first sight? Is the Rover then fixed, the universal Gallant become all at once a real and passionate Lover? Indeed, I did not expect this from your Philosophy.——

PERHAPS, said he, I am not so far gone as you imagine; but why wonder that one Philosopher enquires somewhat eagerly about another? But I shall check myself, till you are better disposed to give me Satisfaction.

D I A L O G U E VIII.

IN a Family where I lately spent some Days on a Visit, I observed a very remarkable Instance of the untoward Management of two Children. Young Master is a Boy of strong ungovernable Passions, of no mean Capacity, and an open, liberal Temper; add to this, the Disadvantage that he is brought up to the Prospect of a great Estate. The Girl is of surprizing natural Parts, but pettish, fullen, and haughty; though not without a considerable Fund of native Goodness. Both of them are excessively indulged by their Parents. The Father, who jumped into the Estate by means of his Relation to a wealthy Citizen, is a strange, ignorant, unpolished Creature; and having had no Education himself, has little Notion of the Importance of one, and is neither anxious about their's, nor meddles in it, but leaves them to the Chances of Life and the ordinary Track of training up Children. The Mother, a Woman of great Goodness and Humanity, but who never had any of the Improvements of Education, is, you may well believe, but little versed in the Arts of forming young Minds; yet she thinks herself qualified by her natural Sagacity, of which, indeed, she has a considerable Share, for directing and managing the Education of her own Children. But though she were better qualified than she is, her immoderate Fondness would baffle the nicest Management. Her Son is her Favourite, in whom she sees no Faults; or if they are too glaring to be hid, she

she winks at them; and if any of the Family or Friends complain of them to her, she endeavours to put the fairest Colouring on them, and is ready to ascribe the Complaints to some unreasonable Partiality or Prejudice against her darling Boy. The young Gentleman finding himself so secure of Mamma's Favour, takes all Advantages, and stretches his Prerogatives to the utmost. The Servants of the Family he disciplines with all the Force his Fists and Feet are masters of; and uses Strangers, who come to visit the Family, with the most indecent Familiarities. Some he calls Names, others he salutes with a Slap, or pulls off their Wigs, or treads on their Toes, with many such Instances of rough Courtesy. He is indulged, and, if I may use the Expression, trained in the Love of Money. It is made the Reward of doing his Task, and the End of all his Labours. His Pockets are generally full; at least, Money is never denied him, when he either coaxes or cries for it. And indeed, I have seen him do both with great dexterity. He is allowed to play as much as he pleases, at Cards, Draughts, or any other Game, and it is always for Money. I have been diverted to see how the Chances of the Game have roused all his little Passions. If he won, he triumphed over his Adversary with immense Eagerness and Joy; if he lost, he cried and stormed, and bullied, like a petty Tyrant, and parted with his Money with infinite Regret. If the Mother was provoked at any time to take notice of his Irregularities, she did it with so little Judgement, and so much Heat, that it had little or no Influence. Perhaps she
frowned.

frowned and fired, and made a thundering Noise for a while ; but this was soon over, and Master's Tears or sullen Silence brought on a perfect Reconciliation. She shewed no cool and steady Indignation, such as would have been sufficient to produce a lasting Effect, nor were her Rebukes seconded with any substantial Marks of Displeasure, so as to make a deep Impression on such a perverse Child.

THE young Lady's Temper is a little softer, but not less imperious. She is brought up with a high Opinion of the Dignity of her Rank, and Contempt of the Vulgar. Therefore the little Thing imagines herself already a very considerable Personage, takes State upon her in all Companies, swells with Rage at every little imaginary Affront, and never thinks she is treated with Respect enough. The Servants must pay her uncommon Homage ; she must be helped at Table before Strangers of an ordinary Rank. Her pretty Features must not be discomposed by crossing her ; in short, humoured she must be in every thing, and when her Ladyship is dressed out in all her Finery, she is admired, caressed, and exalted into a little Queen. This makes her vain and insolent to a degree of Extravagance. She and her Brother have pretty nearly the same Tasks set them. They read, write, dance, and play together ; but will only read or write, or do just as much as pleases their little Honours. They go to learn, as to some terrible Task, are restless and impatient till it is over, and mind their Tutor almost as much as the Maid that puts them to bed. For his Authority not being duly supported

ported by their Parents, has no weight. In fine, they are so much humoured, so little restrained and kept under Government, that he must have more than the Patience of a Man, who can bear their Insolence; and almost the Capacity of an Angel, to shape and improve them into any tolerable Figure: though, with the Genius and Temper they have, they might be taught any thing, or moulded into any Form, were they under the Influence of proper Discipline and Authority. Upon the whole, I could not help thinking them an unhappy Instance of the indiscreet Conduct of Parents in the Management of their Children, whom, by an ill-judged Frugality, they rob of Treasures much more valuable, and expose to irretrievable Calamities. At the same time, my Acquaintance in this Family convinced me, how unfortunate it is for People to come to the Possession of an Estate, who have no Capacity to enjoy it with Discretion or Dignity.

WHILE I reflect on this, and many other Instances of wrong Conduct in the Education of Youth, I frequently doubt, whether we are to ascribe it to these and the like Errors in Education, — That Mankind are so much over-run with Prejudices and false Opinions, — that their Passions are so often misapplied, and their Manners debauched, — or what other Causes of this are to be assigned. Why do we find so many ridiculous, or wicked Characters in Life? Does *Nature* itself tincture the Mind with Prejudice, Error, Folly? Or do we owe them to Instruction, to the Ignorance or Mismanagement of Parents, Nurses, Teachers? Do our Passions, of themselves, lead us astray, or are

N

they

they bent and fashioned by Culture, Example, and the Variety of Accidents with which Life is chequered, or by something different from them all? I think it would be worth while to trace the Evil to the Source of it; to see if, by discovering the Causes of those Disorders, we can fall upon a right Method of rectifying them.

THIS Account I gave one Night, of the Family I had visited, to the Gentlemen of the *Club*; and upon my proposing these Questions, the Company were silent for some time, as if they intended to recollect their Thoughts upon the Subject.

THE sprightly *Eugenio*, with great Freedom, broke silence first: For when any new Thought comes across his Fancy, he seldom stands long considering whether he shall speak or not.

I Do not think, Gentlemen, said he, that the Questions proposed by our Friend need to puzzle us much. For my part, the Case, as it appears plain to me, may be quickly brought to an Issue. The more I see of the World, the more Characters I converse with, the more am I convinced that the Prejudices Men stick to so tenaciously, and the Blunders and Follies they are guilty of, are owing to some gross Mismanagement in their Education, rather than to any Perverseness in Nature or Default in their Constitution. Frequently indeed, to justify ourselves, or because we are too lazy to trace the Mischief to its true Source, we are ready to cast the Blame on something we call *Nature*, without considering what we mean by that same Nature, unless it be some strange, occult Quality, of which we know nothing; or the Almighty Operator,
whom

whom we must suppose to have maimed his own Workmanship in the original Conception. We presume, Nature has erred, Nature is in the fault, is either defective or redundant; the Child is of a froward Nature. In short, if we can but clear ourselves of the Imputation, we do not care what Freedoms we use with this ambiguous, much-injured Name. Parents and Teachers are perhaps in the right to charge Nature with every Fault, because it eases them of a large Load of Shame. But, methinks, it is but fair to do justice to the *Order* of our *Nature*, and to its *Author* too, from whom we had it. Let us fix the Reproach, where it ought to rest; namely, on the Misconduct of Parents and Nurses, on the Negligence or Incapacity of Teachers. Nature gives us Talents, it is Education that applies them right or wrong. Nature bestows Propensions and Affections, which may be directed to Good, either public or private. 'Tis Culture that improves or perverts them. The infant Mind is ductile like Wax; you may stamp a fair or ugly Impression upon it, Error or Knowledge, Indolence or Application, Virtue or Vice. What makes little *Miss*, who is so admired, caressed and flattered, the pert, imperious Dame, but the early Incense offered to her Vanity? Why does *Master*, when he comes of Age, turn out so stubborn and insolent, an abandoned Rake or wretched Spendthrift, but the Good-nature of doating Parents, or the Mismanagement of Tutors, or the Company he falls into? Why is many a petty *Shop-keeper* or low *Scrivener* so very knavish, but because their Train of Life and low Dealings have led them the

way to Fraud and Chicane? How come we to be so pestered with shallow-pated *Beaux* and flaunting *Coquets*, but because they have been accustomed, from their Cradles, to admire their own sweet Figure, and to refer all their Views to Dress and Conquest? What forms the *Quack*, the supple *Courtier*, and the sham *Patriot*, but the Train of Diffimulation in which they have been hackneyed? Whence such a Spawn of *Bigots*, but from their narrow Education? Why, in fine, are Mankind so ignorant, and withal so conceited, so ill-founded, yet so obstinate in their Opinions, so prone to Ease and Pleasure, and so impatient of Labour, but because they have been hood-winked, before they had time to open their Eyes, and nourished, from their Infancy, in popular Prepossessions, in Vanity and Indolence? Thus are Prejudices and ill Habits handed down from Father to Son; Men inherit the Follies as well as Fortunes of their Ancestors, and the World stalks on in the same dull Track of Ignorance and Pride, Credulity and Presumption: the Scholars seldom daring to be wiser than their Teachers, and the Teachers not chusing that they should, whenever their Interest is concerned. Education therefore, supposing tolerable Parts, is all in all. To it we must impute the Beauty or Deformity of Characters, the Gentleness or Forwardness of Nature. I scarce know a Character in Life, which may not be resolved, if all things are duely examined, into its constituent Principles, or traced back to the respective Sources, from whence its various Streams have flowed; whether from Culture, high or low Fortunes, or the Train of Life,

Life, the kind of Business, and other accidental Circumstances, which have conspired to it's Formation. For all these I include under the general Name of Education, because they mould a Man into the Size and Figure he is of. If the Education therefore is good, the Talents Nature has bestowed will be well applied, and the Manners rightly tempered. If bad, the contrary must happen. The prime Care, therefore, ought to be to rectify Mistakes here, and set things on a right footing at first. How this is to be done, I leave, Gentlemen, to *your* Consideration.

I AM glad to find, subjoined *Constant*, that *Eugenio*, who but a while since, laid such Stress on Nature, and thought it did all in forming Men's Minds and Characters, is now willing to allow a good deal to Education; nay, thinks it the chief *Mould* of our Manners. *Magna est Veritas, & praevallebit.*

I MUST be permitted, replied *Eugenio*, to change my Opinions as oft as I please, and still lie open to Conviction. But if *Constant* will please to recollect, it was the Force of Nature in *Genius* I talked of, and not of Culture in *Morals*.

ADMITTING then *Eugenio's* Distinction, proceeded *Constant*, I am as willing as he to vindicate *Nature*, by which I at present mean the Constitution or Frame of *Human Nature*. We feel strong Anticipations in her favour, Anticipations which determine us to approve what is *Natural*, and disrelish what is *Unnatural* and contrary to her Order. It is always the Standard we appeal to, in our Judgment of Beauty, and we estimate Deformity by

the Degree of Deviation from Nature. But how strong a Party soever Nature may have formed within us, and whatever Weapons she has furnished against her Antagonists, I think it is but fair to examine her Pretensions to our Favour, to see upon what Bottom our Prepossessions are founded; lest, while we are enquiring into the Origin of our Prejudices, we leave this original Prejudice undiscussed, and verify by our Practice, the very reverse of what *Eugenio* has endeavoured to prove; namely, That we derive our Prejudices and Errors from Nature herself, and not from Instruction or Discipline. Now if there shall appear some Vestiges of original Defects and Disorders, as well as of original good Dispositions, I mean, antecedent to all Impressions of Art and Culture; then our Prepossessions in behalf of Nature must give way to plain Facts. For there is no eluding Facts, even by the most subtile Reasonings. Do not some Children appear, antecedent to all Instructions, foreign Culture and Example, nay, as soon as they can discover the least Symptoms of their genuine Temper; do not some, I say, appear to be of hasty, or revengeful Dispositions? Are not others, on the contrary, gentle and humane? Must we not ascribe it to some *natural* Biass? Why do many give such early Indications of Peevishness, Petulance or Cruelty? Whence is it that some, of the same Family, are so liberal and generous, and others so covetous and contracted, though they have all perhaps had the self-same Discipline and Example? Sure we must derive it from some original Propension, interwoven with the very Constitution. I am ready to believe, that it is with human Creatures, as with Breeds of Horses.

Horses. Some are mettlesome, and of a generous Breed; others are slow restive Animals, of a degenerate Race. Some are gentle, and yet high-spirited Creatures; others are so vicious and mischievous, that no Art can break, nor Force curb them. We have Instances in History, of Breeds not only of Families, but of Nations. Of the former, *Machiavel* gives us several Instances among the *Romans*. The noble *Valerian* Family were generally of a mild, affable, popular Turn. The *Appii* were the reverse, haughty, insolent and tyrannical. The *Lydians*, to instance in Nations, were a soft and effeminate Race; the *Athenians* a sharp ingenious People; the *Bæotians* heavy, the *Romans* brave. The *Britons*, both of old and of late, have been a Nation, impatient of the Yoke, inclining to that Pride and Fierceness, as some are pleased to call it, which spurns Slavery with disdain.

I AM aware, that this Diversity of Temper and Manners of different Families and Nations, may be ascribed to a difference in Education, Government, Discipline, Fortunes, and such like Causes; but, as I was saying, how often do we see Children of the same Family, brought up precisely in the same manner, with the same Advantages of Company, Instructions, Example and Encouragements, turn out not only quite different Creatures in their Capacities for Learning, but in their Disposition and Manners? I knew once two Brothers, between whom there was little Difference of Years, who learned, played, visited, conversed, and did every thing together, went to the same Schools, had the same Masters at home, were educated with the

same Care, and both alike encouraged in every respect; yet the one would never mind his Book, nor take to any thing like Letters, and turned out slow-witted, lazy and passionate. The other discovered an early Genius, and Love of Letters, to which he applied with great Ardour, and proved a bustling high-spirited Youth, of quick Passions, but generous withal and friendly. If we look much about us, we shall find many such Diversities of Character in those who have been subjected to the same Train of Culture and Accidents; which it will be very hard to account for, unless we allow some original Difference in the *Complexion* of Minds, something in the *Race*, or, if you will, the *animal Constitution*. Do we not see Diseases frequently transmitted from Father to Son? Is it an unusual Case, to see likewise mental Perversities or Disorders conveyed in the same way? Are not some born with a filching thievish Disposition, who as soon as they can close their Fists, lay their Fingers on every thing about them? Do not dastardly Fathers often propagate cowardly Sons? And does not the Imagination, the Fears and Passions of the Mother often affect the Child, not merely in external Shape and Constitution, but in it's Capacity, it's Imagination and Affections? At least it will be hard to account any other way for that Lameness of Judgement, that natural Timidity, and other original Blemishes we sometimes discover in Children, previous to all adventitious Influence.

It must be owned, said *Philander*, that *Constant* has argued his Point with a good deal of Subtilty; but to give the Argument fairer Play, I think some things may be farther urged, in support of

of the other side of the Question. Perhaps *Eugenio* will ascribe those *early Effects Constant* talks of, to *early Associations of Ideas*, whose Influence is very powerful, but whose Rise and Connection it is hard to trace. One Child, through very indiscernable Causes, may have been accustomed to place a great deal of Happiness in Reputation, and to connect, at the same time, splendid Ideas of Honour with Letters or Knowledge, with fine Speaking, or military Bravery, which shall raise in him an ardent Ambition to excel in such Accomplishments. This may, by some, be thought to give birth to *Genius*, or to such intense Application as shall have much the same Effect. Whereas another, who has not been used to combine the Ideas of Happiness with Honour, and of Honour with Knowledge, Learning and the rest, shall neglect those Studies which are necessary to attain them, and prove a Dunce in Science and Oratory, and perhaps a Coward, if engaged in War. Any Ideas may be connected, and made to start together in the tender Mind. And when they have often started in Company, they will seldom or never be found apart afterwards: Such Combinations generally produce strong and durable Habits, which it is very difficult ever to break. Why, for instance, does a *Roman Bigot* bear such an invincible Hatred to *Protestants*, but because he has been always taught to affix such horrible Ideas to the Name of *Heretic*; so that a *Heretic* never comes across his Fancy, without raising, at the same time, those Ideas of Horror, Odiousness and Infamy, it used to bring along with it? Whereas a *Counter-Association* of Ideas shall make him imagine a peculiar

liar Sanctity and Excellence, inherent in the contrary Character of a *Catholic*, and give him a more than common Partiality in his favour. Why do some Children conceive such an Aversion to their Book, but because the Rod has been generally felt so smart an Attendant of it; so that the Ideas of the Book and Rod go generally in company? We see then, that by means of frequent Associations of Ideas, any kind of Passions, Inclinations or Antipathies, may be raised for or against any Persons or Things whatsoever, The Imagination is the grand *Mint* or *Store-House*, where such Associations are coined and treasured up. 'Tis here that *moral Qualities* are connected with *natural Images* and *Appearances* of any kind; that a fine House, for example, is connected with Ideas of Worth, Elegance, good Taste; a Ribbon or Coronet with Grandeur, Dignity, Respect, Money, to some Imaginations, may include in it every Idea of Excellence and Perfection. A Throne shall appear in the same Light to others. Therefore the one shall reckon nothing dishonourable, by which the former is acquired; the others nothing unjust or cruel, by which they rise to the latter. Now, as the Imagination is continually at work, and the Mind has a vast Propensity to make such Associations, especially in its pliable Infant-State, and as Habits are, naturally and almost unavoidably, grafted upon them; it is easy to account for the filching Disposition of some, the ambitious, cruel or revengeful Temper of others. Hence a Family-Pride, or Turn for Popularity, may be easily conveyed from Father to Son, without having recourse to any original Biass. The Aspect,
Air,

Air, Conversation, Employments of the Family, and a thousand other Circumstances may have concurred to propagate the Dispositions peculiar to each. The same Observation may be applied to whole Nations. The Circumstances of the State, the Discipline, *Civic Crowns*, Laurels, Triumphs and the like, may have made *Bravery* the *Characteristic* of a *Roman*. And a *Counter-Association*; viz. shady Groves, pleasant Gardens, cooling Streams, Beds of Down, with the Air and Climate may have entailed Softness and Luxury, upon the *Lydians*, from Race to Race. Those Associations are formed of themselves, frequently without our Concurrence, sometimes without our Knowledge; and for the most part, in so gradual and imperceptible a manner, that their Effects are hardly distinguishable from *natural Propensions*. Therefore I much question whether the Disorders, ascribed by *Constant* to some *original* Default in our Constitution, may not, with more Justice, be resolved into those perverse and unnatural Combinations of Ideas, which, first of all, beget false Opinions, then misplaced Affections, and lastly, issue in wrong Habits.

EUGENIO thanked *Philander*, for the well-timed Succour he had given him in the Argument against *Constant*; and said, he hoped so powerful a Reinforcement would oblige *Him* ingenuously to confess himself defeated.

I MUST frankly confess, replied *Constant*, I am no Match for *Philander* single, but when he stands Second to *Eugenio*, the Party is by far too unequal; however, I find it easier to be silenced and puzzled,
than

than convinced. Till I am the last, I shall not think myself fairly defeated. Then I shall most willingly lay down my Weapons. For I fight not for Victory, but for Truth. If my Antagonist get this fair Prize first, I go over to his Side, and glory to fight under the same Banner. I shall therefore join Issue with *Philander*, that wonderful is the Force and Extent of those Associations of Ideas he has explained, in forming the Opinions, and influencing the Manners of Mankind,—that they are made very early, and operate in a secret, and oft-times very insensible way. Yet, after all, I cannot be convinced, that the Operations, whether visible or invisible, of the *associating* Principle or Faculty, or call it what you please, are sufficient to account for all those Phenomena or Facts, I have already produced. Is there not an antecedent Disposition in Minds, to form some kinds of Associations more than others? To what other Cause shall we ascribe that Diversity of Genius we find among Mankind? Why are some *Mathematicians*, others *Architects*, others *Poets*, but because they have a peculiar Sagacity or Aptitude to perceive and combine those Ideas that belong to their respective Studies and Employments? Why, for instance, does the *Mathematician* rack his Brain with such unwearied Labour, in investigating Theorems, and tracing abstract Truths in Lines and Figures, but from some strong natural Anticipation in favour of intellectual Theories? Why is the *Architect's* Mind always revolving on regular Figures, different Plans of Building, and Orders of Architecture, but because such Ideas are, some how, congenial to his original Taste? Why does the *Poet*

range

range the World of Fancy, in quest of strange Similitudes, Analogies and Allusions, and combine such fantastic Forms, and Images of Things, but because the Heat of his Imagination, by a native kind of Attraction, draws together those Species which most powerfully strike it? Why are there such different Kinds of Taste under the same general Class, some Mathematicians of the *analytical* Character, others of the *synthetical*; some Poets who excel in painting *high*, and others *low* Life, and so of the rest, but because of a particular *Propensity* to combine some Sets of Truths or Images more than others? This is what I would call *Genius*, which, I think, we commonly say a Man must be born with, if he would excel in certain Professions. Nor can this be ascribed to a Man's particular Train of Life, or the Circumstances in which he may have been placed: for Instances, I believe, not a few, may be produced of Men, who have shot up into Painters, Poets, Mathematicians, though their Way of living, the Inclinations of their Parents, their own Interest, and the Culture they have undergone, have all conspired to lead them another way.—But it is not so much the *natural Genius*, as the *Moral Bent*, which I am chiefly concerned to support. Of this there appears to me a considerable Diversity among Mankind, not resolvable into that Principle of *Association* mentioned by *Philander*. Do we not perceive a Taste, a Propensity to some Actions, some Pleasures more than to others; that some Persons, for instance, are more susceptible of Sentiments of Honour, of Gratitude, of Ambition than others?

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We find in some a certain *Milkiness* of Blood, something so bland and sweet-natured in their Constitution, that to them Goodness is quite cheap; to do a hard thing grates upon their Nature, they open their Heart and Hand to every body, enjoy nothing unless others share it with them; they scarce know what it is to be angry. To what Association shall we attribute this excessive Good-nature? Others are the Reverse. Their *Blood* seems to be curdled, and every kindly Feeling frozen up; they must struggle with Nature to do a generous thing. It requires a mighty Effort to unfetter *Humanity* in them, and Philosophy must exert an uncommon Energy, to thaw their Passions to a tolerable Gentleness. We have heard of others, as of *Socrates*, who, on a different account, have found it difficult to combat with Nature, and to whom Virtue has been no easy Purchase. This good Man experienced, that all his Philosophy was little enough to gain the Victory over his natural Bent. Why is *Virtue* thus costly, and meritorious in some, and so cheap to others? Is it only because some have broken a few early Associations, and others acted in consequence of them; or because the former have surmounted the many Difficulties, which Nature threw in their way, and the latter have followed their natural Instincts? Without supposing some original Moral Bias, as well as a peculiar Bent of Genius in the intellectual way, how can it be accounted for, that Children, as I mentioned before, educated precisely in the same manner, with the like Advantages in all respects, should, like the Sons of *Marcus* and

Quintus Cicero, turn out not only different Creatures, when they are full grown, but discover such *early Propensions*, some to one Vice, others to those of a quite contrary kind? What Dissimilarity of Circumstances can we suppose in such Cases, to couple such different Sets of Ideas, as shall produce such mighty Differences of Temper and Manners? Unless we could fairly trace such a Dissimilarity, it seems more philosophical to have recourse, with *Cicero*, to some general Cause that operates uniformly, and is more adequate to the Effect. However, be that as it will, for I pretend not to pronounce positively, it is certain, a great deal depends upon the early Culture of the Mind, and upon those Ideas, and Images of things, it is taught or accustomed to associate in the first Period of Life. The Influence, which Parents and Tutors may have over the Minds of Children, is almost incredible. They may sow Errors and Prejudices, or Truth and Knowledge, and fix right or wrong Habits so deep in their Constitution, that it shall be almost impossible ever to extirpate them. Too much Pains therefore cannot be taken, in watching over the Mind in its unformed, but most susceptible State; in preventing wrong *Associations*, in teaching it to make such as are allied by Nature, and in counter-working a perverse *original Bent*, by those Associations and Exercises, which are most effectual to baffle it. After what has been said on both sides of the Question, I would thus state the Case: That, as the Minds of Children resemble the uncultivated Garden of Nature, their Improvement will be according

ording to the Nature of the Soil, and the Care and Skill of the Gardeners they meet with. A bad Soil may be greatly rectified and improved by kindly Culture, a warm Aspect, and favourable Seasons: and a good one, by the assistance of judicious Art, may be wrought into the most finished of Nature's Works.

HERE *Constant* stopped, and *Sophon* with half a Smile on his Face, replied thus :

How deeply our Friend may be conversant with the *original* Frame and Biasses of Mankind, I cannot pretend to say. For my part, as I was never admitted into Nature's *Laboratory*, nor ever saw in what manner the wonderful Creature was compounded and fashioned, I shall not presume to pry into her Mysteries. Nature, I believe, seldom reveals her choicest Secrets, and permits only a few of happy Genius, like *Constant*, to be of her *Council*. This obliges me to take my Being, and the Stuff it is composed of, upon Trust ; and, without enquiring what it *was* originally, my grand Concern is to know what it *is* now, how it may be mended and set right, if it has got a wrong Cast, or has been mixed with a vicious Alloy ; how improved, if it is of a fine Mould. To be plain, Gentlemen, I apprehend it is an Enquiry, if not impossible, yet very difficult, concerning the Matter or Shape with which we came out of the hands of the Author of Nature. We must be satisfied with the Materials bestowed, and make our best of them, since neither our Encomiums nor Invectives will mend them in the least degree. It is a matter of much greater Importance, to know what kind of Creatures

tures we actually are, now that we are in Life, what Opinions and Passions we have, what Causes influence them, and by what kind of Culture we may become useful and amiable Parts of the Creation. I entirely agree with both *Eugenio* and *Constant*, as to the very great Influence of Nurses, Parents and Tutors, in forming the Minds of Youth.

THERE are, I imagine, three or four grand *Periods* of Life, into which their Education may be divided. The *First*, I would call that of *Infancy*, in which, they are under the immediate Influence and Dominion of Parents and Nurses, who are to consider the Health and Vigour of their Constitution, as their principal Care. This Period may be supposed to reach till they are four or five Years of Age. In the *Second* Period, which may extend from thence to the Age of fourteen or fifteen, I consider them still under *domestic* Government, with the Addition of Tutors, who ought to initiate them in the Elements of *Knowledge* and *Virtue*, and of *Languages*. The *Third* Stage comprehends *Academical* Education, till the Age of twenty or above. The *Fourth*, I would call that in which Education is perfected by Commerce with the World; which, as all the rest, may be more or less extended, according to the Pupil's Genius or Opportunities. The two first Stages seem to be of great, I will not say the greatest Importance, as the first Part of Education takes the fastest hold of the Mind, and has a considerable Influence ever after, on the whole Life and Character. For, the Mind being then most tender, receives the most sensible Impressions; therefore it is very obvious,

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which of the Parents must have the largest share in the *early* Education of the Offspring. See how the Case stands with other Creatures. Nature has not only provided them with Instincts of Self-Preservation, to put them upon seeking their Food; but has likewise given them *Dams*, whose Business it is to protect and nurse them, while they are in a tender defenceless State. These anxious and industrious Nurses, not only find them Food, and with great pains fetch it frequently from considerable Distances, but lead them out in their first Excursions, show them where it is to be had, and help them to come at it, or else prepare and dress it for them. Thus the Hen, after she has warmed and covered her young Family, leads them abroad in quest of Food, scrapes the Dunghill for them, and assists them in their rude Essays towards finding a Maintenance. Her Care is great, but her Province is narrow, and the Lessons are soon learned by the docile obedient Race. So are those of the other inferiour Animals; the Business and Instructions of their Dams are admirably adapted to their *animal Nature*, and *limited Oeconomy*. Accordingly their docile Pupils soon turn out perfect Creatures in their Kind, thoroughly instructed in all the Tasks necessary for their Preservation, Propagation and Welfare. The Bees, for instance, (you will forgive me, Gentlemen, for using these familiar Examples) after they have been taught by their Dams to use their little Wings, and made some light Excursions round the Hive, in company with their laborious and anxious Tutors, become soon qualified to extract the precious Dew

of every Plant and Flower, grow perfect Patriots in their Principles, honest Centinels, finished Architects, and tender-hearted Mothers in their turn.

So the Case stands with our Fellow-Animals. But MAN is a sublimer Creature, and consequently has a more *enlarged Oeconomy*: Therefore it must require more Pains, and a longer Course of Discipline, to form him for his Business in Life. The Task of instructing him must be a more exalted and important Province. The Sphere of his Activity is wide. He is endowed not only with Instincts for Self-Preservation, but with *public* Affections that lead him out to Society, and fit him for it. Besides the *sensible*, he is susceptible of a great Variety of *intellectual* and *moral* Pleasures. He has likewise various Senses, besides those merely *animal* (Avenues, for the most part, to the *finer* Passions) which lay him open to a prodigious Diversity of Impressions, and yield an immense Fund of Entertainment. He is, moreover, susceptible of Religion, and all those exalted Sentiments of Veneration, Trust, Gratitude and Submission, that are founded on our Connection with the *Supreme Being*. His complicated Frame, and Situation in the World, entail on him an infinite Variety of Wants. He has *personal* Wants, *family* Wants; and is likewise concerned for the Wants of those with whom he is connected in Society. These cut out endless Work for him; and, if at any time he should be such a Wretch, as to have nothing to do, it is one of his most urgent and intolerable Wants, to find either Business or Amusement.—Nor are his Views confined

even to this present mortal State. He is anxious about Futurity, and appears, by his Desires, and the whole of his internal Fabric, to be formed for an Eternity of Duration. Such is Man! Now what Care, what Sagacity, what Vigilance must it require, to train such a Creature for such variety of Exercise, such an extensive Oeconomy, for an immortal Existence? Such a Work must be extremely delicate: In Childhood his Reason is weak, his Appetites rebellious, his Passions strong, his Mind giddy and unattentive, his Humours various; credulous, prone to Imitation, and yet impatient of Contradiction. What then must it be to open and form his Reason, to find proper play to his Passions, to fix his Mind, regulate his Appetites, and mould his Temper to the Duties of his Nature! When I lay these things together, and consider withal, that the *first* Education of Children, the early Bias of their Minds, is the immediate Business of the *Mothers*; I own, Gentlemen, I cannot help reflecting, with no small Veneration, on the vast Importance of *their* Character, *their* Weight and Dignity in Life. As they are the natural Nurses of their Children, it is their Business to tutor and mould their Minds, as well as their Persons. From them we frequently suck our Opinions and Passions, as well as our Milk. They are the immediate *Successors* of Nature, who first shape our Manners as well as our Limbs, make us what we are, and generally as much like themselves as they can. Nay, such is our Proneness to admire those we love, and to imitate what we admire, that, whether they take any pains about

us or not, we naturally take after them, affect their Air, Language and Manners, and even, without designing it, catch them insensibly. How important then, and difficult is *their* Province, to inspire a Creature so ignorant as Man, with the Principles of Reason, Truth and Justice, to cultivate and restrain his Passions, to stamp on him those Impressions of Humanity and Virtue, that are to colour his future Life and Conduct, and thereby to qualify him for Society, and initiate him in the Elements of the Perfection of his Being, in an immortal State! But to you, Gentlemen, I leave the Task of laying out a Plan for executing, in the most successful manner, these important Designs.

I BEG leave, said *Eugenio*, to make one Observation on what *Sophon* has said. I think, Gentlemen, we are all obliged to him for having, with so much Justice, vindicated the Character of the *Fair Sex*, and shown their real Dignity and Importance in Life. Upon *them* depends our Happiness or Misery in a nobler Sense than what is commonly apprehended; so that the Respect and Honour which is paid them by any of their Admirers is not founded on Caprice or Passion, but on the justest Grounds. What I would therefore observe, is, that if their Task in Life is so important, as *Sophon* has evinced it, it must be an unpardonable Fault in us, if we do not contribute our Share towards the qualifying them for it. They, whose Business it is to form the Minds of others, had need to have their own well formed. Will then their common Education of Reading, Music, Dancing, using their Needles, or Dressing, (which last Article, by the by, is ge-

generally reckoned the most important in *female Education*;) fit the Women for acquitting themselves handsomely in the Work of training the Minds of their Children? Will *such* Accomplishments teach them how to instruct a curious, inquisitive Creature, how to encourage a mild, and bend a stubborn Temper, to assist a rising Genius, lead it up through the Infancy of it's Reason, and direct it in a maturer State? I doubt not, unless they have surprizing natural Parts, and have had great Experience. Wherefore, I cannot help thinking, that Women ought to have a more extensive Education, not merely to render them agreeable Companions to us, though that, to be sure, is no mean Consideration; but to qualify them for being more useful Mothers, better Nurses, abler Tutors; Characters devolved upon them by Nature, and of infinitely greater Consequence than the Generality are aware of. I humbly ask pardon for this Digression; which I have much the greater Reason to do, because I am afraid it has but kept you from being entertained with nobler Sentiments, and of greater Importance.

A SIGNIFICANT Look to *Philander* explained this Compliment. It turned the Eyes of the Company upon him, and even brought a little more Colour into his Cheeks than usual. The Silence that ensued did not diminish it, which he was at last forced to break thus.

I KNOW not, *Eugenio*, said he, smiling, whether the Ingenuity of your Remark should atone for your Conclusion.—But to punish you for making Compliments in such a Company as this,

I will quickly forget you, and acknowledge that, among other Obligations we lie under to *Sophon*, I think it is none of the least that he has pointed out to us the principal *Design* of Education. It is, it should seem, *to train a reasonable Creature for a serious, active, useful and contented Life here, and an eternal, happy Existence hereafter*. This View will, I apprehend, lay out the Business of Education into two very important Branches, which yet are, in many respects, interwoven one with the other. The FIRST will consist in *instructing the Pupil in Knowledge, especially of such Things as are of most Importance for him to know*: the OTHER, in *forming the Temper to Piety, Temperance, Goodness, and improving the Habits of Virtue*.

THIS being established, will serve as a Clue to guide us through the Intricacies of this thorny Subject.

IF you please, let us begin with considering the First.

As we go along, it will be of use to us to observe the *Progress* of Nature, and by what *gradual* Openings Knowledge dawns upon the Mind. For in this whole Affair we shall find, that Nature is the best Guide, that it does more than half the Work, and that we then proceed most successfully in instructing the Mind, when we do not prevent, but assist Nature. Nature is ever teaching the tender Infant, even while we think him a Subject incapable of Instruction. His several *Senses*, which are more in number than those commonly reckoned such, are the *first* Inlets to Knowledge. These give him the earliest Notices of *sensible* Things.

When the new-born Creature opens his Eyes upon the Light, every Object is new to him, and strikes him with Surprise. The most luminous Bodies, the most glaring Colours, the biggest Objects and strongest Sounds catch his Attention first. Hunger and Thirst soon direct him to his Nurse for immediate Supply. She, in a short time, becomes the most familiar Object to his Eye, and he learns to distinguish her from all others. But the young Stranger not trusting to Sight alone, gropes about him in this new World, whither he is but just arrived, is fond to touch and grasp every thing; and, by feeling, soon comes to perceive a Connection between *visible* and *tangible* Objects, and to judge of Distances by sure Experience. He wanders continually from one Object to another, still improving his little Stock of sensible Ideas, yet takes in surrounding Objects by slow degrees, and is impressed with Things chiefly as they please or hurt himself. He does not know that a Pin will prick or the Candle burn him, till he has felt the Smart; nor would the Stair-case suggest to him any Idea of Danger, unless he had seen or made some previous Experiment to convince him of it. Nature does thus make one Idea suggest to him another, with which it has no necessary Connection, and, by means of Pleasure and Pain, Sights, Sounds, and Feeling, shows him the Relation of Things to his own Constitution, concerning which, his Reason could have given him no Information. So that by that time he has learned to speak, Nature has taught him a Language of her own, and, by advertising him what Ideas accompany certain Signs, instructed him

him in the first Rudiments of *Self-Preservation*.— While therefore he is but just beginning to grow acquainted with the Objects he is most conversant with, I cannot help thinking but he may be taught a great many things in dumb Shew, before he is capable of regular Instruction. A Variety of Objects may be made to pass before him, of which he might otherwise have long remained ignorant. Let him see, and hear, and handle different Creatures and Things, and Nature will become familiar to him, many Prejudices be prevented, and he armed against several odd Antipathies at certain Creatures and Things, which Children are so apt to contract, to their great disturbance and pain ever afterwards. By this time our Pupil's Tongue begins to form articulate Sounds, to learn the Name of this and the other thing. He wants to express all his Ideas and Feelings, and when he knows no Word to signify his Meaning, frequently coins one at pleasure. He asks what every thing he sees, is, and of what Use. But among the several Objects that present themselves to his View, we find he makes this obvious Distinction, that he is peculiarly delighted with such as have Regularity or Beauty. His Imagination prefers the finest Colours and most regular Forms, to those which are less so. A Dye, a Globe, a Cone, in short, any *uniform* Figure pleases him much more than an *irregular* Body, or rude, unproportioned Mass or Heap. He loves to put his Cards, or any other regular Bodies together, and is delighted to see them rise into different *Orders* of Architecture; he takes a Piece of Dough or Clay, and moulds it into

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Men and Beasts, highly charmed with his mimic Creation. When Children thus discover a Relish for *Beauty, Order and Proportion*, and are curious to know the Ends and Uses of Things, it is an Evidence that it is time to feed them, if I may say so, with beautiful and entertaining Objects, and to shew them their Structure and most obvious Properties. I would therefore set before them a number of pretty Things, both natural and artificial; let them view them at leisure, and in a variety of Lights, and try if, by handling or applying them different ways, they can find out their Use. It is astonishing with what Avidity they will drink in any new Notice or Discovery, especially if it be their own Purchase. If there are several Objects of the same kind, you shall see them soon distinguish between the *fair* and *ugly*, the *regular* and *disproportioned*; and frequently they will judge exactly enough of what is fitted to answer its End, and what not. Great Care therefore is to be taken, that we do not hurry Nature, or anticipate its Judgements and Determinations; for, by so doing, we obstruct its own Activity, and pall that Curiosity we would satisfy. Did I want to make a Boy hale, blooming and well-shaped, I would not be always cramming his Belly, nor pinch his Shape, nor keep him at home continually for fear of Accidents and bad Weather, nor over-lay him with Cloathes; but allow him to bustle about, feel all Weathers, go half-naked, get himself a Stomach by Exercise, and feed heartily when hungry. The same kind of Diet and Regimen would I recommend, to give Strength and Agility to my Pupil's *intellectual* Constitution.

stitution. I would prepare for him Plenty of Food, but he should first crave it, chew and digest it himself. Nay, sometimes he should go in quest of it, and beat the Field; but I would put him upon the Track, and shew him where he has the best Chance to find it, lest he be fatigued with the Chace, or distracted with too many cross Scents.

—Mean while the young *Adventurer* is advancing apace in his Knowledge, and every day adds some new Idea to his Stock. He is now become acquainted with every Person and Thing within doors, and understands somewhat of the Connection and Oeconomy of the Family, consisting of Parents, *Brothers* and *Sisters*, and Servants. He not only distinguishes his Parents, but knows their very Looks and Gestures, and by these, judges when they are pleased or angry, chearful or melancholy. He enters into the Characters of the Servants, chiefly as they respect himself, and listens with attentive Wonder to their Stories of Witches and Hob-goblins, Robbers and Giants. Now *moral Images* and *Forms* begin to pass before his Mind. He is a daily Spectator of the Behaviour and Actions of the Family. From these he forms some Notion of their Characters and Passions. His Contests with his Brothers and Sisters inflame his *own* Passions, and make him more attentive to *their* Conduct. Instantly he approves or condemns, loves or dislikes, according to the Exhibitions they give of their respective Characters. Nor is he indifferent about the Figure he bears in his own Eye. His Actions and Affections often pass in review before the judging Faculty, which impartially acquits

or condemns them as they deserve either. The Consequence is, Self-Complacence and Joy, or Remorse and Shame. Not only Actions, but even the Features and Air of the Countenance suggest *moral* Qualities to the young Spectator, and impress him with Affection or Dislike. And as he loves or hates, he becomes more or less interested in the Fortunes of others. As soon, therefore, as he begins to shew a Taste for *moral* Objects, to enquire concerning Characters, and listen to Stories and Adventures, I would gratify this new Appetite in the same manner as the former, and supply him with abundant Materials to exercise the *moral* Principles of his Nature. For this purpose, Children should be furnished with plain, simple Stories from Life, and such Objects as they are best acquainted with, or Fragments of History selected with Discretion, well-contrived Tales, and Fables which have an easy, clear, and useful Moral. These will afford them a Variety of *moral* Images, and instruct, while they seem only to amuse them. Such Baits are peculiarly necessary to allure and arrest the giddy, roving Minds of Children. Instruction must have a *smiling* Appearance, and to give it that, it must wear a *sensible* Dress, or such Colouring and Imagery as is most familiar to them. Therefore, a plausible Tale, or *Æsop's* Birds and Beasts will instruct them better than a thousand grave Teachers, and take surer Aim at their Hearts. But the principal Advantage of this kind of Instruction, by which it co-incides with that *natural* Method of Culture I would especially recommend, is this, that here they instruct themselves, plod to find

find out a Meaning, and are charmed with every Discovery, as *their own*. Let them therefore judge of Characters, foresee Accidents, draw Consequences themselves, and not have these done to their hand. For this quashes all their Ingenuity. As we need only place a Picture in a proper Light to make it have a due Effect on the Spectator's Eye, and to enable him to form an exact Judgement of it; in like manner, let those Materials we are talking of be set in the just Point of View, by means of simple Narration, let the Story be artfully contrived, the Characters fairly marked, and the Accidents which befall them be well told; and Children will, of themselves, distinguish the *amiable* from the *odious* Characters, love the one and hate the others, be interested in the Fortunes of their Hero, and feel every ingenuous Sentiment and Affection arise within them towards the proper Objects.—But I am afraid, Gentlemen, you will think it full time our young Gentleman should be extending his Acquaintance abroad, and more than time my Share of the Conversation should draw to a Close; and therefore I believe, I had best leave him here, and let *Hiero*, who has not spoke yet, take him up. Hereupon, *Philander* stopt, and beckoning to *Hiero*, seemed to wait his Answer.

HIERO appeared thunder-struck at this unexpected Turn upon him, when he was engaged in deep Attention to *Philander's* Discourse; but recovering soon from his Confusion, he replied, I am surprized *Philander* should put *me* upon leading his young Stranger abroad into the World, who am a Stranger myself, and unacquainted with it's Ways.

I must insist upon it that he, who has conducted him thus far, guide him safe the rest of this intricate Journey.

HIERO will forgive me, resumed *Philander*, smiling, if I say he is mistaken in alledging that I have conducted, for I have only accompanied our young Stranger in his Route through the different Stages he has gone over. For, if I may so soon change the Allusion upon you, the human Mind opens its Powers spontaneously, the Buds of Knowledge unfold themselves by insensible Degrees, and one Branch of Truth makes way for another, if we remove all Obstructions, and give Nature full scope. But to return to where I left *our Stranger*: After he has got a notion of a Family or House, with all its Furniture and Appendages, Offices, Gardens, and the rest, he begins to extend his View to the Neighbourhood, be it a Village or Street; he associates with his School-fellows, and grows acquainted with those who visit in the Family. With his Companions he forms closer and more lasting Connections, because upon these, Associations for Life, and the most durable Friendships are to be built, by which he is both to raise himself, and contribute his Part to the Good of the Public. He observes their Behaviour, mimics their Air, Way of Speaking, and Manners: In proportion as he extends his Acquaintance and Observation, he learns to form an indistinct Idea of a Village or Town. After this, he takes in the Suburbs and the adjacent Fields. The most conspicuous Objects, Woods, Mountains, Rivers, Lakes, Seas, strike his Eye first. He observes their Order, Connection;

Connection, Dependence, sees Resemblances between some Objects, notes Differences in others, perceives their mutual Relations, and is peculiarly pleased where he discerns *Uniformity* joined with *Variety*. Hence he forms a Notion of Design or Contrivance, and, from the Appositeness of one thing to produce another, frames the Idea of *Cause* and *Effect*. The Mind having thus treasured up such a Variety of Ideas, both *simple* and *complex*, begins to range them in order, compares and places them beside one another, reasons upon them, makes new Combinations of Ideas, and deduces Consequences from these.—The Senses, Imaginations and Passions of Children, were chiefly wrought upon before. Now their Reason has gained more Strength. They are full of Questions, and are fitter to be reasoned with than formerly. However, they are still apt to wonder, and are frequently amazed without knowing why; and perhaps Nature intended they should, in order to make their roving Minds attentive. This *Spirit of Wonder*, and *Love of Novelty*, are two admirable Handles, by which to catch hold of such slippery Creatures. For, while their Attention is raised by means of Admiration, it should be improved to point out to them, in the shortest and easiest manner, the Properties and Uses of Things, as far as they can apprehend them. Thus, while they are struck with the Splendour of the Sun, they may be made to observe the most obvious Effects of that glorious Luminary, his Influence particularly on our Fields, Gardens, Plants, and the several Creatures. While they admire the Beauty of a Tree or Flower,

Flower, they may be shown their Structure, their Manner of Propagation, and some of the simplest Principles of their Growth. Thus, what an entertaining Conversation might one have with them, upon dissecting the Parts of a Tulip, whose gaudy Colours amuse the curious Spectator! When they are found surveying a Tool, a Loom, a Mill, or any Work of Art, they may be prompted to take notice of their Use and Make, and what Ends in Life those Things serve, which are wrought by them. In order to keep their Curiosity and Attention awake, which is so apt to flag, I would let them see the various Changes some Things must undergo, before they are fitted for Use, such as Wool, Flax, Metal, which they should see in their different States, together with the Instruments which work them. You may perceive by this, Gentlemen, that I would not have them to be Strangers to the Shops of Artificers, where they may learn many Things of equal Curiosity and Use, and give their Tutors Opportunities to discover whether they have any Genius for mechanic Arts. Thus, how amusing to see a Watch or Clock taken to pieces, and to have all their Parts and Bearings on one another shown them! A Sight of this kind would give rise to a thousand little Questions, in the satisfying which, the simplest Principles of *Mechanics* might be explained to them. When they ask any Questions, their Curiosity should never be baffled, unless they relate to Things improper for them to know; and even then they should be denied with great Softness and Delicacy, and some Reasons given why they cannot be satisfied just now,

now, either because they ask things above their Age, or not fit for them at present to know. With this Précaution, their Questions should be answered clearly, and in as few Words as possible, to encourage them to ask more, and that their Thirst after Knowledge may be continually cherished and increased.—In instructing or reasoning with them, they should be accustomed to the *Socratic* Manner, I mean, of convincing them of Truths they are Strangers to, from Principles they are acquainted with, by proposing such plain Questions to them as they shall be able to answer themselves, and in such Order that one Question shall introduce and give light to another, and lead them to the Point you aim at. This Method *Socrates* brought first into vogue, as being most adapted to the Constitution of Mankind. For he thought that the human Mind was richly impregnated with the Principles of all Knowledge, but that these lay hid like rude Embryo's in the dark Womb of Thought—and that it required an artful Midwife to deliver it of them. This, you know, Gentlemen, he proposed to do, and indeed happily executed by means of that simple, but beautiful Train of Questions, he used in all his Reasonings. In these he affirmed nothing himself, but by the Hints he suggested, or the Appeals he made to their own Conceptions, brought these to their full time, and facilitated their Birth; which, without such Aid, might have lain for ever buried in the pregnant Mind. His Questions were so admirably ranged, and so well timed, that one Birth helped forward and made way for another, and the Parent was

frequently surprized with a happy Delivery, before he felt the Pangs of Labour. Indeed, it is not every one that can boast of such fine Talents as *Socrates* was endowed with, for the Exercise of this delicate Art. But though the Generality of profest Teachers were better qualified than they are, yet how few have the necessary Stock of Patience? and indeed a vast deal is necessary, to help forward the Births, and let the Conceptions of the Mind go out their Time. Without this, it will bring forth nothing but ill-shaped and monstrous Productions, crude Ideas, and lame, unconnected Reasonings.— Let the Foundation of the *Socratic* Doctrine be what it will, it is certain the Practice, built upon it, is just and unexceptionable. For whether we say that the Seeds of all Knowledge are actually sown in the Mind, or that it has the Power of conceiving them by its own generative Force; the interrogating Method sets this Faculty a working, and supplies it with Materials to fashion; nay, frequently forms and prepares those Materials, so that it has nothing to do but to put them together. Yet such is the peculiar Excellency of this Method, that the Mind, all the while, seems to be the *sole* or *principal* Artift. It instructs, convinces or confutes it self. It has no Dependence on Authority; for none is assumed: nor does it lay any stress on the Conceptions of others, till they are made its own, in consequence of a fair Appeal lodged, and a Sentence given. Another Advantage of this Method is, that it will open the Mind by gentle Degrees, and not hurry it on to higher Stages of Knowledge, till it has secured every Step of its Way through
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the preceeding ones. And, in good earnest, Gentlemen, the conducting our young Traveller in the Fields of Knowledge, ought, in my Opinion, to be very gradual; the Road should be as smooth, and the Ascent as easy as possible, both to invite him thither, and make his Journey the pleasanter. Then we need only lead the way by plain and well-chosen Questions, and point out the Road he should take, and he will pursue it from pure Curiosity. But too close Attention is neither to be expected nor required of young People. It is to be relieved, by diversifying the Subject as much as possible, and making one Employment succeed as a Diversion to another. For by thus unbracing the Thoughts, you give the Mind time to recover its Tone, so that it will stretch again with fresh Vigour. As I observed, that the young Adventurer was now curious in marking the Similitudes, Differences, and various Relations of Objects one to another; I imagine this is an Indication of Nature, that it is not improper to teach him by way of *Analogy*, or by shewing him the Resemblance or Correspondence between the Things he knows, and those he does not. Thus, sensible Images may be made to shadow forth Truths of an abstracted Nature, and the Appearances of the *moral* World may be illustrated by those of the *natural*, with which he is better acquainted. Thus likewise, one of Nature's Operations may be made to explain another to which it is analogous. He may be shown, for instance, the Analogy there is between the Formation and Growth of an Animal and the Vegetation of a Plant; the Circulation of the Blood

in the Body and that of the Juices of a Plant; between the Spring of a Watch and that of the Air; between the Powers of Attraction and Electricity; the Elasticity of a Ball and that of a Cord.

I BEG leave, said *Constant*, to put in a word here. I am much of *Philander's* opinion as to his Method of instructing Youth, and especially by slow and gradual Steps, so as never to advance to a remoter Connection till the previous ones are thoroughly understood. For the Growth and Maturation of a Mind, like that of a Body, is slow and gradual and uniform, and therefore it ought not to be urged forward too hastily to its *Prime*, lest it should either produce lame Births, or disturb the Order of Nature. I likewise entirely approve of his Plan, how to insinuate Knowledge in the most agreeable and amusing Manner; and yet I am afraid, his Expedient of instructing in the way of Analogy is liable to some Danger. For as there is a strong Propensity in the Mind to find Similitudes and Analogies in Objects where there are none, this Inclination is very apt to lead the Judgement astray, especially when the Fancy is warm and luxuriant, as it generally is in young People, and therefore so apt to connect some Things that have no Relation, and to reduce others to the same Class that are quite distinct. This Humour of *analogizing*, which is so congenial to the human Mind, at the same time that it puts us upon comparing Objects, examining their Relations and Agreement or Disagreement, will, unless well conducted and prudently guarded, make us satisfy ourselves with an incomplete Analogy, or confound Differences, and put us upon pre-
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suming that we know things thoroughly, to which we may be great Strangers. I apprehend, therefore, this Principle, when it is not under due Regulations, may prove a Source of infinite Mistakes. This makes me apt to believe that your Poets, Orators, and the whole Tribe of allegorical Writers are dangerous Companions for young Minds, and ought to be used with great Delicacy, when we put them into their hands. For a *Metaphor*, which is a kind of Analogy, passes the Bounds of Truth, and therefore tends naturally to mislead the Mind, and make it fancy a Resemblance, where there is strictly none in Nature. For this Reason, I take Poets to be but bad Natural Philosophers, however good Moral Painters they may be. But, *Philander*, I doubt not, will sufficiently guard against the Dangers I could not help taking notice of.

I AM obliged to *Constant*, said the humane *Philander*, for his seasonable Hint, and am not insensible of the Dangers to which my Method is exposed. It will require a sensible Teacher to guard against them. One Way of doing it I conceive to be, that of making the Pupil acquainted with the different Names and Classes of Things, and teaching him to affix distinct Ideas to Words, and to sort the Objects of the several Senses, both external and internal, into their respective Ranks. Whi'e he is shewn the Resemblance or Affinity that is the Ground of a Metaphor or Comparison, the Difference between the Objects thus compared should likewise be pointed out, that he may not be carried away by fancied Likenesses, nor confound Ideas which are the most distant in themselves. To

prevent this Confusion, he should moreover be taught to analyze Things, by resolving them into their constituent Principles, breaking compound Ideas into their simple ones, and entering into a Detail of Effects as deducible from their respective Causes. This Method will give his Ideas more Regularity and Precision, and shew the *Tribe* or *general Standard* to which every thing should be reduced. The greater Variety of Animals, Bodies, and Ranks of Being he is made acquainted with, together with their Properties, Relations, Differences and Compositions, he will have the larger Fund, from which to draw many useful Deductions. And when once he has treasured up a few general Principles of Knowledge, from these he will be able to trace numberless particular Effects.

WITH regard to *Poets* and *allegorical Writers*, what Influence they may have in directing or misleading the Judgement and Imagination, or in forming the Manners of Youth; I doubt, Gentlemen, we must leave it to be the Subject of some future Conversation, as it would be too extensive and delicate an Affair to enter upon at present.

By this time, I suppose our young Traveller has wandered over all that Part of the Globe which lies open to his View, and has connected the surrounding Seas, Rivers, Fields, Forests, Houses, Mountains, Vales, with their Inhabitants, into one general Aggregate, which he calls a County or Province. By degrees he enlarges this Idea, and comprehends in it all those Villages, Towns and Counties that are governed by the same Laws, and subject to the same delegated Powers. This complex

plex Idea constitutes his native Country, towards which he feels a real, though perhaps a more languid Affection; and when this public Connection is taken in, the Generality stop short here, and proceed no farther; either not attending to, or not having their Views sufficiently opened to perceive wider Connections. It requires a philosophic Eye, or a more generous Culture than most People have the advantage of, to take in the whole *Race*, as holding of *one Stock*, sustained by the same Parent, and united upon the bottom of a common Interest. But when, having formed the Idea of a Community, a Nation, or Kingdom, he can, by the assistance of Philosophy, or a liberal Culture, put several of these together, as by their Situation, Interest, or Name, they constitute larger Confederacies of Men; he, at length, arrives at a general, though indistinct Idea of the whole Community of Mankind, and living Creatures subsisting on the terraqueous Globe, or that common Assemblage of Earth, Water, and Air. I doubt likewise, he must be something of a Philosopher to be able to consider this Globe as a Part of the Planetary System to which we belong, and the whole Planetary System as an inconsiderable Portion only of the Universe. But, without supposing him to enter so profoundly into Philosophy, if he stick only to common Notions, he will conceive the Heavens and Earth, with all their Furniture and Appendages, as forming *one Whole*, or what is called the *World*. And from this general Idea of a World, and the Perception of that Beauty, Grandeur and Design which run through it, he will, he naturally must

rife to the Idea of the DEITY, or of fome all-wife and all-perfect Being, who made and governs it. Thus we fee, Gentlemen, how gradually the Mind unfolds its Powers, rifeſt ſtep by ſtep in the Scale of Nature, and takes in one Connection after another, till it has reached the top of the Scale. Senſe prevails at firſt. That is ſucceeded by Imagination. And both make way for Reaſon and Underſtanding. Each of theſe have their diſtinct Sets of Perception, and peculiar Appetites or Propenſities belonging to them. As ſoon as theſe appear, they are to be gratified, by laying proper Materials before them, which muſt be ſet in ſuch a Poſition, as all the ſcattered Rays ſhall be collected, and converge, like ſo many Lines, from the Object to the Eye. As the Mind advances through each Step of the Series, it ſhould be detained there till it has diſtinctly conceived that Connection or Claſs of Perceptions, with all the contiguous Parts or connected Appendages, before it aſcend to another.—

BUT while Children are haſtening forward in this Scale of Knowledge, great Care ſhould be taken to guard them againſt popular Prejudices, and to rectify thoſe Errors that ariſe from the Information of the Senſes. For inſtance, Senſe ſuggeſts that the *Sun* is no bigger than a *Pewter-Plate*,—that the *Earth* is a vaſt *Plain* bounded by the unmeaſurable Ocean,—that the *Firmament* is a prodigious *Vault* or *Concave*, in whoſe Surface the *Stars* are fixed like *Nails*, and appear at equal Diſtances from the Spectator's Eye,—that the Sun and Stars have a diurnal Motion, while the Earth is immoveable in the Center. Theſe, and the like Errors, ought to be corrected

corrected early, by the sounder Informations of the Judgement, lest they degenerate into inveterate Prejudices, too stubborn to be afterwards rooted up by the utmost Efforts of Art. Nor will it be a hard matter to rectify these Mistakes by easy Similes, taken from those sensible things they are daily conversant with. To convince your Pupil, for instance, of the Absurdity of the Motion of the Heavens round our Earth, he might be asked, what an ignorant Artificer he must be, who, in order to roast a Piece of Meat, should make the Fire, Grate and Chimney wheel round it, instead of turning it about, by the simple Motion of the Spit? — To conclude; a Tutor, by walking into the Fields with his Pupil, or stepping into the Shop of a common Mechanic, may give him more instructive Lessons than can be learned from Books or Rules of Grammar. For the Things he is chiefly instructed in, should be such as have some Connection with human Life, or are of use to beautify and improve it. Thus, bid him observe what are the human Wants, what provision Nature has made for them, and how the Industry of Man supplies them, the Ground of the various Arts and Employments of Life, and how all are subservient to the Good of Society. But a *grand Secret* of teaching, and what will make Instruction peculiarly amusing to him, is, to inform him fully, why he learns this or the other Piece of Knowledge, what Use or End they answer, and how they will qualify him for social and active Life. He will then bear with Alacrity the Fatigue of Study, when he sees the agreeable Scope it aims at, the Profit and

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Pleasure arising from it. Withal, such a Method as this will turn his Mind to those Studies which may prove beneficial to Mankind, point out the true Hinges upon which Commerce and civil Affairs turn, and teach him the just Value of every thing, and of consequence, the true Foundations of Expence and Oeconomy.—But, I beg pardon, Gentlemen, for having engrossed so large a Share of the Conversation. You see I have chosen to trespass upon the Rules of Decorum rather than disobey your Commands. And now, I hope, *Hiero* will not any longer grudge us his Sentiments.

HERE *Philander* stopped; and the Company, looking towards *Hiero*, let him know they waited for his Opinion.

MY Opinion, Gentlemen, said he, upon so important a Subject, is plainly this: What Pains soever may be taken in furnishing the Infant-Mind with a Stock of Ideas, the principal Care ought to be bestowed in forming the HEART, and planting there, firm Habits of Piety and Virtue. Far be it from me to oppose or depreciate any Species of useful Science, or to disapprove of the Pains taken in acquiring it: But I will venture to affirm, That for one Man made wretched in Life, for want of Knowledge, there are an hundred miserable through Immorality and Vice. To prepare therefore for this Discipline of the Heart, I should think it of no small Importance to tincture the Minds of Youth, very early, with some of the general Principles of Religion. The ancient *Heathen* Maxim, how old-fashioned soever it may appear,

pear, in this refined Age, still relishes with me:
I am for beginning with GOD——

Εκ ΔΙΟΣ ἀρχάμεσθα.

At least as early as the Mind can take in any Ideas of him: though I think the managing right here, an Affair that requires both Delicacy and Address.

How soon the first Impressions of the DEITY may strike the Minds of Children, or how early they may form Conceptions of a Being so remote from Matter, and of such unlimited Perfection, I shall not pretend to determine. I do not think it among the first of our Perceptions, nor would I rank it among the latest. The Idea, I say the Idea, not the Sound or Word, is not first got by Authority, nor by abstract operose Reasoning. Our first Views of Nature excite Wonder; Wonder awakens Curiosity and Attention; these lead us to a Perception of Beauty and Order. Wherever we discern these, we immediately apprehend Contrivance and Design, by an internal Sense. From these we naturally, and, without any nice Deduction, conclude that some intelligent, wise and beneficent Nature, must have been concerned in their Production. Thus we rather *feel* at first, than *reason* that there is a God. But *Philander* has, by leading us through all the intermediate Steps of the Scale of Being and Beauty, fairly paved the way for the Divinity, and, by supposing his Pupil familiarized to the Notion of a Universe, prepared him for receiving the sublime Idea of it's Author. Upon his Foundation therefore, I think we may with-

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out straining, erect a genuine Theology, and point out to the Pupil a few of those Regards he owes the DEITY. I think I would proceed in this, or some such manner.

As we naturally ascend from the Effect to the Cause, I would shew him a Watch-maker fitting up a Watch, a Statuary carving a Statue, or a Mason building a House; then ask him whether the Parts of a Watch, Statue or House, could have come together of themselves, or wrought themselves into their present Form, without the help of any Artist. Or I would give him a Bit of Clay, and let him mould it into something like a Human Figure: I would bid him make his Chair or any of his Play-Things do the same,—then bid him put Life into it, and make it see, and speak, and walk. He will need no Arguments to convince him that it required a Hand and some Skill to fashion it after this manner, and a superiour Power to his own, to accomplish the rest. He will *feel* this Truth. I would next bid him look round him, and observe the Heavens and Earth, Seas and Mountains, with all their Furniture—Let him conceive of them, as forming one vast Mansion or Dwelling, for Man and Beast—then ask him, if he can imagine, that they made themselves, or were reared into such beautiful Order, without some *directing Hand* or *powerful Artist*. When he has fully felt the Absurdity of such a Supposition, I would ask him, whether he is conscious that he made himself, or remembers the time he began to breathe and live. He will say, no. Must it not then have been some
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other Person? Yes. Must not that Person have been very wise and skilful, that formed a Creature so much more beautiful and stately than his Figure of Clay? To be sure. Who provided and cared for you, when you was a feeble helpless Infant, and still continues to do so? My Parents. Who supplied your Parents with that Milk, those Fruits, that Flesh and other Food, with which they supported you? The Plants and Animals. What supports them? The Earth, and Air, and Water. Did these make themselves? No. Or was it your Parents? No. Must not *He* then who formed you, be the same Being that has made such provision for you? No doubt. Do not you and all Mankind hold of one Stock, and are you not all maintained on one common Bottom? Yes. Can he who maintains all, be any other than he who made them all? No. Must not then the Father of so large a Family be very powerful? Doubtless. Is he not very bountiful and provident, who has made such liberal Provision for his Offspring? Certainly. By such easy Steps as these, Gentlemen, might a Child be led to form some Conceptions of the God of Nature. Nor would I tease him with nice Questions about his Nature and Manner of existing. If he should be puzzled how to think of one who is invisible and unknown to him, it may be just hinted to him, in the same interrogating Method, so admirably recommended by *Philander*; Whether he is not conscious of something within him that directs his Limbs, and governs the Motions of his Body, though not visible to him; and whether there may not likewise be one, who moves
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and governs the World, the Sun, Moon and Stars, though undiscoverable by his naked Eye. When he is made sensible how many Wants he has, how richly they are supplied, and how many Pleasures and Advantages he enjoys, he will easily conceive what Thanks and Gratitude he owes his invisible Benefactor;—that it must be his Interest to stand well affected to such a Being, to trust and obey one who has done so much for him, and can do infinitely more:—and considering that he himself is so feeble a Creature, and subject to so many Accidents and Changes, how much he needs, and how happy it must be for him to be in good Terms with one who is an almighty, immortal, and ever-present Friend. When the Child admires, or is fond of, any particular Character, he may be asked for what Qualities he admires that Person. If they are good and amiable, he may be taught to apply them to the DEITY; and asked, how much more amiable and exalted they must be, in one who is above all, who cares for all, and has no Interest or Temptation to be other than kind and good, or to do any thing but what is best. This will naturally lead him to love and admire, and delight in a Character supremely great and amiable. In fine, every Object almost which he sees, and the admirable Contrivance of every thing for Beauty or Conveniency, and the Use of all the various Species of Creatures, with which he is acquainted, may, by proper and easy Questions, lead him up to an almighty and all-wise Former, and inspire him with the Sense of a supreme and universal Providence,

Providence, than which nothing can have a greater Tendency to purify and exalt the Mind.

THUS, Gentlemen, would I tincture my tender Pupil, with rational and generous Principles of *Religion*. When the Foundations of Natural Religion are firmly laid, and the Pupil has conceived justly of his natural Connections with God, as his Parent, Benefactor and Sovereign, and of the Obligations and Duties resulting from thence; I would still lead him on to larger Views and Connections, as his Mind opened to receive them; and, by means of these, more effectually rivet and secure the Principles and Dispositions already established. If you are not already tired, Gentlemen, I think I would proceed with him in this, or some such manner.

AFTER he had rightly fixed his Notions of the DEITY as a FATHER, and of Mankind as his Family; I would ask him, if he did not think it entirely consistent with his paternal Character, to reform any Disorders, or Abuses that have happened in his Family, and in the way he thinks best. When he was convinced of the Propriety of such a Conduct, I would give him a short Detail of the principal of those Disorders, the Superstition, for instance, the Injustice, Intemperance, Sensuality, Selfishness, and other Crimes, which have prevailed, and then go on to inform him; — That there have appeared Men in different Ages and Places of the World, who have undertaken to instruct and reform their Brethren, the Family of God, both by their Precepts and Example. Among others, I would mention *Socrates*, as one of those Reformers, who strongly inculcated the Principles of Natural Religion, and recom-

recommended, by a steady Virtue; the Duties of private and social Life; and who chose rather to die, than meanly betray the honest Cause in which he was embarked. Then I would tell him of others of a *higher Order*, who were sent by a more *special* Providence, such as *Noah, Abraham, Moses*; and others, whether they went by the Name of *Patriarchs*, or *Prophets*, or *Lawgivers*, who appear to have been raised up from time to time; by the common Father of all, to recall Mankind to the Practice of Religion and Virtue; and endeavour all along, to point out to him the Fitness of what those illustrious Persons did or taught, to the particular Circumstances of the Times and Places, in which they lived. When he has comprehended this, I would at length lead up his Mind to the divinest Teacher that ever appeared in the World, and who stood in a higher Relation to the Father and Governour of it, than any preceeding one; a Person superiour to them all in the Dignity of his Nature, the Purity of his Character, and Greatness of his Office; who, by a Train of miraculous and beneficent Works, greater than any that were wrought by the others, confirmed the Truth of his Mission from God; and set on foot a more universal Reformation than had been either attempted or executed by any former Messenger, by an astonishing Change in the Manners of those who became sincere Converts: A Person, in fine, in all respects, the most patient Martyr for the Doctrine he taught, and the brightest Pattern of the Laws he explained to Mankind. As it will be easy to convince him, that new Connections and Relations introduce

roduce a new Set of Obligations and Duties; — for instance, that the Relation of a Parent or Friend requires a particular Train of Duties correspondent to those Characters.—In like manner, he will easily comprehend that he ought to venerate those illustrious Characters of Antiquity who undertook the Reformation of Mankind, and to have a grateful Sense of their Beneficence—and therefore that so great a Benefactor to Mankind, as the *Saviour* of the World, must merit the highest Faith, Veneration, Gratitude and Love; and, as invested with the Character of a *Messenger* from the great Father of all, calls for deep Attention and Submission from all. In order to convince him of the Truth and Dignity of this Character, I would shew him the need Mankind of all Nations, even the most civilized, have of Instruction, and of every Expedient and Motive to impress on their Minds a Sense of Religion, and to reclaim them from Superstition and Vice to Piety and Virtue—and how admirably the Religion of *Jesus* is adapted to those Ends;—and how suited to the Constitution and Necessities of human Nature in it's present degenerate State. And therefore would I begin with instructing him in the *internal* Evidence of *his* Religion—that He establishes *Moral* Practice on the Purity of the Heart, and the Government of one's self,—makes Love to ourselves, the most interesting Principle of our Nature, the Standard of our Regards and Conduct towards others:—That he recommends the Love of our Neighbour and of Mankind in general, in contradistinction to *partial* and *national* Attachments, which were, for the most

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part, private and selfish Leagues of the *Few* against the *Many*; and calls back the whole Family of God, of all Nations, from the lowest Idolatry and Superstition, and from the Love of the World and the Dregs of Sensuality, to the Acknowledgment and Love of the supreme God and Father of all, and the Practice of universal Virtue, under a Sense of his Authority; assuring them of Pardon upon their Return to their Duty and Amendment of Life, and opening to their View the awful Solemnity of a future Judgement, by which an exact Distribution of Rewards and Punishments will be made, according to their respective Behaviour in the present State, and an immortal Existence consequent to it, of which Existence he himself was a visible Proof, by rising from the *Dead*.

As those Facts will engage the Pupil's Curiosity, and open a large Fund of farther Instruction to his Mind; when he has thoroughly digested these, the gradual Openings of his Understanding will, in due time, prepare him for taking in the whole of the great Method of *Redemption*. When he is arrived at this Period, it will give us a proper Occasion of enquiring, in our future Conversations, into the most effectual Means of communicating to him such important Knowledge.

HE may be farther informed, that we have an Account of this eminent Person, or a History written in the most simple and artless Manner by his Contemporaries, who heard his divine Doctrines, and were Witnesses to his marvellous Works, and who are cited by succeeding Writers—and that this Account is, in the main, allowed to be genuine,

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by the Confession of that, and succeeding Ages—that this Person was spoken of in the most ancient Writings in the World, long before his Appearance—had particular Characters given of him, by which he might be known—and the Time of his Appearance plainly marked out, and that all those Characters and Circumstances foretold of him, unite in him in the most exact and punctual manner—That many Persons eminent for their Piety and Virtue appeared before him, who not only intimated his Coming, but by their Instructions and Example prepared the World for his Reception—that those Persons, amidst a general Idolatry and Defection from the Law of Reason, paid their Reverence and Homage only to the Father and Governour of the World, and declared, by their Remonstrances as well as Example, against the superstitious Practices of the Times in which they lived—That, on this account, he chose to enter into a peculiar Relation to them, and promised special Advantages and Blessings to them and their Posterity, on their account—That *their* Testimony and Practice were sufficient to continue the Belief and Worship of the one true God, while Mankind lived mostly in small Societies and separate Families—but that a Kingdom of Worshippers and Servants of the most High God became necessary, when Men were formed into larger Communities and States, to be a standing Monument against the prevailing Idolatry and Corruption of the rest of the World; and the Depositories of those Records which foretold the Appearance of that illustrious Person, who was finally to destroy Idolatry, and introduce the last

great Dispensation of Heaven;—That Idolatry was always connected with Vice and unnatural Crimes, and therefore the securing against it was cutting off those Vices in the Root, which sprang from it;—That, in raising Fences against Idolatry, the Deity chose to treat the People who were to be Barriers against it, according to their peculiar Genius, Education and Circumstances; and therefore gave them such Laws as were like to be the most effectual Preservatives against it, and were the best adapted to the weak Apprehensions and carnal Turn of Mankind; and especially of those who had been educated among Idolaters, and inured to Servitude:—That it was fit that a Nation of Servants of the most High God, and who alone continued to acknowledge him in opposition to all Rivals, should have particular Privileges and Marks of divine Regard; and that they should be rewarded or punished, as they were dutiful Subjects to their King, and observant of his Laws, or otherwise. He may be informed, by a Detail of Facts, that this actually happened,—that they were prosperous and triumphant over their Enemies, while they continued loyal to their King, but, when they degenerated into Idolatry, and the Vices generally accompanying it, they were overcome and led captive by their Enemies—and those different States did always regularly keep pace with their national Integrity or Corruption:—That though after their Captivity they did not again sink into that Idolatry, for which they had been so often chastized, and the Vices connected with it; yet they departed intirely from the Spirit of their Law, which they partly explained

explained away, and partly buried under a Load of Traditions—and substituted either a strict Regard to it's ritual Observations, and sometimes to their own childish Additions to it, or else a mere external Decorum of Behaviour in the place of internal Purity and Rectitude of Manners:—That a *new* Species of Idolatry, *Covetousness*, and a total Devotion to Sense and the World, succeeded to the other which they had forsaken:—That they not only disregarded, but even slew those Messengers who were sent from time to time to reform them—and became ripe for the Appearance of that great *Prophet* who had been promised to their Fathers, and threatened them with a general Catastrophe of their Nation if they would not repent, and amend their Manners:—That therefore they were a standing Proof to the rest of the World, of the *Unity* of God, and his Superintendency over human Affairs, that he hates Superstition and Vice, and loves their Contraries—And consequently, the *Jewish* Polity was calculated to lead Mankind to the Acknowledgment and Service of the one God and Father of all; and by so doing, to pave the Way for that Kingdom of universal Righteousness, which was to be established by his Son.

THIS, Gentlemen, is a Sketch, and but a rude one, of the Method by which I would endeavour to introduce our Pupil to a Knowledge of the grand Out-lines of Revelation, and prepare his Mind for sublimer Views.

WHILE he is going over the Scripture-Story, which his Tutor may divide into small Portions, like so many Lessons of Philosophy; beginning as

early as the Creation and Fall of Man, and the several Dispensations consequent to them, and obviating the Difficulties as he goes along, I would represent to him the vast Difference between this and all other History.—That whereas the *latter* gives only a naked View of the Facts, *this* opens the Designs of Providence, and explains by what Methods the great *Master* and *Designer* of all executes his Schemes—That whereas profane History leads us to admire the Persons of great Conquerors, and dazzles us with the Splendour of their Actions in subduing Kingdoms, and running with rapidity from one Conquest to another; the sacred Books shew them as only Instruments in the hand of Providence, and merely subservient to the wise and great Ends of the divine Government of the World; and exhibit them to us under the unamiable Image of Lions, Tygers, Leopards, &c. which mark their way with Horrour and Confusion, and live by Blood and Carnage—That, in the Rise and Fall of Kingdoms and Empires, was carried on the great PLAN which the common and all-wise Parent of the Universe had formed for the Government of the World in general, and with a special Regard to the Kingdom of his *Son*—Add to all, that, as the supreme Governour has not yet finished his Work, the Destiny of Kingdoms and States is still regulated with a view to the same Plan, and does wholly depend on the Wisdom and Power of the Almighty.

SUCH Views will open and enlarge the Pupil's Mind, and impress him with such a deep Sense of the immediate and constant Superintendency and Providence

Providence of an all-wise and perfect Mind, as will be a strong Guard against the Influence of Vice, and a mighty Support to the Principles of Natural Religion. Such an astonishing Train of *sensible* Acts of divine Wisdom, Power, and Goodness as must then appear in the Dispensations of Providence, will exhibit to him the most amiable and awful Idea of the Character of the great Governour, and give him stronger and more lasting Impressions of the divine Attributes than he could have by any refined abstract Notions with which a Master can possess him.

BUT though I thus recommend a religious Education, I would not soar so high into the sublimer Regions of *Divinity*, as to forget to inspire him with the common Principles of *Humanity*; but rather make the *theological* Discipline support the other, and bind its Obligations the closer.

I WISH, said *Eugenio*, our Divine has not proceeded too fast with his *theological* Institutions, and begun where he ought rather to have ended. I doubt much whether the young Mind, immersed in Sense, and unaccustomed to *Intellectual* Researches, be a proper Subject to receive spiritual Impressions, or enter upon such sublime Speculations as *Hiero* would have us believe it is. For my part, I should think it more expedient to let it be well versed in the plainer Elements of *Humanity*, before it meddled with those solemn and awful Mysteries of Religion which regard the divine Nature and Providence. What makes me think the more Caution necessary here, is, lest the unbounded Curiosity of my Pupil should start more Difficulties

than is in my power, or any Man's to solve. Should one, in such a Case, have recourse to pure Authority to stop the young Sceptic's Mouth, this would offend against the noble Rule of Culture prescribed by *Philander*, and introduce a slavish Reliance on Authority in Matters of the greatest Importance. I should not chuse therefore to raise more Difficulties than I could fairly solve. And not to attempt to lay them, were to baffle that laudable Principle of Curiosity we seek to encourage. Besides, as we can only judge of the *Divine Nature* by way of *Analogy* with our own, it seems the most natural and easy way of proceeding, to begin with the Study of this, and it's various Relations and Duties; and when these are thoroughly understood, we may then, with more safety, and, I conceive advantage too, rise to the Contemplation of higher Natures. And this, *Hiero* himself seemed to confess at his setting out, when he said that we must ascend from the Effect to the Cause.

I MUST confess, replied *Hiero*, there is a good deal of Shrewdness in *Eugenio's* Observation; but nothing, however, contrary, as far as I can see, to what I had principally in view, and thought necessary to suggest. Among the various Relations in which Man stands, I thought that which he bears to his *Maker*, a principal one; and therefore, the sooner he could be made acquainted with it, and those Duties which result from it, I reckoned he would bid the fairer for acting his Part well in every other Relation of Life. For Piety, when kept unmixt with Superstition and Enthusiasm, was always, and was universally confessed to be a
true

true Friend and Support to Virtue. However, I think I sufficiently obviated *Eugenio's* Difficulty, by premising, that we were to proceed in reasoning with our Pupil only from such Principles as he already knew, and not seek to infuse Opinions, much less impose Reasons, before he was able to apprehend them. But if we delay to lay Materials before the Mind, because Difficulties may arise that shall puzzle the most subtle Head, I am afraid this Argument proves too much, *viz.* that we must lie still and do nothing; there being scarce any Subject of Enquiry, in which the ingenious Subtilty of Children may not suggest more Questions than the wisest Man can answer. After all, I agree with *Eugenio* thus far, that the better they understand their own Nature and its Connections, the more easily they will apprehend the Nature and Providence of *God*.

HAVING laid, therefore, said *Sophon*, the Foundations of Piety; after what Manner, *Hiero*, would you next proceed?

I WOULD endeavour, resumed *Hiero*, to draw some of the principal Lines of *Religion* and *Virtue* upon the tender Mind. For these, if they are not congenial with the Mind, may certainly be very early stamped upon it. And when the first Impressions are once fairly made, it is almost inconceivable with what Difficulty and Reluctance they are afterwards effaced. The first Lineaments of Virtue I would draw upon the susceptible Soul, are these.—*A Regard for Truth, Obedience to Parents and Teachers, a just Sense of Right and Wrong, and of the Dignity of human Nature; a strict Temperance,*

rance, a general Humanity, and especially Love to one's Country, and Diligence or Industry in Business: Add to all, a deep Sense of Religion, and of the Duties and Obligations which it includes; Virtues which are the native Sources of private Happiness, and of infinite Importance to Society.—Upon these, Gentlemen, I shall be glad to hear your Opinion.

As it was now pretty late, we agreed to refer the Consideration of these Subjects to another Time.

D I A L O G U E IX.

AS *Walking* is none of the least Pleasures of Life, I frequently indulge myself in wandering over so pleasant a Part, of the Country as lies about N* * *. The blooming and various Aspects of Nature are a real Enjoyment, while I give way to a *mystical* sort of Admiration, and visit her Shrines with Rapture almost ever new. The other Morning, having started early, I got into the Fields before the Sun was up, and while the Dawn did, if I may say so, somewhat imbrown the Face of Nature, and, as *Shakespear* has it, dapple the drowsy East with Spots of Grey. The Stillness of the Scene added to its Solemnity, the Birds were beginning to awake, a dun Obscurity overshadowed the Mountains and Groves; every thing tended to compose the Mind, and quiet its Passions. The Streaks of Light began at length to spread in fleecy Rings over the Horizon, intimating the Approach of Day; the Scene brightened by degrees, and as it brightened, the Creatures seemed to feel more Life and Vigour. The mild Dawn of the East was succeeded by a redder Flush, till at last the Sun arose, and poured the whole Flood of Day upon us. I, immediately, felt his chearful Influence, by the sprightly Flow of Spirits he raised, and was half tempted to entertain some kind of Respect for so glorious a Creature, whose Appearance, like the Presence of some superiour Nature, seemed to awaken and gladden the whole Scene. The Hills had

had their Tops gilded as with flaming Gold, the Valleys seemed to rise to the Eye, as the Shadows went off, the Rivulets glistered with more Lustre and Transparency; the Birds mounted aloft, and as they soared upwards, poured forth untaught Harmony; the Beasts were roused from their Lodges, the various Insects spread out their Wings in the Morning Ray, and the Woods resounded with divers Echoes. All Nature seemed to breathe and live. The Effects of the Sun's Presence were so considerable on me, and every other Creature and Object about me, that I thought it no hard matter to account for the deifying of so conspicuous an Object by ignorant Mortals. Such Splendour, as overpowers our Sight, not only dazzles, but astonishes us. And Wonder or Astonishment easily runs up into Adoration, especially when we know not the Cause. This benign and diffusive Influence is so great on our World, that Gratitude would naturally mix with Veneration, and both, when united, produce some kind of Homage to the Fountain of so much Warmth and Beneficence. This Progress of the Mind is so natural, that we find the Worship paid to the Sun was among the earliest kinds of Idolatry; and that it sprung up first in the *East*, where an unclouded Sky and advantageous Situation favoured the Observation of the Heavens.

WHILE I wandered over the dewy Ground, and was admiring the blooming Verdure of the Grass and rising Corn, I was surprized with a Voice at a little distance, which made me turn towards it. I had no sooner looked about, than I perceived

Hiero,

Hiero, our Divine, on the other side of a Row of Elms, engaged in a profound Meditation by himself, and venting his Soliloquies with an audible Voice. He stood on a little Eminence, from whence he had a pretty large View around him. Sometimes his Eyes were fixed on the Fields below, at other times he raised them to Heaven with a devout kind of Ardour; his right Hand was stretched out in a sprightly declaiming Attitude, and in his left he held a Book. He seemed so deeply intent, and riveted in Thought, that I apprehended I might safely over-hear his philosophic Effusions without danger of interrupting them. I satisfied my Notions of Decency, by reflecting, that, as *Hiero* had no Mistress but *Nature*, I might presume he would discover no Secrets, but what every Rival might hear, without the Imputation of an impertinent Curiosity. Accordingly, sitting down on the Bank of the River, I took out Pen and Ink, and wrote down in Characters, the following Rhapsody, as it streamed from his Lips.

“ —IT must be so. Else why such Harmony in
 “ their Operations, and Constancy in their Effects?
 “ Can Beings concur in Efficacy, which never uni-
 “ ted in Design, without some common Band of
 “ Confederacy, or combining Cause? Can Chance
 “ be the Parent of *Uniformity* which never fails,
 “ or Fate give birth to infinite *Variety*? The se-
 “ veral Parts of this material Frame, how distant
 “ soever in Situation, and different in their Mat-
 “ ter and Composition, do yet operate continually
 “ on each other, and concur, by some mighty,
 “ though invisible Influence, to the Production

“ of

“ of the same salutary Effects. What Influence
 “ our Earth may have on it's Fellow-Planets, or
 “ how far it's Reaction may affect the Sun, I can-
 “ not tell; but surely I feel the kindly Heat of
 “ that bright Luminary, inspiring me with more
 “ than usual Gladness. Nor on me alone is his
 “ Bounty so efficacious. The other Creatures
 “ partake his enlivening Energy. To him the
 “ vegetable Tribes owe all their Bloom and Beauty.
 “ It is his piercing Ray, which entering the fer-
 “ tile Mould, ripens the vital Sap, and exalts it
 “ into the slender Tubes, open to receive it, af-
 “ ter the Rarefaction of the internal Air, that was
 “ compressed by the Cold of Night. This nu-
 “ tritive Juice, being attracted along the minute
 “ Canals, shoots up in Branches, expands into
 “ Leaves, bursts out in Gems, and cloathes them
 “ with all their *blushing Honours*. What Power
 “ is it then, which unites these distant Parts of
 “ Nature, and adapts their mutual Influences in
 “ such nice Proportion? Who supplied this Foun-
 “ tain of Light and Heat, with his genial and
 “ inexhausted Treasure, and who dispenses it
 “ with such munificent, yet wise Profusion?
 “ Those Objects are certainly too remote, to have
 “ combined, by mutual Concert, towards pro-
 “ ducing one joint Effect. Besides, what Instru-
 “ ments or Messengers could pass between them,
 “ to settle their distinct Powers and Times of
 “ Operation? Yet these never interfere with each
 “ other, but conspire with astonishing Harmony
 “ in the Propagation and Growth of Plants and
 “ Animals. Parts therefore they must be of a
 “ common

“ common System, and some mighty Hand must
 “ hold them together, by a powerful, though un-
 “ seen Chain. Who else can repair the Sun’s con-
 “ tinual Decays, and distribute his Bounties in
 “ Number, Weight and Measure? Nor is it the
 “ Sun alone that must be leagued in friendly U-
 “ nion with the vegetable and animal Tribes.
 “ A large Concurrence of other Causes, a right
 “ Temperature of Earth, and Air, and Water, and
 “ Seasons, is necessary to the Life and Health of
 “ the numerous Inhabitants that are maintained
 “ on our Globe. None of these Parts are de-
 “ tached from the others, or independent of them.
 “ The Earth supports the Plants; Air and Water
 “ nourish them; the Plants supply the Animals
 “ with Food; these are subordinate to each other,
 “ and all are subjected to the Elements in which
 “ they reside. In them they live, and to them
 “ they resign their respective Natures. These
 “ Elements compose one common Mass, and are
 “ governed by the same Laws. All Nature there-
 “ fore is *one* wondrous Piece, *one* conspiring
 “ *Whole*. That it’s different, and sometimes jar-
 “ ring, Parts should co-operate for the Preserva-
 “ tion and Benefit of such infinitely diversified
 “ Creatures, bespeaks an Oneness of Design, and
 “ must require the Presence and Oversight of some
 “ Power equal to that Design. The several Crea-
 “ tures are all confined to their respective Ele-
 “ ments, nor can any of them act beyond their own
 “ Province. It must therefore be some superiour
 “ Nature, who, uncircumscribed by Time or Space,
 “ pervades the Universe, and is intimately present
 “ with

“ with the whole Extent of Nature. Whoever
 “ this univerfal Being is, he must be at the head
 “ of Things, supreme in Wiſdom as in Power,
 “ the Author and Mover of the Whole; who in-
 “ ſpires it's Powers, preſerves it's Connections, and,
 “ ſeeing all his Works from the Beginning to the
 “ End, conducts their Operations, with an un-
 “ erring Hand, to Perfection and Happineſs.
 “ Through what an aſcending Scale of Being and
 “ Beauty, am I led, to recognize a governing Na-
 “ ture, or univerfal Mind, who filled up every
 “ Link of the immense Series, and bid the ſeveral
 “ Orders move upwards, and ſucceed each other
 “ in endless Progreſſion, and all be happy in each
 “ ſucceſſive Station to the utmoſt extent of their
 “ Capacity and Condition! From rude and un-
 “ formed, I riſe to poliſhed, and almoſt breath-
 “ ing Matter. From hence I aſcend, through
 “ the various Tribes of Vegetation, till ſcarce any
 “ Chasm is left between the ſenſible Plant, and
 “ the ſtupid Shell-Fiſh which adheres to its native
 “ Rock. From hence I advance, through al-
 “ moſt infinite Orders of Animal Life, till Inſtinct
 “ well nigh co-incides with Reaſon, and the Brute
 “ is refining into Man; whoſe ſuperiour Frame
 “ points out Intelligence, Wiſdom and Activity.
 “ Man ſeems to ſtand on the utmoſt Verge of the
 “ material World, and to liſt his Head with high
 “ Ambition into *that* of Spirits. What Orders of
 “ Intelligence may lie beyond the human Rank,
 “ and fill up the immense Interval between *Deity*
 “ and this middle Limit of Exiſtence, who can
 “ tell? To us the upper end of the Scale, and
 “ the

“ the intermediate Links, are veiled in Darknefs:
 “ But I know enough to convince me, that I am
 “ of heavenly Extraction, and allied to infinite Per-
 “ fection. This perifhable Stuff which I carry about
 “ me, I borrowed from the Earth on which I
 “ tread, and there I muft foon lay it down. But
 “ whence this Quicknefs and Range of Thought?
 “ This Flight of Imagination and Divinity of Rea-
 “ fon? Whence but from the Source of all Intel-
 “ ligence and Wiſdom? But a while ſince, his
 “ Miniſter, the Sun, ſpread a chearful Warmth
 “ through my mortal Frame; now methinks I
 “ feel more divine Senſations pervading my im-
 “ mortal Part. Who then kindled this celeftial
 “ Fire? Who lighted up this Conſciouſnefs of my
 “ higher Relation, and taught my Boſom to beat
 “ with inexpressible Joy? Who but God, inſpi-
 “ ring God, that kind and gentle Being, whoſe
 “ ſupreme Delight is to diſcuſe Happinefs for ever,
 “ and whoſe Bounty extends to all, without Par-
 “ tiality or Envy?

HERE *Hiero*, paufing a while, began to raiſe
 his Voice ſtill higher, lifted up his Eyes and both
 his Hands to Heaven; and I could perceive a
 brighter Fluſh animating his Countenance, when
 he thus continued:

“ O amiable and perfect Nature! Thou ſove-
 “ reign and univerfal Mind! Eternal Spring of
 “ Wiſdom and Order! How ſtupendous are thy
 “ Works! What Frugality amid infinite Pro-
 “ fuſion? What complicated Effects are produced
 “ by the ſimpleſt Cauſes? The Sun, bright Image
 “ of thy immense Benignity! not only enlivens the

R

animal,

“ animal, but supports the vegetable World, and
 “ ripens and prepares Matter for all the Purposes
 “ of Life and Vegetation. Nor is our Earth the
 “ only Partaker of his Munificence. Thou com-
 “ mandest him, O universal Parent! to enlighten
 “ and cheer surrounding Worlds by the perpetual
 “ Diffusion of his Bounties. His Presence, like
 “ to thine, dispels Darknefs and Sorrow, and in-
 “ fuses secret Ravishment into the Heart. His
 “ Extinction would bring on an universal Gloom
 “ and Horrour insupportable. The Air, that yield-
 “ ing and expansive Element, like the Breath of
 “ God, not only feeds and nourishes the vast Va-
 “ riety of living Creatures, but even the vegeta-
 “ tive Tribes, which could not subsist without this
 “ common Pabulum. What Wonders are per-
 “ formed by that simple Engine, the Power of
 “ Gravitation or Attraction, by which the huge
 “ Machinery of Nature is linked in inviolable U-
 “ nion, and the vast Worlds of Matter continue
 “ suspended and balanced in perfect Equilibrium!
 “ O almighty Former! To it, thy prime Minister
 “ in our World, we owe the Stability of our
 “ Mountains, the Current of our Rivers, the As-
 “ cent of our Springs and Vapours, which de-
 “ scend by the same Influence in Rains, to refresh
 “ and fructify the Earth. To it we owe our Tides,
 “ which keep the immense Collection of the Wa-
 “ ters continually fresh and wholesome; and the
 “ Ascent of the nourishing Juices to the Tops
 “ of the highest Trees. To it are we indebted
 “ for the Force of our Pumps, the Vigour of our
 “ Machines, and the indissoluble Cohesion of Bo-
 “ dies.

“ dies. In this wonder-working Power, I recog-
 “ nize thy Being, and univerfal Providence; a
 “ Power which penetrates the Effence and in-
 “ most Particles of Bodies, combines the remotest
 “ Objects in mutual Sympathy and Concord; and,
 “ operating by unmechanic Forces, produces the
 “ most perfect Mechanifm of a World! In con-
 “ templating thefe inferiour Wheels and Movements
 “ of this beauteous and ever moving Machine, let
 “ me adore the almighty Mover, who impreffed,
 “ and ever impreffes the mighty never fail-
 “ ing Energy, by which the whole Creation con-
 “ tinues always fair and flourishing! The Immen-
 “ fity of thy Works befpreads Thee immenfely
 “ great, and poffeffed of univerfal Dominion,
 “ Their aftonifhing Beauty and Variety fhew
 “ Thee to be the Origin of Order and Perfection.
 “ Their Conveniency and Ufefulness to thy Crea-
 “ tures, difcover Thee exuberant in Goodnefs.
 “ And indeed how numerous and diversified
 “ thy Offspring! O thou Parent of Being and of
 “ Beauty. The vegetable Train confeffs thy Bounty,
 “ while from the Earth’s nutritious Breasts they
 “ fuck the vital Spirit that feeds their tender and
 “ lovely Forms. When they wither and feem to
 “ die, the returning Sun, the unwearied Mini-
 “ fter of thy Beneficence, recalls them into Life,
 “ and makes them rife blooming from Corrup-
 “ tion and Decay. For the grofs Particles of the
 “ fertile Glebe, being prepared in the exquisite
 “ Laboratory of Nature, and diftilled through its
 “ wonderful Alembics, the Pores of the furviving
 “ Root, they are refined into a purer Substance,

“ and sublimed into a fine ethereal Spirit. Beau-
 “ tiful Image of that Circulation of Nature, and
 “ Conversion of Forms, by which the Face of
 “ Things is continually renewed, the Wastes of
 “ Nature supplied, and Decay made the Parent of
 “ Life and Vigour! Infinite Races and Succes-
 “ sions of Animals spring from thy Goodness,
 “ and every Corner of thy wide Domain swarms
 “ with Life and new Creation; as if thou wast
 “ afraid, lest any of thy unemployed Treasures
 “ should be lost, and thy Bounties be untasted,
 “ and unenjoyed. Nicely is the Oeconomy of
 “ every Creature adjusted to its Rank and Make,
 “ and exquisitely formed for imbibing its proper
 “ Satisfactions. How curiously is each of them
 “ armed against the Dangers, to which their Si-
 “ tuation exposes them, by proper Instincts, or
 “ Weapons of Defence! The Parts how admira-
 “ bly framed for continuing the Species, so that
 “ Nature is ever teeming with new Births, to re-
 “ pair the Breaches made, and maintain the Suc-
 “ cession of Beings, who are to live, and be happy
 “ on her inexhaustible Stores! But chief on Man
 “ hast Thou showered distinguished Goodness.
 “ His outward Frame how fair, how erect and
 “ formed for Contemplation! Cloathed with man-
 “ ly Dignity and Strength, or else softened with
 “ milder Grace, and alluring Smiles spread through
 “ every Feature. It was Thou, O Parent of Love,
 “ who taughtest the human Face to charm with
 “ such expressive Sweetness, and ordained’st the
 “ Passions to vibrate from Heart to Heart, with
 “ Harmony so responsive; by those endearing
 “ Bands

“ Bands linking him with the Partners of his
 “ Nature in friendly and enchanting Union. Thou
 “ hast placed him a Spectator of thy majestic
 “ Works above and below, and by stamping on
 “ his Mind the Features of Divinity, superiour
 “ Thought and Reason, hast given him to recog-
 “ nize his Relation to Thee his eternal Parent.
 “ Thou hast settled that Poise, I perceive amidst
 “ the various Powers of my compounded Frame;
 “ thou hast planted those generous Feelings in the
 “ human Breast, which, being duly cultivated,
 “ yield unfailing Rapture, and by forming Man
 “ to a Sympathy with universal Nature, hast al-
 “ lowed him to taste the Pleasures of Divinity.
 “ Let him gratefully acknowledge his Obligations
 “ to his supreme Benefactor, and adore the boun-
 “ teous Hand that crowned him with such Glory
 “ and Excellence of Nature.”— Here the in-
 spired Divine ended his Rhapsody, and coming
 down the Hill, passed directly by me, without
 ever minding me: so that I quietly followed him
 home, resolved to impart my Morning Entertain-
 ment to the Gentlemen of our Society.

THE *Society* met in the Evening in the Gar-
 den, where, after walking up and down for some
 time, we ascended the artificial Mount, which is
 on the west side, and from whence, there is a
 Prospect of the surrounding Fields. It has a con-
 venient Seat on the Summit, and is covered a-top
 with a light airy Dome, open on every side, and
 supported by a few slender Pillars. Here we had
 a charming Landscape of green Lawns, shady
 Thickets, and the River, on which the Sun dispersing

his feeble Beams, gave it the Appearance of shining Glafs. The Flocks were now returning to the Folds, the Cows with full Udders, the Lambs bleating, and frisking about, the Horses neighing, and capering wantonly. The Maids followed with their Milk-Pails and cheerful Looks, and still enlivened the Scene. The Flowers breathed their Evening Fragrance all around, the Sun grew broader, and his Beams, in which Millions of Creatures were playing, became fainter as he approached the Horizon, till at length he disappeared from our Sight; but left us an ample Horizon, deeply tinged and illuminated with various Hues, by the Refraction of his Rays. We took our Seats in this delightful Eminence, and were entertaining ourselves with those Beauties of Nature and *Still Life*, of which we had then so agreeable a Prospect; when, I told the Company I would divert them, if they chose it, by reading to them a philosophic Rhapsody I had wrote that Morning, in the open Fields, about the time of Sun-rising. They were pleased with the Proposal; upon which I read to them the aforesaid Rhapsody of *Hiero's*, with his Address to the Genius and Parent of Nature, I prefaced it with telling them, that they would not relish the Effusion throughly, unless they supposed they saw the *Rhapsodist* in his raving Attitude, with his Eyes up-lifted, his Hands outstretched, his Face glowing with a sacred Kind of Enthusiasm, and himself standing upon a rising Ground, emitting his Raptures, not quite unlike the Priestess of *Apollo*, as she stood on the inspiring Tripod.—The Gentlemen heard me out,

with

with deep Attention; when *Hiero*, who could scarce refrain himself from interrupting the Recital every now and then, thus broke silence.

I MUCH doubt, Gentlemen, that the Rhapsodist is not a little obliged to the Reciter, for the Distinctness and Coherence of the Rhapsody. I am afraid the Heat of an extempore Transport would scarce have produced a piece of Reasoning, which seems to hang together, and which does not want its Colouring and Imagery, unless it had been laboured and wrought up by the cool Touches of the Closet.

'TIS hardly fair in *Hiero*, said *Sophon*, to suppose that *Simplicius* has, all along, been amusing us with a fanciful Tale of a Scene which never existed; nor do I think it, with my Friend's Leave, quite polite, to assert positively, that a warm Imagination kindled to an uncommon Degree, by the mild Splendour of a morning Sun, and a full Prospect of Nature, in its most verdant Dress and amiable Attitudes, amidst the consenting Chorus of the Animal Creation, may not have cast off a beautiful and well-connected Rhapsody, during that sudden Glow of Fancy, without waiting for cooler Meditation. I apprehend the Mind is most fruitful and vigorous in its Conceptions, when it is hurried on by such a sudden Impulse, and Extacy of Imagination, if I may call it so.

I AM not, replied *Hiero*, so positive in my Opinion, from any mean Conception of our Friend's Abilities, but from a Sense of my own Incapacity of rhapsodizing so coherently. This Morning, as I was walking in the Fields pretty early, I remember I fell into a sudden Effusion, something

like this but now recited by *Simplicius*; I do not know likewise, but in the warm Emotion I then felt, I may have given Voice and Accent to the Sallies of my Fancy, perhaps more than I ought to have done in the open Fields: but if my Friend was there unknown to me, and listened to my Soliloquy, and means to have repeated to you, what I then loofely threw out, let him stand forth and say so. For my part, I here honestly confefs, I can distinguish but a few, a very few Features of my Production; the rest are his own, and he has given Shapeliness and Proportion to the whole.

SINCE *Hiero*, subjoined I, has put me to the Question, I must frankly confefs the innocent Fraud I was guilty of, in listening to my Friend's private Effusions, and taking them down in Shorthand in the best manner I could; without pretending to add to, or take from, that Flow of Fancy which he then indulged. I hope, Gentlemen, that you, whom I have entertained at our Friend's Expence, will be my Patrons, and make an Apology for the Theft I have committed.

SURELY, said *Sophron*, *Hiero* cannot be offended that you have done him, as he acknowledges himself, more than Justice. If you have really improved upon his Sentiments, he is too good-natured to envy his Friends the Entertainment to which he gave occasion, by affording at least the unwrought Materials. But if he has only given a fair Recital of your morning Raptures, you will forgive the Expression, I hope you will excuse him for having shewn us so amiable a Specimen,

cimen, how Philosophers, if they do not, at least ought to spend their Mornings.

I PROTEST, Gentlemen, resumed *Hiero*, this is downright Persecution. I shall hardly forgive *Simplicius*, for having served me such a Trick,—to attend as he has done to a Man in a raving Fit, and Posture too; with all the Marks of Madneſs about him, to take a Copy of his Ravings, and then to expoſe them to his Acquaintances, the very firſt time he ſees them.—And then for you, Gentlemen, to defend this unkind and unfriendly Practice—and to talk of one’s Soliloquies and Raptures, and all that; as if a Man were a Lunatic or Viſionary of the laſt Age, when Revelations and divine Effuſions were no unuſual thing; is, I think, ^{pretence} neither fair nor generous in you. Beſides, I do not know if one is accountable, when ſober, for what he has either ſaid or done, during the mad Fit.

FOR my part, ſaid *Conſtant*, if what we have now heard be raving, I wiſh always to rave in that manner. My Fancy ſeldom liſts me among the Clouds, or above the ordinary pitch of common Senſe; but were it to raiſe me ſo high as it has done my Friend, and to conduct me through ſuch charming Scenes, I ſhould love much to mount aloft, and go along with it whitherſoever it ſhould lead me. And let who would call me Frantic, or Viſionary, or Caſtle-builder, I ſhould poſſeſs my Soul in perfect Peace—and build and rave on.

I SEE no harm, ſubjoined *Eugenio*, in being ſomewhat mad now and then, provided we keep it

it in our own power to return, when we please, to our sober Senses. There are none without their frantic Excursions at times, beyond the ordinary Measures of Life and common Sense. All the Art lies in timeing our Madness well, or in employing it on harmless Subjects. By giving vent to the frantic Humour in philosophic Ravings, or poetic Sallies, which have been often thought allied to Phrenzy, we shall, I imagine, sooner discuss the Fewel of the Distemper, and be in less danger of growing delirious in our ordinary Commerce, and at the expence of others, I have often heard of great Men cutting Capers, and playing strange Monkey-Tricks in private, and looking as grave and demure as Senators, when they appeared in public. The human Constitution will scarce bear a long continued Stretch of uniform, sober Thinking, and therefore must be allowed its Gambols; unless we mean that it should lose the Powers of Thinking altogether, and become stark mad, through an Excess of Sobriety.

I CANNOT tell, replied *Sophon*, whether the Point should be pushed so far as *Eugenio* seems to think. The Mind, without doubt, needs its Relaxations, and can no more bear a long, intense Strain of Thought or Passion, without maddening a little, than the Nerves can sustain long a violent Action or Pressure, without some Accesses of a Fever. But that we should actually indulge certain Degrees of Madness, to prevent the being mad in good earnest, I cannot easily comprehend. However, if we are at any time to give wanton Play to Thought, or to indulge an uncontrouled Fancy, I do not know on what the Mind can rave more agreeably

agreeably than on the Beauties of Nature. A Mind struck with the fair, or grand, or harmonious in Nature, cannot contemplate those Forms without Emotion, and a certain Pitch of Admiration. And wherever the Admiration runs high, either it is Possession, or must create a Passion, which looks something like it. In reality, it is an amiable and delightful Possession; but, like all others, it carries the Mind out of its wonted Course, and fires the Imagination with Conceptions, of which it is quite incapable at other times. In this rapturous State, Objects, which have the slightest Relation or Similitude to each other, being presented to the Mind, are seized by it with an immense Ardour, and worked up by it into various Shapes and Combinations, which again draw others into the same Vortex, (such is the astonishing Attraction of our Ideas!) and bring along with them a new Train of Imagery; so that one is frequently amazed by what mysterious Sympathy the unbidden Images arose, and formed themselves into such surprizing Order and Regularity. Whatever Activity the Mind may exert on such Occasions, it seems to have little Command over its own Ideas. The quick Agitations of Fancy, and sudden Flashes of opposite or resembling Images, must dart out in interrupted Sallies of Thought, and frequently in disjointed Reasonings, which have the Appearance of Madness and Folly, rather than of sober Reflection. But whoever has experienced this kind of Possession, upon surveying any of Nature's lovely or majestic Scenes, and has been bewildered in the Labyrinths of Fancy, into which those Views have

led him, will, I believe, chuse to lay his Mind open to all such Impressions, and be far from checking that noble Enthusiasm, which they tend naturally to inspire.

I CANNOT help being surprized, said *Hiero*, that the Generality of People are so little sensible of those simple and obvious Beauties of Nature that environ us on all hands, and entertain every Sense with its proper Pleasures. How few care for getting out of the Dust or Smoke of a City, into the fresh Air of the Country? The most verdant Fields and enamelled Meadows have no Charms for *them*, no more than the rough Stones or Dirt of the Street; else why do even those, who are at liberty to make a Choice, seek so seldom to exchange the one for the other? And of those who live in the Country, how few know how to relish such rural Beauties as they daily see; or to enjoy that *vernal* Delight, which almost irresistibly springs up in the Mind in a fine Day; when Nature is drest in her loveliest Robes, and the Sun gilds her Face with additional Lustre! For my part, I cannot go into the Fields in fair Weather, and an unclouded Sky, without feeling my Heart gladdened with the Prospect, and falling sometimes into those wild Reveries and Labyrinths of Fancy *Sopbron* was mentioning just now, which give a Man the Aspect of one possesst or *Nature-struck*.

I ACKNOWLEDGE, Gentlemen, replied *Eugenio*, the Prospect of a beautiful, rich Country, like that now before us, which yields fine Pasture for Cattel, and Plenty of good Grain; where the Inhabitants live easy and independent, by their own honest Industry,

dustry, and where none of the Necessaries or Conveniences of Life are wanting, is a delightful Sight, and must rejoice the Heart of every *Briton*. But I frankly confess, that I can look at Nature in all her Bloom, and dressed out, if you will, in every Charm that can be supposed to allure the Eye, without falling into those Extasies my worthy Friends talk of, or growing a distracted Lover of the beauteous Dame. Was Nature animated now, as she was in ancient Times, with Deities and Graces, were the Woods now inhabited by *Dryads* and *Hamadryads*, and had one a Chance to meet a sweet light-footed Nymph at every other Fountain or the End of a Walk, I do not question but I should grow a warm Admirer of Nature; and might, perhaps, make an Elopement too in a Morning, to spend an Hour or so with one of those fair Divinities; but ever since our rigid, cold Philosophy, and levelling Theology, have banished those Powers and Graces, and dis-peopled the Groves and Meadows of their gay Inhabitants, I look at Nature with the Eyes of a Philosopher, rather than of a Lover; and, like a disenchanting Knight, imagine myself in perfect Solitude in a Desert.

I FIRMLY believe, said *Constant*, *Eugenio* has spoken his mind very ingenuously; the Country is, to him, I dare say, a mere Desert indeed, without the Presence of some fair Divinity. She alone can change the Wilderness into a charming Scene, and make the Fields and Fountains, the Trees and Rivers look beautiful. There is only one Thing I much doubt, and that is, whether he would have started of a Morning in such a Hurry, to keep an Appointment

Appointment with one of those pretty Forms, unless they had been good Flesh and Blood. But though the World of the Ancients may have better suited the Taste of a Lover or a Poet, as the former had a chance to carry on an Intrigue with a more than mortal Form, and the latter was better supplied with Images and Machines, to enliven his Compositions, and extricate him when brought to a pinch; yet I cannot help thinking that, to a true Philosopher, the Universe, unpeopled as it is of those imaginary Inhabitants, will appear more beautiful and august, than when the whole Council of the Gods assembled on the Top of *Ida*, and the Monarch himself, with his ambrosial Curls, shook *Olympus* to its Center. If indeed *Eugenio* does, as he pretends, look upon the Universe with the Eyes of a Philosopher, he will find it peopled with infinitely greater Swarms of Inhabitants, than it was thought to be in ancient Times; Inhabitants too, whose Natures are better adapted to the Elements in which they reside, than were those Abodes allotted by the Poets and other Mythological Gentlemen to their Deities, either superior or subaltern. As a Philosopher, he will discern an admirable Subordination of the different Ranks of Creatures to each other, and of all to the Good of the universal System.—Things unfolding themselves by degrees, and in a rising Scale of Progression, advancing towards Perfection;—the Laws of Nature acting with an amazing Simplicity, and yet accomplishing their Effects with immense Vigour and inviolable Constancy. In short, there is not the smallest Portion of the Universe, nor the minutest

minutest Animal of those infinite Races that fill it, but may furnish the acutest Philosopher with Matter for Enquiry, not to be exhausted, and yet daily astonish him with new Discoveries of the supreme Wisdom and Beneficence of the Almighty Geometrician.

WITHOUT entering so deep into Philosophy, aid I, as *Constant* would have us, or considering the Face of Nature in the political Light *Eugenio* talks of, I think it affords a noble and entertaining Spectacle even to the most superficial Observer. The simplest Peasant that walks abroad into the Fields, may, if he has his Senies about him, behold with pleasure that delicious Valley now before us, through which the River winds its smooth and transparent Stream, adorned, all along, with wild Flowers and Trees loosely scattered on its Borders; yon little Eminence beautifully tufted with Wood; yon empurpled Field of Beans, whose refreshing Odours are wafted to us by the Western Breeze; or yon stately Ridge of Mountains, whose Tops were but a while since gilded by the Evening Ray. He needs no Philosophy, methinks, to relish these obvious Beauties, which Nature has scattered so profusely all around him. His Heart beats with Joy amidst such delightful Scenes, while he feels every Sense an Inlet to some new Pleasure. Nature, by cloathing every Object with so much Beauty, as well as adapting all so admirably to the Uses of Life, meant thereby, to excite in us the sweetest Sensations. Therefore we fulfil that Intention, and best shew our Gratitude to the Author of Nature, by keeping our Minds open to all those Infusions

of Joy, which naturally flow in upon them from his Works in every Quarter. These Satisfactions may be enjoyed at all times, without any Prospect of immediate or future Gain, such as *Eugenio* suggested; and, though they may receive a higher Seasoning from Philosophy, yet they may be highly relished by such as are entirely unacquainted with it.

I AM convinced, subjoined *Sophron*, that the Beauties of Nature were expressly designed by the all-wise Author, to affect the human Heart with various Sensations of Pleasure; but I am afraid, Gentlemen, that, in order to relish these to any purpose, the Mind must be disengaged and in Good-humour; and a *Taste for Nature* (so to speak) must be formed and cultivated. The having Senses is not enough to make us enjoy Nature with an original Relish. An inward Eye and Ear must be gained to perceive this primitive Beauty and Harmony, such as we study to acquire in all the imitative Arts. Without these, notwithstanding all our other Senses, Nature may still be to us a rude unshapely Mass, and its finest Music mere Dissonance. The homely Ploughman, when he walks out to his Labours, and draws the fragrant Breath of the Morning, or when the Sun's enlivening Ray darts upon him from the Mountain's Top, may, perhaps, feel his Heart bound within him, and be prompted, by a happy Concurrence of those and other delightful Objects, to sing for Joy. The plodding Citizen too, when he elopes into the Fields on a Summer's Evening, from the Smoke of the City, may feel his Senses ravished, and his
Heart

Heart gladdened, he does not know how, by the Impressions which a mild Evening, verdant Fields, and the fresh Air make upon him; but, I believe, I may say that both the Citizen and Ploughman are affected chiefly in a mere mechanical Manner; a brisker Flow of Spirits is excited by a few natural Causes, while they continue to behold Nature with as stupid an Insensibility, as the Ox who treads the Grass. Therefore, though I will not take upon me to say, that Philosophy is necessary to relish Nature aright, yet, as I said, it needs a peculiar Taste, the Mind must be prepared to enjoy the Simplicity, the Innocence, the Grandeur, the Beauty, of rural Scenes. But how is this to be done? No otherwise, I conceive, than by often withdrawing from the Din and Hurry of Life, casting off its Cares as much as possible, hushing the ruder Passions, and being much conversant with natural Objects, till we feel them in all their Force and Beauty. For, while our Thoughts are engrossed by any particular Plan or Scheme we are pursuing; whilst Avarice, Ambition, Love, or any other Passion has an absolute Sway over us, the Fields will smile, the Trees blossom, the Fountains murmur, the Birds sing, and Nature charm in vain. We shall enjoy nothing but what soothes the favourite Passion. Till we enter into ourselves, recover our inward Freedom, and relish the Innocence and good Order of a Mind, all the Symmetry and Grandeur of the Universe will be unfelt by us; nay, I may say, that Nature will appear stained and darkened to us, and we shall be in a Storm amidst the Calm of Retirement.

I AM much of *Sophon's* Opinion, said *Hiero*, that Good-humour and a Command of the Passions are absolutely necessary to enjoy Nature with an original and sincere Relish. This Health of the Mind is as necessary for tasting its proper Satisfaction, as that of the Body is to the tasting any sensible Pleasures. But I am convinced withal, that the frequent Contemplation of Nature is an admirable Mean to promote this Good-humour, to lull our Cares asleep, and blunt the Edge of Passion. When we see Nature looking so fair and flourishing, a joyful Creation swarming round us, enjoying each their respective Felicities, in guiltless Peace, pouring forth their wild and artless Notes, and fondly expressing their mutual Loves; when we feel the Sun's genial Heat cheering our Spirits, and such delicious Fragrancy refreshing the Sense, must not every social and sympathizing Mind harmonize with Nature, and rejoice in such wide-spread Felicity? The Progress of the Mind in such a Situation, is charmingly painted by our admirable Poet, in these sublime Lines, which I can never read without feeling some degree of that Rapture which must have fired his Mind when he wrote them.

————— *Contentment walks*

*The sunny Glade, and feels an inward Bliss
 Spring o'er his Mind, beyond the Power of Kings
 To purchase. Pure Serenity apace
 Induces Thought, and Contemplation still.
 By swift Degrees the Love of Nature works,
 And warms the Bosom; till at last sublim'd
 To Rapture, and enthusiastic Heat,*

We

*We feel the present DEITY, and taste
The Joy of GOD to see a happy World.*

WHILE we thus partake of the common Feast, and share the Happiness of others by Reflection, how is it possible but Good-humour must spring up in our Minds, and Gratitude likewise to our common Parent, the Fountain of such Serenity and Bliss?—And indeed, without this Consideration of a *Deity* directing the Universe, what a dull and pitiful Thing would it appear? How void of Order and Design? A World, without a Parent and presiding Genius, must be a mere Chaos, a Heap of Ruins that could exhibit nothing fair or friendly to view. But when, by the Aid of a genuine Philosophy, we raise our Eye to the Father of all, and view him animating the huge Machine with vital Energy, conducting the amazing Scene of Things with invariable Harmony, to Perfection, and dealing abroad Happiness to his numerous Family by an Infinity of Channels, how are we both astonished and delighted with such various Wisdom and wide Beneficence? The Universe, in this Light, appears a Work worthy a God to contrive, and Man to contemplate. Every Line, thus converging to Divinity, if I may say so, forms a perfect Whole, exactly corresponding to that all-perfect Idea which designed it, and productive of the most extensive Felicity. The Sense of this inspiring and universal Presence must beautify every Part of Nature with additional Glory, and warm our Morning and Evening Contemplations into Rapture. We cannot then forbear to heighten the

Melody of the tuneful Tribes by more rational Notes, and must send up the Breath of Praise with the Odours of the Morning, to our common Benefactor. If our Views of Nature do not lead us up to Deity and excite such grateful Sensations in us, they are very imperfect, and will not have that propitious Influence on our Temper, which we wish they should have.

I CONFESS, Gentlemen, said *Eugenio*, your Conversation has opened to me a new Sense or Avenue to Pleasure, of which I scarce knew any thing before. I did not doubt indeed, that a Man had great Pleasure in surveying his Gardens, either as they were his own Property, or as he laid them out himself, and saw them rising into Order and Perfection, in consequence of his own Plans. Nor was it hard to conceive how the *Botanist* or *Naturalist* felt such Delight in tracing the Structure, Beauty and Uses of the several vegetable or animal Tribes, the Properties of Minerals, Fossils, and the like, with the Process or *Lusus Naturæ* in each of them. But that an ordinary Spectator should feel any peculiar Enjoyment from green Fields, shady Groves, and fair Weather, other than what the Verdure, or Shade, or good Air affords, I could not so easily enter into. Henceforth I shall imagine I see some natural and inexpressible Beauty in every Piece of Landscape, be it ever so rude or simple. I shall think the Enjoyment of a blue Sky, a clear Sun-shine, a mild Air, and blooming Fields, a higher and more refined kind of Luxury. As I am no Enemy to the increasing our Pleasures, and the Enjoyment proposed is a way both to increase
and

and diversify them, I would, by all means, admit it into the Rank of our more rational Delights: and therefore, I shall make it my Business to gain that Taste, which is necessary to relish it. Only I want to know more particularly of my Friends *Sopbron* and *Hiero*, how this Taste is to be acquired, that I may also learn, in due time, to grow a Rhapsodist, and may fall into Raptures, when I walk into the Fields on a fair Day, even without the Assistance of a fair Companion.

UPON this, he looked towards *Hiero* and *Sopbron*, expecting their Answer. The one seemed to wait when the other should speak; at length, *Sopbron* broke silence by saying, that he thought *Eugenio* might easily collect from *Hiero's* Observations, how this new Taste was to be gained, *viz.* by frequently conversing with Nature. How would any Master in the fine Arts, continued he, form his Pupil to a Taste of Painting and Statuary? Would not he advise him to turn his Attention from whatever was showy, false, and of a bad Taste, to study the Works of the most celebrated Performers, observe the living Graces, the Proportions of the single Figures, as well as the Ordonnance of the whole Piece, and so continue his Study till he had got an Eye for the Truth of Design, and Beauty of Composition? This Advice becomes easier, when applied to the Study of Nature. Here, there is nothing false, misplaced, or defective. Even those Works which appear most uncomely and irregular, do, upon a thorough Search, approve themselves to the most critical Eye, being perfect in their Kind, and fully proportioned to their End. Let

the Intellectual Eye therefore be but kept open, let it attend to the Face of Nature, and it will soon discern a Depth of Design, a Symmetry of Parts, and Perfection of Workmanship, that shall raise it's Admiration, and convince it, that a superiour and governing Intelligence pervades and animates the Whole. I believe, *Eugenio* will readily acknowledge, that we naturally catch Impressions, and are wrought into Dispositions correspondent to those Objects with which we are conversant, and to those Circumstances in which we are placed. Objects of Grandeur strike the Mind with pleasing Awe and Astonishment; such as are new or uncommon, with Surprize; and the being often conversant with beautiful Forms and Images, both cheers the Mind, and gives it a more refined and elegant Turn. The Aspect and Air of our Company strongly affects us, as it is gay and cheerful, or gloomy and sad. Now, I imagine that every Part of Nature wears a certain Air peculiar to itself, and has some Quality characteristical of it, which it exhibits to the Spectator, and which induces upon him a certain Air, Impression, or Disposition of a similar Species. Thus, the Darknes and still Horror of a thick Wood, or of *Milton's Dun Ob-scure*, has a certain awful Air which raises a solemn kind of Awe and Melancholy. A sweetly flowing Stream, or a clear transparent Fountain, with its Waters bubbling up, gives us an Image of Serenity, and lulls the Mind into a gentle Softness. Birds singing, Sheep bleating, Herds lowing, and numberless Creatures basking or fluttering with Delight in the Sun's Beams, awaken a Scene of Gayety and Innocence,

Innocence, which fills us with Joy and social Sympathy. The craggy Precipice, the vast dreary Wild, or darksome Cavern, has a gloomy and tremendous Air that harrows the Mind with a delightful Horror. The more beautiful Scenes and finished Architecture of Nature, wear that august and noble Mien which composes the Mind into Thought and Attention, and leads us up to infinite Wisdom and Design. It was thus that *Arcadia's* Pastures exhibited such Scenes of rural Innocence and Simplicity, and *Dodona's* Grove had something majestic and divine about it. Thus did *Parnassus* inspire its tuneful Inhabitants, and *Helicon* refresh with its poetic Streams. Frequent Converse renews the Impressions we first received, and by degrees introduces that Turn of Mind and Genius which the particular Objects are adapted to promote: We contract a Similarity of Air and Habit, become gloomy or gay, awed or pleased, thoughtful or dissipated, as the Scenes which pass before us breathe the one or the other Air, and are formed to affect us in this or that manner. Let *Eugenio* therefore follow Nature to her solemn and awful Recesses, if he would be serious and indulge a pleasing Melancholy. If he would spread a Calm over his Thoughts and Passions, let him hang over the gentle Rivulet or mossy Fountain, till the soft Disposition has crept upon him; if he would banish Care and sullen Grief, Things I suppose him but little acquainted with, let him mix in the glad-some Circle, where Nature exhibits Scenes of rural Festivity and Innocence. But if he has a nobler Ambition, to converse with Wisdom and the sove-

reign Genius of Nature, he may find him any where, in the sunny Glade or the dark Gloom, the lonely Defart or the peopled Grove, but chiefly in those Seats where Beauty and Grandeur and Joy reside. A Taste for such high Converse being once formed, we shall be disposed to enjoy it often, and know better what Value to set upon the inferior kinds of Correspondence.

I CAN easily conjecture, subjoined *Constant*, what kind of Disposition *Eugenio* would chuse most to indulge. Notwithstanding all his Passion for the Ladies, I do not believe he would chuse to retire into the loneliest Corner of a Wood, to sigh and languish in sober Melancholy. He will hardly trouble himself, I judge, with inscribing their Names on the Bark, or soften himself into Tears over the crystal Fountain. He will incline rather to enliven his Thoughts with the jovial Scene, and chuse to assume that gay Air, which will best suit the Company he loves to frequent. I shall be much edified when, instead of dealing his Wit and Bows among the Ladies, I catch him with a Book in his Hand, a *Skafesbury* perhaps, or a *Thomson*, our excellent *philosophical* Poet, in some unfrequented Field or Lane, throwing out philosophic Rhapsodies, and solemnly invoking the Genius of the Place to favour his Retreat and inspire his Meditations.

I AM wonderfully indebted, replied *Eugenio*, to my Friend, for the Compliment he pays to my Disposition in supposing it so sociably turned, and exempt from some of those Weaknesses, which Philosophers themselves, forgive me, Gentlemen !
are

are no Strangers to at times. It should seem, *Constant* knows my Character perfectly, since he can so well ascertain what may or may not happen to me. For my part, I shall not promise for myself what Changes may come upon me, when I find my sober Friend among the Possessed, his Eyes glowing with the ~~devout~~ Madness, and his Mouth emitting oracular Reveries in loose Numbers. I shall then most certainly catch the Contagion, and grow a Rêveur in my Turn. However, be that as it will, I begin to understand a little of *Sophon's* Philosophy. I have often felt Places and Things infectious. Why then may not particular Aspects of Nature be catching too? If the Infection be so delightful withal, as you, Gentlemen, have represented it, I am resolved to put myself in a proper Posture for being seized with it. I shall with more Pleasure indulge the growing Passion, since I find that a Man is not secluded from the best of Company in those solitary Recesses. I think I shall be ambitious henceforward, to cultivate an Acquaintance so sublime, and lay myself open to those sacred Irradiations he shall deign to communicate to me. I shall most willingly disengage myself from the gay Throng, if perchance I shall discover Truth in her retired Paths, or be admitted to those holy Haunts where Wisdom dwells enshrined, and tunes the Soul to Harmony and Peace.

WHEN *Hiero* had waited for some time, to see if any of the Company inclined to speak, and none offered; I perceive, said he, *Eugenio* will in due time grow a Profelyte to this mystical Philosophy. Nature may become another of his Mistresses, and

and warm his Heart with as real Raptures, as he ever felt for the loveliest Maid. And I dare say, she will inspire him with nothing but chaste Desires, and a guiltless Flame, exempt from those Alarms, Jealousies, and Disappointments, to which lawless Passions are so often subject. Therefore I wish it much, for the Advantage and Improvement of our Youth, that their Taste were early formed to relish the Beauties of Nature, and those no less rational and manly, than innocent and lawful Pleasures, which result from the Contemplation of Still-Life. When they are once engaged in active Life, they have seldom Inclination or Leisure to pursue such Meditations; their Fancies and Passions are absorbed either in the busy Scene, or the Whirl of Pleasure. If, therefore, before they are hurried into the World, their Minds could be seasoned with the Love of Nature, if they could be brought to admire the Charms of Still-Life, and the Delights of rural Innocence and Simplicity, I am apt to believe, it would give their Thoughts a sober and sedate Turn, make them better acquainted with themselves and their Connections with the Universe, cherish a Spirit of Devotion, and be a kind of Antidote against the Corruptions of the World. Nature never depraves any one's Taste for true Pleasure, or spoils the Tone of the Passions. 'Tis Company, the Bribes or Terrors and various Allurements of the World, that unhinge the Mind, and unnerve its Resolutions. False Pleasures and vitious Amusements only charm and gain the Ascendant over the Mind, because it is unaccustomed to those that are ^{well} mixed and proportioned

to

to the Dignity of our Nature. Could our Youth be engaged in those natural Investigations, which may be best pursued in the Country; such as observing the Growth and Propagation of Plants, the Generation, Instincts, Passions and Oeconomies of Birds, Insects, and other Animals, and the Changes some of them undergo in passing through different States, and were they to be accustomed to the making Experiments on these and other natural Subjects; I am convinced it would not only employ them in a Sphere of very rational Activity, but likewise open a Scene of immense Delight for their Entertainment. This would give a Refinement and Dignity to their Taste, and be an excellent Counter-balance to the Impressions of sensual Pleasure; it would inure them to Contemplation, and prepare them for entering into the more active Stations of Life with less Hazard than they commonly do. Could they still exalt their Speculations, by taking the Deity into them, as they will hardly fail to do when they are once fairly engaged in natural Researches, and discern the Reflections of Divinity darting upon them from every Object in Nature, it would wonderfully enlarge their Conceptions, and make them see every thing in a fairer or a grander Light. Could they once feel the inspiring Presence, and set on foot a Correspondence with the all-enlivening Genius of Nature and Mankind, I persuade myself they would often retire to these solitary Scenes, where HE presents himself to the intellectual Eye, whispers Peace to the tumultuous Passions, and sheds a virtuous Rapture through the Mind, that is only to be felt. They would not
then

then dread to be *alone*, as we see they too often do; but think themselves least so when in Company with such a superiour Prefence. Such Intercourse could scarce fail to enoble the Mind, and give it quite other Views of the World and its Affairs. If it did not lead the pious *Initiate* to despise those Interests which employ and agitate his Fellow-Mortals on the common Stage of Life, it would at least give him a Mind superiour to the little Contentions that divide them, and quell those peevish Passions that may arise, when he comes to engage in the Bustle himself. It will preserve him, in a great measure, undazzled with the Pomp of Life, the Glare of a Court, and Seductions of Pleasure; make him enjoy himself better in the midst of Business and Prosperity, and support him with a becoming Dignity under the various Changes and Calamities of Life.

DIALOGUE X.

WE are now met, Gentlemen, said *Sopbron*, to consider the excellent Plan of *moral Culture* proposed by *Hiero* at a late Meeting. But, as *Philander* seemed to lay so great a Stress on those *early Associations of Ideas*, we form in the first Part of our Life, and supposed that these had a considerable Share in influencing our Temper and Manners, I should be exceedingly pleased to hear his Sentiments, “How they are formed, and “in what Manner they are to be directed, so as “to produce the most virtuous and durable “Habits.” I doubt not but his Opinion on this Subject, will direct us in the Progress of our Conversation on the *Plan* now before us.

I THINK, replied *Philander*, looking very seriously, it is not a little hard that I, who bore so considerable a Burthen in the *last* Conversation, should have a new one laid upon me in *This*, because I happened occasionally to mention a thing, that had some Relation to the Subject we were upon. This is downright Persecution; and therefore, I propose, that to punish *Sopbron* for attempting it, *He* be obliged to begin with the Subject he has started.

THE Company continuing to look stedfastly at *Philander*, let him know they joined in the Persecution he complained of, and would not excuse *his* declining the Task imposed on him.—Whereupon *Philander* went on thus:

SINCE,

SINCE, Gentlemen, you appear so resolute to persecute me, you are not to expect that I can, all of a sudden, unprepared as I am, speak distinctly on so delicate an Argument. However, to shew my willingness to comply with your Desire, I shall propose my Sentiments to your candid Censure, as they naturally occur.

I THINK it will be universally allowed, that the *Associations* or Knots of *Ideas* (if I may so call them) which we join together in moral Subjects, or those Things which constitute our *Complex Notion* of *Happiness*, are the Cause of our *right* or *wrong Taste*, the Origin of Motion to our Passions, and consequently to our Conduct, and the Spring of our Happiness or Misery in Life. It must, therefore, be an Affair of the utmost Importance in *Education*, to settle just *Associations* in the Minds of Youth, and to break and disunite wrong ones. The doing this aright, I take to be the grand Art or Engine of *moral Culture*. It is in the *Imagination*, as I observed before, or in that *middle Faculty* of the Mind between Sense and Reflection, that those *Images of Beauty and Good* are formed, which sway our Resolutions and guide our Passions. Truth, unsupported by these, or separate from them, makes but a faint Impression on our Minds. Thus, let a *Miser* be ever so much convinced that Money is only the *Means* of Enjoyment, not the *End*, and that it is only valuable as far as it is useful for attaining that End; I say, let him be convinced of this as much as of the Truth of any Proposition in *Euclid*; still the Images of his Bags and shining Metal, with all the annexed Ideas of Property, Enjoyment,

Enjoyment, Security against Want, Independence, and the like occur, which make him fancy a Happiness in the *mere* Possession, separate and quite distinct from the Use. In vain do you tell him that his Happiness is a Dream, that he hugs a mere Phantom; he blesses himself in the Delusion, and thinks your Taste vicious, while he approves and acquiesces in his own. It must, therefore, be of the last Consequence to have a *correct Imagination*, or, in other words, to unite the *Images of Beauty and Good*, with our *Perceptions of Truth and Nature*. But how to trace those several Combinations of Images and Ideas, which go to the compounding our *Complex Phantom*, or Idea of *Felicity*, is no easy Task. I believe we must proceed in the way of *Analysis* or *Induction*.

THE *Human Mind* has a wonderful Subtlety in connecting Ideas, which have frequently little or no relation to each other, and consequently in heightening exceedingly the Value of any Object or Enjoyment, by means of that *Association*. A Sprig of Laurel, or of Oak, a Cap, or a Staff, are in themselves, Things of inconsiderable Value; but, if viewed as Badges of Distinction, Honour, Power or Pre-eminence, they rise high in the Account, and are courted with insatiable Eagerness. In like manner, we shall find that the Pleasures of the *Animal Life* make but a poor Figure in the Eyes of the Generality, when they stand alone; and that they borrow their chief Dignity and Importance from the *higher Principles* of our Nature. A plentiful Table, and Variety of choice Wines, are not very highly rated, if they are dis-

joined

joined from *Images* of Fellowship, Entertainment, Show, or of genteel Taste. Therefore *Ideas* of *Beauty* and *Good*, drawn from the *finer Senses* and *Passions*, are presented to the Imagination, and by it coupled with those of the *inferiour* and *grosser* Kind. The Gratifications of the *external* Senses of Taste, Smell, and the rest, are soon over and grow flat with Enjoyment; but they gain a new Relish, when they are blended with those *nobler* Sensations which accompany our *Ideas* of *Beauty*, *Grandeur*, *Order*, and *Harmony*. And these, in their turn, acquire a higher Lustre and Relief, when combined with our *Moral Perceptions* of *Decency*, *Honour*, *Generosity*, *public Spirit*. These Associations and Mixtures of the *higher* with the *lower* Species, or *Images* of *Beauty* and *Good*, or of *Natural* with *Moral Forms*, are often made so insensibly and by such casual Encounters, that it is frequently next to impossible to know, how or when they were made. Let us try however, if we can trace them in a few Instances, which will at the same time serve to convince us, that the *leading Passions* in the Conduct of Life, derive their main Strength from mistaken Alliances of *Beauty* and *Good*, and may possibly suggest to us some useful Hints towards the disjoining *Unnatural* and forming *just Associations*.

LET us take a *young Nobleman* or *Gentleman*, Heir to a fine Fortune, such as the Youth whom *Simplicius* described to us but the other Night. No sooner does he begin to make Observations, and take Notice of what is doing about him, than he perceives a certain Respect paid to him on

account of his Rank and Fortune, distinct from his personal Qualities, and frequently without regard had to them—He sees Servants humble, Dependents obsequious, Companions complaisant, Strangers courteous and full of Deference to him, his Parents taking State upon themselves, and ever and anon putting him in mind of his Family and Rank.—Thus is he accustomed to associate Birth and Fortune; with Ideas of Superiority, Greatness, Dignity and Desert.—This is not all. He daily observes a particular Stress laid, and many Elogiums bestowed on a splendid Equipage; an elegant Table, rich Furniture, ample Gardens. A *Taste*, a *Spirit*, *Ideas of Splendour*, *Beauty*, *Magnificence*, and *refined Enjoyment* are joined with these, and seem to justify those Passions of *Love* and *Admiration*, with which they are eyed and pursued. Next, he goes to Town, mixes with the gay Circle, frequents the Court, sees the Homage paid to a Ribbon, a Star, a Garter.—Precedencies, Titles, the Favour of the Prince, the Power of serving one's Friends, Country, and Dependents, are all connected with those shining Badges of Distinction, and blended together in his *Complex Idea of Happiness*.—He finds that a Place and Weight in Parliament are necessary to obtain these:—he forms Schemes of Opposition, or of Submission and Service to those in Power, to make good his Point. If fair and generous Means will not prevail, base and sordid ones must be used, even in Extremes, by Profusion or Parcimony; Oppression of his Inferiours, Attendance and Flattery to his Superiours.—Thus Honour, Integrity, Inde-

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pendence

pendence and Magnanimity, are all sacrificed to his *confused Image of Grandeur and Felicity*. Prostitution, Servitude, and Corruption of every kind, succeed them. You see, by what insensible Steps our young Gentleman rises in the Scale of Beauty and Good, and still blends *moral Qualities* with *natural and sensible Images*, to piece up his *general System*, or rather *Midley of Happiness*, till he sinks at length into *moral Depravity* and *Wretchedness*.

Let us take another Instance from *lower Life*, where we shall find other *unjust Combinations*, the Sources of infinite Delusion and Misconduct. A Child observes very early his Parents, Nurses, and all about him, shewing a vast Fondness for Money; the Man who has it, is caressed and esteemed happy; he who wants it, is despised and accounted miserable. Wealth is pointed out to him as the End of his Studies, and his present Toils are compensated with a pecuniary Gratification. Perhaps his own Train of Life leads him to pursue it; he sees numberless Rivals engaged in the same Pursuit: infinite Struggles, a great Dust raised, and many Frauds practised to come at it. How is it possible for him not to associate *Ideas of Honour, Worth, Character, Dignity, and Happiness*, with what is thus universally courted, admired, and passionately sought? This *crowded Image* immediately haunts him in Company and Solitude, and never leaves importuning him till he has laid down a *Plan* for acquiring the beloved Enjoyment. Mean while other Ideas from the *Quarter of the fairer Affections*, join their Allurements to confirm his Determinations and urge the Pursuit; Dread of Want, Love
of

of a Family, Concern about Friends, Power of doing Good, and the like.—The Passion is veiled with these specious Masks.— Being now engaged in the busy Scene, he grows fond of the Chase.— Success adds to his Ardour, nay Disappointments and Opposition whet his Appetite.—The Pleasure or Profit he is perhaps only the Occasion of to others, dignify his Pursuit.—The new Respect he daily meets with, enhances the Value of his Possessions, and enlivens his Sense of the Worth and Excellency of the Owner. At last he becomes passionately fond of Money itself, without any farther Views, and finding it impossible to disunite his Ideas of Wealth and Merit, he, by subtle Refinements, comes to think no Ways mean or base which lead to that, which he now considers as his chief Good.

IT were easy, in the same way of *Induction*, to trace the other *ruling* Passions to their respective Sources of *Affociation*. I shall only mention one more, the *Love of Pleasure*. *Good Living*, is by the Generality esteemed the Mark of a *good Taste*, of *Splendour* and *Elegance*; and therefore those Ideas are early annexed to a *well-furnished Table*. Whereas Ideas of a *bad Taste*, a *stupid Manners*, and *Narrowness of Soul*, are connected with a *poor Table*.—Sugar-Cakes and Sweet-meats are the Child's Rewards for having performed his Task well.—Dishes well prepared and richly seasoned, are spoken of with great Delight and Relish.—The Appetite is provoked by Variety.—Afterwards, when he comes to form Parties of Pleasure with his Companions, the Entertainment is wonderfully enhanced

by *moral Images of Sympathy, Good-Fellowship, Taste in Expence,—giving and receiving Pleasure.* It is these that add *Dignity and Importance* to Hunting, Gaming, and Drinking. At length Gallantry engages his Attention, and he must shew his *Taste of polite Life* by conducting an Amour. Here an agreeable Face and Air are always supposed to express some fine *moral Quality or Disposition*, as *Good-nature, Frankness, Tenderness, Dignity*, or the like.—This *complex Idea* first begets the Attachment, and next puts him upon forming some *Scheme* to accomplish his Designs.—His own Honour, and the Figure he is like to make among his Companions, according as he succeeds or not, increases his Eagerness in the Pursuit.—Probability of Success heightens his Passion.—An unfortunate Bar thrown in his way enlarges his Idea of the Dishonour of a Disappointment, and puts him on mending his Plan. A kind Return, or any Marks of a reciprocal Passion, adds new Fuel to *his*.—His Vanity improves these Tokens in his own favour, and makes him think *his* Regards honourable.—The Delight of executing a Scheme projected by himself, and the *moral Species of Benevolence, Sympathy, and giving Pleasure*, wonderfully strengthen the *Association*, and often justify to the unwary Pursuer, the foulest and most dishonourable Actions.—*Counter-Associations* come in as Aids to confirm him in this Course of Pleasure.—Such are, the Shame of an idle Life, the Reproach of want of a Taste and Refinement in Pleasure.—The Apprehension of dishonourable Imputations among the Ladies, and his own Sex too; of Unacquaintedness with the
World,

World for instance, Hatred of the Sex, Stoicism, and the like.—Sometimes the Coldness or Contempt of another Person; frequently Emulation and Revenge: all which he combines with the *Ideas of Manhood, Generosity, Delicacy, Sensibility to Honour*, and *just Indignation* for being ill used. It is these, and the like *Associations of moral Qualities* with *Natural Beauty and Good*, which prompt the *Man of Pleasure* to repeat the same dissolute and immoral Courses, till his Character is sunk, and he becomes totally enervated and vicious.—But whither, Gentlemen, does the Subject hurry me? I had almost forgot I was speaking in Company. I must beg you to assist me in going through the Subject, or at least to accompany me in the Remainder of so tedious an Investigation. For I protest, I am tired already with that Part of the Course I have gone over, short as it is.

I Do not know, said *Eugenio*, who will undertake to finish what you have so happily begun. For my part, I confess, I am no Sportman for such high Game. But methinks, from the noble Hints which you have given, how *Associations* are formed, and how some of our *leading Passions* grow to such an unwieldy Size and Vigour, I could, by following the same Track, find out, how the Case often stands with the *other Sex*, and shew, by what unhappy *Associations*, *their Passions* naturally tender and generous, do frequently run into Exorbitancies, destructive to themselves, and generally grievous to those with whom they are connected.

THE Company appeared curious to hear *Eugenio* on fo delicate a Subject, especially as it would afford *Philander* a little breathing-time to refume his Theme with fresh Spirit and Vigour.—Accordingly, *Eugenio*, feeing all Eyes fixed upon him, with a Smile on his Countenance, proceeded in this manner.

THINK NOT, Gentlemen, that I am to give you an History of the whole *Sex*, or to enter into a Detail of all thofe fatal or fantaftical *Affociations*, which they happen to make. This were a Task enough to fill whole Volumes. Therefore all I mean to do, is only to note fome of thofe gentle Gradations, by which fome Ladies advance in the Scale of Beauty and Good, till they work themfelves up into moft difquieting and ungovernable Paftions.

I SHALL fuppofe our *young Lady* not yet out of her Hanging-fleeves, her Charms opening apace and blooming in the Eye of her Parents. The Attention and Pleafure with which they furvey her, and the Pains taken to drefs her out to the greateft Advantage, make the *little Thing* foon begin to obferve herfelf, and fond to catch the Attention of Beholders. She early perceives the Refpect paid to Beauty, Drefs, and the external Mien and Appearance: How one is celebrated for her exact Features and delicate Complexion; another for her fine Shape and lovely Air; how a third is commended for her rich Clothes and true Tafte in Drefs. To thefe *natural* or *adventitious Graces*, ſhe foon learns to annex *Ideas* of *Dignity*, *Worth*, and *Amiability*. She takes notice that ſhe herfelf attracts higher Regard, when ſhe is in full
Drefs,

Dress, or is more observant of her Carriage and Demeanour than ordinary. This increases her Value for them, which is still heightened by the Prospect of giving Pleasure to others. The Illusion is confirmed by the fond Caresses of her Parents, and the Flattery of Servants.—By this time our young Beauty steps forth into the World, where every thing gaudy in Figure, Dress, Jewels, Equipage, and outward Ornament, soon seizes her giddy, roving Eye. In almost every Place and Company, she finds these things principally regarded, and those Persons most distinguished who discover a superiour Taste in them. To *these* therefore she adjoins a thousand *Images* of *Grandeur*, *Elegance*, *Politeness*, and *Decorum*, which play continually in her sight.—In a short time, *She* herself draws the Attention of the *Beau-Monde*.—Her Beauty and Air, her Taste in Dress, her Address and Behaviour, are in every body's mouth.—The Pretty-Fellows ogle her, visit, and toast her.—She grows important in her own Eyes, and imagines innumerable Graces included in her Beauty, and the other personal Advantages she possesses.—I fear even the better and more sober Part of our Sex (I speak it not without shame) contribute to the unguarded Charmer's Delusion.—The Submission and Homage paid her, often perhaps without Design, teach her to combine *Ideas* of *Power*, *Superiority*, and *Dominion* with *Beauty*.—Hence arise some confused Designs of Conquest, which are softened with the fairer Appearances of shewing Pity, distributing Favours, giving Pleasure, humbling the *proud*, and shewing Preference to the

modest Admirer.—One Conquest makes way for more, and a fresh Admirer springs up in another's room.—In this conquering Career she goes on for some time before she bethinks herself of any regular consistent Scheme of Action.—At length, perhaps Disappointments, Removes, or Rivalships fix her Thoughts, and make her single out from the illustrious Throng of Admirers some happy Youth, who fondly gazes on her Charms, and daily tells her some soothing Tale of Love. His Birth, Person, Fortune, Equipage, assault her with a thousand Solicitations.—It is but Gratitude, Honour, nay, and good Taste to repay so faithful a Lover with mutual Tenderness.—Besides, his Passion, so melting and expressive! comprizes in it every Idea of Excellence and Merit. It would be shocking and contrary to all Justice and Decorum not to make so deserving, so accomplished a Man happy.—Thus she gives loose Reins to a Passion, till it passes all Bounds.—Levity of Mind, Dissipation of Fancy, wild Desires, passionate Longings, Jealousies, and fluctuating Resolutions succeed.—An handsome Jointure, a Coach and Six, Liveries, Jewels, Plate, sumptuous Dress, Furniture, and other glaring Phantoms fill her Imagination, and suggest to her many attending *Images*, and still auguster ones of *Honour* and *Precedency*. The *Obsequiousness* of her Inferiours, and Envy of her Equals, the Attention of the *Great*, the Veneration of those she loves, her Power of serving them, and all this enjoyed in Company with the Person who is dearest to her in Life—Thus has our fair Adventurer, setting out from the inferiour Species of Beauty and
Taste.

Taste, added one alluring Form to another, till, at length, she has collected all this gay *Assemblage of Ideas*, to dress out her *Phantom of Happiness*. And if any one of them be wanting, she is resolved not to be *happy*: If she cannot be so in the ordinary and approved Way, nothing shall be too mean to do, nothing too hard to bear, in order to it.—Reputation, Friendship, Freedom, Honour, the Decourums of the Sex, must all be sacrificed to the *beloved Passion*.—She may undermine her Rivals, betray *our Sex*, disgrace *her own*, to gain her Point. It will be her singular Felicity, if she do not at length grow quite dissolute and abandoned in her Character, and sink into Disgrace and Contempt.—Every Degree of the *false Association* perverts her *Taste of Life and Happiness*, and produces a proportionable Depravity of Temper and Manners; and every Degree of that Corruption produces a proportionable Degree of Disquiet and Misery. Therefore, I conclude with *Philander*, that it must be of high Importance to the Ladies to keep their Imaginations correct and uncorrupted, and to form no *Associations*, but such as are connected with *Truth, Virtue, and the Decorum of their Character*.—Now, I hope, *Philander* will again take up the Subject, and shew us in what manner those *unnatural Associations* may be either at first prevented, or broken, when they unhappily have been made.

AFTER *Eugenio* had done, the Company continued silent for some time, waiting till *Philander* should speak. But he appearing in a musing Posture, *Constant* broke silence. I think, said he, *Eugenio*, and all such *elegant Spectators*, and *profest Admirers*

Admirers of Beauty, are particularly interested in the Demand he has made on *Philander*; as he himself has confessed, they were so apt to be deluded themselves by that imposing Phantom, and to assist in deluding the Women. It is of the utmost Consequence that *his* and *their* Imaginations should be kept sober and correct, so as to avoid all foreign and unbecoming Mixtures. This would preserve them from falling, many times, into real, or at least feigned Passions, and would moreover save the Pretty-Fellows a great deal of servile Attendance, Flattery, Addresses, and Prostitution of their boasted Superiority to all the Weakness and Caprice of Women. Wherefore, continued he, I must join with *Eugenio*, in desiring *Philander* to interpose his good Offices here, and to direct us how to manage *our* Ideas and correct *our* Opinions of Beauty and Good.

EUGENIO was going to make some smart Reply to *Constant*, when *Philander* foreseeing a Skirmish from their Looks, stepped in between, and said,

I PERCEIVE, Gentlemen, the Debate has begun to grow more interesting, ever since the Ladies were made the Subject of it. I am glad to see that *Constant* too pleads for them, under the Mask, however, of acting for his suffering Friend, and is anxious, it would seem, ~~lest~~ ^{that} the Ladies should commence Philosophers, treat with their Ideas in Form, and call their pretty Fancies to a strict account. I hope this is a good Omen, that the Cause we are engaged in will be brought to an happy Issue. For my own part, I trust, that the *Genius* of the *Ladies* (which I here invoke) will bear me out in this important

portant Argument, which I shall engage in with the more Alacrity and Confidence, as I shall all along imagine my self employed in serving them.

WE could not forbear smiling at the Pleasantry of *Philander's* Discourse, and the Rub he gave *Constant* by the by; when he thus proceeded:

WE have seen, Gentlemen, some of the Ways by which *Associations* are formed, and what brisk Impulses they give to those *leading* Passions which generally conduct the Pursuits of Men. By what Standard then are we to *combine* and *associate* our *Ideas*, so as to form just Opinions of *Beauty*, and *Happiness*, and *Good*, and by what Standard shall we correct them when they are wrong? Let Nature guide us here, as in other Cases, and let our Ideas be measured and adjusted to her unerring Rule, and we shall proceed right in this important Search.—In our *last* Conversation we saw, that the Infant-Mind is led up from the rude Chaos of Matter through a *Scale of Beauty*, or a Variety of beautiful *Species* or *Forms*, till it reaches the *highest Orders of Beauty and Intelligence*. Nature has annexed *Ideas of Beauty* to those Objects, in which there is *Order, Proportion, Design*, or a Tendency to produce *Happiness* or *Good*; to allure the Mind to contemplate those Objects, and direct it in its Choice of what is best. There is an Aptitude in the different *Orders of Beauty*, to represent either *Natural Good*, or some sublimer *Moral Species*. A *regular Form* suggests *Use* and *Design*—*simple Beauty* exhibits *Health*;—*Proportion, Strength*; the *fine Colour* and *sweet Smell* of Fruit, its *Wholesomeness*; and *Harmony* such *Sounds* as are adapted
and

and agreeable to the Ear. The more complex Forms of Beauty and Harmony, such as a Statue, a Piece of Painting, an entire Building, a Composition of Music, and the like, if they are just, and withal grand in their kind, represent a more refined Art, a larger Compass of Design, a Correspondence and Symmetry of Parts; something, in short, more elaborate, august, and finished, than your simpler Species of Beauty. Besides the mere external Figure and Proportions of a Shape or Face, there are certain finer Features, more latent Proportions, and exquisite Airs, which denote something open, lovely, majestic, elegant, or, on the other hand, disingenuous, sullen, mean, and awkward, which it requires an internal, or an acuter Sense than ordinary to feel. Nature did, no doubt, intend, by those external Forms and Images of Things, to express and lead us to the Admiration of her living Forms, or diviner Pieces of Workmanship, on which she has profusely scattered her sweetest Rays of Beauty. Hence, the inferiour Species are chiefly valuable when they are subjected to, and serve to set off, what is intellectual and moral. Now, when we are caught with the external Form, which is but the mere Surface or Varnish of Beauty, if I may be allowed the Expression, and look no farther; or when we sacrifice the Internal, the Moral, the Living Charm, to a Passion for the other, we then invert the Order of Nature, by separating what Nature intended should be joined together; I mean, the Love of the natural Beauty from that of the moral Excellence or divine Species included in it; we mock ourselves with a mere

Shadow,

Shadow, when the Substance, the very Soul, is gone. Thus does the Sham-Patriot fancy he retains his Dignity, Grandeur, and Eminence, even when he has resigned his Honour, Liberty, and Independence; because he is possessed of their mock Forms; of a Title perhaps, a Ribbon, or the like mistaken Badges of Dignity or Grandeur. Thus does the shallow Rake pride himself in the Possession of Beauty, when the *living Charm* of Innocence and Modesty, which animated that Beauty, and which himself hath spoiled, is gone. Therefore we follow Nature in forming our *Associations*, only when we connect the *moral Species* or *Qualities* with those *Images* or *Forms* of Beauty, to which she has united them, and by which she designed them to be represented and recommended. But when we annex Ideas of *moral Beauty* and *Excellence*, to Objects with which they have no Bond of Union, or Connection by Nature, or not in that Measure or Degree which we suppose, the *Association* becomes *unnatural*, and the Source of a great Variety of Disorders; as we see in the Case of those, who seek Fame from the most trifling or dangerous imaginary Accomplishments, or of those who would substitute Wealth, Beauty, Taste in Dress, and Decorations of their Houses or Gardens, in the room of every Excellency. Or, we counter-act Nature, and form the perverrest *Associations*, when we blend Ideas of Worth, Honour, or Manhood, with any thing base, knavish, or hurtful to Society or Mankind; as is often the Case of *Misers*, *supple Courtiers*, and those who are falsely termed *Gentlemen of Pleasure*. How then shall we disjoin those

Troops of Ideas that have no *Bond of Association* in Nature, and yet are the Foundation and mean Support of such durable and inveterate Habits? And how connect our Ideas of *moral Excellence* and *Good*, with their *natural Images* and *Representatives*? This is no easy Task, being one of the nicest Questions in Philosophy; and therefore, Gentlemen, if I express myself inaccurately or obscurely while I grope after it, I hope you will both excuse and correct me.

THE Persons who are seized with the Admiration of Wealth, Birth, Power, a Face, a Shape, as containing something or every thing *excellent, lovely, and desirable* in themselves, or as necessarily connected with such Qualities, are, I imagine, in the first place to be convinced, or if you will, to convince themselves, that there is nothing ^{intrinsically} ~~equally~~ *beautiful* or *becoming* in the Things themselves; that they may possess them without having those Qualities which they associate with them, and that therefore they are only so far valuable, as they lead us towards the Conception and Attainment of the supreme Beauty, or what is originally amiable and good. Thus, the *ambitious Youth*, whom we took for our first Instance of a misguided Imagination, may be convinced that there is no necessary Connection between Rank, external Respect, or any of the *Images* of *Power* and *Grandeur*, and *real Worth, Magnanimity, and Independence* of Mind; by our shewing him, or by his attending himself to the many Instances of Fools and Knaves, who are possessed of those, without a single Grain of Merit or true Dignity, or who have purchased them

at the expence of their Honour, Liberty and Country.—In like manner, the *mere Lover* of Gain may be soon convinced that there are a thousand wealthy Scoundrels whom he himself despises—that no Wealth or Splendour can cover and hide those Stains of Infamy and Dishonour, by which it was acquired—that it is only the Use, the generous and honourable Expence, which dignifies the Possession and invests the Possessor in unfading Honour.—The Follower of Beauty and Pleasure may be shewn, in the same manner, that he mistakes the true Road of Pleasure, while, being detained about the *inferiour and ignobler Species*, he neglects to pursue that which he himself confesses, in his more sober Hours, to be of the *highest Relish* and *Excellence*—that no true Passion can be raised without Virtue, or the Appearance of it—and therefore how foolish it must be to doat on the *Shadow*, when the *Reality* is wanting, or wantonly abused—and that it is in vain to talk of *giving* or *receiving* Pleasure, while he debases his own Character, or subverts the Happiness of the Person he professes to love. But, I am afraid, that even after the Understanding is fully convinced that those Objects and Qualities have been leagued together, between which there is no *natural* or *necessary* Connection—and after the mistaken *Lover* is fairly apprized, that he confounds the *Species of Good* and *Beauty* he pursues, or takes the most unlikely Road to attain what he professes to seek; yet frequently the *Association* continues as strong as ever, and the *Images of Beauty and Good*, which he has been all along accustomed to blend together,

together, still haunt his Imagination, and urge him on to the same Passions and Pursuits. He has contracted a Habit or Propensity to a certain Course of Action; in consequence of certain *Associations* or *Phantoms* of *Good* passing continually before his Mind, which Propensity (such is the Power of Habit) subsists after the Associations are in a good measure discern'd to be ill grounded. It cannot therefore be expected that the Passion or Habit should be rooted up all at once. We must undermine it by degrees, and by lesser Trials at first act against the *Association* which had misled us. We must put Restraints on our selves, where we can do it most easily, and forbear indulging our Passion above a certain Pitch. Thus if we are sordid *Lovers* of *Gain*, we are to try to resign it in Matters of less Consequence, and must make the Experiment, whether we do not add to the Excellence or Worth which we covet by honourable and generous Abatements of private Advantage. The *Man of Pleasure*, by sacrificing some *inferiour* Gratifications, finds he gains considerably in *higher* Enjoyments, and that a little Abstinence and Self-Command is a real Refinement in Pleasure. The *Lover*, by giving a more manly Turn to his Conversation, or, by attending more to the *moral* Qualities of his Mistress, may counter-work the Influence of mere outward Appearances, and exalt his Passion into a virtuous Friendship. Every Exercise therefore of this kind, nay every Suspension of the Acts of *Admiration*, weakens and tends to break or subvert the ill *Association* or Habit. *Counter-Associations* are particularly

ticularly useful for the same Purpose, if they are rightly chosen, and borrowed from the Passion itself, which we want to subdue or regulate. Thus, let the Passion be the *Love of Fame*; the Dread of Dishonour from too open an Avowal of it, the Observation of Rivals, the Glory of Self-denial in particular Instances, the Sensibility to substantial Honour, will all concur to break the *false Associations of Glory*, which we have connected with unfuitable Qualities, and consequently diminish the Passion itself.

WITH regard to an *Amour*, those Looks, Airs, Attitudes which have created occasional Aversions, and any Instances of Behaviour, or Appearances of Qualities, contrary to those, which first formed the Attachment, any Falsehood, Insensibility or Ingratitude in the Person we admire, or any Circumstance whatsoever, contrary to that which first produced or hath since fed the Passion, will all contribute to supplant or at least reduce it within reasonable Bounds. But what will serve instead of the strongest *Counter-Associations*, is keeping company with Persons of a correct Imagination, or of a different Taste and Way of Thinking from those we have all along indulged. For as *they* have been accustomed to associate very different Sets of Ideas from *ours*, though their Taste may at first displease and shock us, yet their Fellowship, Sympathy in our Pleasures and Pains, and the good Opinion which we are desirous they should entertain of us, with all the nameless Circumstances of Air, Gesture and Manners, will gradually untwist our old *Associations*, and introduce, almost without

any sensible Concurrence of ours, a new *Band* of *Ideas* diametrically opposite to the former. These, Gentlemen, are a few Hints of what occurs to me at present, on this delicate Subject. I shall now willingly submit what I have said to your Judgment, and be exceeding glad to hear your Opinion, concerning the whole Matter.

WHEN *Philander* stopt, the Company continued silent for some time, every one appearing more averse than another to carry on what *Philander* had so happily begun. At length *Hiero*, with a modest and ingenuous Aspect, looking first at *Philander*, then at the Company, said thus:

I THINK, Gentlemen, we owe no small Thanks to *Philander*, for having so frankly complied with our joint Request, and treated so fully so important and delicate a Subject. He has, in my Opinion, given a very satisfactory Account of the manner in which some very considerable *Associations* are formed, and pointed out a rational Method of proceeding against them; but, where they are either interwoven with the Constitution and Bent of the Mind, or are become habitual to the Temper through long Practice, they are not easily disunited. What greatly increases that Difficulty, is the Current of popular and almost universal Opinion and Practice, which one must strive against. I much doubt whether a few cold Convictions, that the *Association* is ill founded, and that we are upon a wrong Scent of Pleasure or Good, will destroy the Propensity we have contracted. Still our particular *Taste* prevails, which we think is the Rule, that ought to govern us, and which points out what is best for us, though it may

not be so *absolutely* and *in its own Nature*. And how shall this Taste be rectified, while the Generality give their Sanction to it, by placing their Happiness, or seeming at least to do so, in Wealth, Honour, Power, Pleasure and the like, and by connecting Ideas of Merit and Excellency with the Possession of these? Therefore the Opinion of the World, and the present Face of human Affairs, which carries such an Aspect to *partial* Good, and *private* Interest and Pleasure, frequently in opposition to wider Views and superiour Obligations, must rather confirm than weaken our false *Affociations*. In such a Situation to recommend Company to us as the *Corrector*, is, I am afraid, a precarious, if not a dangerous Method of Cure. I confess indeed, we fall naturally into the same way of thinking with those we converse with, and therefore on the Supposition that our Companions have a true Taste and Discernment, we have a good Chance to be set right by *their* Influence; but must we not first have correct Imaginations ourselves, to be able to distinguish who are such, from the giddy and mistaken Herd?

NAY, this is not all. For, from what *Philander* has said, to me it appears that Nature itself does in some measure mislead us, by teaching us to form *Connections* of Ideas which often prove prejudicial to the Interests of Virtue. Thus a beautiful Face or Air naturally suggests to us the Ideas of Interior Worth, Modesty, Softness, or Grandeur. And where these Prepossessions take place, we can hardly forbear being carried forward to some Degree of Admiration and Fondness. In

like manner stately Structures, fine Gardens, with all the Symmetries and Decorations which accompany them, do as naturally impress us with Ideas of Grandeur, Elegance and fine Taste. *Music* softens and unstrings the Mind, and is oftner a Minister to *Luxury* than to *Virtue*. And *Pleasure* is so indolent, delirious and thrilling a Sensation, that it easily unnerves the Resolution of Youth, whose natural Fire strongly co-operates with it, and unfinews even the more confirmed Purposes of Reason and Philosophy, unless they have been established into a Habit. It is from this Quarter, rather than from the side of Grandeur or Power, that I dread the greatest Dangers will arise, in opposition to our *Moral Culture*, and therefore its chief Efforts ought to be employed in securing unwary Youth against these. I hint this by the by. Let me add to all, that the Garbs of particular Professions and Orders of Men, not the Crown and Mitre, and scarlet Robe only; but the Staves, Stars, Garters and other Badges of Honour, were originally Rewards of Merit; and, by an *arbitrary Connection*, they were intended to represent it, and suggest Images of Distinction and Power. Now, Use, like a second Nature, continues to make us annex to those Objects the same Ideas of Dignity and Excellence, whether the Wearers are possessed of any *superiour* Merit or not. And wherever we discern a Taste for the *inferiour Species* of *Beauty* or Works of *Design*, we are apt to imagine likewise, that there is a true Taste for *Beauty* and *Order* in *higher* Subjects. So that partly Nature, and partly Custom,

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and the Use of the Age, open to us an enchanted kind of Scene, in which every thing appears double, or magnified beyond its due Proportion, and where, by a soft, but powerful and almost irresistible Seduction, we are led into a Conceit of *moral Appearances*, without any just Foundation. The Imagination is wrought upon and carried away, before the Judgement has time to examine, whether the *Qualities* of the Persons correspond to the fair *outward Appearances*. What then, Gentlemen, will secure us against this natural kind of Seduction, and present the *Images* of Things found and uncorrupted, when the Objects around us appear double or distorted? What will support us against the popular Stream, and correct the *judging* or the *imaginative* Faculty, when it is vitiated and obscured? Must we not have recourse to some higher Principle than Philosophy, and invoke some *Diviner* Genius to assist us in this arduous Task? When human Help fails in extraordinary Cases, we naturally look out for, and depend upon, superiour Aid. I am not for superseding *human* Industry and Application, where they can be of any Use, nor for imploring, like the Fellow in the Fable, the Succour of *Heaven* on every trivial Occasion: But surely it is not only becoming, but our Duty to call in the Assistance of a GOD, when the Plot appears, otherwise, inextricable and truly worthy of a *Divine* Solution. — For wherein can Heaven display its Power with more Advantage to Mankind, than in purging and rectifying the Organs of *mental* Vision, which were tinged with discolouring Passions, or

dazzled by a false Glare from without, and placing Objects in their proper Lights, and of consequence restoring Reason, Virtue and Felicity? If the *Divine* Majesty interpose in any Case, where can Mortals more probably hope for it than in an Affair of such Consequence to his Creatures?

THE Difficulties, replied *Sopbron*, enumerated by *Hiero*, and acknowledged by *Philander*, will, I doubt not, be readily confessed by all, who impartially consider the Subject; as also how desirable divine Light and Interposition must be to extricate us out of them: but as the Management of so sublime a Province is committed to the Care of Gentlemen, who after a long and severe Course of Trial, are found duely qualified and appointed to officiate in the *sacred* Function, it would be the Height of Presumption for us, who are discussing the Point at present only upon moral and philosophic Principles, to dare to inroach upon that noble Sphere. Wherefore let us content ourselves with keeping to our own Character, and proposing such Aids for rectifying *moral* Disorders, as fall within the Compass of a philosophic Enquiry, Nor do I apprehend the Case quite desperate upon that footing. Most of *Hiero's* Difficulties may be prevented by a right *private* Education, or a happy Regulation of the *public* Taste; which depends entirely on a wise Policy, or a well-constituted Frame of Government.

In *Ancient* Times the forming and directing the *public* Taste was the Care of the *Public*. The Imaginations of the People were impressed and re-
fined

fin'd by fuch Objects, Exercifes, Spectacles and Entertainments, as fugg'ed whatever was *grand, beautiful* and *harmonious* in Nature and Society. Thefe they were taught to connect with Honour, Bravery, Public Spirit, and Services done their Country. Thus their *Public* Exercifes had a manifeft relation to *Public* Utility, by being equally calculated to ftrengthen, and fo to fit their Bodies for military Difcipline, and their Minds for Temperance, Fortitude, Juftice and Heroifm. Their *Public* Paintings in their Schools, Halls and elfewhere, exhibited noble Representations of *public* Virtue of Citizens, Generals and Magiftrates, who had fought bravely or fallen honourably in their Country's Caufe. Their *Music* was a *public* Difcipline to foften and polifh a wild untractable Populace, or to rouze the *noble* and *martial* Paflions. Their Robes of Magiftracy and Suits of Armour worn in Defence of their Country, the Trophies, Statues, Wreathes of Olive or Laurel, conferred by the Vote of the People, were at once Rewards and majestic Images of Integrity, and Magnanimity, and of thofe exalted Notions of national Honour and Love of their Country, as fhew'd that their Lives were entirely devoted to the *Public*. Their *Theatrical* Entertainments, exhibited at the Charge, and under the Eye of the State, were a noble Engine to refine the Taft, and exalt the Sentiments of the People. In fhort, the Grandeur of their Senate-Houfes, Halls, Temples, and other *Public* Works, all executed by the ableft Mafters of Deftign, filled their Imagination with the augufteft Ideas, and taught them at the fame time, their Connection

with the Public. Were the *public* Taste now-a-days under these or the like happy Regulations; or, in other words, were the Youth taught, by means of a right Education, and a well-concerted Plan of Policy, to unite proper *Moral Qualities* with their corresponding *Images* and *Emblems*, we should not then have such just Reason to complain of the Depravity of the *public* Taste. Were *Music*, *Painting*, and in short, all the *fine Arts*, contrived to excite generous and *public* Affections, and to convey chaste and beautiful, moral Sentiments—Were the Exercises designed, not as mere Feats of Agility and Strength, nor as subservient to Luxury and sordid Gain, but as an Institution for training the Youth for the Service of the State—Were *Beauty* held cheap and contemptible when separated from *Virtue*—Were our Theatre modelled so as to make it a just Mirrour of *Human Life*, and a School of Manners—Were our Colleges, Senate-Houses, Churches and other *public* Buildings, the only chief Seats of Solemnity, Magnificence and Grandeur—and were all our *public* Spectacles, Shows and Entertainments, adapted to strike us with *grand* and *beautiful Ideas*, and raise a Veneration for Order, Government and Laws—I say, were Things upon some such footing as this, and were the Individuals, by some salutary Institutions; taught, nay and deeply impressed with their Relation and Subordination to the Community; I am apt to believe, it would be no rare Spectacle to see our Youth with well-chastised Imaginations, and patiently advancing to the Heights of true Philosophy; instead of that dissolute and effeminate

Race

Race we sometimes see. We should find then, that Nature does not mislead us, and make Objects appear double and distorted, but rather some inward Prejudice and Depravity, or the vicious Maxims and Practice of others. For as to those *Connections of Ideas*, which Nature has taught us to form upon the Appearance of certain *beautiful* or *grand* or *elegant* Objects, I think she has at the same time, by an admirable Arrangement and Distribution of Things, guarded us against dangerous Delusions, unless we are obstinately bent on being deceived. Thus we see that a *bold, impudent, or foolish Look*, in the most beautiful Woman, is enough to counterwork the Force of her Charms, and to give us rather a Disgust than Pleasure. When we observe one much smitten with the Love of *Symmetry* and *Elegance* in *inferiour* Subjects, we are so much the more shocked with the Dissonance, if he appears insensible of the nobler Principles of Honour and Virtue, or acts in opposition to them. All the Curiosities of the *Virtuoso's* Cabinet, the most majestic Plans of Houses, and their best-chosen Ornaments of Gardens, Equipage and the like, belonging to the *Man of Taste*, will not compensate for the Want of a single Grain of *Honesty* and real *Worth*. If *Music*, *Poetry*, *Painting*, or any of the *Fine Arts* are at any time suborned to promote a false Taste, and *immoral Associations*, it is not the Order of Nature we are to blame, which has established no Connections between those Powers and Vice; but the Corruption of Men, which prostitutes them to such wicked Purposes. And this Prostitution is often felt and

confessed

confessed by the *Pandars* themselves, when struck with the *auguster Images* of true *Beauty*. With regard to *Pleasure*, whether taken in a larger or more limited Sense (from which *Hiero* apprehended so much Danger) I readily allow, that Youth are more apt to be misled by *Beautiful* and *Pleasurable* Objects, than by those of *Grandeur*; by a fine Face for instance, Music, Painting and the like: but it will be no hard matter to supplant the *lower*, by introducing *higher* Sensations of Beauty, shewing the Meanness of those Species which are connected with Vice, and how much the Pleasure will be increased, by being attached to a more pure and dignified *Form* of Beauty. We see then that Nature works up no Inchantment, where she has not provided us with a *Countercharm* sufficient to dissolve it. Were we to follow *Nature*, and to form no *Associations* of *Ideas*, but where *She* has fixed a *Bond* of Union, we should always find that the *subordinate Species* of *Beauty* refer to something *higher*, and that wherever that Reference is over-looked, or the *moral Charm* sacrificed to an inferiour *Venus*, there the Imagination is riotous, and the true *Taste of Life* debauched.

BUT as there is little Prospect, at present, of such a Reformation of the *public Taste*, as I before suggested upon the Plan of Antiquity, I believe the other Expedient must be tried; I mean, a right private Education, under the Eye of discreet and able Tutours. This, therefore, Gentlemen, I hope you will consider with that Attention which the Subject deserves.

I WISH, said *Eugenio*, that *Sophron*, who proposed this as a *Succedaneum* to his other Method, had himself undertaken to show us, in what manner the Formers of Youth ought to proceed in this same *associating* Business or *Discipline of Beauty*, if I may call it so. I will frankly tell you what occurs to me on the Subject, which I have chiefly learned by discoursing at different times with *Philander*, and partly too from observing the common Practice of the World, but especially of the *Virtuosi* of different kinds.

WHEN an ordinary Artificer or Tradesman wants to instruct his Apprentice in the Principles of his Art, he shews him a Sample of the best Pieces of Workmanship. These are to serve him as Models by which he is to judge of all Works of the same sort. By these he is to correct his own Mistakes, and to attain a just Idea of all such Pieces of Work belonging to his own Occupation, as are most compleat in their several kinds. The Architect points out to his Disciple the most finished Buildings, or the best Models of them, in order to form his Taste according to the exactest Rules of Art. Painters, Statuaries, and all the Masters of Design, direct their Scholars to study the most beautiful Compositions in each Kind, those masterly Drawings, Statues and Busts, which imitate Nature best, and come nearest to the Perfection of Workmanship. By these established Standards, they teach them to judge of Beauty, Proportion and Design. Even those profest Teachers of genteel Demeanour and Address, your Dancing-Masters, when they would shew the utmost Propriety and
Perfection

Perfection of Carriage, step forth themselves upon the Floor, and bid their wondering Scholars do just as they do. Thus every Art has its *Venus* or *Beauty* of the Kind, which is most readily attained by studying, and being conversant with the best Examples or Models in each sort. And they who are accustomed to admire what is most excellent of the Kind, will certainly have the most correct Fancies in all Works of Design.

In imitation, therefore, of those approved Masters of Truth and Elegance of Workmanship in the several Arts, I would show the Pupil, whose Imagination and Taste I wanted to form, the best Specimens in the several *Orders* or *Stages* of *Beauty* through which he is to pass, to keep him from being led away by the showy and false, in any of the Species. Thus when I saw him caught with the Beauty of his Play-Things, concerned about ranging them in the nicest Order, employing his Invention in contriving Wind or Water-Mills, Houses of Cards or of Clay, and laying out his little Garden, I would show him the *most beautiful*, and useful of the Kind. I would let him see and handle, and divert himself with Globes, Compasses, and other mathematical Instruments, or any thing, in short, that would serve to employ his Ingenuity and Art. I would, by these, provoke his Ambition to despise the merely childish and trifling Amusements, and encourage his Relish of whatever was most *rational* and *manly*. Even while he is conversant with these *lower Species* of *Beauty*, he may be made to perceive a very important Connection, *viz.* That those things are the

the most beautiful and best proportioned, which are fittest for answering their End, and that Deformity and Disproportion are always accompanied with Incommodiousness or Inaptitude for Use. Next, when I saw him solicitous about his Air, Dress and Behaviour in Company, I would point out to him the *best* Models, and teach him to observe that the most *unconstrained* and *liberal* Manner was at once most *decent* and most *fashionable* among all true Judges.

WHEN he was able to judge of Beauty and Design in the *Fine Arts*, I would, after the same manner, show him *the most beautiful and elegant* in each, by exhibiting to him the *best Patterns*, and diverting his Sight from whatever was merely gaudy, or of a wrong Taste. I would endeavour to make him *feel*, that, in proportion as those Works of Design imitated Nature, delineated Characters and Passions justly, and tended to excite noble Sentiments and Affections, they were perfect in their Kind.

WHEN at last he comes to delight in contemplating *moral Images* and *Representations*, when he pursues *the fair and honourable and decent*, and loathes their *Contraries*, I would then, by proper Narrations, Fables, Histories and *Dramatic Spectacles*, exhibit to him whatever was most *heroic* in Character and Conduct; paint Heroes, Lawgivers and Princes, with all the *majestic Forms* of Temperance, Fortitude, Love of Liberty, and their Country, and Contempt of Death. With these I would spread out and kindle his Imagination, and, while *it* was warm, rouze a laudable
Ambition.

Ambition, and inflame every generous Passion. Thus has *Philander* taught me to follow Nature in its Progress through the *Scale* of *Beauty*, and to feed the Mind with Ideas and Images of *the comely, grand and becoming*, in every Step of its Progress. Such kind of Discipline will, I imagine, bid fairest for teaching the Pupil to associate such *Images* of *Beauty* and *Good*, as are connected with Truth and Nature; and keeping his Imagination pure from all false and vicious Mixtures. For instance, he will learn from hence, that true *Grandeur* and *Knavery* are incompatible—that *Beauty* is inseparable from *Truth* and *Virtue*—and that no substantial Happiness can take place, where Irregularity or Disorder enters; Maxims (in my Opinion) of infinite Advantage in the Conduct of Life.

AFTER the same, or some such manner, I would presume to offer my Advice to those who have the Inspection of *the Ladies*, to acquaint them with what is *fair and decent, and amiable*, in every Subject of *Elegance* or *Beauty*, in which *they* ought to be most conversant; particularly in what concerns *Manners* and the *Decencies* of Life; and then their Imaginations, by a natural Kind of Sympathy, will cleave to what is *comeliest and best*.—But I am afraid it would require too minute a Detail to handle a Subject so delicate in the manner it deserves; besides that, I am sensible I have, already, ingrossed too large a Share of the Conversation.

I THINK, said *Constant*, it became *Eugenio*, a profess'd Friend and Patron of the Ladies, who had shown at length by what fatal Train of
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Accidents they are led into such a Labyrinth of Folly and Misfortunes, to have either guarded them against going into it, or lent them a Clue to escape. This had been acting in Character, and conformably to that Complaisance and Devotion he professes for the Women. But instead of serving them in this substantial manner, he has descanted at large upon I know not what, and chalked out a Course of Discipline, which if put in practice, would, I fear, contribute, to lead them still farther astray, at least be ineffectual for the End proposed; I mean, the sound Correction and *Discipline of Imagination*.

I REJOICE, replied *Eugenio*, with an arch Smile, to see *Constant* grown so warm an Advocate for the Ladies, and such a Preacher of Complaisance. I hope great things from this surprizing Reformation, and that since I have been so deficient in my Duty, he will supply my Defects, and teach his new Pupils a safer way to attain an Imagination equally correct and refined; I assure my good Friend I will not fail to proclaim his Merit, whenever a fair Occasion offers.

I AM much obliged to *Eugenio*, replied *Constant*, for his kind Intention; but really he may save himself that Trouble. As I have no particular Services to present to the Ladies, so neither do I want to have my Merit blazoned to them. Let my Friend observe the Punctilio's of Duty and Decorum with them, and exalt the Merit of every the least Service; I am willing to pass with the Character of a homely Philosopher, and shall leave them out of the Question, as I did not myself
bring

bring them into it. But to go on without more ado to the Point before us, namely, the *Discipline of Fancy*, I said I thought *Eugenio's* Method *insufficient* for the End propos'd. He would, he says, exhibit to his Pupil the various *Species of Beauty, Harmony* and the like; and teach him to distinguish and admire *the most beautiful and excellent* of each Kind. For this is the Sum total of his large Explanation of this matter, if I understood him right. Now from the little Experience I have of the World, (and indeed 'tis but little I pretend to) I find Men but too prone to admire and be captivated with different Kinds of Beauty, and that this high Admiration of the *beautiful and sublime*, in particular Objects, is a Capital Source of many Mistakes, and great Misconduct in Life. There is not a more wild or wanton thing than Fancy, especially when it is let loose upon the *visionary Forms and Images* of Things. It is particularly warm and luxuriant in Youth, prone to admire and to imitate, easily detained by *the florid*; and exorbitant in all its Operations. Beauty, like a magical Spell, no sooner strikes the Senses of Youth, than it fires their Imagination, and so entirely engrosses their Mind, that *it* is in a manner lost in the Object from whence the first Impressions came. Every other Affection but that of Admiration, is suspended. It is in vain to talk of *cool Reasoning, Deliberation or Choice*, while the Sting of Beauty is riveted in the Breast, and the same agreeable Images which accompanied it, continue to play before the Fancy. I believe *Eugenio* has often felt this Sting, and wish'd, for his own Ease, that he had

been

been less sensible to *elegant Forms* and *Faces*, and a cooler Admirer of the *Sublime* in *Air* and *Sentiments*. I have seen a *Virtuoso*, a *Connoisseur* in Painting, in such Raptures with a Piece of *Raphael's* or *Correggio's*, so seized with the Boldness of Design, the Ordonance, the infinite Grace, and what not, of the whole Composition, that I protest I thought he had the Appearance of a Madman. A Man of Taste for Music, while he listens to a fine Composition, appears bereft of almost every other Sense, and is dissolved in an Extasy of Admiration. What makes your Cockle-shell Virtuoso's, your *minute* Philosophers, your Hunters of Curiosities, and Antiquities, but a fond rapturous Conceit of some particular Species of Beauty? And (to mention no more) is not the *gay* and *fluttering*, nay the *ambitious* and *plodding* Tribe, are not all your *Enthusiasts* in Religion, Government, and Philosophy, held captive with an *excessive* Admiration of some peculiar *Venus* or other, in which they include every other Excellence?

WHAT I would conclude from this short Detail is; "That the way to discipline the Imagination aright, is not to feed and nourish our Admiration of Beauty, by those *amusing Exhibitions* of it which *Eugenio* talked of, but rather to *wean*, and in a manner starve our Conceits and high Opinions of things." This is the *Stoical* Discipline, so often recommended by the ablest Masters in Philosophy. If we would, in good earnest, correct the Fancy of Youth, we must take off the false Glare and Colouring of Things, and analyze every *Species of Beauty* and

Good into their constituent Principles and Ingredients; that the Imagination may not be deluded with foreign Mixtures, nor esteem any thing above its real Worth. Thus I would show from whence *Beauty* derives its Force, wherein the *true Value* of Life consists, what gives *Lustre* to Gold, *Dignity* to Expencc, of what Ingredients true *Pleasure* is composed, and whence the *lower* kinds borrow their chief Seasoning and Poignancy. How much Fame is worth, what makes Power desirable. This is to *undress Beauty* (if I may say so) and present it naked, without any artificial Daubing, to the Fancy. When it sees it thus in its *real Form*, then that confused Groupe of Images, which raised a blind Admiration, will vanish, and the Passion, founded on that Opinion, will naturally subside. Agreeably to this way of Reasoning, the *fundamental Maxim* of the *Ancient Philosophy* was TO FORBEAR, TO SUSPEND OR REMOVE *the first Starts of Opinion, to be slow in; and even to cease admiring.* For that was thought the Root of the Evil, δεινὸν Σοφιστήν, the *mighty Sophister*, who first beguiles us into high Conceptions of the several *Phantoms of Beauty and Good*, and then works up our Passions to the same extravagant Pitch. By a *Counter-Regimen*, therefore, they endeavoured to lower and reduce the Phantom, and consequently our Opinion of it, to its just Dimensions; and, by doing so, to subdue the *admiring Habit.* Thus they represented Fame as the *Murmur of Tongues*, or the *Breath* of the unthinking and inconstant Vulgar;—Beauty, as the *Tincture of a Skin*, or the regular *Texture of Features.* Mere

Life

Life was only a Repetition of the same dull *Animal* Scene; and Death, at worst, nothing but a Privation of the Sense of a Brute, or closing the *Drama* a little sooner or later. Perhaps their Philosophy, in some Instances, shot beyond Nature; but I think the Practice was so far wholesome, to begin the Discipline of Youth, rather by the *weaning* and *restraining*, than the *prone* and *admiring Habit*.

THIS is the *first* Lesson of TEMPERANCE, that sober Virtue, or rather the *Mother* and *Nurse* of the Virtues, which *Hiero* recommended to us in *his Plan*. If this leading Virtue be carefully cultivated in Youth, it will pave the way for the Introduction of the rest. But I consider it here as of a larger Extent than is commonly imagined, as relating not merely to the Government of Sense and Appetite, but of the Mind and its Passions. Perhaps the last have as much need of its wholesome Controul as the first. For only *beastly* Wretches are prone to sensual Excesses. Gluttony and Drunkenness have something too gross and shocking in them, to Men of any Taste or Refinement in Pleasure. But the most ingenuous and high-spirited Natures are the aptest to exceed, when any *glaring Species* strikes their Imaginations from the side of Honour, Friendship, Religion, or any of *the social and kind Affections*. When any of *those finer Passions* are, by means of *wrong Associations*, directed to improper Objects, or employed on right ones, to the Exclusion of all others, and in a greater Proportion than the *Balance of Affection* will admit of, they become, of all others, *the most* ungovernable and pernicious in their Ef-

fects. And therefore it must be the Office of *Temperance* to preside over the whole *Band* of Affections, to adjust their mutual Forces, and prevent the partial Indulgence of any of them, to the exclusion or weakening of others, equally or more generous and extensive. Consequently it must be a part, and a very important part of its Work, to stop those *Images* of *Beauty* and *partial Good* in the very Office where they are coined, the Imagination; till they are strictly examined, confronted with their Objects, and their separate Value weighed. WHEREFORE, in the training of Youth, I would watch over their Fancies with great Care, accustom them to an early Habit of examining the Value of every Object, Enjoyment, or *Species* of *Good*, that solicits their Choice—and comparing the different Kinds—and never trusting to the most specious Appearances. They should never hear those Objects commended, and highly rated, which have no necessary Connection with *real Merit*; as Wealth, Birth, Beauty, Rank, and the like. When I saw them annexing Ideas of Worth, Greatness, or Honour, to the mere Possession of *these*, I would immediately correct the false Associations, and undeceive them, by appealing to their own Sense, and Experience of Things—but I have said enough, perhaps too much, especially considering that I speak to Philosophers. I desire we may hear *Simplicius's* Opinion of the Matter.

IF I must give my Opinion, said he, on a Subject that has been so fully debated already, I must
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frankly confess that, for all *Constant* has said to confute *Eugenio*, he does not appear to me to have done it. Nor indeed can I see that he differs much from him. When *Eugenio* recommended the *best Models of Beauty* to be presented to the Imagination of Youth, I do not remember that he recommended also an excessive Admiration of them, or gave any Species of them more, than its just Weight in the Scale. The *excessive Admiration* may be vicious, but I hope the *just Esteem* is not. We must all pursue some *Beauty* or other; the only Question is about the Kind. If it be truly laudable and no-wise inconsistent with the Pursuit of a *nobler Species*, I see no harm in paying it all the Regard it deserves. We begin to err when we blend the different *Species* unnaturally, and are capitally wrong, when we sacrifice the *higher* to the *inferiour* Kinds. Does not *Constant's* Discipline amount to this, That we are not to allow ourselves to be carried away with a fantastic and extravagant Admiration of the *lower* Kinds of *Beauty*, nor join *Images* of it to Objects to which it does not belong? Is this in any respect inconsistent with exhibiting to us the different *Species*, and pointing out the *best Models* in order to regulate our Choice? Nay, is not this the surest way to open and enlarge our Views, and furnish us with a *Standard* by which we may correct our Taste, and make the necessary Distinctions so warmly, and, I think, justly recommended by *Constant*? How shall we strip Wealth, Pomp, Pleasure, and all the *gay or solemn* Pageantry of Life of their Glare,

but by appealing to our *original Impressions* of Beauty, and confronting them with what is *most excellent and sublime* of the Kind? But this will best appear by a more particular Detail. I entirely agree with *Constant*, that *Temperance* is the *Nurse* of the other Virtues, and that it is not the least Part of its Business to watch over and chastise the Imagination, even in the Affair of Beauty. But this *controuling Habit*, as it must be learned betimes; so it must be tried in lesser Instances, and with the *grosser Appetites and Passions*, before we attempt the *higher and more refined*.

THOUGH the Appetites of Children are very keen, we often see that they can easily forego their Diet, and almost forget the Cravings of Hunger, when they are hotly engaged in Play, or in contriving or executing a Design, or working with any new Instrument or Machine. Nay, they will not only suspend their Diet, but their Diversions, to see any curious Sight, or hear any amusing Tale. It will not be difficult therefore to fill up their vacant Hours with such agreeable Exercises, or to entertain them with such Amusements, as will make them easily forget the Hours of Diet. By frequently repeating such Trials, they will easily be brought to think it *manly*, to exert some voluntary Acts of Temperance and Self-denial. This will teach them that prime Lesson of Virtue, not to depend on their Taste or Appetite, without which, there never was a great Man. When they have once got a fair mastery over these, it were easy, methinks, to make them despise Feasting, Finery, and other Instruments of Luxury. Of how

how small an account does Money appear, even to the most close-fisted Persons, when Misery solicites them in some dismal Shape? when a Friend, a Mistress, the Entertainment of Company, or the Execution of a Project call for their Generosity? Yet I doubt much, whether they connect higher Ideas of Honour and Merit with such genteel and generous Expence, than they would with a large Addition to their Fortune, or ~~to~~ the mere Possession of what they have. By making the Pupils frequently attend to proper Examples, the blind Admiration of Wealth will gradually cease. For what Dignity is there in that which it is Greatness to despise? Thus they will learn to disjoin those confused *Images* of *Grandeur* and *Worth*, which they annexed to *Fortune* and its *Attendants*. The same Experiment will hold with regard to *Pleasure*. What Hardships, Toils, and Dangers, will not the most *Voluptuous* endure, at times, to approve their Zeal to a Friend, or Female, to gain the Reputation of Fidelity, Constancy, Intrepidity, and Disinterestedness? May not such Instances serve to convince them of something *more refined* and *heroic*, than is to be found in mere sensual Pleasure; that even Abstinence, Self-Command, and Suffering, are the Means of high Enjoyment? And may not a Habit of Self-controul be acquired by frequently attending to such wholesome Distinctions? When those confused Ideas of Beauty or Good, which accompany Wealth, and Voluptuousness, are thus subdued, it will not be difficult to carry the same Habit of Temperance to the ambitious Views of

Power, viz. Titles, Coronets, Garters, and all the Trappings of Grandeur; which must appear contemptible, when placed in competition with internal Freedom, uncorrupted Honour, and Self-Appause.

I THINK it must appear from this short Detail, that the most effectual way to baffle the Impressions of any inferiour Beauty, or partial Good, is to introduce a nobler Species, a more generous and comprehensive Good. A powerful Association is best conquered by some superiour *Counter-Association* founded in Truth and Nature. Nor is this Method different from *Eugenio's Gradation* of Beauties, or his recommending to us the most excellent and perfect of each Kind, and leading us up to the Top of the Scale. Did not *Constant*, in effect, conduct us to the same Point, though by a different Route, when he presented us to his *rough Nurse* of the Virtues, which, despising *inferiour* Beauties, and fainter Images of Good, is conversant with that which is far superiour, the Order of the Mind, Rectitude of Heart, and harmonious Affections. Whether I have done my Friends justice or not, I submit, Gentlemen, to your Judgement; and, if the Company will join me, I now propose that *Hiero* fill up the Lines of that Plan he favoured us with the other Night.

I AM surprized, replied *Hiero*, half blushing, that *Simplicius* should lay such a Burden on me, who am so ill qualified to bear it. If the rude Sketch I happened to draw, do indeed deserve any Encomiums, I hope that will be accounted Merit sufficient, to entitle me to an Exemption
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from any farther Service ; and therefore I move, Gentlemen, to punish *Simplicius*, for imposing Burdens on the weak, and making choice of one so unable to serve the Company, that he be obliged to do the Work himself, which he would assign me.

THE Company said, they presumed none understood *his* Plan so well as himself, and that therefore he was the fittest of any to execute it: on which account they would not accept of his Excuse, but desired he would proceed.

WHEN *Hiero* saw they were all bent upon hearing him, he went on, modestly, after this manner: Well, Gentlemen, since the Projectors of Schemes must also carry them into Execution, or else be esteemed mere Projectors, I shall be very cautious, for the future, how I lay out any more Plans. I am glad however, that *Constant* and *Simplicius* have eased me of one Part of my Task, by handling so distinctly the Duty of *Temperance* even in its largest Sense. To enforce other *Moral* Impressions more strongly, and indeed to pave the Way for them more effectually, I would endeavour to give the Pupil a just Sense of the *Dignity of Human Nature*, as the Work, and in some degree the Image of his Maker, that he may have a high Reverence for it, and do nothing unworthy of it. Children shew a very early Sense of what is decent, and becoming their Nature, in those exulting Gleams of Joy that sparkle in their Looks, upon their having acted up to it, and in those conscious Blushes which tincture their honest Cheeks, when they have been caught doing any
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thing mean or little. This Sense was certainly not given in vain, but intended to be cultivated. Indeed when it is applied wrong, I mean to Qualities indifferent in themselves, or really blameable, or makes its Estimates beyond the just Measures of Things, it becomes a Source of wrong Conduct or excessive Vanity and Pride; but when it has those Objects pointed out to it, which are deserving of Esteem, and truly graceful, it enforces the Authority of Reason, and is a Spur to Virtue no less than a Barrier against Vice.—I would therefore improve those *natural Anticipations* of the Sense of human Dignity, by leading them, in the Way recommended by *Philander*, to just Conceptions, wherein it consists. After examining who they are, what Rank they hold amidst the Creation, and for what Purposes in Life they are destined, it will soon appear to them, that there is a superiour Dignity in the human Form—that they are endowed with nobler Powers, and consequently formed for a more exalted and extensive Oeconomy than the other Animals—that by these Powers they are allied to the intellectual World, and intitled to higher Honours, and a more refined Happiness than all the other Creatures put together. After this, let them be taught, by proper Examples, that the peculiar Excellency of their Frame lies in the calm and undisturbed Exercise of Reason, a steady Self-Government, just Affection to all the proper Objects of moral Approbation, and an active extensive Benevolence. By this Standard, let them learn to correct their false Notions of Honour, Grandeur, Pleasure,

Pleasure, and popular Applause. Let the least Deviations from this be marked with Infamy, and spoken of with Astonishment. And let all Vice be represented to them as the Violation of *their* Nature, a real Meanness, a Degradation and Fall from their true Dignity. Whereas Virtue should be shown to be the Voice of Reason, the supreme Law of their Nature, and its highest Ornament and Perfection. Let the Pupil be put upon reflecting on the grateful Emotions he feels in consequence of a decent, manly, generous Conduct, —the Respect and Veneration it draws,—the Confidence and Elevation of Mind that attends it,—with the Security and Credit it procures in the Way of Business. When Youth are animated with such Principles, they will dare to take a higher Aim in Life, reverence their Nature, and be ashamed of what stains or degrades it: Whereas they who think meanly of that Nature, which bears the Stamp of Deity, will be ever suspicious of others, and distrustful of themselves. Their Conduct will creep after their groveling Notions, and Magnanimity and a laudable Ambition can never flourish where their genuine Seeds are suppressed.

A SENSE then of the *Human Dignity*, being strongly imprinted on the Mind, it will prepare the Way for another Virtue, which I thought it necessary to cultivate in Children, *viz.* a STRICT REGARD FOR TRUTH. I the rather recommend this, as the contrary Practice is so often observable in them; which, if not checked in time, seldom fails to introduce a false and crooked Disposition
of

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of Mind, a Disposition which is the very Bane of all-Virtue, and one of the greatest Pests of Society. Wherefore to encourage Children always to speak the Truth, a Fault should be easily forgiven, upon their Confession of it; but when a Lye is made to cover it, that should be deemed a heinous Crime. The utmost Horror should be expressed at all manner of Falshood, and every Degree of Disingenuity represented as the surest Mark of an abject Mind, which robs one of the very Dignity of a Man; and therefore should be treated with the highest Contempt. Whereas Truth and Sincerity ought to be admired and applauded, as the Proofs of a Soul truly great, too conscious of its own Dignity, to use any of the little Tricks of Craft and Falshood. And let those whom your Pupil sees and converses with, treat him with Respect or Contempt, according to his Honesty or Disingenuity. This will teach him always to associate Honour and Nobleness of Mind with Openness and Veracity; and Infamy, and Littleness of Soul, with Dissimulation and Falshood. If by Mildness, and entering artfully into your Pupil's Interests and Designs, you can bring him to make you his *Confident*, it will not only give you the Advantage of knowing him thoroughly, but procure you a very great Ascendant over him, to rectify whatever is amiss.

THE *second* Principle I mentioned, namely, OBEEDIENCE TO PARENTS, ought to be inculcated with great Care, and no less Delicacy. The Ignorance and Weakness of the Infant-State required that the Influence of Parents, and Superiours should be very powerful, in order to lay the

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the Mind more open to Instruction and Culture. Therefore Nature hath planted deep in the tender Frame the Principles of Submission to Parents, a Proneness to Imitation, and Willingness to listen to the Opinion and Judgement of those whom we esteem wiser or better than ourselves. Parental Authority then is one of the best Handles for getting sure hold of the Mind, which, while that is in force, may be moulded into any Shape, or tinctured with any kind of Discipline. But when it is dissolved; scarce any Tye will bind, or Check controul it. Persuasions and Promises, Terrours and Bribes, will be equally insufficient; Instruction will not be listened to, nor Example regarded. Parents therefore ought to be scrupulously tender of their Authority, as of that which is to give weight to all their Instructions and Advices.

BUT while they are cautious of weakening it by too great Indulgence, they should equally guard against the opposite Extreme of Rigour and Severity; which has as great a Tendency to dispirit the Child, by too much curbing his Passions, as the other has to spoil him, by giving them too loose a Rein. Therefore, it is necessary that he be inspired with a just Mixture of Reverence and Love; which will be best done, by tempering necessary Severity with a discreet Kindness, allowing great Familiarity, yet checking the least Symptom of Irreverence and Indecency. Whenever the Authority of the Parent is disputed or despised, it should be maintained with inflexible Severity; and no Condescensions made on the side of the Parent, till it is fully acknowledged and fairly submitted to. But
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whatever Respect to the Authority of the Parents is inculcated in all Matters of Duty, Children should be taught as little Deference as possible to their, or any Authority that is merely human, in what respects pure Speculation, Truth or Science. I acknowledge it is hard to separate them—But I believe it may be compassed in some such way as this.

THEY may and ought to be taught Modesty; by which I understand a Willingness to listen to the Opinions of others, and Candour in examining them; by Example as well as Precept, by shewing the Decency and Dignity of such a Disposition, and commending the least Symptom of it in them or others. But a Respect to Authority, or implicit Reliance on the Judgement of others, should be, by all means, discouraged, as a most servile Principle, which cramps our Views, and makes us an easy Prey to endless Superstition. A Mind endowed with the strongest Faculties, may, by this means, have all its Vigour maimed, and become only a more tenacious Nursery of Absurdity and Error. Therefore the young Enquirer should never be obliged to take any thing merely upon Trust, not even from his Parents: Persuasion, and not Authority only, is here to be employed; and the Boy should be told, that Regard is not due barely to superiour Rank, in Matters of mere Opinion—That he is to desire a Reason for every thing, and never absolutely to yield his Assent, unless he be convinced.

YEA, said *Constant*, begging pardon for the Interruption, I am not for teaching him implicit
Obedience

Obedience to Authority even in Matters of *Duty*: This were to govern him like a Slave or Brute, rather than like a reasonable Creature. Let nothing therefore be imposed on him, without giving him a Reason for commanding it. Let him be first convinced that it is fit and right to be done, if he appear to be in any doubt about it; and then he will obey from Principle, not from a mere servile Dread.

BUT, replied *Hiero*, what if he cannot understand the Reasonableness of his Duty, or should happen not to be convinced, or through a perverse Obstinacy should be inclined to dispute every Inch of his Parent's Authority; would you cease to enforce your Commands, or indulge him in Disobedience, for fear of making him too tame? Children are wonderfully ingenious in finding out Reasons against what they are averse to, and exceeding hard to be convinced of their Obligation to cross their Appetites.

If the thing enjoined him, replied *Constant*, be above his Comprehension, I would not desire him to go about it. For there can be no Virtue in his doing that, which he can see no Reason for doing, and consequently no Inducement but mere Caprice in a Parent to command it. And this will tend to weaken rather than add weight to the Parent's Authority. As to the other Case, I imagine a Parent of any tolerable Sagacity will be able to distinguish when a Child desires a Reason why he is to act in this or that manner, from mere Scrupulosity, and when from Stubbornness and pure Aversion to his Duty. The
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last is to be opposed by a proper Mixture of Reason and Authority. In the former Case, I would employ Persuasion supported by Reason. When the Boy finds himself treated in this rational and manly Way, his Spirit and Obedience will be liberal and ingenuous, and he will account his Parent his best Friend and Counsellor.

ADMITTING then, subjoined *Hiero*, my Friend's Correction under those Limitations, I proceed to consider HUMANITY as another Principle, which ought to be particularly cherished in Children. This is so amiable a Virtue, that I would extend it even to Brutes, and make their innocent Sports a Discipline of Humanity. For this Purpose I would severely discourage every Instance of Petulance and Cruelty they shew them. Tho' the wanton Pleasure Children take sometimes, in sporting with the Miseries of Animals, seems to be an Effect only of the Activity and Love of Diversion that is so natural to them; yet if it be indulged without Check, it may degenerate into an Insensibility to human Pains, or sullen Delight in beholding miserable Objects. When they discover any Care and Anxiety in tending, and feeding any favourite Bird, or Dog, or any Pity to them in Distress, I would applaud their Tenderness; but if they shew any Cruelty in their Usage of them, they should be severely chid, or have the poor Creatures taken from them. I would not allow them to see them killed, much less to be Witnesses to those dreadful Spectacles, of innocent Creatures mangled in a most inhuman manner, and expiring in Agonies, for fear it should
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prove the Means to accustom them to behold Blood and Slaughter with unpitying Eyes. I would teach them to look upon themselves as the Guardians and Benefactors of the friendless Race, designed by Nature to protect and cherish them: and would give them the Charge of the Birds and Beasts about the House, as if they were, in some measure, a Part of their own Family, whose Wants they ought to supply, and whose Distresses they are bound to relieve. By those little Exercises of Humanity to their Fellow-Creatures below them; I would prepare them for the higher Acts of it to Mankind. There is a certain affectionate Temper in Children, a Sensibility with respect to the Condition of others, which, by due Care, may be improved into the most friendly and generous Affections. They not only love to do good-natured things, but are greatly delighted with the simple Recital of kind Actions. Nothing is a finer Entertainment to them, than a *moral* Tale, wherein Goodness forms the principal Characters, and appears in a variety of beautiful Incidents. Upon this innate Stock of Benevolence, the noblest and most useful Virtues in Life may be grafted. In order to cultivate it, high Notions of Humanity ought to be inculcated, those Characters and Actions in which it prevails, commended above all others; and the superiour Excellence and Usefulness of it strongly represented. Their doing good to others should be made the chief Instrument or Step towards promoting their own Pleasure. I believe it would be an excellent Method, in imitation of our weekly Distributions, to entrust Chil-

dren with a little Money now and then, to be dispensed in the way of Charity, to indigent or miserable Objects; in bestowing which, they should be left to their own Choice, both as to the Objects themselves, and the Measure of their Charity to them. I would not call them to a rigid Account how they have laid it out, but only ask them in general about the Management of their little Stock; to know whether their Temper be liberal or narrow, and to have an Opportunity of applauding their Discretion and Generosity, or directing their future Distributions. When they see themselves so much used like Men, it will inspire them with a generous Emulation, to act worthy of the Trust reposed in them, by a discreet Liberality. Every thing that looks like *Selfishness*, or betrays a sordid griping Turn, ought carefully to be checked; which, in my Opinion, cannot be better done than by the Restraint of those Supplies which are given them for their own Use. These should bear some proportion to the Generosity or Wisdom they show in the Distribution of their charitable Fund. By these and the like Means they will contract an early Habit of Goodness, and learn to feel the Wants and Miseries of their Fellow-Creatures, than which I scarce know a more important Lesson.

LET me add one Caution to what *Hiero* has mentioned, said *Eugenio*. As Children have a natural Openness of Heart, and (if I may use the Expression) a *Looseness of Hands*, I apprehend there is not any great Danger of their failing in Instances of Generosity. They are full as forward
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to throw away their Money, as to receive or hoard it up. They are seldom so fond even of their Sweetmeats, but, if they are not of a very unfriendly and selfish Cast, they will frankly give their Companions a share with them. Therefore, while Parents are solicitous to guard them against Stinginess and Narrowness of Soul, I reckon it not amiss to moderate the Openness of their Temper, and check a Spirit of Prodigality. If they could be instructed in the true Value and Use of Money, without admiring or prizing it, it would be a great Advantage to them, and restrain the prodigal, without encouraging the griping or hoarding Humour. They should be taught to husband their Stock, that it may go as far as possible,—to save in some Instances of less Necessity, that they may afford to be liberal in others more pressing,—to compare Cases and Objects as to Merit, Indigence and other Circumstances,—to retrench all superfluous, and especially hurtful Expence; that they may be as impartially and extensively useful as possible. In short, they should be taught to be liberal without being profuse; and frugal, but not fordid.

Eugenio's Remark, said *Sophron*, puts me in mind of another Extreme, which, I imagine, ought to be guarded against on the side of Goodnature; I mean that Softness and Pusillanimity, into which it is apt to degenerate, unless discreetly tempered. For though I was wonderfully pleased with those Overflowings of Humanity, which appeared in *Hiero's* Discourse, yet I cannot help observing that there may be an Excess of Goodness,

or rather, I believe, I should say Good-nature, when there wants a just Degree of Indignation at Folly and Vice; a Disposition highly mischievous to public Society and private Persons. Some Children would carry their Good-nature to such an Excess, that without proper Discipline, they would grow perfect Dolts, mere ~~positive~~ Drones; so simple, that they would have no Will of their own; such pure Figures of Wax, that you might mould their Inclinations just as you would. They cannot contradict their Company, nor know how to resist their Importunities. Such are apt, through a vicious Complaisance, to run into any Excesses, to which they are invited by Company, or Example. To shun this Extreme, they should be taught the Importance of their Character, and be inspired with a just Regard for themselves. The dangerous Consequences of a false Modesty, and weak Complaisance, may be shewn them by *living*, and therefore interesting, Examples of such, as by giving into these, have spoiled their Constitutions and ruined their Fortunes. But great Care and Caution must here be used, that the young Pupils may, as much as is possible, separate and distinguish the Persons from their Foibles and Vices; that while they consider the latter with Aversion and Horrour, they may look upon the former with Pity and Humanity. The Meanness too of being quite led away by others, may be strongly painted, in order to induce them to resist the Solicitations of others, without being peevish or rude; and to dare to adhere to what is right, in spite of Ridicule for Singularity.

To guard them the more effectually against a passive and mean-spirited Tameness, I think it of no small consequence to impress them, as *Hiero* advised, with strong Notions of *Right* and *Wrong*, and make them as sensible of the Regard they owe to themselves, as of that which is due from them to others. If they receive an Affront, or Blow from a School-Fellow, I would wink at them though they did not take it very tamely; and even allow them to be angry, but without indulging a Spirit of Revenge, and where Redress is not at hand, upon great Occasions, to use the lawful Means of Self-Defence. For such a generous Indignation is the natural Seed of true Bravery and Fortitude of Mind, which can never come to Maturity, where *it* is entirely wanting. I am very far from advising any Indulgence to a quarrelsome Humour; but, I think, it requires no extraordinary Degree of Discernment to distinguish between the Workings of Ill-nature, a malicious or revengeful Spirit; and what arises from a true Sense of Honour, and a just Value for a Man's own Character. The former ought, at all adventures, to be discountenanced; but the latter, when exerted upon proper Occasions, and in just Measures, shou'd be cultivated and improved. A Spirit that bears every Injury tamely, can never rise to any thing great or conspicuous in Life, but must necessarily sink into Servility and Contempt. At the same time that Children are kept sensible and awake to their own Rights and Interests, in which, I confess, they but rarely fail; they cannot be inspired with too exquisite a Sensibility to those of

Mankind, especially such as are of the most important and sacred Nature. For this purpose I would endeavour to persuade them, that Mankind are all originally on a Level—That the Differences of Rank, Fortune, and other external Circumstances, do not dissolve any of their natural Rights. —And that whatever peculiar Advantages they enjoy above others, they call for higher Degrees of Humanity and Condescension, to grace and support them. If they show any Marks of Insolence, Contempt, or even Sullenness to their Inferiours, it ought immediately to be checked; and they should be shown, by the Example of others, and the Confession of all, what a wide Difference there is between true Dignity, and that sullen Pride which only apes it. Therefore I would never humour them in their Inroachments on others, nor allow them to break in upon the Property of any of their School-fellows. And I would to the utmost discourage their striking Servants, or calling Names in a Fit of Passion. Such Actions naturally make Children fancy that those whom they strike, or injure in any other way, are either of an inferiour Species, or at the best are made to be only their Slaves, and consequently that they have a Right to play the Tyrants over them. Such Notions must naturally produce that Insolence and Inhumanity, which are the common Attendants of uncivilized Grandeur.

I REMEMBER I once made a Visit in an opulent Family, where I was struck with several Instances of Mismanagement, that would have spoiled the most virtuous and best-tempered Children in
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the World. They were allowed to treat the Servants with the utmost Contempt and Arrogance, nor must they debase their Dignity by being seen discoursing with them. If Strangers of a Rank inferiour to themselves presumed to accost them, and ask them any Questions, they were taught to keep a disdainful Silence; or, if they designed to open their Mouth, it was with a sullen Coldness, and an apparent Consciousness of their superiour Quality. Frequently they took place of Strangers, and were set above them at Table, had a greater Attention paid to their little Fancies and Wants; and by many broad Hints were put in mind of their Dignity, as much as the others were of their Distance. Though I heartily disapprove too great Familiarity with Servants and People of a very low Rank; yet Humanity and Affability to them cannot be too much inculcated. Were a Person never to converse or have any Intercourse with his Inferiours, he would be precluded from all Opportunity of exercising several of the most amiable Virtues that can adorn the human Mind. And Hospitality towards Strangers ought always to be represented and applauded, as one of the most generous and elevated Virtues of Humanity, the want of which, betrays an untaught and savage Mind. Complaisance and Affability should be set forth as it's inseparable Companions. And this Lesson should be constantly founded in their Ears, that their Rank and Condition will be better supported by an unassuming Carriage, and an easy Humanity, than by the most peevish and imperious Statelines. High Marks of Displeasure

ought to be expressed against Children, for any Rudeness they show to Strangers, though far beneath them in Rank or Fortune. They should be encouraged in talking freely with them, and making themselves agreeable. But I am afraid, Gentlemen, these are Lessons which the opulent Part of the World, and many of those distinguished by Titles, will not be very forward to teach their Children; and therefore I despair to see a Reformation of Taste in these Articles.

In the Education of Youth, said *Constant*, nothing seems to me to deserve more Care and Pains, than to possess them strongly with a Sense of the Connection they have with the *Public*, and the Meanness of all selfish and narrow Views. I consider Man in three great Views, as a *rational* Being; then, as a *social* one; and last of all, as a *Child* of the supreme Parent, a Creature of the Authour and Governour of the Universe, who knows all his Actions, and to whom he is accountable for them. *Philander* has considered him in the *first* View, and *Hiero* in the *last*. In the *second* I think he sustains an important Character, and the Part he has to act deserves an especial Regard. Now the most essential Ingredient in this, is *public Spirit* and *Love of one's Country*. And the most opposite Principle to the *public Character*, with which Nature hath invested us, is that little wretched Thing we call--*Selfishness*. This is a Quality which, above all Things, debases human Nature, as Man is a social Creature, and is accompanied with the most pernicious Effects, with regard to the Community of which he is a Member. Therefore were a Sense of the
 Connection

Connection they have with the Public, and their Obligations to promote its Interests, strongly imprinted upon the Minds of Youth, it would lead them, in the future busy Scenes of public Life, to act in a more wide and exalted Sphere. We should then see them keep the Good of their Country more steadily in view, and never dare to prostitute or even postpone it to Self-Interest, upon any Occasion whatever: nay, they could not do it without a secret Check from within, nor without the sharp Stings of Remorse, for acting against the plain Relations and honourable Engagements of social Life. Here it may be said, that by making them *good Men*, they will, of course, become *good Patriots*. 'Tis true, in some respect, that just private Affection is the Foundation of that which is public—But yet there are many sensible of the *private Relations* of Life, who have little Sense of what they owe the Public. It was formerly observed by *Philander*, that this is one of the last Connections we take in. A Consequence of which is, that it cannot be expected that so large an Affection as is the Love of our Country, should appear very early, or before its Object is, in some measure, apprehended. As our Views are enlarged, our Affections grow wider of course, and are referred to more Objects. The Progress of Nature is from a narrow Point, even from Sense, and the Appetites which accompany it. By degrees *Self* enlarges its Circle, and takes in ampler Gratifications, as it's Powers unfold themselves. A Family comes next, towards which new Affections are formed. Friendships
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and Affinities open a wider Connection, and give birth to more enlarged Attachments. At length the Circle dilates to a Neighbourhood, of which some Idea must be formed, ere the Mind can be affected towards it, or interested in its Fate. In like manner a Town, a Province, a Country, must be comprehended, or at least, some faint Image or Idea of them, to excite Affections correspondent to them. *Sophron* has already given one good Reason, why People now are not so apt to perceive their Connection with the *Public* as formerly; when not only the *Political* Institutions, but the Genius of every thing in the Community breathed a public Spirit, and pointed to a common Interest. Perhaps another Reason may likewise be assigned, that it is not so easy for us *Moderns* to take in our Connection with the *Public*, because it is a larger Whole; and the Generality do not so much feel their Influence in the State, as the *Ancients*, whose Forms of Government were more popular, or confined to a particular City or Province; where all could discern their immediate Interest in public Concerns; and the greatest Part had some share in the Management. There are ^{however} still among us several public Images to suggest Ideas of a *Public*, and consequently to excite public Affections; our public Buildings, Courts, Halls, Gardens, national Assemblies, Councils, Fleets, and the like Symbols which direct our View to a common Good, in which all share in some Degree. Let the Pupil therefore be accustomed to attend frequently to these, and observe their Reference to a public Weal; that such Ideas may grow familiar to his Mind

Mind—that every thing he sees and is conversant with, may strike him with his Relation to the *Public*, and put him in mind of the Duties he owes his Country. Whatever Science, Art, or Profession he applies to, let him be taught to observe the Connection it has with public Utility; that his Studies, and daily Occupations, may run in a public Channel,—and that his private Interest may appear not only connected with that of the Public, but likewise subordinate to it.

WAS our *public Education* upon a footing, in every respect such as is to be wished, I should reckon it an admirable Way to form the Youth to public Virtue, and Love of their Country. The being educated in a *public* manner, or in Companies, is, undoubtedly a very proper Method to inspire Men with public Views, Feelings and Affections. There the Youth form Friendships, see their Connections with others, and their Subordination and Reference to a Whole. They learn to know their Rank, and subside into their proper Station. They grow more active, social and high-spirited. Their Companions and School-Fellows come to be considered under the Relation of their Country-men; and their private Affections do, by degrees, stretch to a Zeal for their common Country, or even to a more extensive *Philanthropy*.

BUT as nothing is apt to affect the human Mind in a stronger manner than what regards itself, I would endeavour to convince Youth, by a proper Detail of Facts, how much their own *private* Interest is connected with, and comprehended in

in that of the Public;—the Privileges of Citizens, with the Good of the Community, or City, to which they belong;—that again with the Welfare of the Metropolis, or of the whole Nation. We love whatever is like ourselves, or in any sort related to us,—whatever gives us back the Image of ourselves, and falls in with our private Prejudices or Passions, or conduces, in any respect, to our Interest. Children are fond of the Spot where they were nursed, and educated, the Places which they used to frequent, where they lived, played and conversed with their Companions. Therefore a sudden and almost involuntary Preference is given to an Acquaintance, a Relation, a Neighbour, a Fellow-Citizen, a Countryman, in Cases where a Competition arises between them and Strangers. And no doubt Nature intended it should be so; that our Minds might not be distracted amidst the numerous Objects of Affection; and that the Tie might be drawn closest, where we have generally the greatest Power and Means of doing good. —Therefore to interest the Youth in their City, Province, or Country, let them be convinced that it is *their's*,—that their Interests are inseparable —that they gain when it flourishes, and suffer when it decays—and that the Good or Ill of every Individual reflects upon them by Sympathy or Communication. But, that they may not be misled by mistaken Views of Interest, they must be convinced, they must *feel* that their Happiness is of a wider Extent than mere personal Pleasures or Gains—that they must be more or less happy or miserable, as others are so—that their best Enjoyments

ments arise from Participation—that in short, we find the most exquisite Pleasure in the most extensive Happiness, not only of our Country, but of Mankind—that therefore the highest Self-Interest is to promote the greatest public Good. One thoroughly possessed of such Principles as these, will not barter a single grain of Honour for the most splendid Titles, nor betray his Country, or even meanly shrink from its Service, though a World were to be the Bribe. Let the Youth be early inspired with such public-spirited Sentiments, and they will be Patriots, not such as we have but too often seen, but such as we always wish for. But I doubt we have incroached too much on *Hiero's* Province. For my part I beg *his* pardon, and hope he will now proceed.

CONSTANT finished his Discourse with a good deal of Warmth, and a certain Pathos of Voice and Manner that is peculiar to him, when he opens upon the Subject of the Public.

I MUCH approve, said *Hiero*, of our Friend's Zeal for the Public, and entirely agree with him, that no Method should be omitted, which may be thought of real Efficacy to impress a strong Sense of what they owe to *it*, upon the Minds of Youth. But from the little I have seen of the World, I am convinced it is a true Sense of Religion, a full Persuasion of an *Invisible Power*, who sees and knows every thing, and, as we behave well or ill in *this* Life, will accordingly reward or punish us in *another*, that only can restrain our giddy Passions, controul our head-strong Appetites, and stop us in the full Career of our narrow Pursuit after
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Self-Interest, and the Enjoyments of Pleasure and Power. I call it *narrow*, because, in my Apprehension, nothing betrays a greater Narrowness, and Meanness of Spirit, than to imagine we came into the World for no other Reason, than to serve ourselves of the Pleasures, the Honours and Profits that are to be had in it, without a Regard to the particular Community we stand connected with, a more enlarged View to the Interests of Mankind in general, and the Relation we bear to our supreme and all-bounteous Parent and Benefactor. I mention this *last Relation* to the *universal Parent*, because I do not see how we can form a just and perfect Idea of Society, without having a direct View to the great and almighty Head of it. He who invested us in our *social Character*, is the supreme Judge of our Conduct, and to him we are accountable for the several Parts we have acted. His Law is binding, where *Human Laws*, through Ignorance or Wickedness, are defective; and it's Sanctions reach where those of civil Authority and Power cannot. So that he is the Head and Supreme Governour of the *Social System*, who unites its Parts, inspires its Connections, and animates the whole Body with Life and Vigour. Therefore I do not conceive how any Member of Society can act a consistent Part, and fulfil his Obligations to the Community to which he belongs, without a Sense of his Connection with its almighty Head, and without recognizing *his* Authority which is supreme. To be *thoroughly social* then, one must be *truly religious*.

THESE

THESE are Principles that may secure the Steadiness of a Man's Conduct in Life; and wherever these are wanting, we see Men of the brightest Parts, and the most enlarged Capacities, falter and vary in their Behaviour; and however they may pride themselves in the Wantonness of Power, the Splendour of Titles, or the Possession of Riches, yet through the indirect Ways they pursue and obtain them, falling into Contempt, and sinking so low as to be the Objects not of public Hatred only, but of the lowest Ridicule. Would I change Characters, and the refined Pleasures of internal Freedom and Self-Approbation with such a Man? No! I can look down upon him—I consider him in the View of an abject Wretch, a Nuisance to the Public, one that ought to be banished to live among such Brutes, as fawn upon the Hand that feeds them, and which, by over-feeding, makes them fat and sleek indeed, but unfit for Service, and over-stocked with malignant Humours and a base Blood, ready to grow putrid upon every little Disorder. How little the ordinary Principles of Philosophy, without Religion, are able to support the Mind against the Temptations of Power, and Brilliancy of Riches, we have a notorious Instance in *Seneca*, and even in the inflexible *Cato*. And how much modern Experience confirms the same Truth, I appeal, Gentlemen, to the slightest Observation. For this Reason, as well as others, I thought the imprinting an *early* and deep Sense of Religion on the *Pupil's* Mind, an essential Part in a complete Plan of Education. For surely of all Connections and Relations, that in which he

stands to his *Maker* is the highest, and of first Dignity. To settle this important Point on a rational Footing, and consequently to rivet *religious Impressions* more strongly and durably on the Mind, I thought that *Course, or Series of Religious Instructions*, which I formerly ventured to recommend; a necessary Preparative.

MAN, by his original Constitution, was, I think, designed to be a *Rational*, and consequently a *Religious* Creature. Many of his Powers and Affections would have been useles, without such a *religious* or *divine* Destination. One Thing is certain, that no Object, short of DEITY, is commensurate either to his *intellectual* or *moral* Faculties and Dispositions. The Perfection of Reason, and Divinity of Virtue, find here alone an Object adequate to their Energy and vital Operation. To each Relation therefore, in which the *Creature Man* stands to the *Deity*, there corresponds a peculiar Train of Powers and Feelings, and is appropriated a peculiar Course of Actions. How then are the *former* to be educed, and the *latter* followed, but by exhibiting those *Relations* in so full and commanding a Light, as shall direct the Energies of the Soul to their proper Object and End. Whatever therefore tends to impress a Sense of the *Relations*, must, in proportion to the Force of the Impression, be efficacious towards producing the Affections and Conduct correspondent to them. The Deity alone has an intimate Communication with the human Mind, and consequently he only can, by an immediate Influence, penetrate its inmost Springs, and direct or controul it's Powers.

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The Extent of one Mortal's Energy or Action, on the Mind of another, is of a different kind, more narrow and infinitely less efficacious. To this overruling Mind, then, we must leave the adequate Direction of all inferiour Minds, and the full Adjustment of their Motions. From Him alone we expect that mighty and enlivening Energy, which is to recompose every jarring Motion, and call forth the perfect Exercise of the several Powers.

THEREFORE, with an entire Resignation to his invariable Orders, and an humble Dependence on his superiour Influence, let us feeble and ignorant Mortals attempt only what is within our own Province, and proportioned to our Powers;—use the Means which are the most effectual, and best adapted to the Genius of the Creature we want to form and regulate; and if we fail not through Indolence, or wicked Intention, the all-governing Mind will do the rest.

IT is our Business to proceed in the way of Argument and rational Conviction; and therefore I would endeavour to point out to the Pupil, and make him take notice of the Connection between those Relations in which the DEITY stands to him, and the Duties or Obligations resulting from thence; for instance, between the Relation of a *Creator*; and the Duty of *Reverence* and *Dependence* in a *Creature*—between that of a *Benefactor*; and the corresponding Obligation to *Gratitude*, *Trust*, and *Love*—that of a *Law-giver* and *Judge*; and the Duties of *Regard to his Authority*, and *Submission to his Will*—that of a perfect *Pattern*; and humble *Imitation*;—of the *Fountain* of all *Wis-*

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dom, and Power, and Happiness; and of an entire
Devotion to him, and a constant Application to his
Goodness—and so of the rest. By making him of-
ten attend to the Divine Providence, particularly to
those Dispensations of it which I formerly men-
tioned, and to the Perfections of GOD display'd
therein, as well as in his Works, I would accustom
him, if possible, to an habitual Veneration of his
Maker, and an affecting Sense of his Presence
and constant Super-intendency over human Af-
airs;—especially that all his Thoughts, Passions,
and Pursuits lie open to his all-seeing Eye;—that
this Presence is ever ready to befriend him if he
do well, and chastise him if he do ill;—that there-
fore he ought ever to act under an Impression
of infinite Wisdom, Power, and Goodness,—and
be animated by these, to excel in every Virtue, and
guard against the first and minutest Access to Cor-
ruption and Vice. Those striking Exhibitions of
DEITY which I formerly mentioned, as expressed
in sensible and astonishing Events, will make the
most powerful Impressions on the Pupil's Mind,
and by consequence will bid fairest for calling
forth such Sentiments and Affections as they are
fitted to produce. Therefore frequently revolving
the History of those Events, must be of great Ser-
vice towards the Attainment of the End pro-
posed.

IF there are any Dispositions in human Nature friendly and connatural to such Impressions; if, for instance, there be any Perception of Beauty and Design in the Order of Nature—any Admiration of Grandeur,—any Sympathy with the Happiness of others,

others,—any Sense of Honour and Applause,—any Complacence in Virtue,—or any Sentiments of Gratitude to one's Benefactor;—if there be any Sense of a *governing Mind* and Providence, or of his Perfections,—any Tendency to Trust and Resignation, to superiour Power, Wisdom, or Goodness;—or, in short, any Aspiring of Mind towards Heaven in Cases of Distress;—I would improve all these *natural Principles*: I call them *natural*, because we scarce find a Man without some degree of them: I say, I would improve them to enforce the *Religious Impressions* we want to make on the Pupil's Mind, and thus exalt what is *Natural* to *Religion*, to *Divinity*, and the *sublimeſt Virtue*.

To these Impressions of *Natural Religion*, I would join the more powerful Inforcements of that which is *revealed*. To prepare his Mind for the readier Reception of it, I would endeavour to shew him his Ignorance, even in Things of the greatest Importance, and consequently the Need he has of Instruction; I would desire him often to attend to the Force of his Passions and Affections, which being continually exposed to Danger from all Quarters, may easily lead him into all manner of Vice and Corruption. This will dispose him to welcome any Aid which the gracious *Parent* of Mankind shall deign to bestow, and to set a high Value on the several Revelations he has been pleased to grant to ignorant and corrupt Mortals. And indeed, what an ignorant Creature is Man without some kind of Revelation, or Instruction, (if you will chuse rather to give it that more fashionable Name) whether that Instruction is

communicated to us immediately from the Fountain of all Truth and Wisdom, or from him by the Intervention of our Fellow-Mortals! How unform'd and savage, nay how headstrong in all his Passions, and how unapt for the Purposes of social Life, till he is moulded, and in a manner re-created, by a happy and divine Culture!

By a fair Exhibition of *Christianity*, I would endeavour to inspire him with the Love of so amiable and benevolent an Institution — and by a just Delineation of the Character of its exalted *Author* in the History of his Life, call forth those Sentiments of Veneration, Submission, Gratitude, and Love, which so heroic and meritorious, so sacred and divine a Character claims.

I WOULD not puzzle his tender and ductile Mind with those abstruse Speculations and barren Controversies, which have been made the Badges of Parties, and often converted the best-natured Religion in the World, into an Engine of mortal Hatred and mutual Hostilities between its Professors. As the Religion of CHRIST was designed as a plain consistent Rule of Life, and not a System of abstracted Reasonings and Speculations; — to influence the Heart more than to fill the Head; I would endeavour, above all things, to awaken that high Spirit of disinterested and extensive Virtue, which it recommends and breathes throughout — that ardent and undisssembled Love of God and Mankind — that thorough Self-government and Purity of Heart — that inflexible Integrity and Resignation to Providence — that Elevation above the World, and Contempt of Wealth and worldly Grandeur

Grandeur (the greatest Enemies to Christian Perfection) which were as gloriously eminent in its first Professors, as they are now by many thought to be remarkably defective in its present ones.

THAT he may attain this noble Spirit and general Aptitude for the various Duties of Life (the true Source of all inward Freedom and Pleasure) I would endeavour to convince him of the Necessity and Advantage of frequent Application to the Fountain of all Being and Perfection, and of maintaining a daily Intercourse with him; then I would desire him to lay his Mind open to those secret Irradiationsⁿ of divine Wisdom and Love, which the benevolent Father of all, never fails to communicate to all such as aspire after his Influence.

LET the Pupil's Heart be once kindled and inspirited after this manner, by a Fire lighted from above; I am confident he will not be a Stranger to any *Social* or *Christian* Virtue; he will breathe the very Spirit and Genius of his Master, be a good Son, Parent, Neighbour, Friend, a Friend to Mankind, a *Patriot* in Reality and Substance, not by Profession or in Show only; equally unseduced by Pleasure and Power; great amidst Afflictions, and, in Prosperity, ever attentive to the Wants, and watchful of the Interests of his Fellow-Creatures;— at all times consistent with himself, and steadily virtuous to the End of Life. The Principles of Religion, therefore, will be the best *Counter-charm* to the Allurements of Pleasure, and the surest Preservative against the Corruptions of the World. And, without the help of these, I do not see, how Mankind can, in this mixed and

dangerous Scene of things, maintain an uniform and uncorrupted Virtue.

AND now, Gentlemen, continued *Hiero*, you have my thanks for having so well supplied my Defects, and filled up, by your ingenious Observations, what remained of the Plan. For I apprehend there is no Occasion now for my saying any thing concerning *Diligence and Industry*, the last things I proposed to accustom Youth to, in as much as these are best learned by daily Exercise, or by finding proper Employment or Diversion for all their Hours, and making these mutually relieve each other; so that they shall long as much for the Return of their Task, as of the Amusement that succeeds it, or rather shall think their Lesson a Relief from the Fatigue of Play.

THERE is only one thing, Gentlemen, said *Philander*, which I beg leave to observe; that, without design, you seem to have made the two grand Springs of Government, Rewards and Punishments, in our Embryo-Institution, to lie in PRAISE and BLAME: I believe very justly; — and cannot help thinking, that it requires a good deal of Discretion to manage those right. Boys love Praise exceedingly, and, under proper Regulations, it may be made the *prime* Instrument of Education, a noble Spur to Diligence and every other Virtue. But it ought never to be given unless the thing commended be really laudable. And Children should never be allowed to compare themselves with others, in order to prevent that over-weening Conceit of themselves, which they are apt to fall into. It is true, the Virtues of
others

others may be set before them as Goads to stimulate them to Industry and a generous Emulation; but the Characters of others are not to be prostituted as Foils, either to palliate their Defects or heighten their Virtues. Therefore I would never praise them by way of Comparison, or tell them that they are more knowing, more virtuous or industrious than this or their other Acquaintance. For this often tends to make them vain conceited Creatures, and to nourish that most detestable of all Passions, *Envy*, which ought, by every Method, to be quashed. In order indeed to guard a Youth against the Excess of some Passions, it may be necessary to shew their pernicious Effects, in the Examples of some of his Acquaintance; that he may survey, in cool Blood, the Deformity and Danger of immoderate Passion. Thus I would shew him how some of his School-Fellows have lost their Reputation, and are treated with Contempt for having cheated their Comrades, or done any other dirty Trick. To expose the Deformity of Drunkenness in all its Horror, he need only be shewn, as the *Spartan* Boys were, what a pitiful contemptible Creature a Man in Liquor is, how far he debases his Nature, and sinks his Credit in the Eyes of every sober sensible Man: I would convince him of the Crime of Injustice, by pointing out to him in some Instances the Indignation expressed, and the severe Prosecutions carried on by the Injured against the Injurious. In order to teach him the Mischief of excessive Anger, I would let him see how furious and frantic it often makes the enraged Creatures, and how soundly they

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are sometimes beaten by their Fellow-Townsmen, for the Effects of their Passion. Thus I would instruct him in the way of Example; but at the same time to prevent odious Comparisons of himself with others, I would breed him up to a modest and ingenuous Sense of his own Merit, and teach him to take more pleasure in contemplating the Beauties than the Blemishes of another's Character, by discovering a Regret in observing the Failings, but a peculiar Satisfaction in pointing out, and dwelling upon, the Excellencies of others. A Youth thus educated will be modest in judging of his own Merit, candid in estimating that of others, more forward to commend than to condemn; and he will censure with Mildness where he cannot praise.

WERE our Youth educated upon some such Plan, as you Gentlemen, have now recommended, I am convinced a great many of those Miscarriages would be prevented, of which we so justly complain. We should then see (and who could see it without high Satisfaction) a sober, manly, virtuous Youth growing up, instead of that lazy, effeminate dissolute Race, who do such dishonour to their Country, and bear too evident Marks of an idle enervated Education.

FROM the industrious *Mechanic* to the accomplished *Magistrate*, from the humblest *Scrivener* to the first-rate *Statesman*, we should see every Post filled up with Men of Probity and Parts.

AND were the *Ladies* educated upon the same Plan, with proper Allowances for the Distinctions of Character, we should find the *British Fair* as
much

much distinguished by their Discretion, as natural Modesty, and surpassing the rest of the World not only in Beauty, but in Elegance of Manners, amiable Conversation, and every *Female* Accomplishment,

DIALOGUE

D I A L O G U E XI.

EUGENIO told us the other Night, that he had been reading a School-Book, from which he thought he had learned more useful Knowledge, than could be acquired by turning over great Volumes of Philosophy. For, added he, I was wonderfully amused, at the same time that I was instructed in the deepest Maxims of Wisdom and good Conduct.

WE were all curious to know what instructive Book *Eugenio* had been reading; when *Constant* asked him, if *Homer* or *Virgil* had been his *Moral* Teachers.

No truly, *Constant*, replied *Eugenio*, I was content to take up with a humbler Teacher than any of those poetic Heroes. It was a plain Story-Teller of Antiquity, who not daring to rise so high as the Wars of Gods and Men, tells us strange Tales of the Adventures of Birds and Beasts, and delivers Oracles from the Oaks and Trees. You may perceive I mean *Æsop*, that renowned *Liar* and *Fable-wright* of ancient Times; who, they say, earned a Livelihood, and got into the Favour of the Great, by making and retailing his Fables. This, *Constant*, was my *Moral* Instructor, and I was perusing him in his Mother-Tongue, in plain *Greek*; in which I think he tells his Tales with more Sprightliness and ingenious Turns, than any of his Translators or Commentators have done for him in their new-fashion'd Compositions.

WAS

WAS then the polite *Eugenio*, said *Constant*, content to be entertained with such a homely Teller of Tales? I thought some fashionable modern Romance, the Travels of *Cyrus*, or a *Marianne*, or some other celebrated Novel would have better suited one of so refined a Taste. But I perceive—

You may perceive, Sir, if you will, said *Eugenio*, interrupting him, that you judge a little hastily—that the *polite Eugenio* has not quite so modern a Taste as you fancied, nor is so over-run with the Love of *French Tinsel*, but he can likewise admire some of the rough Ore of Antiquity. Know then, my grave Friend, that the same *polite Eugenio*, whose Taste you so highly value, can not only relish what is *Greek and Roman*, but prefers an Ancient Story-Teller, or Mythologist, to all your Modern Novellists; and thinks that they convey better Sense and profounder Instruction than even the most elaborate Systems; and, I am sure, in a much more engaging and agreeable Manner,

HERE *Philander* perceiving that the Discourse was like to grow personal, interposed between the two Antagonists, and said, Without enquiring, Gentlemen, into your respective Tastes, I have often wondered, “ How, or by what strange Dif-
 “ ference of Genius and Taste, or by what different
 “ Disposition of Things it has happened, that
 “ the Ancients and Moderns have used such diffe-
 “ rent Ways of Instruction; that the one delighted
 “ so much in Fable, Allegory and Mimicry; and
 “ the others have so much employed the way of
 System,

“System, Precept and methodical Instruction.” Did the Ancients understand *Human Nature* better than the Moderns? Or were their Scholars more ignorant and stupid, that they found it necessary to use those Baits of Tales and Fables to catch as well as to instruct the rude Multitudes? Or were there better Poets then, and more artful Liars than now? Or is our Genius so improved in these later Times, that we love Truth, pure Truth, and admit it more easily in its naked Simplicity, than the *Ancients* did, when it was cloathed with all the Ornaments and Graces of Fiction? I have scarce yet been able thoroughly to satisfy myself to which of these, or to what other Causes, we are to ascribe this Difference of Taste and Practice.

I THINK, said *Constant*, we should first be sure of the Truth of the Fact. If the Ancients abounded in Fable and Fiction, methinks we superabound. Every Age brings forth some new Species of it. Books of Chivalry were once in the highest Vogue, and wonderful Feats of martial Prowess, as Giant-killing and Monster-taming were formerly the Way of making love. To them succeeded *Arcadian* Scenes, and Representations of a more indolent and sighing kind of Love. These have, at length, improved into all the Warmth and Wildness of modern Gallantry: Polite Romance and Novel are now the darling Entertainments of the Age. Nothing will go down, if it be not season'd with a Tale: So that, I believe, for one Fiction among the Ancients, we have a thousand among us Moderns. Our polite
Neigh-

Neighbours have led us the way; and if *British* Brains are not so prolific of Romances, we swarm with Translations, which are no sooner cast off than swallowed, without any Disgust at our manner of dressing them.

I SHALL readily confess, replied *Philander*, that modern Times have not been barren of *romantic* Fiction; but then it is generally pure Fiction, without either Truth or Resemblance to it. If the *Ancients* told Lies, they were *probable* Lies, founded on Nature, and copied from it. I do not remember to have read of any Romances in the ancient Times of *Greece* or *Rome*, or of any of those tender and gallant Scenes which are the main Hinges upon which our romantic Visions turn. These illustrious Productions soar beyond Nature, or they give us Nature inverted, or else so over-charged, that we cannot distinguish her. Nor can I have the Charity to believe that they are calculated to instruct, or make us better; they rather serve to enflame a wanton Fancy, and enervate the Mind. Whereas ancient Fable and Allegory are evidently framed to teach us Wisdom, to set human Life to view, to paint the Passions and their Effects, to recommend Virtue, and make Vice horrible. Every thing, both in Verse and Prose, was informed and full of Life. Their Dialogues were Pictures of ordinary Conversation, and reflected Images of Men and Manners. Now, must we not often pore upon Commentaries, dig in Systems, and sweat thro' many a dull Essay or formal Treatise, without Life and Spirit, before we can pick up any Knowledge at all?

I SUPPOSE, said *Hiero*, this must be owing to the different Taste and Manners of the Times. We do not love the *Enigmatic* Way of being instructed by Fable and Allegory, where you must dive for a Meaning yourself, and after all your Pains cannot be sure of the true one. We cannot bear to labour thro' a long Conversation, where the Arguments are sifted on both sides, and hang in a kind of *Equilibrium* between the contending Parties, and where you must lean sometimes to one side, and then to another, without knowing perhaps where to fix. Truth must be cast out like a Heap of Pearls before us, where we may chuse and gather at pleasure. We love to come immediately to the Point, and cannot bear to fluctuate with respect to our Opinions. Besides, as has often been observed, we cannot think of seeing our own Faces and Manners truly represented, and therefore either Recourse must be had to false Personages and feigned Manners, as in our Romances and Novels; or else we must be taught in the formal didactic Way. Our ordinary Conversations would perhaps furnish out but sorry Entertainment for a studious Hour, if copied out in *Black and White*. The Transcripts must either be stuffed with unmeaning Compliment, or as unmeaning Gallantry, or Party Politics, or low Ribaldry and Scandal; or if they are not, they must appear unnatural. All Imitation therefore, of this kind, is cut off. And as to Fable and Allegory, I fancy we think it is using us too much like Children, to teach us in that way. We love to be instructed in the more manly Method of Propositions,

tions, Axioms, Proofs and Demonstration. A Heap of Arguments or Corollaries pleases our scientific Taste better than a well-woven Tale, or an high-wrought Allegory. Different Ages have different Tastes. It seems the *Grecian* Taste was set to Fiction and Stories; their Poets and Instructors complied with the prevailing Goût, and therefore abounded in Fiction. Hence they were over-run with it; their Priests spoke in dark Sayings; their Poets were Mythologists, or Tellers of Tales; and their Philosophers wrapped up their profoundest Dogma's in Allegory: and this I imagine is a true Account of *Philander's* Phænomenon.

PERHAPS, said *Sophon*, *Hiero* may have accounted for it, how it comes that we Moderns have so little Disposition towards the *imitating* Way of Writing; but I much question whether he has hit upon the true Cause of the Prevalence of the fabulous and fictitious Way among the Ancients. Men do now-a-days delight in Fiction as formerly; the Love of Fable and Romance we see still prevails, though it has taken another Turn. I should therefore rather ascribe it to some Difference in the Circumstances of ancient Times, that Fiction was then such a reigning Mode of Instruction. I am apt to believe, that it sprang from Necessity, which has been the Mother of many useful Inventions. When Men were scattered upon the Face of the Earth, and lived in a wild uncultivated State, *Orpheus*, *Linus*, *Theseus*, and those other *Men-tamers*, found it absolutely necessary to use every Stratagem to soften and civilize those rude Savages. When they could
make

make themselves to be understood, Instruction was among the first Things requisite to distinguish them from their Fellow-Animals, their Companions in the Woods and Caves. And how was this to be done? Not sure by dry Lessons about the Origin of Things, the Birth of Men, the Nature of Society, the Necessity of Union, and the various Forms of Polity. Their yet untaught Minds were incapable of such sublime Ideas; therefore the Founders of Cities employed the Powers of Music to gain the Attention of the gaping Crouds, and then told them some marvellous Tale of the Reign of *Saturn*, the *Golden Age*, the Battles of the Gods, the Terrors of *Tartarus*, the Joys of *Elysium*, the Story of *Prometheus*; and *Pandora's Box*, the Chastisements of the Furies: By these and the like Tales they stole into the Hearts of the honest gazing Savages, impressed them with a Reverence of invisible Powers, shew'd the happy Effects of Justice and Laws, and awed them with the Dread of Punishment; so that those well-contrived [*Μυθῶν*] *Fables*, were not only Vehicles of Knowledge and *moral* Instruction, but admirable Engines to break and govern the fierce Passions of a savage and tumultuous Populace. Truth, unadorned, would scarce have had Charms to engage the Attention, or win the Hearts of ignorant and uncivilized Men; and therefore it was necessary to clothe it with Fiction, and many sensible or surprising Circumstances, to procure Attention, and leave a deep Impression in their Minds. The favourable Reception those Tales met with, encouraged other Lawgivers and Politicians to fol-

low the Example, and make farther Improvements in the way of Fable. What was at first an Affair of Necessity, became afterwards Matter of refined Policy on the one hand, and curious Entertainment on the other. It was found the most agreeable as well as useful Method of conveying Truth into the Mind. Hence the Poets adopted Fiction, and employed the whole Machinery of Fable, at once to instruct and entertain. *Hesiod* spun out his beautiful *Theogony*, or the Birth of the Gods, and cloathed his *Pandora*, who represented *polished* Life, with every Grace of Heaven and Earth. *Homer* sung the Wrath of *Peleus's* Son, and the Wanderings of the sage *Ulysses*. Philosophers likewise seized the poetic Phantoms, gave a Body to their abstracted Notions, and personated the Passions and Sentiments of the Soul. Besides, they found Fiction useful in many other respects. For either they fear'd it wou'd be dangerous to vent some of their Speculations, especially of the Theological kind, among a superstitious People, who would have been forward enough to arraign the Authors as impious: Or they wanted to give an august and venerable Air to their profounder Discoveries, and therefore covered them with the Veil of Allegory; which, while it hid them from vulgar Eyes, gave employment to the more ingenious part of Mankind to find out the concealed Meaning. The Practice was originally *Egyptian*; but, being refined by *Grecian* Wits, was admirably adapted to conceal and convey the sublimest Philosophy. But those only who had discerning Eyes could see and understand. For these or some

such Reasons, I fancy, were Fable and Allegory so much used among the Ancients. Now-a-days things stand upon a different footing. Men live in Societies which have been long since formed, polished by Laws and instructed in Arts; nor is there so much Necessity at present, to use those soothing Engines, that were applied to Mankind in the Infancy of Communities, and while they were yet in their rude primeval State.

THE deepest Discoveries in Philosophy are now no longer confined within the Walls of a *Sacred* College, or preserved as Arcana by wary Philosophers, only to be revealed to their Scholars the Initiates, or the wiser Few; they are open to every body, being exposed in broad Day-light. Nor do Men, in our days, run such risques in retailing a favourite Notion. They may defend, refute, comment, dictate, or scepticize on any thing *with all the rash Dexterity of Wit*. The People are a harmless Race, and the Divines disdaining the Use of carnal Weapons, have recourse only to their Pen, and to rational and persuasive Argument. So that the ancient disguised Manner of Fable and Allegory is now neither necessary nor much in vogue. The direct and formal Method of Instruction has taken place of the other; and we can purchase, at an easy rate, large Bodies of Divinity, Philosophy or Politics.

I WOULD, subjoined *Philander*, add a few words to what *Sopbron* has ingeniously suggested on this curious Subject. I think the History of Learning will clear up any remaining Difficulty. You know, Gentlemen, that even among the Ancients, this
Method

Method prevailed chiefly in the earlier Ages; before the Sciences were separated, or Men had narrowly inspected the Procedure of the human Understanding, and the Means of investigating Truth. In those days, if I may say so, Men rather *felt* than *thought*. Passion and the several *internal* Senses were the great Springs of Action. Rude as at that time they were, unaccustomed to regulate their Conduct by Maxims resulting from deep Reflection, and unacquainted with the various Analogies of *Natural* and *Moral* Things, they were struck with a fond Enthusiasm, a Mixture of Wonder and Self-Appause, on the Perception of such Analogies, and carried headlong by all the Powers of the Soul, to fulfil the Precepts which they pointed out. But since Societies became numerous and knowing, as *Sophron* observed, Life took a cooler Turn, private Men depended more on their own Dexterity for the Acquisition of Riches and Honours; the Passions were covered; the Mind grew acute by constant Exercise; the Search of Truth, both in Action and Speculation, assumed a sober Appearance, and Philosophers looked on the Colourings and Heat of Fancy, in the same Light as a grave Man of Business regards the Beauty of a blooming young Girl. The long Night of *Gotick* and *Monkish* Barbarism not only laid waste the Monuments, but spoiled the very Taste for ancient Imagery and Fiction. The subtle, distinguishing, disputatious Genius of the School-Philosophy succeeded, and involved every thing in mysterious unmeaning

Terms of Art, or in such *metaphysical* Subtleties as were too slender for the hold of vulgar Understandings. Next came pouring in the learned and loquacious Controversies among *Philologists* and *Grammarians*, about the Writings of the Ancients; Controversies concerning Words rather than Things, and the *Letter* more than the *Spirit* of those noble Writers. These ushered in the polemical Divinity which arose at the Reformation, and which being blended with political Interests, set the one half of the World against the other, and gave birth to infinite Volumes, which seldom convinced any but the Writers and their own Party, and were scarce read by any body else. Add to all, the formal Systematic Way of teaching all Sciences and Arts, even those which have most of Rapture and Enthusiasm, which prevailed at that time in Schools and Universities; and I imagine the Death of Fable, and of those other Ways of Writing, that depend mostly on Feeling and Imagination, will appear a very natural one. For Distinction, System and cool Enquiry, are mortal Enemies to Mythology, and Poetic Transport. And since the former have so much prevailed in modern times, that we have been almost entirely habituated to them, there is perhaps less Necessity now to open the old Vein, and address to our Understandings in that fanciful and disguised manner.

I DOUBT much, said *Simplicius*, the Method of Fiction is ~~not~~^{not} necessary now, as in ancient Times. Men are still Men, and though formed into regular well-

well-improved Societies, the Generality of them are still so ignorant and uncultivated, as to stand in need of every Device to render Instruction palatable to them. System indeed, and regular Methodical Treatises, like *Aaron's Rod* which swallowed the *Magicians'*, and fairly baffled their magical Spells and mystic Incantations, may seem to have had an Effect equally fatal to the ancient Way of Instruction. But that we are still not a little averse to the grave and formal Method of Instruction, I think the easy Purchase of those bulky Bodies *Sophron* mentioned, is a palpable Proof. And what confirms me in this Opinion, is, seeing how the Generality run after every thing that wears the Face of Story, or fabulous Entertainment. Men usually take more pains to feed their Imaginations than to inform their Judgements. In this respect I believe they are only older Children. They love to be surprized and held in suspense. Nothing is more agreeable to them than to follow the Poet, or *Moral Painter*, through a long Series of Events, which open ever and anon some new and astonishing Scene to their View. Whereas they are very apt to sleep over a long and dry Discourse or Speculation. Either we are displeas'd with those Airs of Wisdom and Superiority which the Teacher assumes, or we think ourselves too wise to be dictated to. Therefore it has been observed that the most artful Masters of Advice have always proceeded with great Caution in this Affair. Knowing how delicate and squeamish their Scholars were, they took care to appear *themselves* as little as possible;

they made no immediate or direct Application to their Minds, and in all appearance seemed only to amuse them with a Tale; while, at bottom, they meant most seriously to instruct and advise. They rather hinted their Failings than up braided them with them, and their greatest Art was employed to conceal Art. Besides, we love to be our own Masters, and make the Purchase for ourselves. What costs us nothing we are apt to undervalue, and it is as soon forgot as known; but what we discover ourselves we are pleased with, as the Fruit of our own Industry. We are fond to apply Circumstances and Characters, and trace Comparisons between the fancied Object and the Imagery, to find out the Meaning and Moral of the Tale, and then applaud our selves for the Discovery. I might add, that abstract Thinking, or dry Speculation, oppresses and tires the Mind, and is apt, likewise, sometimes to lead it into visionary Scenes remote from human Life; whereas gay Images and pleasant Pictures of Passions and the various Incidents of Life, such as Fables and Allegories ~~carry along~~ ^{exhibit}, relax and nourish the Mind, and bring it down from its sublime Flights to Life and Action. Therefore I cannot help thinking, that Fable of every kind, whether of the purely *allegorical*, *historical* or *moral*, may be very usefully employed, not only to convey Truth into the Mind, but to moderate and humanize the Passions. And as no kind of Writing bids fairer to be read, so none will produce nobler or more lasting Effects, if it be well executed.

I AM afraid, subjoined *Constant*, that it sounds something like a Paradox, to affirm, as *Simplicius* has done, that Truth and Fiction are so nearly allied, that the one may be made a Vehicle to the other. Fiction is a Representation of something that does not exist. It raises Specters and mere Visions of Fancy; and then, by a strange kind of Deception, persuades us that they are Realities, and interests us in them as if they were so. Now though grown Men may be diverted with such Chimæra's without danger, because they are sensible of the Train that is laid for them, yet may not the Practice of entertaining Children with Tales and Fables, operate too strongly upon their Imaginations, which are very warm and luxuriant? May it not give them a Habit of telling Lies themselves, or else so confound their Judgements, that they shall scarce be able to distinguish between Reality and Fiction? Will not this diminish the Horror of a Lie, where they fancy a good End may be answered by it, as deceiving others for their Profit, or procuring an immediate Advantage to themselves? But this is not all. I doubt there is a Tendency in those Fictions which are put in Children's hands, to vitiate their Taste, and corrupt the Heart. The Family-Tales or traditional Fables of Witches, Apparitions, Fairies and Hobgoblins, which often are imprudently told by Nurses, and sometimes even by Parents, to frighten or entertain Children, can have no other Effect than to fill their Minds with the wildest Frenzies, with hurtful Fears, and frequently with low Superstition. What Notions of Life, what

Taste for Nature, can such monstrous Fictions as the Adventures of *Valentine* and *Orson*, the *Seven Champions of Christendom*, or some of the Eastern Reveries or Tales: I say, what Taste can they produce but what is false and prodigiously absurd? The Mind, which delights in such unnatural and extravagant Tales, will hardly be brought to relish sober Truth and plain History. The sickly and lame Compositions of your *French* and *Spanish* Novel-Writers, have still, if possible, a worse Effect. They inspire quite false Notions of Honour and Courage, dissolve the Mind, especially of one of an amorous Turn, into a silly whining sort of Love; and in the room of the noblest Passions, and an useful Activity for the *Public*, they substitute a fantastick and effeminate thing, which they misname *Gallantry*. Every social and manly Affection is starved to feed this; the Hero is daily dying at the Feet of his Mistress, and is considerable, not by his Virtue, or useful Services to his Country, but according to the Figure he makes in *her* Eyes, or the Risques he runs in fighting for her, against all real or imaginary Rivals. Therefore I should think it more safe to keep all sorts of Fictions out of the hands of Youth, than by exposing them to such Books, to endanger their Taste of Life and Morals, and give them a visionary romantic Turn.

I ADMIT, said *Philander*, that the Bulk of modern Fictions is of a wretched Taste, and very extravagant. But is it therefore reasonable to condemn them all by the Lump? Yes, says *Constant*; Fiction is dangerous, and may lead Youth into a
 Love

Love of Error and Disguise.—A rare Discovery indeed! Children will, without question, be persuaded that *Æsop's* Beasts and Trees speak, and hold real Conferences together. The *Prophets*, to be sure, were great Impostors, when they contrived Tales to reclaim straying Saints, and correct a stubborn People; and if we follow their Example, without a heavenly Commission authorizing us, who knows into what Labyrinths of Error we may lead others? Nay even our *Saviour's* Parables are very dangerous things, no doubt, and may lead good *Christians* into terrible Mistakes. As for *Homer*, he must have been an arch thorough-pac'd Liar, who told such monstrous Stories of *Circe's* Cup, and the woful Changes that followed her fell Incantations. And his sweet-tongued Imitator, in modern times, who narrated in such a masterly Style, the Wanderings of *Ulysses's* Son, is, past all doubt, an arrant *heretical* Story-teller. If Children are once taught to listen to such mere Fictions, or parabolic Stories, they must, with such a Stock of Credulity as they have naturally, improve wonderfully in their Taste of the *marvellous*, and in a Habit of Lying. But was *Constant* really serious when he described the Dangers of Fiction, and uttered his Avaunts against the fatal Charms of Deception? Did he forget that Fiction, genuine unadulterated Fiction, is the Voice and Image of Nature, that it has Truth for its Archetype, and is indeed only so far valuable, as it represents it truly? It borrows indeed imaginary Persons and Things, and often combines them at pleasure; but they are such as

are

are either possible, and generally probable, or which, being once supposed, have certain Qualities or Natures peculiar to them. And all these imaginary Beings or Specters, as *Constant* was pleased to call them, talk and act in perfect Conformity to their *Real* or *Supposititious* Natures. The Passions are painted so as to express the very Dictates of the Heart, and the whole Fable, Parable ~~and~~ Story, is wove into that Texture, which the particular Combination of Circumstances would have framed in the given Instance. The Gods of *Homer* are allowed, by us *Christians*, to be fictitious Beings; yet *Jove* acts with that awful State and superiour Majesty, which we would ascribe to the Father of them, were he really existing, upon *Homer's* Plan. *Juno* behaves with that imperial Dignity which becomes the Queen of the Gods. *Pallas* sustains her Character of consummate Wisdom with a Propriety which delights us. And *Venus* displays her Charms and amiable Caprice with a Gracefulness becoming the Goddess of Love. The Case is the same with the Heroes. *Achilles* boils with all the Rage and Rashness which we expect from the boisterous and impetuous Youth. In *Agamemnon* we find that sullen Majesty and Stateliness, which is natural to the King and Generalissimo of a numerous Army. The Allays are all finely marked, and the Persons discover those exact Features of Passion, of Pride, Resentment and Bravery, which besit their respective Characters: I mean, that the Passions speak and act, not as they appear in this or the other particular Characters, which we know, but as they ought

ought to do, and as their Nature would prompt them in the Case supposed. Therefore the Masters of Fiction never leave us at a loss how to distinguish between Truth and Falshood. Their Draughts ascertain precisely the Boundaries of Nature; and when they lie, they do it with such Art and Discretion, that we run no risque of taking Appearances for Realities. Such just Delineations of Nature are the best Preservatives against Deceit and Imposition; and thus Fable, by a surprizing Aptitude to hold out Men and Manners to view, becomes the best Instructor to guide us to Truth. Therefore I see no reason why *Constant* should express so great a Dread of employing Fiction in the Education of Youth, since just Fable will be one of the best Guards to arm us against wild Romance.

THAT Fables, said *Hiero*, have been of uncontroverted Use, from the earliest Ages, is, I think, pretty evident; and that the *Paraboli- cal* or *Allegorical* Way of instructing Mankind is vindicated by good Authority, *Philander* has fairly shown. What else were our *Saviour's* Parables, but short and significant Stories, taken from some common familiar Accident or Circumstance in Life, or any obvious Appearance in Nature, by which he shadowed forth to the People a faint yet sensible Idea of his heavenly Doctrines and Precepts? This Divine Teacher was well aware, that even the favourite Nation were, like others, slow of Understanding, unattentive, gross and earthly in their Conceptions; therefore he did not spin out a Thread of close-connected Reasoning, nor entertain

tain his Hearers with sublime and curious Speculations drawn from the Depths of Divinity or Morals; he did not object, confute and wrangle, like the Disputants of the Age, but talked to them of Things they daily saw and heard, and were conversant about. By those simple, but moving Stories of the *prodigal Son*, the *Publican* and *Sin-~~ner~~*, the *Marriage-Feast*, the *Sower*, the *Householder* and the like, which were all natural Pictures of common and generally low Life, he taught the serious and well-disposed, the Doctrines of his Kingdom, caught the Attention of the listless Multitudes, and, at the same time, eluded the malicious Designs of his Enemies.

THE Effect was proportioned to the Contrivance. Immense Crouds flocked after him, to hear him preach. They hung with Wonder and Attention upon his Lips, while they felt their various Passions of Joy, Sorrow, Pity, and the most tender Sentiments of Humanity, moved by his ininteresting Parables. How, for instance, would they be melted with the affectionate Tenderness of the indulgent Father, when he went out to meet his Prodigal Son,—with his kind Welcome—his fond Embraces—his generous Forgiveness! What a delightful Idea must it raise, in the Minds of his Hearers, of the Clemency and overflowing Sympathy of the Father of the World, which it was intended to raise! What Indignation must they feel towards the *unjust Servant*, who, being forgiven by his Master the immense Debt he owed him, proved so cruel an Exactor of the small Debt due to him by his Fellow-Servant! What fine Lessons might
they

they not learn from that beautiful Contrast of Pride and Humility in the Story of the *Publican* and *Sinner*! Well might his Hearers say, "Never Man spake like this Man." Nor are we surprized to hear that they wondered who this strange Speaker was, whose Words stole so sweetly into their Hearts, and soothed or alarmed them at pleasure.

I HOPE, Gentlemen, I need make no Apology for having insisted on that Divine Art by which the *Saviour* of the World enlightened the Understandings, and won the Hearts of a rude and ignorant People. In this, as in many other Respects, I think him not only comparable but exceedingly superiour to those Lawgivers, who went before him, and were the Founders of Cities and Kingdoms, whose Sagacity and Address *Sophron* has so justly celebrated. Their Laws only reached to the outward Carriage, and restraining open Acts of Fraud and Injustice, or forming Men quiet and peaceable Members of decaying States and Kingdoms; the Laws of our heavenly Lawgiver are directed to the Hearts and Consciences of Men, introduce not only a peaceable, but a God-like Temper, and make Men not merely good Members of Society on Earth, but of an eternal Kingdom of Righteousness, in a more sublime and perfect Life. The whole of his Institution was admirably adapted to promote this End, and the same Reasons which induced him to use the way of Parable, Similes, and Allegory to convey Instructions into the Minds of his Hearers, will be always standing Arguments to all succeeding Instructors and profess Teachers

of

of Wisdom, as near as they can, to copy after so bright an Example. For this Method was invented to suit the Weakness of *Human* Nature. Truth is an amiable and delightful Object to the Eye of the Mind, but is not easily apprehended by the Bulk of Mankind; especially if it be remote from common Observation, or abstracted from sensible Experience. It requires strict Attention as well as an acute Perception to take it up in its pure intellectual Appearance, and the Memory must be tenacious to retain it long in that simple Form. The Difficulty is greatly increased to those who are chiefly conversant in sensible Things, and whose Business draws their Minds abroad into the Hurry and Noise of Life, which, instead of recollecting, continually dissipates their Thoughts. 'Tis a hard matter to recover such Minds from the sensible Circle, in which they are accustomed to go round, to turn their mental Powers in upon themselves, and give them a just Idea of Objects purely intellectual. To aid their Conceptions therefore, as well as to fix their Attention, Truths they are unacquainted with must be explained to them, and pictured as it were to their Fancies, by those they know; and what is *Sensible* must, by some Similitude or Analogy, represent what is *Intellectual*. The Idea must be cloathed in a bodily Form, to make it visible and palpable to the gross Understanding. Hence the whole Train of Metaphor, Allusion, Comparison and Imagery, is employed to embody our Conceptions, and serve as a Medium of Conveyance, or a peculiar kind of Language, to make others acquainted with our
Meaning.

Meaning. To how many things, for instance, does our Saviour compare the Kingdom of Heaven, that Kingdom of Righteousness and Love which he came to establish in the World, to give a sensible Image of it to his Hearers? Sometimes he likens it to a Grain of Mustard-Seed, to denote it's Growth and Propagation from small Beginnings; at other times to Lightning, to point out the Quickness and Rapidity of it's Progress; now to ten Virgins, to shew the different Character and Qualities of it's Subjects; anon to a Feast, to represent the Communion and Harmony of it's Members. How many Allusions does he use to the common Affairs of Life, to plowing, sowing, planting, reaping, storing, building; in order to paint to their Apprehensions those sublime Doctrines he wanted to teach, and those holy Precepts he came to enforce? I chuse these Instances, Gentlemen, to explain my Meaning, and to shew the Necessity of material Ornament and Colouring, to envelop Truth, and make it start out as it were, and swell to the Sight.

I HAVE but one Step more to advance, and with it I shall finish the Trial of your Patience. As one Metaphor or Allusion is useful to express a single Truth, so a continued Train of them is equally necessary to represent a continued Train or Chain of Truths. And this is what we call an *Allegory* or a *Parable*, which is so much the more necessary, as it is more difficult to retain a Knot of Truths, (if I may use such a Word) than a single one. By means of this, the Powers of Nature, the Operations, Passions and Affections

tions of our Minds, are converted into Persons, or *living* Forms, have Voice and Action assigned them, and are in a manner materialized. This Method may therefore be justly termed a particular Language, or *Vocal* Painting, by which Things are delineated to us not in Show or Fiction merely, but according to their Realities and specific Natures. I term this a kind of Language, but I may add withal, that it has the advantage of what we strictly call Language. For, whereas there is only an *Arbitrary* Connection between that and the Ideas it is brought to express, there is an obvious, a *Natural* Connection and Relation, between this kind of Language and the Ideas conveyed by it; nay, the Language is evidently built upon that Connection or Similitude. For it is in the Aptitude of the Allegory, or the whole Train of the Imagery, when put together, to express or delineate the Objects of our Conception, that the Beauty and Propriety of it consists. Thus in the beautiful Allegory, or Fable of the Intercourse of *Hercules* with VIRTUE and PLEASURE, these Dispositions or *Moral Powers* are clothed with an external Shape, Features, Mein and Dress, exactly corresponding to their real Qualities, and accost the young *Hero* with those Airs, and in that Style which suit their respective Characters. The Amiability and Beauty of *Virtue*, become as it were visible, in the exact Proportion and Comeliness of the Person who represents her. Her open, sublime and steady Looks, bespeak the Grandeur and sedate Firmness of virtuous Intentions, and the Confidence which accompanies them. The Health
and

and vigorous Freshness of her Complexion are Emblems of Temperance and Activity, which are the genuine Companions of Virtue. Her majestic Gait, and graceful Deportment, represent that Serenity and Elevation of Mind and Conduct, which flow from Integrity, and the Veneration which it impresses on every Beholder. Shall I add that the Candour and Purity of Virtue, in all its Sentiments and Professions, are admirably shadowed out to us in the Cleanliness and artless Simplicity of her Dress. Her whole Speech is a Picture of her Character, and of the happy Consequences of following her Conduct in Life. The opposite Qualities, the Luxury, the Effeminacy, the Cowardice, the Indolence, the Artifice and Falsehood of Vice, are exhibited in the Qualities of Person, Air, Dress and Manners, contrary to those of Virtue. Now, Gentlemen, give me leave to ask, whether VIRTUE thus enrobed with all those Charms and Graces, does not appear more amiable and conspicuous, than if it had been said of her in plain Terms, that “*She is fair, decent, sedate, bold, active, upright, full of Serenity and Contentment?*” In the same expressive and sublime *Eastern* Manner, does the *Royal* Preacher introduce WISDOM, as a Person of an august and majestic Appearance, —fairer than Rubies; —adorned with becoming Badges; having Length of Days in her right Hand, and in her left, Riches and Honours;—and attended by an illustrious Train, Pleasure, Security, Fortitude and Peace; —her Path strowed with Light, and leading to Reputation and Success. May I not now appeal

to you, whether this kind of Imagery is not at once a more expressive and withal a more striking and agreeable kind of Language, than that which is merely *Verbal* or *Unmetaphorical*; and consequently, whether this Method of instructing by Fable and Allegory, be not the best for insinuating Knowledge into the Mind, especially of one that is rude and untaught, and adding Force to it's Impressions; or whether it be founded on Falsehood and Delusion, as *Constant* wou'd have it, and will only serve to mislead, and put us out of conceit with Truth and Nature? But I ask pardon, Gentlemen, for engrossing more of the Conversation than fell to my share.

I BELIEVE, *Hiero*, said *Philander*, the Company will easily forgive you for your having entertained them so agreeably; nor shall I take upon me to dispute the Principles you have laid down, or the Illustrations of them which you have given. Only I do not think it necessary to assert, that the Method of Instruction, which you have delineated at large, is founded on the Weakness of our Nature. I would chuse to say, that it is founded on the *Analogy* of Nature itself, and is grafted on such Principles of our Constitution, as if not strictly virtuous, are yet admirably adapted to serve the Purposes of Virtue. There is an *Analogy*, which runs through the Whole of Nature, in consequence of those general Laws, which the all-wise Author of it has settled for the Production of its numerous and complicated Effects. As in Works of Art, or the Compositions of any Master, we can perceive a certain Similarity of *Genius* and *Manner*, which shows that they
all

all proceed from the same Hand, how much soever they may differ in kind: So, amidst the infinite Diversity of the Works of God, a certain *Uniformity* or *Analogy* is observable, which discovers the *Genius*, if I may say so, and *Spirit* of the sovereign Artist. The same Signatures of Wisdom and Goodness appear throughout, and point out to us the same divine Original. This Sentiment the *Easterns* used to express by this Image—That the *Deity* had stamped the Face of Nature with a great *Seal*, from whose Impression resulted all those Analogies and Relations we find diffused through the Universe. There is, especially, a general Analogy between *Natural* and *Moral* Things, by which they resemble, and reflect a mutual Light upon each other. They are Tallies which answer, if not exactly and in every Point, yet in many Respects; so that the one may be used indifferently for the other, and the Powers or Properties of the one may serve to express those of the other. Thus, there is a kind of Analogy between the Principle of *Attraction* or *Gravitation* in the natural World, and that of *Benevolence* or social Affection in the moral. Their Powers, or Methods of Operation, resemble, in several Instances. Both contribute to the Preservation and Prosperity of their respective Systems. The universal Attraction of Bodies decreases at an immense Rate, as the Distances increase, and is incredibly strong at the Point of Contact. In like manner the Attraction of Minds is strongest in the nearest Relations, and becomes proportionably small, as these Relations are farther removed,

till it almost dwindles to nothing in the remotest. Bodies, which attract one another most strongly, have a certain *Limit of Attraction*, beyond which they repel each other. The Case is the same with Minds; for the greatest Friendships, when dissolved, are converted into the most violent Enmities. After the same manner, as the *centripetal* and *projectile* Forces balance each other, and retain the Planets in their Orbits, is the Mind retained within it's proper Sphere, by the joint Energy of Benevolence and Self-Love, one of which respects the Individual, the other the whole Society or System. The Effects of each Power, I mean Attraction and Benevolence, are variously mixed and combined, according to the different Directions, mutual Aspects, and Bearings of those Subjects to which they belong. Accordingly there is nothing more common, than to express in that Language, which is proper to the one, the Powers or Effects peculiar to the other. Thus we say that Benevolence unites, binds, connects Men and Societies together, just as Attraction or Cohesion keeps Bodies or their Parts together. Therefore it is called the *Link* or *Tie* of Friends, Families, Cities, Kingdoms. We are said to incline towards or be attracted by particular Persons or Things, and those Motives which draw or incline us, are called *Attractions*, *Ties*, *Bonds of Union*. When Benevolence is changed into an opposite Principle, we say the Bond is dissolved, there is a Breach, the Parties are disunited, they resist and repel each other. I might produce many other Examples, and show an Analogy between

between the Organization and Growth of natural Bodies and Plants, and that of Minds. To give only a few Instances; the sooner Plants ripen and fructify, the sooner they decay and wither. Human Bodies, that shoot up too hastily, seldom come to great Strength, and decline as swiftly. In like manner Persons of a premature over-forward Genius seldom bear much Fruit, or attain to great Strength, but are soon in their Declension and wear off apace. Decay is warded off by reducing Things to their *first* Principles. This appears in *Natural* Things, which recover their Vigour by removing whatever obstructs those Principles and their free Operation; and in Minds also, which, when corrupted, are best restored by fortifying the *languid*, and restraining the *excessive* Affections. The same thing holds in Governments; they have their Infancy, their Vigour, and Decline as well as Plants or Men; and the Health of a State is to be procured by laying aside such Measures and Conduct as occasioned its Sickness, and by Application of Remedies of a nature different from or contrary to those which have been insignificantly or hurtfully applied; at the same time thoroughly weighing and adjusting every thing to the Nature and Genius of the People, the peculiar Constitution of the Government itself, and its particular Situation in regard to the Neighbouring Powers. We perceive likewise an Analogy between the bringing up of Animals and the Education of Men. Thus in training both, if we follow the Propensities of Nature, we may carry them to great Improvements, but not otherwise.

If we hasten their Progress too fast, we diminish their Strength. While they are tender, they may be fashioned almost in any manner as we please; but if they have taken their ply, it is almost impossible to new-model them. This holds too in transplanting and training Plants. In consequence of those Analogies, we use indiscriminately the Phrases strictly applicable only to one Term of the Analogy, for the other which it resembles; thus we talk of the Growth of the Mind, of Reason, and Affection; of the Structure, Proportion, Health, Vigour, Sickness and Decay of these; we speak of forming, training, wounding, and healing Minds, and their Powers and Affections. This Analogy I take to be the Foundation and Source of all Language, without which it must be very barren and defective. Here I would observe, in consequence of the Analogy in Nature I just now mentioned, that there is a wonderful Disposition in our Minds to *analogize*, if I may say so. We are strangely delighted in applying *Moral* Powers and Affections to natural Objects; and on the contrary, in applying *Natural* Qualities to *Intellectual* or *Moral* Principles and Actions. Thus we talk of the Affection of the Ivy for the Elm, the Sympathy between Iron and the Loadstone, the Friendliness of a Soil or Climate. We call certain *Natural* Scenes gay, others melancholy; some gloomy, others awful and majestic, because they tend to inspire us with such kinds of Ideas and Passions. We ascribe Mildness to Tastes, Passion to Sounds, and Gentleness to Touch. On the other hand, we say of a Temper that it is sweet or sour, hard

or tender, that the Thoughts are dark or clear, a Passion strong or weak; the Faculty of discerning we call Taste; we say the Mind is in a Storm or Calm; we weigh, balance, suspend or impel its Operations, which have no Affinity to Matter, and speak of quenching, purging and tempering our Affections. Because of such Analogies we admire the sublime ~~Theology~~ of *Hesiod*, in which we find the Powers of the *Natural World* animated with infinite Graces and many of our *Moral* Feelings and Affections, represented as distinct Persons, whose various Relations, Dependencies, and mutual Combinations form an harmonious System.

THE Fable of *Prodicus*, and Picture of *Cebes*, are Examples likewise, in which the several Passions, Virtues and Vices, are represented under *Material* Shapes, and *Human Life* is formed, as it were, into a beautiful natural Landscape.

WHETHER this Propensity in our Nature to form or trace Analogies, and the Pleasure we feel in so doing, was given us to put us upon extending our Knowledge of the Nature, Qualities and Relations of Things, or to facilitate the Communication of our Ideas to each other, or to give more Exercise, and consequently more Pleasure to the *imaginative* Powers, or for what other Cause it was bestowed, I shall not pretend to determine; but it is certainly a great Enricher of Language, and an obvious Source of the elegant Pleasure we receive from the Descriptions of Poetry, and the Embellishments of fine Writing. We are delighted to see inanimate Nature breathe,

live and move with Passion; to behold Thought coloured, illuminated, shadowed; Affections personated, embodied, and cloathed with the choicest Drapery of Nature. Upon this Foundation of Analogy then, is the whole Superstructure of Metaphor, Allegory, and no small Part of Fable raised.

FABLE, I take to be a fictitious Account, or a connected Tale of the Actions of Persons, whether *Real* or *Imaginary*. It is properly of two kinds; either *Historical* or *Allegorical*. The former employs Men who have or might have existed as its Subject, and weaves their Actions, and the Events which have befallen them, into one continued interesting Story. The latter personates the Powers of Nature, or *human* Passions, Virtues and Vices, by clothing them with fictitious Personages, and works them up into a Fable, or a Series of interesting Actions and Events. Of the *first* Kind is most of *Homer's Iliad* and *Odyssy*; of the *last*, the Picture of *Cebes*, *Plato's Allegories*, *Spencer's Fairy Tales*, *Milton's Allegory of Death and Sin*. But these different Kinds may be all blended in the same Work, as we see in *Homer* and *Milton*.

HIERO has considered the *Allegorical* Kind; I shall just touch a little upon the *Historical*. And here let me observe, that though the Ground-work of the Fable may be true, the Persons and Characters real, and the principal Action such as has happened in Fact, the Composition is never the less called a Fable; because the Poet still contrives many Things himself, and ascribes many Sentiments and Actions to his Personages, which they
never

never expressed nor performed, but which are most natural to their several *known* or *supposed* Characters. Thus, the War of the *Greeks* and *Trojans* was a real War, and the Siege of *Troy*, a real Siege; the Persons of the Heroes were Men who had existed, and a faint Tradition of whose Characters still remained; but HOMER, that Sovereign *Mimic*, from the simple Action of the Wrath of *Achilles*, which, for aught we know, was a pure Contrivance of the Poet, spins out that marvellous Series of Adventures and Battles, which is wove into a Tale the most interesting and instructive that remains on Record in the profane History of the World. In this wonderful Piece of Fiction or Mimicry, we have the justest Draught of human Affections and Actions, the Shades of Characters marked, together with the various Play and Exorbitancies of Passion. Every thing said and done is the very *Genius* and *Voice* of Nature, and convinces us how much better a Teacher just Poetry is than History, which represents Nature only by halves, as it is in this or the other Man, with all his little Peculiarities about him. Whereas Poetry takes Nature in the gross, and, from many particular Characters, forms a Whole, coherent and well-proportioned in all it's Parts, that shall be an adequate Image of Nature, and fully expressive of each distinct Species of Character or Passion. Such kind of Fiction therefore is the very Perfection of Truth and Nature; and those *general* Draughts of Men and Manners, which the creative Genius of a *Homer* or a *Shakespear* exhibit in their inimitable Fables, are not faint Copies of imperfect

Copies,

Copies, but genuine and finished Originals. Fables are also taken in a more limited Sense, as containing Views of particular Actions and Incidents in Life, adapted to particular Occasions; such as, the Fables of *Æsop* and *Phædrus*, under which a certain Moral is couched, or some narrow Precepts are conveyed, suited to those Circumstances. But an *Allegory* takes an ampler Range, and gives a whole Sketch of Life at once, in which it's various Fortunes are wrought into a regular Series, rising out of one another, and all terminating in one grand and important View. In it we see the Origin and Lineage of the Passions traced; their Connections, Bearings and Effects minutely delineated under fictitious Personages and Appearances. A *Fable* directs our View to a particular Object, like the single Prospect of a Grove, or Mountain, or River. But an *Allegory* opens to us a whole Landscape, shews the true Perspective and Projections of Nature, according to the Variations of Light and Shade, and the different Terminations of the Figures.

How adapted either Method of Fable is to the Principles of our Nature, and how subservient to the Purposes of Virtue and *Moral* Instruction, if you are not already tired, I shall now briefly enquire—*One* of the first and strongest Principles to which it seems to be adapted, is the Sense we have of the Beauty and Dignity, or the Deformity and Turpitude of Actions and Characters. Tell a Child ever so simple a Tale, wherein different Actions and Characters are painted; you shall immediately see his active Mind busy in making the proper Secretions,

cretions, distinguishing the *fair* from the *base*, the *amiable* from the *odious*. He takes part immediately with one or other of the Actors, approves or censures their several Characters; he is charmed with the Generosity, the Truth, the Bravery or Friendship of some, and detests the Treachery, Baseness, Cowardice and Cruelty of others. If Things are laid fairly before him, no Beauty of Person, or Glare of Wealth, or Splendor of Fortune will bribe his Judgment in favour of Treachery or Vice of any kind. He will still hate the illustrious Villain, be he ever so prosperous and triumphant; and love the generous Friend, the firm Patriot, the Benefactor of Mankind, though sunk in Poverty and Circumstances of the greatest Distress. The Story-teller, therefore, or Poet, by exhibiting *Moral* Images, or Pictures of Sentiments and Manners, excites in the Hearer or Reader such Feelings and Affections as are connatural to the Mind; that is to say, by suggesting Subjects of *Moral* Approbation or Censure, he calls forth the correspondent Affections of Complacency and Love, or of Dislike and Contempt. We esteem and love the humane and warlike *Hector*, as much as we despise the soft and effeminate *Paris*. We condemn the boisterous and passionate Hero, while we admire the sage *Ulysses*, or good old *Nestor*. It is not dry Systems of Philosophy, nor Reasonings about the abstract Nature and Relations of Things, which determine the Mind in it's Choice, and govern the Conduct. It is the Perceptions of Beauty, Pleasure or Good, and whatever, in short, constitutes *Taste*, and excites internal Approbation.

tion.—These, I say, are the Hinges upon which our Motions turn, and the whole Plan of Life. Therefore, whatever calls forth our Perceptions of *moral Beauty* and *Good*, by proper Representations, does, in effect, improve our Taste and lead to a right Conduct. For from approving and admiring, we are led on to copy what is graceful, gallant, and worthy in Life ; and, from disliking and condemning, to shun the odious and deformed Part. By having these Sentiments of Veneration, Complacency, and Delight, frequently excited by their correspondent Objects, we improve our Sense of the *Fair* and *Amiable* in Actions ; and strengthen the *Moral Affections*. By this means an Habit is contracted, and a strong Party formed in our Breast against vicious Impressions, and such Habits as are contrary to that improved Sense of our Mind.

THERE is another Principle of our Nature nearly allied to this, to which Fable is finely adapted ; I mean the *Sensibility* we have for the Happiness or Misery of others. This is one of the tenderest and most powerful Instincts of our Natures. Our Hearts, like musical Strings, feel every Vibration which is made on those of others ; so that they beat to each other's Pleasures and Pains. So powerful is this Instinct, that we love to indulge the social Sympathy, even where it gives us Pain, and are seldom better pleased with ourselves, than when we weep over and bewail the Miseries of others. The more deserving the Object is who suffers, the social Anguish is the more bitter ; and, which seems something strange, is so much the more delightful, because we then approve it most.

The *Poet*, by means of Fable, touches this *Social* or *Sympathetic* Sense of our Nature in various Ways. He places his Persons before us in a great Variety of Attitudes and Circumstances. He interests us in the Fortunes of his Heroes, suspends, alarms, soothes and disquiets our Minds on their account. Sometimes he represents Virtue in Distress, yet serene and unshaken; we admire the *Heroic* Form, yet shed the friendly Tear: anon it emerges from the Cloud, and is happy: that Happiness immediately becomes our own. When enormous Vice triumphs with the Spoils of Virtue, we feel an indignant Scorn; if it is chastised, we rejoice in the Justice of that Distribution, and applaud the Order of Providence.

IF feeble Virtue, or even Vice, if it be not too strongly mark'd, attended with extraordinary Circumstances, fall into deep distress, we pity, we mourn; it is so like our own Case. The great Art of the Poet appears in so mixing the Shades of Distress, as that they shall run up into those Lines of Virtue and Vice, which appear in the *mixed* Characters of Mankind, and shall exhibit to us a genuine Picture of the Misfortunes, to which we ourselves are naturally subject. Wonderful is the Force and Energy of such Representations. Joy and Sorrow, Surprise and Pity, Hope and Fear, take their Turns in our Breasts, and interest every thing that is social, humane, and sympathizing in us. Now, as Health is preserved, and the Body strengthened by regular Exercise and the brisk Motion of the Fluids and animal Spirits; the Passions, in like manner, by being duly exercised and stirred,

are

are purified and exalted. Pity, and a thousand other tender Feelings which arise from the Happiness or Misery of others, come in as Aids and Enforcements to Reason and Humanity. They subdue the *fierce* and *sullen* Passions, and wear out of our Nature every thing mean, selfish and hard-hearted. As Trees by being gently shaken with the Wind take deeper Root, so those wholesome Concussions of the Mind give Stability and Firmness to it, and fortify its Resolutions. For these and many other Reasons which might be mentioned, I cannot help thinking that *Fable* is not only a proper Vehicle for Instruction, but is, besides, an admirable way to cherish the noblest Sentiments, and form very early an Habit of Humanity and Virtue. But as I have fallen into the same Fault with which *Hiero*, (though I think without ground,) charged himself, it is not fit I should spend more of your Time by making an Apology for it.

I AM much of *Philander's* Opinion, said *Sophron*, that *Fable*, whether it consists of simple Narration, or of Imitation, as the *Dramatic* Kind, or of a Mixture of both, is a Method of Instruction admirably adapted to the Principles of our Nature. But it is peculiarly calculated to mould and affect the Minds of Children, before they are capable of being moulded by Principles and direct Instruction: Therefore *Plato* advises Parents and Nurses to *fashion* their *Minds* by means of *Tales*, as they would do their *Bodies* with their Hands. Their Minds are the giddiest and most roving Things in Nature. Talk to them gravely on any Subject, or give them

a formal Lesson, either they hear with Reluctance, or cast their Eyes about for something to amuse them. If you rebuke them, and remonstrate against their Listlessness, you but increase their Reluctance, and ten to one but you give them a Disgust, both at their Teacher and his Instructions. But offer to tell them a Tale, immediately you arrest their roving Fancies, they are all Attention. I would therefore strongly recommend to their Perusal, not only the ancient Tales of *Æsop*, *Phædrus*, and *Hyginus*, but their best modern Translators and Improvers, and those likewise, who have added to them Fables of their own Invention, adapted to *Modern Life and Manners*; a *Fenlon*, a *Fontaine*, a *Gay*, &c. Children are wonderful Mimics themselves, and therefore they are highly delighted with those Tales which are Imitations of Nature; nay, and with those too which are beyond and out of Nature. For they love to wonder and be surprized. Therefore they are pleased with the most astonishing Fictions, because in these there is room for their Fancies to range at large; they love to lay out visionary Scenes, and to combine the most amazing Images and fantastic Natures. This is an Effect of the immense Activity of the human Mind, which loves to exert a kind of creative Power, and delights in Creatures of its own Production. The Mind must have its Gambols and Flights as well as the Body. It is the Intention of Nature, by those innocent Agitations, to exercise and strengthen the Constitution of both. As the one gives an Elasticity and Vigour to the Nerves and Limbs, and prevents a Stagnation in the Blood,

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and Languor of the Spirits, the other gives play to the several Powers of the Mind, and, by so doing, preserves it serene and unclouded by Melancholy and Moroseness. Nor were these Dispositions given only to put the Mind upon Action, but likewise to enlarge its Circle of Knowledge and Pleasure, and make it the easier Subject of Culture. Therefore, though the Fables you tell Children should always be founded on Nature, yet I see no harm in going beyond the precise Bounds of Nature, in emblazoning Facts, and giving strong *Caricatures* of Things, so as to strike and astonish the Mind, which is yet raw and unformed; provided still the *Moral* be good that is couched under them, and there be nothing in them to corrupt and vitiate the Taste. I do not think, notwithstanding all that *Constant* has advanced against such Delusions, that those enormous Draughts will mislead the Mind, or put us out of conceit with Truth and Nature. I imagine rather that they will serve the same Ends as *Caricatura's* in Painting; that they will entertain and awaken a youthful luxuriant Fancy, and serve as a *Counter-charm* to heighten their Taste for the genuine Simplicity of Nature, as well as give them stronger Conceptions of its Beauty. Therefore I see no harm if the *Voyage to the Moon*, the *Persian* and *Fairy Tales*, the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, and the like, are put into the hands of Youth. 'Tis certain that some of our greatest Poets have thought it a good Exercise and Discipline to their Imagination, in their earliest Age, to indulge themselves in reading the most monstrous Romances, in order to give a kind of

Wildness

Wildness and expansive Fire to their Imaginations: nor did they imagine, that by so doing, they should lose sight of Nature, or be less capable of giving just and expressive Pictures of her, in their Works.

BUT to return to Children; though I said that they are delighted with the prodigious and astonishing, yet I believe we shall find them better Judges than is generally imagined, of what is natural and what is not so, of the Propriety or Impropriety of Characters; and the Decorum or Ridicule of Actions, if they are such as lie within the Sphere of their Observation. Such is their Love of Mimicry, that nothing pleases them more, than amusing Pictures of Life and Manners. They are fond to compare them with such Originals as they are acquainted with, and to trace wherein they agree or differ. The Delight which arises here, is much like that we receive from Painting. It is not merely the Unity of the whole Piece, the just Ordonnance and Subordination of the several Figures, or the exact Arrangement and Harmony of the Lights and Colours, which charm us. Our Mind, is withal busied, in observing the Resemblance to the Pattern in Nature, comparing Feature with Feature, and examining how the several Parts, as well as the whole Composition, are adapted to express the correspondent Beauties of the Original. It is because of this Relish for Imitation, that we are delighted with just Pictures of Objects, even such as are deformed, horrid, and offensive to our Sight. Thus dreadful Precipices, fiery *Volcanoes*, ravenous or foul Animals, would fill us with Terror or Disgust, if presented to us as in Nature; but we can

gaze at them with pleasure, if cast off upon the Canvass only, let them look ever so terrible and hideous. By virtue of the same Taste for *Historic* or *Moral* Imitation, villainous Characters, dismal Events, and frightful Tales, please and entertain us in true *moral* Painting. What would give us immense Pain, if beheld in real Life, we can not only endure, but even love to hear or read in mere Representation. We can shiver or weep with pleasure at a just Description, and gaze with a delightful Amazement and Rapture at mimic Scenes, when the real ones would have filled us only with Horror. In consequence of this Disposition, (which, like most others, is exceeding strong in Children, as their Minds are of so tender and susceptible a Texture;) a busy and perplexed Scene gives fine play to their Imaginations; their Attention is led on and kept awake by every new Incident, the Difficulties which perplex and entangle the Plot, increase their Suspense; and while it is unravelling and drawing to the Catastrophe, every Passion is worked up, and the Mind is pleased, or alarmed and astonished, according to the Evolution of the Drama.

THE *Ancients*, appear to have been particularly impressed, with a Sense of this *mimic* Disposition in human Nature; and the easy Access, which we may have into the Minds of Men, as well as of Children, by practising upon this Principle with the proper Address. Almost all the Productions of ancient Wit are in the way of Imitation. Persons real, or fictitious, are brought in view. The Conversation of an Evening Banquet, an Academic Walk, or the merest Chance Encounter is either recited

recited or acted before us. The Dialogists speak in Character, according to the Wideness or Narrowness of their Views, and the peculiar Turn of their Humour and Temper. The Statesman or Magistrate appears without Guards or Officers, lays aside his Robes of State, and reclines on the verdant Turf, under the Shade, or by the purling Stream, and there holds familiar Converse about what it concerns us as well as him to know. The Philosopher mixes with the gay and shining Ring in the Forum or Porch, and without any of the Mustiness or Sourness of the School about him, talks of Trade, Politics, or whatever is the current Subject of the Times; by degrees he exalts and improves the Conversation, and seldom drops his Fellow-Dialogists, till he has made them and us wiser and better. At other times we are led into the Shops of the Artists, and over-hear ingenious Dialogues on the Principles of their respective Arts; there, the Ignorance of Pretenders is ingeniously exposed, and Virtuosity dissected.

IN fine, all the Philosophy of Antiquity is of the easy, unforbidding, and imitative kind, and, at the same time that it instructs us even in the most abstruse Speculations, it presents us with humorous Pictures of ordinary Life, and keeps our Curiosity and Attention awake, by a variety and Opposition of Sentiments and Characters. Lessons of Wisdom and Morals appear natural in the Mouth of the venerable and experienced Sage; Dialectics and Rhetoric are the proper Province of the Sophist and Orator: The Statesman may talk gracefully on Politics and Business; and the profest Scholar has

a Right to walk round the whole Circle of Arts and Sciences. And therefore, when they are made to pass in Vision before us, we are delighted to compare the Originals and Copies, and are charmed to find Nature fairly doubled by Reflection.

SUCH was ancient Instruction.—But *modern* Wisdom, it should seem, has taken a different Turn. These *moral* Mirrours, are seldom employed to instruct and entertain us, or if at any time they are, they reflect the Images so faintly, or else present such aukward and unnatural Figures, that one can scarce know the Features to be like any thing in Life and real Being. Whether this be owing to the Fault of the Artists, who have lost the ancient Art of casting and polishing those Mirrours; or whether it is to be ascribed to any Oddity of Taste, or Singularity and Defect in the present Age, I shall not pretend to say. But be that as it will, I wish, for the benefit of all, but especially of my Fellow-Students, that the Art may come more into Vogue, because I reckon the Practice highly improving and advantageous.

I BELIEVE, said *Eugenio*, the Practice of the Art, is more extensive and universal, than *Sophron* is well aware of. We shall find all the Species of Fable, Allegory, and Mimicry, prevailing in *modern* Times. The learned and skilful Divine, makes his smartest Replies in the Dialogue-Way. The fiery Darts of Scepticism and Infidelity, are best repelled by the Retorsions of quaint Debate. And the Champion of Orthodoxy, gives the most killing
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Blows, when he fairly confronts his Adversary, and delivers his Arguments out of his own Mouth.

THE Maxims of political Prudence, and the refined Improvements of Morality, have been gilded over with the finest Colours of Imagination, to render them the more palatable; and another *Ulysses* and *Nestor* have risen, to instruct and charm Mankind*. Nay, old Philosophers have condescended to teach us *modern* Inventions, and *Prophets* have wrapt up *mystic* Divinity, in the shadowy Covers of tender Romance†. And, who would think it? the deepest and most beautiful Systems of Government, have been woven into the Form of a political Romance, to make them the more entertaining to unphilosophic Minds, and to recommend them more artfully to the *reigning* Powers‡. As to Allegory, we may almost vie with Antiquity; it sprung most richly when the Soil was rankest. Our *visionary* Poet, indeed, spun *his* Web so thin and long, that the Veil, in some places, seems to be too transparent, to *cover* the beautiful Figures it was intended to *adorn*. Since his time, our *Miltons*, our *Addisons*, our *Parnels*, to name no more, have taken select Portions of Nature, and wrought them up into the most finished Allegories that are any where extant. In these, Truth is painted in all the Riches of Imagination, the Passions are embodied, the Virtues and Vices personated, and the finest Incidents of Humanity represented in *living* Scenes and gay Fable. You are no Strangers, Gentlemen, to those admirable Compositions which I have in my

* See the Adventures of *Telemachus*. † Travels of *Cyrus*.
‡ *Harrington's Oceana*, and *More's Utopia*.

Eye, and therefore I have no occasion to point them out to you. Nor need I mention many other exquisite Satires upon human Foibles and Folly, which have been disguised under the same allegoric or fabulous Veil. You see then, that we have no great Reason to complain of the Scarcity of this kind of Wit in *modern* Times. 'Tis true, these are not the ordinary Productions of our teeming Age; but are like delicious Spots, improved and beautified by the nicest Culture, amidst an infinite Profusion of Weeds and Briars; and it is no doubt owing to their Authors having laboured long in the well-cultivated Garden of Antiquity, that they have been able to raise such mature and goodly Fruits. These genuine Sons of ancient Wit being fully apprised, that Fable is a much better Vehicle of Sense, than dry Reasoning and didactic Philosophy, borrowed Plumes from Fancy to wing their Conceptions, and with them flew directly at the human Heart. The Success has been answerable. Their charming Visions, their Dreams, their Fables, the seemingly wild Effusions of Fancy, are read and universally admired, while the laborious Productions of your sober waking Plodders, have been long since lost and forgotten, or daily sink in the wide Gulph of human Folly. So different are the Fates of human Inventions!

IT appears then, that we are not quite so destitute of Mirrour-Artists, as *Sophron* thinks we are. We have had some able Workmen, who have exhibited noble Specimens of real Art; and, though the Models are not many, yet they serve to show, that we only want true Genius's to bring the *an-*
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cient Mimes again into vogue. Hath *Sophon* forgot those chaste, simple, and withal sublime Dialogues, of that illustrious Nobleman Lord *Shaftebury*, which revive with such Lustre the old *Platonic Mimes*, and present us with many Things, elegant in Conversation, profound in Philosophy, and amiable in Life? Did he never catch the Spirit of Enthusiasm they breathe, and turn a downright Lover of that Nature which is so sweetly painted there? I know his Heart is too tender to have resisted such Enchantment. One so susceptible of the finer Passions, could not remain insensible to their finest Efforts.

WHATEVER my Sensibility may be, said *Sophon*, I cannot help thinking, that Nature wears a constrained kind of Aspect in those Dialogues *Eugenio* mentions. Perhaps I may have been deceived and ravished by those gay Delusions. While they passed before my Eyes, ^{and} thought, I saw real Forms; but when the Vision was gone, all appeared like a Dream, or the Force of Magic. Nevertheless, I am glad to find, from *Eugenio's* Account, that however defective we are in philosophic Mimes, there have not been wanting among us, several beautiful Sketches in the way of Fable and Allegory. If we do not converse so rationally and sublimely as the Ancients, I rejoice to think that we can dream and feign as well. Perhaps in due time, our Conversations may take in a larger Compass, than Business, Politics, and Pleasures. We may come to consider ourselves as Burghers of a large Community, not ^{only} a little Corporation; Spectators and Citizens of Nature, rather

than Retainers to this or the other Party. Were the Bottom of what we call polite Conversation thus enlarged, by taking in our wider Connections and Rights as Men, and by making the various Parts of Nature the Subjects of our ordinary Discourse, we might then expect to see proper and natural Patterns for our *Mimographers* to copy after; nor would those well-meaning Authors, be put to such pitiful and hard Shifts, of contriving Machinery to introduce even the *Beau-Monde* talking on philosophical Subjects. A genteel Allegory might be then told, and naturally told, instead of a political Harangue, and a philosophical Discussion might go forward with as good a Grace, as a nice Descant on Fashions or Opera's.

IN order then, said *Hiero*, to recommend the ancient Mode, and give once a fair Beginning to this new philosophic Practice, will *Sopbron* be so good as to tell us, one of those genteel Tales or Allegories, that were in fashion among polite *Athenian* Company, by which Philosophy was taught without Constraint, or any Air of Superiority. By a fair Specimen or two, we may judge how far the Method is practicable, or worthy of Imitation.

IF *Hiero* has a mind, replied *Sopbron*, to see any of those allegoric Tales anciently in vogue, copied out in plain *English*, I refer him to the *Tatler*, where he will find a couple of them; the Story of *Predicus*, which he himself mentioned, and, in a manner, explained; and the Parentage and Birth of *Love*. These may show him the Manner, and I hope, convince the Company, if we want to be convinced of it, that the Practice, though

though perhaps not quite modish, yet is not altogether ungenteel. But if he will not be satisfied with these Instances, I shall give him another; provided he, in his Turn, will entertain us with a modern Tale.

HIERO, by his Silence, seemed to consent to the Terms: upon which, *Sophron* proceeded thus. You know, Gentlemen, that *Prometheus*, was reckoned by the Ancients, the Minister of *Jove*, in the Formation of Man. Hear then a simple Tale, as it is told by one, who was no Stranger, either to the Decorums, or the Elegancies of polite Life.

THERE was a time, as the Story runs, when neither Men nor Beasts existed, but only the immortal Gods. When the Time of their Generation came, the Gods fashioned them of Earth and Fire; but they assigned to the two Brothers, *Prometheus*, and *Epimetheus*, the Business of distributing, to the different Species of Creatures, their respective Endowments and Powers. *Epimetheus* had the Charge of the inferiour Animals, whom he adorned with the necessary Qualities, which befitted their various Ranks and Situation; giving to some Strength, to others Swiftnes; to some defensive, to others offensive Weapons; and to each of them different kinds of Food, Cloathing, and Habitations. But having exhausted all his Skill in furnishing the Brutes, *Man*, the principal Creature, was left quite unprovided for, naked, unarmed, unshod, and unclothed. *Prometheus*, finding him thus destitute, casts about how he should supply Man. In this Search, he creeps privately into the Dwelling common to *Minerva* and *Vulcan*. From
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the last he steals the Art of working by Fire, preparing Metals, and all the Materials of Building, Sowing, &c. and from *Minerva*, her various Arts of Spinning, Weaving, and the several Powers of Mechanism. These he bestows on Man. But the Art of Politics he could not come at; for it was laid up in the Citadel of *Jove*, and watched by a formidable Guard. However, by means of the Arts before mentioned, Men soon provided themselves with Garments, and the other Necessaries of Life; and, being the only Creatures who shared a divine Lot, and had an Affinity with the Gods, they alone believed in them, and erected Statues and Altars to their Honour, and learned Language and Names for every Thing. But as at first they lived scattered about in Woods, Caves, and Huts, and had no Cities, they were an easy Prey to the wild Beasts, who were stronger than they. For they had not yet learned the *Political* Art, of which War was one Branch. Therefore they began to associate and build Cities for their common Safety and Defence; but, having no right Policy, they committed such mutual Hostilities, that they were soon dispersed again and destroyed, as formerly. *Jupiter*, fearing lest the whole Race should perish, sends down *Mercury* among them, and orders him to take JUSTICE and a SENSE of HONOUR along with him, to be the Guards and Ornaments of Cities, and the common Cement of Friendship and Fidelity. *Mercury* desires to be informed, after what manner he should distribute them. Whether, as the other Arts were distributed; to one Physic, to another Poetry, and to others different manual Arts:

so he should observe the same Rule, in giving *Justice* to one, and to another a *Sense of Honour*. No, said *Jupiter*, you are to distribute them to all alike; otherwise, added he, Cities cannot subsist; and if any cannot or will not partake of them, let them be cut off immediately, as the Pests and Nufances of Society.—*Mercury* executed his Orders punctually; and accordingly, these Principles became common and characteristical of the Species. Hence, all are Judges in Matters of Right and Wrong, in what is honourable or shameful.

THUS ends my Tale; perhaps, Gentlemen, you will think somewhat abruptly: but for all that, I cannot help thinking, that some tolerable good Instruction, is to be picked up from it, simple and homely as it is. I am of opinion, how justly you must judge, that it gives a pretty easy and natural Account of the Rise, Progress, and gradual Refinements of Society, and a just Detail of the Wisdom of the Distributions of Providence, with respect to Man and the other Animals. The last are provided with every thing necessary to their Subsistence, Defence, and Security; and therefore mere *Instinct* (represented, I would suppose, by *Epimetheus*) serves their Turn for Life, for the Pleasures in Life for which they were ordained, and for the Preservation of the Species. Man, a diviner Creature, is weak, and withal unarmed, unclothed, and unprovided for, yet has Plenty of unprepared Materials. His Food, Clothes, Armour, Security, Quiet, every thing must be the Purchase of his own Industry and Labour. Therefore he is left to his own Sagacity and Foresight, which is held forth

forth by *Prometheus*. By *his* Assistance, he invents first the necessary and useful, then the elegant Arts of Life,—forms civil Politics,—and, by means of Justice and Laws, which are the Gifts of *Mercury*, that is, of Wealth, and Speech or Eloquence; renders his Condition far superiour to that of his Fellow-Animals. Is not such a Method of Instruction, both more engaging, and likewise more palpable to the Understanding, than if the Author of the Tale, had entered into a dry and formal Detail, of the respective Qualities of Brutes and Men, and the Origin of Arts and *human* Society?

THE same wondrous Story-Teller, explains the Nature, and as it were the Form of Minds, particularly the *Human*, by a sublime and beautiful Allegory, which it would require a deeper Insight into his Philosophy than I am master of, to unfold, or indeed to relate coherently. I shall only tell you, that he represents the Nature of the Mind, by the united Power of a winged Pair of Horses and a Charioteer. One of the Horses is of a generous Breed, a mild, sprightly, courageous, well-made Creature, tame and obedient to the Driver. The other is a wild, unshapely, ill-favoured, impetuous Beast, who disobeyes the Charioteer, and renders the Course troublesome and difficult. By this Emblem, the complicated Nature of Man, is admirably painted out to us. Those gross Appetites, and wild stubborn Passions, by which we are allied to the Brute, and which so frequently convulse the Frame of our Mind, and disturb the Conduct of our Life, are strongly pictured by the furious Beast. On the other hand, the mild and gentle,

gentle, as well as the generous and heroic Affections of our Frame, by which we approach to more divine Beings; in short, all our Sentiments of what is *great, lovely, and sublime* in Life, are finely shadowed out to us, by the nobler Creature. Reason or Intelligence, that superiour Faculty or Man-Excellence, is the presiding Power, who holds the Reins, directs and controuls the Motions of our several Appetites and Passions. *Their* Swiftnes and Activity, is well represented by their being winged. Those Wings are moulted by Error, Falsehood, Intemperance, Cowardice, and Vice. By these, our Mind is darkened, our Ingenuity and Vigour maimed, and every liberal Principle and Effort damped. But the Wings grow, and are nourished, by Truth, Wisdom, Temperance, and every Virtue.—But I doubt, Gentlemen, I have tired you, by leading you into these Regions of Fancy, in which it is much easier to lose one's self, than to return safe and with a good Grace. But I hope, I have given my Friend, a Sample of the ancient Mode of conversing, sufficient to convince him, that the Practice, however unfashionable it may be thought now-a-days, is not quite ungentle, at least, I may venture to say, not unedifying; and were it adopted into modern Conversation, by the approved Masters of Wit and Decency, it might possibly, bring more of Sense and Meaning into our ordinary Discourse.

WE are obliged to *Sophron*, returned *Eugenio*, for his amusing Account of the ancient Manner, and for the beautiful Samples he has produced of it; but however it might suit our modern Taste, for
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the Dash of Whim and Entertainment, that appears to be in it, yet I am afraid it would too much torture the tender Brains of our *Fair*, and perhaps too of the Smarts and Pretty Fellows, their embroidered Apes, either to contrive such Tales, or to find out their Meaning. It is much easier to fasten upon a Reputation, and take it in pieces, than to unfold an Allegory; and much more agreeable to talk of a Play and *Ridotto*, or shuffle a Pack of Cards, than roam in the unfrequented Wilds of Thought. The Choice of an Head-dress, any new Fashion, or a Story of an Intrigue, is a more fruitful Subject of Speculation, and more level too, to the unambitious Understandings of modern Thinkers, I believe I should have said Haranguers, than the World of Ideas, the Powers of Nature, the Qualities of the Mind, and Origin or Order of Society. Therefore, I fancy *Sophron* must abate a little, of his ambitious Views, of setting on foot such a strange Revolution of Things, in the gay World. He must be contented, if he can get a Parcel of Philosophers, People like ourselves, who live mostly among Books, rather than the Ladies, to introduce this new Fashion of his, to clothe our Thoughts in Allegory, and talk in the odd Stile and Air of his philosophic Mimes of Antiquity. It is well if we dare venture upon it, shut up as we are from the World, and remote from the Views of modern Critics, who, were they to over-hear us, would be much diverted with such antiquated and unfashionable Discourse.

A LITTLE Bustle at the Door, turned all our Eyes thither, and made *Eugenio* start up with
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some Surprize and Concern, and run to see, if there had actually been any body listening to our Conversation. Upon opening it, he found it was only one of the Domestics, who had been about some necessary Family Business. The Accident, trifling as it was, alarmed us all, but we could not help smiling, at the serious Emotion and Anxiety, which *Eugenio* discovered. He looked as if he had been caught, and seemed afraid, lest his Satire should have reached the Ears of some Spy, who might have maliciously divulged it, and improved it into a Handle against him among the Ladies. When we were composed again, and the Coast seemed quite clear, *Constant* took up the Conversation.

THE Method, said he, proposed, and I may add exemplified, by *Sopbron*, to improve Conversation, or rather to convey Truth and communicate our Discoveries one to another, might, perhaps, do well enough to instruct Children, whose Minds must be amused at the same time that they are taught, and who must have intellectual Qualities, and abstract Ideas, explained to them by gross and sensible Images, not only to engage their Attention, but to make their slippery and unapprehensive Understandings feel them. But I much doubt, Gentlemen, whether this Method be of great Use, or a good Precedent to Men, whose Apprehensions are more strong and full grown. I take it to be a round-about Way, and will you give me leave to add, a fallacious one too, notwithstanding all I have yet heard to the contrary. For it supposes, that we trace our Knowledge, according to the common
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Rules of Investigation, even as other good Folks do; but that when by much poring, we have found it, our Labour is but just to begin. We must sit down, and gravely plod, in contriving some dark mysterious Covers to hide, or, if you please, to embody and dress out our Meaning. Then, after we have laid it over thick and three-fold; with Metaphor, Allegory, and mystic Allusion, we are fond of imparting it as some wonderful profound Discovery. And because we affix new Names, or give a new Colouring to old Ideas; we pretend to the Honour of Invention, or at least look upon ourselves as Men of a *plastic* Genius, who can create imaginary Beings and Forms at pleasure. Well! allow those sublime Genius's the Honour of a new Invention; or, if they chuse rather, of a Creation; how far are we advanced? Why truly, not one Jot. We have a new Course of Labour to go through. We must just unravel a-new all this fine Web, which cost so much Pains to weave. We must untwist every Thread of it, lay them out one by one, and gradually trace the minute, and frequently over-strained Likeness, which it carries to the Pattern. It is well, if after all our Trouble, we can find any Likeness or Meaning at all. So, we are at length just arrived where we set out, and have made, or unveiled, the self-same Discovery, we were at such pains to hide.—But I added, Gentlemen, that the Method was not only tedious, but fallacious withal. And I think it no hard matter, to make good my Charge. Spiritual and material Forms, are so widely and so entirely different, that I do not see how the one, can stand for the other, or
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doubt, highly commendable. And if it was only an airy fanciful Building, we have been all along endeavouring to erect, he had good Reason to sweep it away, in order to raise a fairer and goodlier Structure of Truth in its room. But I would fain hope, that our *Fabulous* and *Allegorical* Fabric, has a real Foundation in Nature, and may be of admirable Use both to store up and convey Truth; nay, that it is not unworthy of Philosophers to take some pains to raise up and support the Fabric. *Constant* seemed to allow that Fables might be of use to instruct Children. Shall I say, that the Generality of us are Children in Knowledge, giddy, roving and narrow in our Conceptions; and have need of much the same kind of Assistances with them, to enlarge and facilitate them? Were we Pure Intelligences, I believe Truth would be so familiar and congenial to us, that we could both contemplate it our selves, and communicate it to each other, in the most simple and undisguised Form; and we should then perhaps be best pleased, when we saw it quite naked, or least encumbered with material Vehicles, or sensible Ornaments. But as we are Spirits, (and very short-sighted ones too) inclosed in gross, though organized Matter, we must be content to view it in the best Light we can, and convey it to others in such a shape and dress, as will render it most obvious and intelligible to the unthinking Many. The Succession of Ideas which constantly pass within, is so great, and our Feelings are so refined, so delicate and slippery, that we find it exceedingly difficult to range them in order, to bind them

them together in our own Minds, and still more so, to communicate them to others. Therefore we are forced to invent Words, those arbitrary Links, to detain and fix them there; and must range every Corner of the Universe, to fetch Lights and Colours, sufficient to make them visible to those with whom we converse. This has given birth to the immense Variety of Languages and Characters to express our Conceptions. And, because of the Penury of *proper* Phrases, we have been obliged to use an infinite Number of borrowed and *metaphorical* ones. To these have been superadded, Images, Similes, Comparisons, Allegories, and the whole Train of Figures. And all are scarce sufficient to express either our most simple and abstracted, or our most complex Notions, and those various Feelings of which we are susceptible. So that the Method which *Constant* condemns, is founded on the unavoidable Imperfection of human Language, and of the way of communicating our Ideas and Sentiments; which will, I doubt, after *All* our Improvements, still continue an imperfect Store-house, to treasure up the immense Fund of our Ideas in, or an insufficient Vehicle to distribute them to others. For how many *sensible* as well as *moral* Ideas are there to express, for which no Words have been yet invented? By what has been said already in the Course of this Debate, I think it appears, that Metaphor and Allegory constitute a strict and proper Language, and one very expressive and descriptive. To find fault then with it, is to blame Language in general.

BUT, says he, this is the most dangerous and delusive kind, because it institutes unjust Comparisons, *i. e.* compares Things that are not exactly alike, and thus dazzles us by the Speciousness of Appearances. Let our Friend remember, that it is scarcely possible to frame adequate Signs of our Ideas, by the most perfect Language, or the most expressive Characters; and therefore, if any will presume that they are adequate Signs when they are not, they ought not to lay the Blame on Language, but on their own Rashness and Credulity. And where there is not an *Arbitrary*, but a *Natural* kind of Connection, between the Signs and the Things signified by them, one would imagine we should be sensible of the minutest Differences between them; and consequently be less apt to be imposed upon, by taking the Signs for adequate and fully expressive Marks of their Archetypes.

BUT *Consistent* still urges that the Method is tedious and a great way about, first to investigate, then to hide or cover our Ideas. But Covers they must have, if we mean they should go farther than our own Minds; and I fear they are such fleeting things, that to ascertain them even there, we must find Wrappers for them. For let the most refined Philosopher try, if he can long retain his Ideas, without stamping them with proper Marks or Signs. Therefore, to keep those Airy Beings from evaporating, but especially to communicate them to others, I am of opinion we must inclose them in some Vehicle or other. Now whether Metaphor, Allusion, and Allegory, be not as proper and natural a Vehicle as any, or whether
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we can substitute a better, is, I think, the only Question. Why, says *Constant*, after it is all wove, we must untwist it again, we must undress the Idea of its metaphorical Habit to come at it. What is this but saying in other Words, that we must understand the Language, before we can understand the Sentiments conveyed by it? And pray, is not that the Case with all Language? Now I appeal to Universal Experience, whether the *Kind* of Language here contended for, be not the most agreeable; and whether the Pleasure we feel in undressing it, and comparing the Sign with the thing it represents, does not sufficiently compensate all the Pains we are at. And where the Toil itself is so grateful, the Discovery we make must be doubly pleasing. I hope therefore, it may appear from this, and what has been said before, in the Progress of our Debate, that the Method recommended by *most* of the Company, is neither fallacious, nor unphilosophical, nor improper for communicating Truth.

I AM afraid, said *Eugenio*, that one of the great Reasons, why Philosophy is so little relished by the fashionable and politer Part of the World, is, because it is generally delivered in such a dry and abstracted manner. The Fault is not, that she is too gaudy and ornamented, but rather that she is too naked of Ornament. It seems as if she was expected to strike every Beholder at first sight, and by her native Charms: nay, as if it was the Intention of her profess'd Advocates, to gain her Reverence, by the Horrour of her Appearance; they dress her out as formidably as they can, like

the Priests of some *Indian* Pagods, who, to increase the Homage of the humble Votaries, load their Images with the ghastliest and most disproportioned Features. So *These* chuse the most crabbed Phrases to describe the Fair Dame, and make her give out her Oracles in barbarous unintelligible Jargon, instead of the sweet harmonious imagery of *Ancient* Wisdom. If any are touched with Curiosity to pry into her sacred Mysteries, what strange unknown and frequently unmeaning Characters must they learn, what a rigid Discipline of Words and Forms must they go through, before they can be initiated? I should think therefore, that if the Aim of Philosophers, be really, as I think it ought to be, to make Philosophy as clear, and well understood, and universal, as possible, they will find it their Interest to give her an amiable Countenance and Mien; and to cloathe her in a decent and alluring Dress, in order to invite *All* to the Search, not merely your dry plodding Heads, but even the gay, the easy, the fashionable Tribe. The Method of Fable, Allegory, and familiar pleasant Dialogue, I take to be such; and therefore Poets have, by many, been reckoned better Philosophers, I mean juster Painters of Truth and Nature, than those to whom we usually appropriate that venerable Name.

WHETHER, Gentlemen, said *Simplicius*, the ingenious Method of Instruction you have recommended, be so proper for able Scholars, and Men of full grown Understandings, I shall not take upon me to determine; but I am entirely of *Sophon's* Opinion, that it is the best and most successful Method

Method we can use in the EDUCATION of CHILDREN: not only as it diverts their Minds agreeably by the Vivacity of its Images, and works upon their Passions with an ingenuous Force; but as it puts them upon thinking, gives them Materials upon which they may employ their Thoughts, and teaches them how to connect and range their Ideas, to judge of Relations, deduce Consequences, and speak with Coherence and Propriety. These are no mean Advantages in the Affair of Education, in which the *grand* Art, with regard to Instruction, seems to be, *To awaken the Mind to Attention, and the Exercise of its own Powers*, without which, all the Principles of Knowledge it is taught, will rather perplex and encumber, than truly profit it. I think therefore, it might be of considerable Use in Education, if the most beautiful and interesting of those Allegories, whether *Ancient* or *Modern*, which have or might have been mentioned, were collected into one Volume, and exhibited to the Youth, as so many *Philosophical Pictures* or *History-Pieces* of human Life; which should be explained to them, or prescribed as Exercises to explain and comment upon themselves. To *These* might be prefixed Prints of them, to make the Medium of Conveyance still more sensible and amusing to the Pupil.

As Fables have been all along considered by you as a most instructive and delightful Language, by which Truth is conveyed to the Mind, and moral Sentiments most agreeably enforced, I would suggest one thing more to your Consideration; whether PAINTING may not be considered like-

wife in the same Light; I mean, as a noble Vehicle of *Moral* Sentiments, and an agreeable Prompter to the finer Passions. This is an *Universal*, and therefore a most expressive and intelligible Language. I the rather mention it, because I think it belongs to the Subject we are upon. For I look upon a good *History-Piece*, as a silent, but a highly *Moral* Fable. A beautiful Allegory may be spread out on the Canvass, in as significant Language, as the richest Colouring of Words can exhibit it to the Fancy. And I believe a *painted* Fable or Allegory may be as well understood, and has full as fair a Chance to please Children, as one that is *told*. For it speaks to their Eyes with all the Advantage of Colours, Light and Shade, as well as to their Mind, with all the Strength of Design, Harmony and Expression. They conceive a Groupe of Figures they have seen, better, and retain them more easily, especially if they are of the abstracted *Moral* Kind, than if they had only read or heard of them in Description.

WHETHER the *still* or the *higher* Life is exhibited, we are pleased with a just Imitation of Nature. If any distinct part of it is formed into a true Landscape, we are instructed by it in the real Proportions of Nature, the Laws of Perspective, of Light and Shade, and the proper Union of consenting Parts. If the Piece be truly *Moral* and *Historical*, human Characters and Actions rise to View; we are touched by the Beauty of Sentiments, and Energy of Passions, which flow from the creative Pencil; we admire the *amiable* and *heroic*, or detest the *foul* and *abandoned*; are subdued by

by moving Distress, and elated by the Honours conferred on Virtue. Therefore to Fables I would join Prints, Pictures, *Fabulous* or *Historic* Draughts, which convey a sensible Instruction to the ingenious as well as ignorant and untaught; and awaken the finest and most generous Sentiments of Humanity. They will mutually give and receive Light from each other. A fine Print, may make the deepest Fable or Allegory, visible to the most simple Eye. And an ordinary Master, may fetch the most instructive and animated Lessons, from a History-Piece well design'd and executed.

THE Method propos'd by our Friend, said *Sophron*, for teaching the Youth, and forming their Manners, is sufficiently justified by the Practice of *Ancient* Times. Not only the Temples of the Gods, but the public Halls, Portico's, Schools, and Places of Exercise, were hung round with *Moral* Pieces. The several *Arts* were represented in suitable Habits, with their proper Badges and Emblems. The different Virtues, as well as Vices, were expos'd to public View, to instruct the attentive Spectator in their respective Natures, and to raise the correspondent Passions. They were accompanied with their distinguishing Symbols and Attendants, which afforded the Teachers of Youth noble Opportunities, of displaying to their Pupils, in a very sensible and insinuating Manner, the different Concomitants and Effects of Virtue and Vice. *Peace*, *Concord*, *Friendship*, attracted the Eye and Veneration of the Beholder, by the most engaging Airs, and sweetest Attitudes; while *Discord*, *Rage* and *Treachery*, filled with Indignation
and

and Dread, by the Horror of their Appearance. The Picture of *Cebes*, if such a Picture was ever hung up in the Temple of *Saturn*, was an exquisite History-Piece of *Human Life*, pregnant with the most useful and interesting Lessons relating to Manners and Happiness.

SINGLE Men and single Actions were represented, not only to reward the Conduct of the brave and good, but to engage others to imitate their Example, by kindling in them the same generous Ardour. Nay, the Manners of a whole People, were sometimes drawn, in their mixed and various Character, and different States. Thus *Parrhasius* drew the *Athenian* People, passionate, fickle, unjust and cruel; yet mild withal, compassionate, vain-glorious, humble and fierce. Another exhibited *Theseus* founding the Democracy at *Athens*, and *Lycurgus* bidding the *Spartans* adieu, when he left with them his well-balanced Frame of Government and Laws. *Venus Urania* was drawn encircled by the *Muses* and *Graces* in harmonious Dance. The false and ensnaring Allurements of vicious Pleasure, were pointed out by the Rocks and deceitful Charms of the *Syrens*. In short, the finest Lessons of Philosophy were shadowed forth in the admirable Paintings of Antiquity. And the Gods and Goddesses appeared little else; but human Powers and Passions cloathed in diviner Forms, yet speaking a Language deeply *Moral* and *Human*. So that *Ancient* Painting was really a Philosophic Art, or Moral School, in which the Youth were at once trained up, in Elegance and Justness of Taste, and in every Virtue.

NOR have *Modern Times* left this Method of Instruction unessayed. The best Masters have given us the most instructive Draughts of Passions and Manners. We see the beautiful Fable of *Prodicus*, has been turned, by a celebrated Philosopher of these After-Ages, into one of the noblest Historic Pieces or Tablatures, *Ancient* or *Modern*. Need I appeal to *Raphael's* School of the Arts, or to his *Parnassus*, and his Assembly of the Philosophers; to *Poussin's* Allegories of human Life, or to his Moralities? Or shall I mention *Albano's* Groupe of the Virtues, *Rubens's* Education of *Mary of Medicis*, and many others which you are well acquainted with? In this last, *Minerva*, the Goddess of Wisdom, teaches the Princess to read. On one side, a young Man touches a Bass-Viol, to signify, that one ought to learn betimes, to tune the Passions, and regulate the Measures of Life, that nothing may be done without Order and Harmony. On the other hand, the three *Graces* appear, to intimate the Softness, and Elegance, which ought to reign in *Female* Education, and Manners. One of them holds a Crown of Laurel, a Badge of Renown. Above, *Mercury*, the God of *Eloquence*, descends from Heaven to instruct her in the sweet Arts of Persuasion. A Rock, from which Water descends, represents the Fruitfulness of Science, and a Stream of Light which enlightens the *Graces*, and sheds the Splendour of Day upon the Beauty of *their* Carnations, is an Emblem of it's Lustre. Several Instruments proper to the *Liberal* Arts, are disposed up and down, to show the Extent of a *Liberal* Education. These, and such

such like Designs, may, by the Assistance of good Masters, be made admirable Instructors to Youth; and therefore I highly approve of *Simplicius's* Proposal, of joining them to Fables and Allegories in the Affair of Education. For they contribute to the same Purpose of conveying Truth in an agreeable and engaging Manner to the Mind, and have a most friendly Aspect on the Interests of Virtue, when they are not wretchedly abused and perverted from their original Use. But, methinks, Gentlemen, it is now full time to put *Hiero* in mind of his Promise of entertaining us with a *Modern* Story. He has now had sufficient time to recollect himself, and I take him to be a Man of such Honour, that he will pay to the full, or rather more than he strictly owes.

I Do not know, Gentlemen, replied *Hiero*, that I came under any Engagements, such as our Friend alledges, to tell you any Story *Ancient* or *Modern*. 'Tis true I was curious to hear an ancient Tale from our Antiquarian *Sopbron*, and so held my peace, when the thing was proposed, and he talked, of I know not what Terms. But if my Silence then, must be interpreted as an Assent to whatever Terms he was pleased to impose, I assure him I will not rack my Brain, to invent a Story, to humour his Fancy, or to weave a grave Allegory, such as he drew from some of his Old Authors; but I shall tell a Piece of private History, within the Compass of my own Knowledge, from which you may draw what moral or humourous Reflections you please.

A DECENT and discreet Widow in my Father's Neighbourhood, was left by her Husband, a Gentleman of a small Estate but fine Accomplishments, in moderate Circumstances, with the Care of two Sons and an only Daughter, all under Age. To give them a good Education was her chief Business and Delight. In all other respects she was thrifty and even parcimonious, but in this, she was what the generality would perhaps call profuse. For she esteemed a good Education the best and most lasting Patrimony. Accordingly she was at pains to introduce them into the best Company, and to teach them all those Accomplishments, which it would be unbecoming the Character of a Gentleman or Lady, to be ignorant of. She, taught both her Sons herself to read and write, and her Daughter to use her Needle. As she had seen much of the World, she instructed them from Life and her own Experience, drew Characters, painted different Scenes of Life, those she had been engaged in herself, or had seen and heard from the Relation of others; and this in so entertaining a Manner, that the young Creatures were all Ear, and, as *Shakespear* says, their *Spirits would fly out into her Stories*. She made each of them, in their turns, to read to the others, and all of them to give their Sentiments afterwards; opening their tender Conceptions, by the familiar and easy Questions she put to them. At other times, she set them to writing Letters to one another, and after they had made a Visit, or other Excursion from home, she drew out their little Observations, on all they had seen or heard. But
what

what was of most advantage to them, she went before *them* in every Virtue, and was a strict Pattern of that Decency and prudent Conduct which she recommended. After this sober Education at home, she sent her Daughter to one of the genteelest Boarding-Schools, and often went thither herself to inspect her Manners more nearly. Her Eldest Son, after he had learned his *Latin*, and was Master of Figures and Book-keeping, she put out Apprentice to a considerable Merchant in the Metropolis, sufficiently guarded, as she thought, against the Dangers of the Town, by his virtuous Education in the Country. He did very well for some time, and was much beloved by his Master, both for his Diligence and Honesty. But he was, ere long, decoyed into an Intrigue, by an handsome Maid of the Family, who, with an Artifice peculiar to some of those Town-bred Girls, affected to be in love with him. She endeavoured to convince him of it, by giving a particular Attention to all his Wants, and expressing a tender Concern to please him. She played her cajoling Arts with such success upon his honest Credulity and Simplicity, that she soon gained her Point, and wrought *him* up to the real Passion which *she* only feigned. This made him neglect his Business, and fall into gaming, to supply the Cravings, the real or pretended Wants of his Mistress. The Effects of their Adventure, in a short time, became visible; and partly Shame, partly her Persuasions, obliged him to leave a Family, where his Credit was ruined, and his Conduct liable to frequent Censure. His Mistress followed him,
and

and became the Companion, as she had been the Cause, of his Misery. He now set up for himself, and having drawn away the rest of his Patrimony, drove a little retailing Trade. But, as the slow Returns did not satisfy the growing Demands of his Mistress, Business soon became a Drudgery to him; and he had recourse to Drinking, to drown all Reflections on his Circumstances and Conduct, and stifle those Sentiments of Honour and Virtue, which now and then, stung him with deep Remorse. In this Course, he soon exhausted the rest of his Stock, plunged himself in debt, was cast into Goal, and must have lain there, if his disconsolate Mother, whose Heart bled to hear of his Misfortunes, had not straitened her own, and her Family's Circumstances, to relieve him. After he got out of Prison, where he was abandoned by his mercenary Mistress; who, foreseeing his Fate, had run away with the Remainder of his Money and Effects; he passed through a new Variety of Misfortunes. In short, the Result was, he went abroad, and listed himself in the late *Emperor's* Service in *Italy*.

THE other Son, whom I shall call *Eubulus*, had fine natural Parts, joined to an uncommon Sweetness of Temper, and an Affability that endeared him to every body. He went to the University of * * *, where, by his indefatigable Application to his Studies, he made great Proficiency in Learning, and, by his Conversation and polite Manners, gained the Favour of his Superiours, and the Esteem of all who knew him. His Company was courted by those of the best Rank, but especially
by

by all true Lovers of Learning and Virtue. Among others, he contracted a particular Intimacy with a young Gentleman of a large Fortune, and a Mind still larger, who chose him to be his Companion rather than Tutor in his Travels. This Proposal, how advantageous soever, he would not accept, till he should consult with his Mother and Sister, both whom he loved with an uncommon Tenderness. Their Consent being obtained, he went to take his leave of them. The Parting was tender on both sides. “ My dear *Eubulus*, said the good Woman, taking him by the Hand, with her Eyes full, “ you are going a long Journey. I fear I shall never see you again. Your poor Brother’s Misfortunes have shortned my Days, and your Absence cannot lengthen them.—But since I hope “ it is for your advantage, I chearfully submit. “ To Almighty God I commit you. Pray spare “ no Pains to learn some News of your unfortunate Brother;—if you find him out, give him “ my last Blessing, and tell him, I shall die in “ Peace, if I hear that he is reformed and happy.” —She could not proceed; her Sighs and Tears were the only farther Expressions of her inward Grief. He then bid his Sister farewell. Her last Words were: Oh, *Eubulus*! remember our poor dear Brother,—find him out, if he be still living, and tell him, (Oh, do not forget it) that our dearest Mother and I, want nothing to complete our Happiness, but to hear, that he is, what he once was, the same virtuous—She could say no more. Her Heart was oppress’d with Sorrow at the tender Parting, and that heighten’d by sad Reflections upon

upon the ill Courses of her elder Brother, and the melancholy Forebodings she had, that her Mother would not long survive.

SOON after, he and his Friend, whom I shall call *Agathias*, went abroad, and did not, like most of our raw young Travellers, only traverse Provinces, gape after Wonders and Curiosities, and throw away their Time in Gallantry. They stayed long enough in Places of Note to get acquainted with the Men most eminent for Capacity and Learning, who are generally the most easy of Access to ingenious Strangers, and to learn whatever was most curious and worthy their Notice. In their Progress through *Italy*, their Curiosity led them to *Venice*, in the time of the Carnival. They were Spectators rather than Actors in the Diversions of it. One Evening, as *Eubulus* was returning home alone, he saw two Fellows in Masks attacking a single Gentleman who made a stout Resistance, but was pressed to the Wall and seemed reduced to the last Extremity. *Eubulus* immediately drew in Defence of the single Combatant, and obliged the Villains to retire after they were deeply wounded. He led the Gentleman to his own Lodgings, and sent immediately for a Surgeon to dress his Wounds. When the Stranger's Mask was taken off, how was he surpris'd to see his Friend *Agathias*, whom he had rescued from such imminent Danger; and how overjoyed was *Agathias* to find the Friend and Deliverer united in the same Person! When he was going to make his Acknowledgments for his generous Succour, *Eubulus* begged him to spare them, till he should be in a better Condition

dition to make them. The Wounds were found not mortal, so that in a few Weeks he recovered. While they continued there, they had a Message from an unknown Lady, who desired to communicate to them an Affair of Importance. Though they were both averſe to go, yet they knew ſo well the vindictive Humour of the *Italians*, that they were afraid to give the Lady a Denial. Accordingly they waited on her, when ſhe told them, ſhe believed they were ſurprized at receiving a Meſſage from one who was ſo much a Stranger to them ; but, as ſhe well knew the Humanity of the *Engliſh*, eſpecially to their Countrymen, and had heard that two Gentlemen of that Nation lived in her Neighbourhood, ſhe thought ſhe could not do them a greater Pleaſure, than by giving them an Opportunity of doing a very important Service to one of their own Country, a very worthy Gentleman, who had been clapt up in Priſon by an Order of the Doge, for no other Crime but his being of her Acquaintance. If, continued ſhe, you have the Honour, Gentlemen, to know any of the foreign Embaſſadors, you will find it no hard matter, by employing your Intereſt with them, to obtain his Releaſe, and at the ſame time you will do me a ſingular Pleaſure.

THE Gentlemen endeavoured to excuſe themſelves in the politeſt Manner they could, alledging they were Strangers in the Town. But in effect, they had no mind to meddle in an Affair, which ſeemed, by the Lady's intereſting herſelf ſo warmly in it, to wear the Face of an Intrigue. She continued to urge them with great Eagerneſs, and
asked,

asked, if they had no Acquaintance with the *French* Embassador. *Agathias* was a Man of too much Honour to deny that he had some small Acquaintance with him, but said, he did not know whether it could be of any Use to her Friend; he promised, however, to try how far it would go. They immediately waited on Monsieur de * * * * the *French* Embassador, and informed him of the whole Affair, who smiled, and politely promised his Friendship. Accordingly he applied to the *Doge*, and all the Favour he could obtain, was a Promise of the Gentleman's Release, upon paying a Fine of a thousand Crowns, and giving Security for his future good Behaviour. Soon after, prompted by their Curiosity, they asked and obtained leave to visit the Prisoner under his Confinement. They found him in a wretched Condition. His Looks pale and meagre, and his Eyes hollow, the very Image of Death; his Face was marked with the deepest Dejection and Anguish. Upon putting a few Questions to him about the Time of his leaving *England*, and his Employment since as well as before, *Eubulus* faintly recollected some of his Features; upon which, he asked him if he was any Relation of * * * who had been some time a Widow. At the mention of her Name, the Stranger fetched a deep Sigh, and said, he had been once Son to that dear Woman, but alas! he had forfeited his Title to that Relation. *Eubulus* could hold no longer; he fell upon his Neck, wept over him, and continued for some time speechless. *Agathias*, deeply penetrated with this dumb but expressive Scene, mixed his friendly Tears with theirs.

At length, Words got vent. Oh! *Pamphilus*, have I at last found you out; you, whom your dearest Mother, Sister, and I, gave over for lost!—But, ah! how changed!—And in what deplorable Circumstances!—Where have you been?—How came you hither? Heaven, I hope, sent us to your Relief.—

PAMPHILUS, with a Mixture of Dejection, Astonishment, and Joy, asked how he had learned his Misfortune, and what had induced him, and the Gentleman with him, to visit him in his present Situation; adding, that his Misfortunes would be too tedious to relate. His Brother soon satisfied his Questions, and told him, he might safely open his Mind before the Gentleman, whose Goodness prompted him to pay him so kind a Visit. Being thus assured, he frankly confessed that the Lady they mentioned, had entertained him since he came to *Venice*; whither he was allowed to come by his General *Officer*, to see the Diversions of the *Carnaval*, having been for some time in the *Emperor's* Service—and that he had been put under Arrest at the Request of some noble Relations of the Lady's, who were displeas'd at his Intimacy with her,—and now he was daily expecting some miserable Fate, as a Punishment for his past Imprudence. He then cast down his Eyes with a mournful Air. *Agathias*, whose Eyes and Heart had been fastened upon the two Brothers, turning to the Elder, in a generous kind of Transport, said,

I AM glad, Sir, that in finding a Brother, you have likewise found a Deliverer. You are released upon paying a thousand Crowns, which I will
freely

freely advance, for your Brother's sake. *Pamphilus* would have cast himself at his Feet, to express the Raptures he felt; but *Agathias* took him in his Arms, and told him, he was glad to embrace the Brother of his Friend and Deliverer. He gave him withal a short Account how he had saved his Life. The Fine was paid, and *Pamphilus* released. He assured them upon his Honour, that after paying his Acknowledgments to his Benefactress, he would break off all further Correspondence with her, and immediately return to the Army.

WHILE they continued at *Venice*, a Letter came by way of *Genoa* to *Eubulus*, from his Sister *Eliza*, to this effect.

My Dear Brother,

WHAT shall I tell you? How will you be able to bear the fatal News of the Death of our much honoured and dearest Mother? whose Loss is to me more bitter than Death, and will plunge you, I fear, into the deepest Sorrow. But the other Night she called me to her Bed-side, and taking me by the Hand, said, "My dear Child, I am just going to leave you. A few Hours will bear me to the World of Spirits. I willingly resign you, my dear Charge, and your Brothers, if they are yet alive, to the Care of a good God, who will always befriend the *Virtuous*. I rejoice, you are of that Number. If you continue as you have set out, you cannot fail of being happy. When you have an Opportunity to write to your Brothers, or shall see them, tell them, I died with *them* on my Heart, left them a Mo-

“ ther’s Blessing, and had no higher Wish on Earth
 “ than to hear they were wise and good. Alas!
 “ poor *Pamphilus*, would to God, he were so.
 “ Were I sure of this, I should die perfectly easy.
 “ I hope *Eubulus* will return to you, and Heaven
 “ make you happy in each other. Farewell, my
 “ dearest Child! May Heaven preserve you wise
 “ and good, and when you drop a Tear to the
 “ Memory of a loving Mother, be excited thereby
 “ to imitate whatever you thought good in her.
 “ Oh! Farewell!” With these Words, the dear
 Woman resigned her Soul into her Maker’s Hands,
 and smiled in the Agony of Death. Oh! my dear
 Brother, Grief overwhelms me, I can add no more,
 but that I long exceedingly to see you; That will
 be my only Cordial, to alleviate the heavy Loss of
 your affectionate Sister,

Eliza.

THIS mournful News cut *Eubulus* to the Heart,
 He grew impatient to return home: He hoped
 his Presence might help to lighten his Sister’s Grief,
Agathias perceiving his Friend’s Uneasiness, in-
 clined to indulge him, by hastening his Return,
 They took *Milan* in their Way home, where they
 found *Pamphilus*, much reclaimed, by his Misfor-
 tunes. *Eubulus* informed him of their Mother’s
 Death, the tender Circumstances of his parting
 from her and their Sister; the deep Affection they
 both bore him, and particularly the Concern she
 expressed about him, in her last Moments. The
 Recital of these, and the Sight of his Sister’s moving
 Letter, made such an Impression on him, that they
left

left him strongly confirmed in his virtuous Resolutions. ^{Q^e}

ELIZA, after her Mother's Death, lived retired from the World; she kept company with only a few select Friends. It was a sweet Retreat, where she lived; there was a pretty Garden, and Farm belonging to it, the small Remainder of the Family-Estate. At the Foot of the Garden runs a clear Brook, clothed on each side with little Tufts of Wood, and Bushes growing wildly up and down. This Stream, after watering the Farm, loses itself in a neighbouring Wood. You will forgive me, Gentlemen, my being so minute, for the sake of the lovely Inhabitant of this delicious Spot. She dressed plain and clean, and was not distinguished from the Farmer's Daughters in the Neighbourhood, but by a superiour Openness and Dignity in her Air and Manner; which appeared under all the Homeliness of her Dress. Her Time was generally divided between the Oeconomy of her Family, and the Management of the Farm, reading, visiting the Sick, and doing kind Offices to all about her. Her Knowledge of Simples, qualified her to be useful to her Neighbours, in most ordinary Illnesses: And a frugal, well-judged Management of her small Revenue, put it in her power, frequently to reach out her friendly Hand to the Assistance of the Indigent, whom she used to employ in different kinds of Manufacture; and at the same time that she relieved their Wants, she encouraged their Industry. So that her House was a little Sanctuary to the painful Poor: It was always open to them, and the beneficent Mistress of

it, at all times accessible. Her Servants almost adored her, and her amiable and wise Deportment, rendered her equally the Delight and Admiration of the whole Neighbourhood. I might have mentioned too, that she was fair and blooming, and of a Shape exquisitely proportioned. There was an uncommon Gracfulness in her Mien, and Sprightfulness in her Air and Looks, mixed with such a peculiar Sweetness, as discovered the kind and humane Temper of her Soul. In this manner did this innocent and virtuous Maid pass her Time, when it pleased Heaven to interrupt, for a while, the Calm she enjoyed, and put her Virtues to a new and severe Trial.

A GENTLEMAN, who lived at no great distance, was lately returned from his Travels; struck with the high and very singular Character he had of her, he contrived this Stratagem to see her. It was *Eliza's* ordinary Custom, to walk out every Morning and Evening round the Farm, and along the Banks of the little Rivulet that watered it, and often with a Book in her Hand. Sometimes she would lay herself down by this Stream, and, with a delighted Mind, enjoy those simple and *unvarnished* Pleasures, which Virtue, joined with Contemplation, never fails to give, in those rural Scenes; neither envying, nor railing at the Pleasures and Amusements of gayer Life. One Evening, as *Eliza* was taking her usual Walk, this curious Gentleman, having got near the Place, dismounted from his Horse, and cast himself on the Ground, as if he had been seized with a sudden Illness. *Eliza*, over-hearing a faint Sound, not unlike the
Groans

Groans of a Person in Distress, immediately gave way to the Suggestions of her compassionate Breast; she rose, and went to the Place where the Gentleman, whom I shall call *Lothario*, was lying on the Ground. No sooner did she learn his Misfortune, than she ran home to call for Assistance, and soon returned with some of her Servants. Finding him, to Appearance, in great Agonies, they carried him to the House, where she made him an Offer of an outer Apartment, till he should be a little recovered. He thanked her kindly for her generous Hospitality, and told her, that he hoped to be well with a Night's Rest. Her Person, Conversation, and whole Behaviour, charmed him beyond Expression; but that Modesty which appeared so unaffectedly graceful, and that kind Concern she shewed for his Health, which ought to have extinguished every ungenerous Sentiment, served only to inflame a criminal Passion. At first, he only expressed the warmest Acknowledgments of her Generosity: He took advantage after, of the Tenderneſs of her Concern for his Illneſs.—He grew bolder,—professed Love in the strongest Terms,—and began to use such Familiarities in his Discourse, as were too *shocking* for a modest Ear. This rous'd *Eliza*'s nobler Passions, and with Eyes flashing a generous Disdain and Indignation, she said to *Lothario*, Presumptuous Man! though I cannot blame myself for doing an Act of Hospitality to a Stranger, yet I am sorry it has happened to be so ill placed, on an ungenerous Man, who dares to abuse it in so ungentleman-like a manner. I thought, my own House would have been a sufficient

ficient Protection to me, against all Indecency, especially from you; but, since it is not, you are now at liberty to go where you please. She then quitted the Room with an Emotion she could not conceal. Before he departed, he desired to see, and take leave of his Benefactress; but she would not permit him: so, he rode off, unattended and unobserved. He was not a little vexed at his Disappointment; and the Repulse he had met with, instead of discouraging, redoubled his Passion. Lured therefore by so fair a Prey, he thought of various Stratagems to get her in his power, and resolved to use Force, if she would not yield to Persuasion. He lay in ambush for her one Day, in the Wood I formerly mentioned, adjoining to the House. *Eliza* happened to wander farther off than usual, and being intercepted by his Servants, *Lothario* carried her off, in spite of all her Cries and Struggles. He stop'd not, day or night, till he had brought her to a very private Country Seat of his, where he kept but few Servants, to which he used sometimes to retire, when he desired to have little Communication with his Neighbours. It was a double Affliction to poor *Eliza*, when she knew that *Lothario* was the Author of it. Finding however, that she was entirely in his power, she forbore those bitter Invectives, and useles Exclamations, which many of her Sex would have indulged on so just an Occasion, and trusted, that Heaven would send her some speedy Succour. To alleviate her Grief and Resentment, which he saw swell high, he told her, it was nothing but an Excess of the most tender Passion for her, that had forced

forced him to this Extremity,—that she might expect such Usage as was suited to her Merit and Character,—and might command his House, and all in it; for he was absolutely at her devotion. She deigned no other Reply, but what he might draw from Looks, which darted the utmost Aversion and Contempt. He allowed her, indeed, all manner of Liberty, in this Prison; permitted her to walk, or ride out, as she chose, though never out of the Reach of Attendants. But she made no Attempts of that kind, in order to lull them in the deeper Security; and after some time, affected an Air of Frankness and Easiness, to which she was quite a Stranger.

LOTHARIO, mean while, left no Arts of Insinuation and Flattery untried, to win her Consent to his Designs;—he made her an Offer of a considerable Settlement for Life, and of a handsome Provision for her Brother. She still kept him at bay; but he began to conceive some better Hopes from her more softened Appearance, and did not doubt to gain his Point, when he had melted her by his suppliant Importunities and Protestations of Love. It would be tedious to relate the Methods he tried, during the Course of some Months. He did not, indeed, come to direct Force, though he would sometimes break into her Apartment, and talk to her in a manner that highly provoked her; but she endeavoured to conceal her Resentment. One Morning, when *Lothario* was from home, she got up much earlier than her usual Hour, and having stole a Key of the Garden, she slipped out unperceived by any of the Servants. After she had
crossed

crossed the Garden, she leapt from the sunk Fence, and with difficulty scrambled up the opposite Side of the Ditch.—She passed over several Fields, forcing her way through the Hedges. Fear added Wings to her Speed. She went on till she thought herself out of danger, and then she fate down by the side of a Hedge, quite tired with Fatigue and Want of Sleep. She now began to think over the Dangers she had run, the Trials and Insults she had borne,—the greater ones she had feared; but especially, the dreadful Suspense she was in about what might still befall her. All these things came crowding into her Thoughts, and filled her with a Variety of strong Emotions. She looked up to Heaven for Relief, and committed herself, and the Success of her Escape, to a good Providence. Nature being at length overcharged, and quite spent, she sunk into Sleep on the green Turf.

IT happened, that a Company of Gentlemen were out that Morning a Fox-hunting. The Chace had been long, and one of the Party being thrown out, chanced to come to the Place where *Eliza* lay. He started at the sight of a Lady fast asleep, and loosely dressed, with her Face and Arms strangely scratched, and the Blood drawn in many places. But amidst all the Disorder of her Dress and Looks, he was struck with the Amiability of her Appearance, and Fineness of her Shape, which spoke strongly in her favour, and confuted, in some measure, the disadvantageous Circumstances in which he saw her. He stood for some time gazing at her with Pleasure and Astonishment,
and

and was afraid to awake her. But how much more was *Eliza* alarmed, when she opened her Eyes upon a Gentleman in a Hunting-Dress, gazing at her, with his Horse in his hand! Ashamed to be surpris'd in such Disorder, she started up on her Feet: her first Thought was to have run off directly, without speaking a word; but thinking it vain to fly from one, in whose power she was, or to betray an insignificant Distrust, she chose rather to try his Generosity. She said, she doubted not but he was a little surpris'd at finding a Woman in that Place, and in such an odd Condition, but begged he would suspend his Wonder, till she had an opportunity of informing him more particularly of the Occasion;—that just then she could only tell him, that an extraordinary Accident had brought her into those Circumstances;—and as he had the Appearance of a Gentleman, she did not doubt but he had the Honour of one.—She should therefore put herself under his Protection, and begged that he would conduct her to some Place of Safety. He told her, that he would most cheerfully undertake so agreeable a Charge,—that a Lady of his Acquaintance lived hard by, to whose House he would conduct her, where she might be sure of a hearty Welcome, and to be treated with that Honour she appeared to deserve, till she was recovered of her Fatigue, and in a Condition to remove elsewhere. His open Countenance, and gentleman-like Mien, gave her some degree of Confidence in him, though unknown. And should she be deceived, she did not see how she could secure a civil Usage, by any means so effectual, as by expressing

an entire Trust in her Protector. She frankly accepted his Offer, and returned him Thanks in so graceful a manner, that made him think himself the Debtor. By this time some of the Servants came up. He ordered one of them to take the Lady up behind him, and conducted her himself directly to his Mother's, who lived at her Jointure-House, but a few Miles off. There, *Eliza* found herself among a very different Sett of People from those she had met with at *Lothario's*, and was entertained in quite another manner. The Gentleman informed his Mother of the Distress he found the Lady in, and desired she would lend her friendly Aid to recover her of the Fright and Fatigue she had undergone. The Ladies, like two kindred Souls, soon distinguished each other, and no sooner saw, than they esteemed; at least, formed the most agreeable Ideas the one of the other. *Eliza* being left in good hands, the young Gentleman took his leave, and returned to his own House, full of the Image of the lovely Stranger, whose Aspect and whole Behaviour, raised in him high Admiration and Delight. He imagined to himself a thousand Excellencies concealed under so fair a Form, and a Demeanour so singularly graceful. He was no sooner at home than rushing into a Friend's Apartment who lodged with him, he immediately told him his uncommon Adventure; expatiated much on the Charms and outward Accomplishments of the distressed Stranger, and added, that, if her Character and Merit corresponded to such fair Appearances, he thought her a Treasure worth purchasing at any rate. He was not a little impatient, till he
returned

returned next Day to see her, and enquire after her Health. But how troubled and confounded was he, when he heard that *Eliza* was seized with a Fever? It was, however, of the slighter kind; and when it went off, she appeared to him with new Charms: She had now recovered her natural Looks, and though paler than usual, yet that Pale-ness had something so languishing and soft in it, and so different from that over-heated Flush, which a Conflict of various Passions had given her, that the young Gentleman was quite in Raptures. *Eliza* renewed her Acknowledgments to him for his generous Deliverance and Protection of her, freely confessed she had at first some Suspicion and Distrust of him, as she had had so late a Proof of the Falsehood and Treachery of the Sex, but she was now convinced, by his means, that Men were not all alike. He thanked her for the Compliment she made him, and told her, he was repaid for what he had done, by the Satisfaction she expressed with his Conduct, and the Pleasure he felt in having contributed to the Ease and Safety of so deserving a Lady; and desired she would condescend to inform him of her Misfortune. You have a Right, Sir, answered *Eliza*, to know my Story, and it is fit I should remove any Suspicions, which my being found in such unfavourable Circumstances, may have raised. Upon hearing her Story, her solitary Condition and Way of Life before she was carried off, and particularly the Account of her Family and Relations, how much was he surpris'd and delighted, to find the young Lady the Sister of his Friend and Fellow-Traveller, *Eubulus*, who had returned

returned with him not above a Month before! Joy flowed so full upon him, that *Agathias* was going to have taken *Eliza* in his Arms, and to have made a full Discovery. But he checked himself, and only congratulated her upon her happy Escape; and he made no doubt but that as Heaven had already appeared very seasonably for her Relief, it would at last crown her Virtue with an Happiness proportioned to it. Upon this, he left her.

WHEN *Agathias* and *Eubulus* returned from their Travels, *Eubulus* was extremely troubled to find the Mansion-house desolate, and his dear Sister, his chief Joy in Life, gone, and no body could tell whither.

AGATHIAS told that Friend I mentioned before, who was *Eubulus* himself, (for he had been mostly with him since his Return, not being able to bear the Solitude of his own House, where every Apartment and Field recalled some mournful Image of his heavy Loss;) I say, he told *Eubulus*, that the Lady's Conversation and Manners justified, and even increased the high Esteem he had conceived for her. And, added he, with a kind of Transport of Joy, you yourself, *Eubulus*, shall judge to-morrow, whether I have been hasty in my Opinion.

NEXT Day, he took *Eubulus* with him, to see the unfortunate Stranger. The Mother of *Agathias* had concerted it with her Son, not to reveal any thing to either of them; and had only prepared *Eliza* thus far, as to tell her, she was to introduce to her a particular Friend of her Son.—As *Eubulus* had been several Years abroad, both his and his Sister's Looks were pretty much altered. He could
not

not, however, help feeling some strange Sympathies at his first seeing her, which he did not know, or indeed, endeavour to account for. *Eliza's* Concern was reciprocal, and she was observed to steal several attentive Glances at him, which drew some Blushes from her, when she perceived they were taken notice of. *Agathias*, mean while, and his Mother were greatly delighted with those Kindlings of mutual Sympathy, and a growing Tenderness which they saw flashing, like harmless Lightning, from Eye to Eye. In the Afternoon, they led them into the Garden, where, in a retired Arbour, *Agathias's* Mother begged of *Eliza* to entertain them with an Account of her Story, and the late Accident; for perhaps, added she, the Stranger we have introduced to you is more interested in your Fortunes than you are aware of. *Eliza* would have gladly declined the Task, but as she could not refuse her Benefactress so small a Boon, she, with modest, downcast Eyes, begun her Story from the Time of her first Acquaintance with *Lothario*, and told what had befallen her since, till her fortunate Meeting with *Agathias*, her generous Deliverer. She told her Story so gracefully, represented the Villany of *Lothario* in such soft Terms, and passed over her own Behaviour with such a modest Bashfulness and Humility, as wonderfully moved and charmed *Agathias* and his Mother. *Eubulus* felt an uncommon Tenderness, mixed with Admiration; the Tears started into his Eyes. Madam, said he, give me leave to ask your Name and Family? Alas! Sir, she replied, you desire me to renew my Grief. But that Part of my Story is

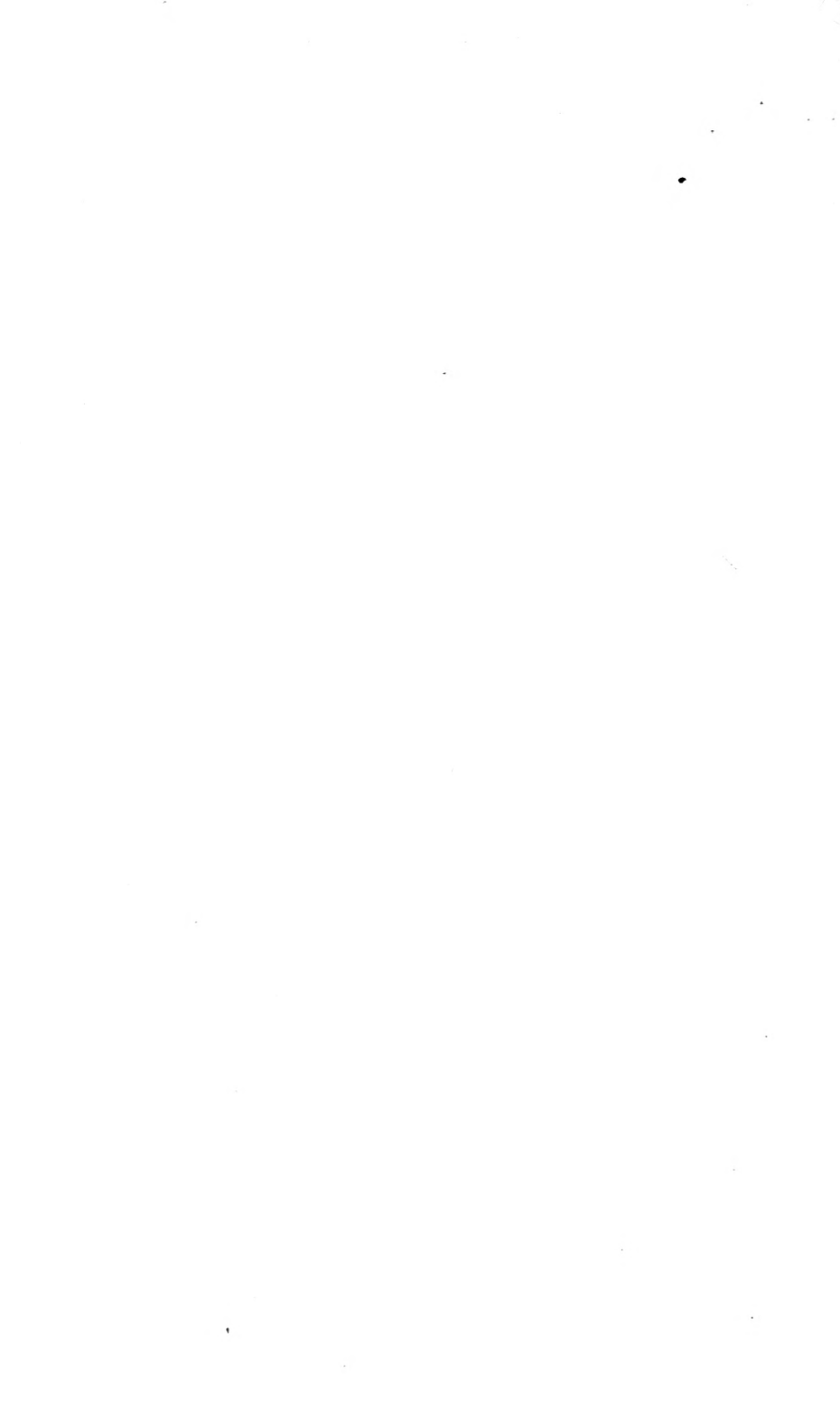
short: My Parents are both dead, my dear Mother last. I had once two Brothers, they went abroad several Years ago, but whether they are dead or alive, I have not lately heard. One of them had been very unhappy; with the other, I had formed a tender and inviolable Friendship: He is now upon his Travels with a Gentleman of Fortune and great Merit. I wish for nothing to repair the Loss of the best of Mothers, and make me completely happy, but to see *him* again. If my dear *Eubulus* be still alive, and it please Heaven to restore him to my sight, O how happy—— She could proceed no farther; Sighs denied a Passage to her Words. *Eubulus*, whose Mind had been all along shaken with a thousand Emotions of Tenderness and Passion, could contain no longer. He started from his Seat, and ran to her in the tenderest Transports, and clasping her in his Arms, burst out, Then, my dearest Sister, be as happy as your Virtue—— Words failed him to say more; a Flood of Tears succeeded, the effect of inexpressible Delight. This unexpected recovering of her Brother, raised in *Eliza's* Breast such a Conflict of agreeable Passions, that she continued some time speechless. Nor were *Agathias* and his Mother less melted with so tender a Scene. *Eliza*, having at length given vent to the Joy which overpowered her, in a liberal Flood of Tears, broke out: O, my dearest *Eubulus*, my Brother! Is it you? Am I, indeed, so happy as to see you again? Has Heaven restored you to me to part no more? Behold there, in the Son of my Benefactress, my Deliverer and Guardian, to whom I owe more than Life, my Honour,

nour, and my All! *You* must acknowledge the immense Debt I owe *him*; I have an Heart to feel, but want Words to express it. O, Madam, replied *Agathias*, your Brother and my Friend, as well as Fellow-Traveller, has already repaid me more substantially than by Words. To his Bravery I owe my Life, which Heaven has prolonged to give me an opportunity of preserving what is infinitely dearer to me. I am more than sufficiently rewarded, in the Pleasure of having contributed to the Ease of one so deserving in herself, and so dear to him. If you, Madam, think there is any thing yet owing, it is you only who can pay it. 'Tis *yourself* I ask, as the full Reward. To possess such a Treasure is all I wish to crown my Happiness. My Fortune is not equal to your Merit, but it will be more than enough, if I can share it with you.—The high Generosity of such a Proposal, so surpris'd and confounded *Eliza*, that she could make no Reply, but her silent Blushes signified her Consent, with a modest and expressive Eloquence, transcending all the Pomp of Words. The Match was concluded in a few days, with the entire Approbation of all their Friends. *Agathias* found that Treasure he wished for and deserved, in the Possession of one of the most virtuous and accomplished of her Sex; and *Eliza's* transient Sufferings, which she bore so gracefully, were rewarded with a Happiness that still continues undecaying, in conjunction with one of the best of Men.

The Absence of the EDITOR from the Press has occasioned the following

E R R A T A.

PAge 6. l. 2. after *as* insert *to*. P. 18. l. 1. for *under* read *by*. l. 9. for *É* read *atque*. P. 20. l. 7. for *warms* read *grows warm*. P. 22. l. 7. after *inclines* insert *thém*. P. 27. l. 13. for *awake* read *awaken*. P. 32. l. 2. for *to call* read *of calling*. P. 36. l. 11. read thus *all round embrace him*. P. 37. l. 25. for *arduous* read *nice*. P. 38. l. 8. for *those* read *certain*. P. 40. l. 4. dele *to*. P. 45. l. 21. after *lose* insert *a little*. P. 48. l. 14. for *do* read *does*. l. 32. read *will become*. P. 81. l. 22. for *include* read *includes*. P. 82. l. 5. for *piercest* read *pierces*. P. 104. l. 23. before *tired* read *being*. P. 124. l. 27. for *Character* read *Charter*. P. 152. l. 11. before *homely* read *an*. P. 161. l. 15. after *Mankind* read *there*. P. 167. l. 21. for *cool* read *calm*. P. 185. l. 2. for *theseread* read *those*. P. 201. l. 31. for *ogether* read *together*. P. 223. l. 26. for *Crimes* read *Vices*. P. 249. l. 15. for *thing* read *Pretence*. P. 265. l. 7. for *devout* read *deep-felt*. P. 266. l. ult. for *mixed* read *unmixed*. P. 267. l. 25. for *fair* read *fairer*. P. 280. l. 27. instead of a *Full Stop* put a *Colon*. P. 282. l. 27. for *lest* read *that*. P. 286. l. 17. for *equally* read *intrinsically*. P. 291. l. 30. for *inferiour* read *interiour*. P. 293. l. 1. read *Usage*. P. 295. l. 13. after *Virtue* put a *Comma*. P. 311. l. 9. read *with the mere Possession*. P. 323. l. 32. for *appear* read *appeared*. P. 324. l. 7. dele *positive*. P. 327. l. 7. for *designed* read *deigned*. P. 330. l. 24. after *there are* insert *however*. P. 339. l. 6. dele the *Comma* after *Resignation*. P. 340. l. 3. for *Interventions* read *Intervention*. P. 341. l. 13. for *Irradiations* read *Irradiations*. P. 352. l. 15. dele the *Semicolon* after *Prometheus*. P. 356. l. 31. for *not so* read *as*. P. 358. l. 23. for *carry along* read *exhibit*. P. 362. l. 9. for *and* read *or*. P. 364. l. 20. for *innteresting* read *interesting*. P. 364. l. 7. and 365. l. 3. for *Sinner* read *Pharisee*. P. 375. l. 8. for *Theology* read *Theogony*. P. 391. l. 19. for *and* read *I* l. 32. and 33. read thus, *not of a little Corporation only*. P. 405. l. 8. for *Cafe* read *Case*.





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