

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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MELANCHOLY;

AS IT PROCEEDS FROM
THE DISPOSITION AND HABIT,
THE PASSION OF LOVE,
AND
THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGION.

DRAWN CHIEFLY FROM
THE CELEBRATED WORK
INTITLED

Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy;

AND IN WHICH THE
KINDS, CAUSES, CONSEQUENCES AND CURES
OF
THIS ENGLISH MALADY

“ ——— are traced from within
“ Its inmost centre to its outmost skin.”

“ Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased,
“ Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
“ Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
“ And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
“ Cleanse the fowl bosom of that perilous stuff
“ Which weighs upon the heart?”

SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, Act V. Scene III.

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MELANCOLY;

THE DISPOSITION AND HABIT
THE PASSION OF LOVE,
AND
THE INFLUENCE OF ILLNESS

DRAWN CHIEFLY FROM
THE CELEBRATED WORK
INTITLED

Everson's Anatomy of the Mind

AND IN WHICH

KINDS CAUSES, CONSEQUENCES AND CURES

OF
THIS ENGLISH MALADY

"The most common of its causes is
the loss of sleep."

"Which weighs upon the heart
Changes the food, because of that he
And with some sweet oblivion
Rave out the written troubles of the
Take from the next - a look
Canst thou not read it - a sad sight

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LONDON

Printed by J. G. and H. J. G. at the
Office of the
1841

P R E F A C E.

THE author of the celebrated work intitled "THE ANATOMY of MELANCHOLY," has, in its several divisions, respectively shewn, that an inordinate pursuit of the common pleasures of life, an unrestrained indulgence of the affections of the heart, and a mistaken notion of our duties towards God, become, when carried to excess, not only the bane of virtue, and, of course, the destruction of earthly happiness, but the principal causes of that preternatural fermentation of the brain, which in time breaks down the mental beam, and precipitates the unhappy sufferers into the gulphs of melancholy, madness,

or despair. He has not, however, left the patients to linger under these maladies without hope of relief, but, while he traces the several causes from which they flow, has, like a kind physician, pointed out the means by which they may be prevented or cured; by shewing that the pleasures of life, to be truly enjoyed, must be guided by TEMPERANCE; that the affections of the heart, to produce felicity, must spring from A CHASTE MIND; and that the adoration of God, to warrant a hope of eternal happiness, must be the effluence of CHRISTIAN PIETY. “It is
“certainly of the highest importance,” says a celebrated moralist, “that, in
“the *common concerns of life*, the
“mind should maintain its sovereignty
“over its own motions and affections,
“which

“ which tend, in general, to impair the
“ health of the body, to destroy the
“ vigour of the soul, to cast clouds of
“ the thickest darkness over the judg-
“ ment and understanding, and to
“ wrest them violently from the prin-
“ ciples of reason and the paths of
“ duty; that the *passion of Love* should
“ be so wisely managed and mode-
“ rated by the powers of reason, as
“ not to fix itself upon an improper
“ object, procure base or unworthy
“ fuel for its flame, prevent, in its
“ enjoyments, the discharge of other
“ duties, or degenerate into disquie-
“ tude or disease;” and that, among
“ the opinions which it highly con-
“ cerns all persons to settle and em-
“ brace, the chief are those which
“ relate to the adoration of THE AL-
“ MIGHTY;

“MIGHTY; the practice of *the true Religion* being the only foundation of that sweet tranquillity, and acquiescence of mind, which MAN inwardly enjoys; and the very fence and bulwark of that probity which he is bound to exercise towards his fellow creatures.” These are the doctrines which it seems the object of *“The Anatomy of Melancholy”* to inculcate: but the author, in performing this task, having, to a certain degree, so overwhelmed the strong sense, pointed wit, happy illustrations, bold metaphors, and humorous observations, which his work contains, with long, though ingenious digressions; multitudes of quotations, frequent repetitions, and other extraneous or superabundant matter, as to render the

regular

regular perusal of it laborious and fatiguing, it was conceived that a selection of its principal parts might be made to form not only an entertaining, but an instructive volume. In attempting, however, to carry this idea into effect, it was found, to use the author's own expression, "impossible" to bring so large a vessel into so small "a creek," without in some degree changing its form, as well as reducing its size, and leaving much of its very excellent materials behind. To reconstruct a new work with old materials, is always difficult, and frequently dangerous: the attempt, however, has been made in the following pages; but with what success the public must determine. The volume, compared with its great original, is a mere boat,
formed

formed with a few planks, taken here and there from the body of its parent vessel, differently rigged and ornamented, and accommodated rather for parties of pleasure than purposes of business; but so trimmed, it is hoped, as to be capable of shewing to its passengers, the superior pleasures that are to be experienced on the calm and unruffled surface of a virtuous life; while it exhibits to their view, the terrifying dangers of that turbulent ocean which, agitated by the storms of Passion, and the winds of Vice, dashes with rude and raging violence along its surrounding shores. The volume, in short, to drop the metaphor, is intended to convince youth of both sexes, that a life abandoned to an intemperate pursuit of pleasure, however

ever pleasing it may at first appear, destroys the sense of rational enjoyment, deadens the faculties of the mind, weakens the functions of the body, corrupts both the moral and intellectual system, creates a disgusting apathy and langour, and ends at last in *Habitual Melancholy*: That the romantic attachment of the sexes, which is denominated *Heroic Love*, indangers the interests of virtue, destroys those sentiments on which alone THE CONJUGAL UNION can be safely formed; leads at first to disappointment and vexation, and ends at last in certain misery: and that ATHEISM, IDOLATRY, SUPERSTITION, INFIDELITY, and every other erroneous species of devotion, beguile their followers into the deepest snares of vice, afflict

afflict their souls with all the horrors a wounded conscience can inspire, and at last sink them into the lowest abyss of despair. But while it describes the poisons, it administers the antidotes, by shewing, not austerely, but in a lively and pleasant manner, that health of body, and perfect serenity of mind, may, amidst all the pleasures, and under all the adversities and vicissitudes of life, be completely preserved by a life devoted to the practice of REAL VIRTUE and TRUE RELIGION.



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MELANCHOLY;

AS IT PROCEEDS FROM

HABIT—LOVE—RELIGION.

WITH ITS RESPECTIVE

KINDS, CAUSES, CONSEQUENCES,

AND

CURES.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

INTRODUCTION.

MMELANCHOLY proceeds either from *the disposition* or *the habit*. The species of melancholy which proceeds from *the disposition*, is merely a temporary depression of the spirits, which goes and comes upon every small occasion of sorrow, sickness, need, fear, grief, care, discontent, trouble, passion, or other perturbation of the mind, and causes such a degree of anguish or vexation, as diminishes or destroys the common sensations of pleasure. In this imperfect acceptance of the term, a person who is in any degree ill disposed, dull, sad, sour, solitary, mopish, or otherwise moved or dejected, is said to be MELANCHOLY: and, indeed, from this species of the disease no human creature is entirely

B

tirely

tirely free: there is no one so well composed, so wise, so happy, so generous, so godly, so divine, or even so unfeeling, as not to be occasionally cast down by the petty cares, or greater vexations of life. Discontent is the characteristic of humanity; the condition upon which we are permitted to hold our frail and feverish beings; and denotes the imperfection of our mortal state. "Man that is born of a woman," says the patient and pious Job, "is of short continuance, and full of trouble." The mild and peaceful *Socrates*,* whose outward demeanour no adversity

* This great and extraordinary man was born at *Alopece*, a village near *Athens*, in the fourth year of the seventy-seventh Olympiad. His father, *Sophronicus*, was a mason; and his mother, *Pbanareta*, a midwife; but, by the generous assistance of *Crito*, a wealthy Athenian, and his own wonderful powers of mind, he soon emerged from the obscurity of his origin, and became equally great both in ARTS and in ARMS. It was not, indeed, until he was sixty years of age, that he was called from the labours of war, and the studies of philosophy, to serve his country in any civil office, when he was chosen to represent his own district in the council of Five Hundred; but after serving the state with the highest honour, and most inflexible integrity, he was condemned by the artifices of *Militus*, *Lycon*, and other factious leaders of the opposite party, to die by poison: and it is impossible, as *Cicero* has justly observed, to read the story of his death without shedding a profusion of tears. In the midst of domestic vexation and public disorder, this amiable philosopher and excellent man retained such unruffled serenity, that he was never seen either to leave his own house, or to return

verty could disturb, who, amidst a multitude of miseries, still preserved the same serenity of countenance, was, as his disciple *Plato* informs us, greatly subject to this melancholy disposition: and *Quintus Metellus*, the celebrated Roman senator and consul, though wise, virtuous, rich, highly honoured, beloved by a beautiful wife, blessed in a happy offspring, surrounded with troops of friends, and in every respect illustriously fortunate, had his share of sorrows, and frequently felt the pangs of this transitory disease.* It is, indeed, a doom from which no

B 2

man

turn home with an unsettled countenance. In acquiring this entire dominion over his passions and appetites, he had the greater merit, as it was not effected without a violent struggle against his natural propensities; for he admitted that he was by his natural disposition prone to vice. He estimated the value of knowledge by its utility; and recommended the sciences only so far as they admit of a practical application to the purposes of human life. His great object, in all his discourses, was to lead men to an acquaintance with themselves; to convince them of their follies and vices; to inspire them with the love of virtue; and to furnish them with useful moral instruction. He was (says *Cicero*) the first who called down philosophy from heaven to earth, and introduced her into the public walks, and domestic retirements of men, that she might instruct them concerning life and manners. He died acknowledging with his last breath his conviction of the immortality of the soul, and a fearful hope of a happy existence after death.

* This observation cannot be intended of *Quintus Metellus Celer*, the confidential friend of *Cicero*, and *Prætor* during his consulate;

man is permitted to set himself free: of the truth of which the story of *Polycrates*, the tyrant of *Samos*, is a remarkable instance. This vain and avaricious man, to interrupt and bring into balance the continued course of his good fortune, threw the dearest and most precious jewel he had into the sea, believing that by this voluntary search of unhappiness, he should subdue and defeat the ordinary vicissitudes of fortune; but she, to ridicule his folly, restored it to him again shortly after, by causing him to find it in the mouth of a fish, which he took while he was angling; and by thus thwarting his impious expectation, rendered him unhappy. Misery is the lot of man: there is nothing so prosperous and pleasant, but it has some bitterness mixed with it. As the rose tree is composed of the sweetest flowers, and the sharpest

consulate; for this *Metellus* was married to *Clodia*, the sister of *Clodius*, a profligate abandoned woman, who, instead of bestowing her fondness on her husband, gave it indiscriminately to almost every admirer of her beauty; and, after thus dishonouring the nuptial bed, at length put an end to her husband's life by poison. It is more applicable to *Quintus Cæcilius Metellus*, called *Numidicus*, the Roman general, in the war against *Jugurtha*. "To act ill in any circumstances," said he, "is the effect of a corrupt heart; to act well when there is nothing to fear, is the merit of a common man; but to act well when a man exposes himself to the greatest hazards, is peculiar to the truly virtuous." He was banished from his country by the factions of *Marius*; but was soon recalled by that spirit of patriotism, which never entirely deserts statesmen of true dignity and real virtue.

sharpest thorns ; as the heavens are sometimes fair, and sometimes overcast, alternately tempestuous and serene, so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and with pains. *Invicem cedunt dolor et voluptas.* “ The heart,” says *Solomon*,* “ even in the midst of laughter, is sorrowful ; and the end of mirth is heaviness.” Even in the midst of all our feasting and jollity, there is grief and discontent. †

————— for still some bitter thought destroys
Our fancied mirth, and poisons all our joys. †

The world produces for every pint of honey, a gallon of gall ; for every dram of pleasure, a pound of pain ; for every inch of mirth, an ell of moan ; and as the ivy twines around the oak, so does misery and misfortune encompass the happiness of man. Felicity, pure and unalloyed felicity,

B 3

city,

* Prov. xiv. 13.

† St. Austin on 41st Psalm,

‡ ————— quoniam medio de fonte lepôrum,
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat.

LUCRETIVS, *Lib. 4. lig. 1124.*

And which *Dryden* has finely translated,

“ For in the fountain where the sweets are sought,
“ Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the draught.”

city, is not a plant of earthly growth;* her gardens are the skies. Misfortune, to convince us of its power, lies in wait to annoy us every hour of our lives. The condition of human nature resembles a table chequered with compartments of black and white: potentates and people have their rise and fall; cities and families their trines and sextiles, their quartiles and oppositions. Man is not placed on earth as the sun, the moon, the stars, and all the heavenly hosts, are placed on high, to run their courses, from age to age, with unerring constancy, and undeviating rectitude; but is subject to infirmities, miseries, interruptions; liable to be tossed and tumbled up and down, to be carried about with every veering wind, and to be disquieted and annoyed upon every light occasion. It is this sense of our situation, and of the danger to which we are exposed both from ourselves and others, that causes all our woe; and he who does not know this, says
the

* There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse,
A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
Our thoughtless agitation's idle child,
That mantles high, that sparkles and expires,
Leaving the soul more vapid than before;
An animal evation! such as holds
No commerce with our reason, but subsists
On juices, thro' the well-ton'd tubes well strain'd;
A nice machine! scarce ever tun'd aright,
And when it jars—the sirens sing no more.

the learned *Gallobelgicus*, and is not prepared to suffer or resist his afflictions like a good soldier of Christ, is not fit to live.* It is certainly in our power to bury all adversity, as it were, in oblivion, and to call our prosperity to mind with pleasure and delight; and “it is the husbandman who laboureth,” says *St. Paul*, “that will be the first partaker of the fruits.” But man, vain, weak man, instead of embracing the wise counsel of this eloquent divine, and counteracting the effects of discontent and misery, by the exertions of reason, instead of arming himself with patience and magnanimity, gives way to his passions, makes no opposition to the dejection which is seizing on his soul, indulges the growing *disposition* to melancholy, suffers his mind to be overcome by its effects, and, by voluntarily subjecting himself to its influence, precipitates himself into a labyrinth of cares, until *the disposition* to melancholy becomes an *habitual* disease. “A single distillation,” says *Seneca*, “not yet grown into a custom, pro-

B 4

“duces

* “To judge,” says an elegant writer, “concerning the conduct of others, and to indulge observations on the instability of human enjoyments, may assist in the discipline of our own minds; but to allow reflections of this kind to become *habitual*, and to *preside in our souls*, is to counteract the good intention of nature: in order, therefore, to anticipate *a disposition so very painful* to ourselves, and so disagreeable to others, we ought to learn, before we engage in the commerce of the world, what we may expect from society and from every individual.

“duces a cough; but if it be long continued, and
“inveterate, it causes a *consumption of the lungs*;
“for many effects continued create a disease.”

So the indulgence of melancholy dispositions, according to the intention or remission of the humour which gives them birth, and in proportion as the mind is well or ill enabled to resist their progress, destroys the health and happiness of man. A distressing event which to one kind of temper would be no more than a fleabiting, will to another cause insufferable pain; and what one, by philosophic moderation, and well-composed carriage, is happily enabled to overcome, a second, especially if in habits of solitude and idleness, is unhappily no ways enabled to endure; but, upon every petty occasion of misconceived abuse, injury, grief, disgrace, or other vexation, yields so far to his wounded feelings, that his complexion alters, his digestion is impeded, his sleep interrupted, his spirits subdued, his heart oppressed, and his whole frame so misaffected, that he sinks, overwhelmed with misery, into profound despair. As a man when he is once imprisoned for debt, finds that every creditor immediately brings his action against him, and joins to keep him in ruinous captivity; so when any discontent seriously seizes on the human mind, all other perturbations instantly set upon it; and then like a lame dog, or a broken-winged goose, the unhappy patient droops and pines away, and

is brought at last to the ill habit or malady of *melancholy* itself.* Philosophers make eight degrees of heat and eight degrees of cold; but we might make eighty-eight degrees of melancholy, according as the parts are diversly affected, or the patient is more or less plunged, or has waded deeper into this infernal gulph. But all these melancholy fits, however pleasing or displeasing, weak or violent, controulable or tyrannizing, they may at first be to those whom they seize on for a time, are but improperly denominated melancholy, because they do not continue, but come and go as the objects vary by which they are induced. Pain and uneasiness give rise to this disorder, and changes its appearance and complexion, according as the sources from which it flows is either gentle and languishing, or imbittered with rancour and animosity: but let the muse describe its sweet or sour effects as images of joy or grief present themselves alternately to the patient's mind.

B 5

When

* "The beasts," says MONTAIGNE, "shew us plainly how much our diseases are owing to the perturbations of our minds. We are told that the inhabitants of *Brazil* die merely of old age, owing to the serenity and tranquillity of the air in which they live; but I ascribe it rather to the serenity and tranquillity of their souls, which are free from all passion, thought, or laborious and unpleasant employment. As great enmities spring from great friendships, and mortal distempers from vigorous health, so do the most surprizing and the wildest phrensies from the high and lively agitations of our souls.

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown;
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, void of care,
Pleasing myself with phantoms sweet,
The time, methinks, runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly;
Naught so sweet as MELANCHOLY.

When I lie waking all alone,
Recounting all the ills I've done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprize;
Whether I tarry still, or go,
The time, methinks, moves very slow:
All my griefs to this are jolly;
Naught so sad as MELANCHOLY.

When to myself I talk and smile,
And time, with pleasing thoughts, beguile,
By brawling brook, or hedge-row green,
Unheard, unsought for, and unseen,
A thousand joys my mind possess,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly;
None so sweet as MELANCHOLY.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
And sigh aloud with grievous moan,
In some dark grove, or dismal den,
With discontents and furies, then
A thousand miseries at once
My heavy heart and soul ensconce;
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so sour as MELANCHOLY.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
 Sweet musick's wond'rous minstrelsy;
 Towns, palaces, and cities fine:
 Now here, then there, the world is mine;
 Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
 Whate'er is lovely or divine.
 All other joys to this are folly;
 None so sweet as MELANCHOLY.

But when methinks I hear, and see,
 Ghosts, goblins, fiends; my phantasie
 Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
 Headless bears, black men, and apes:
 Doleful outcries, dreadful sights,
 My sad and dismal soul affrights.
 All my griefs to this are jolly;
 None so damn'd as MELANCHOLY.

Methinks I court, methinks I kiss,
 With glowing warmth, my fair mistress;
 O blessed days! O sweet content!
 In paradise my hours are spent:
 Still may such thoughts my fancy move,
 And fill my ardent soul with love.
 All my joys to this are folly,
 Naught so sweet as MELANCHOLY.

But when I feel love's various frights,
 Deep sighs, sad tears, and sleepless nights,
 My jealous fits, my cruel fate!
 I then repent, but 'tis too late:
 No torment is so bad as love,
 So bitter to my soul can prove:
 All my griefs to this are jolly;
 Naught so harsh as MELANCHOLY.

Friends and companions, get ye gone,
 'Tis my desire to be alone;
 Ne'er well, but when my thoughts and I
 Do domineer in privacy.

No gem, no treasure like to this;
 'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss:
 All my joys to this are folly;
 Naught so sweet as MELANCHOLY.

'Tis my sole plague to be alone;
 I am a beast, a monster grown;
 I shun all light and company,
 I find them now my misery:
 The scene is chang'd, my joys are gone;
 Fears, discontents, and sorrows come:
 All my griefs to this are jolly;
 Naught so fierce as MELANCHOLY.

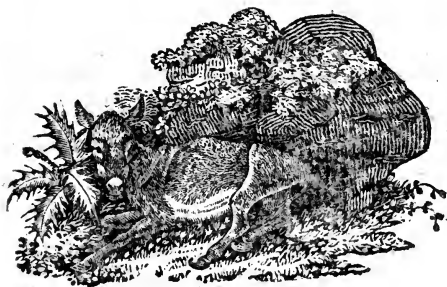
I'll not change life with any king;
 I ravish'd am; can the world bring
 More joy than still to laugh and smile,
 And time in pleasant toys beguile?
 Do not, O do not, trouble me,
 So sweet content I feel and see:
 All my joys to this are folly;
 None so divine as MELANCHOLY.

I'll change my state with any wretch,
 Thou can'st from gaol or dunghill fetch:
 My pain's past cure, another hell:
 I cannot in this torment dwell.
 Now desperate, I hate my life;
 And seek a halter or a knife:
 All my griefs to this are jolly;
 Naught so damn'd as MELANCHOLY.

But

But the melancholy of which we intend to treat in the following pages, is not merely *the transitory dejection of spirits* above-mentioned, but a permanent and habitual disorder of the intellect, *morbus fonicus aut chronicus*; a noisome, chronic, or continue disease; a settled humour, not errant, but fixed and grown into an inveterate *habit*. It is, in short, that

“ ————— Dull melancholy,
Whose drossy thoughts drying the feeble brain,
Corrupts the sense, deludes the intellect,
And in the soul's fair table falsely graves
Whole squadrons of fantastical chimeras.”



CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE DEFINITION, AFFECTION, MATTER,
AND SPECIES OF MELANCHOLY.

MMELANCHOLY derives its name from the Greek word *Μελαγχολια*, QUASI, *Μελαιναχολη*, which signifies that *black choler* which corrodes the constitution of the patient during the prevalency of the disease. The descriptions, notations, and definitions which are given of it, are many and various; and it is even doubted whether it be a cause or an effect; an original disorder, or only a symptom of some other complaint.

Fracaſtorius, in his second book “of Intellect,” calls those melancholy “whom abundance of that same depraved humour of *black choler* has so misaffected, that they become mad, and doat in most things, or in all belonging to election, will, or other manifest operations of the understanding:” and others, as *Galen*,*
Melanelius,

* *Claudius Galenus* was born at Pergamus in the year of our Lord 131. His father was a celebrated architect, and spared no pains in the education of his son; but medicine was his favourite study;

*Melanelius, Ruffus**, *Ætius*, † *Hercules de Saxonia, Fuschius*, ‡ *Arnoldus Breviarus*, § *Guianerius*, || *Paulus*, ¶ *Halyabbas, Aretæus*, ** *Montanus*, †† and other celebrated writers upon this subject, describe it to be “ a bad and peevish
“ disease;

study; and he attained so profound a knowledge of this art, that his contemporaries attributed his success to the power of magic; but Nature and the works of *Hippocrates* were his best instructors. After having gained great reputation under the reigns of the *Antonines, Marcus Aurelius*, and other Emperors, he died in the place of his nativity in the year 210.

* *Ruffus* was a physician at *Ephesus*, and attained a high degree of reputation under the Emperor *Trajan*. His works, which are frequently cited by *Suidas*, were published at London in 1726, in quarto.

† *Ætius* lived very near the end of the fifth or in the beginning of the sixth century.

‡ *Leonard Tusch*, or *Fuschius*, was born at *Wemdingen*, in *Bavaria*, in 1051, and died in 1566.

§ *Arnold of Villeneuve*, a physician of the thirteenth century.

|| *John Guianerius* was born at *Anternach* in the year 1487, and was afterwards appointed physician to Francis the First. He died in the year 1574.

¶ *Francis Paul*, a physician of the academies of *Montpellier* and *Marseilles*, was born at *St. Chamas* in *Provence*, and died in 177, at the age of forty-three years.

** *Aretæus* of *Cappadocia*, a Grecian physician, of the sect of *Pneumatics*, lived under *Julius Cæsar* or *Trajan*.

†† *John Baptist Montanus*, of *Verona*, was born in the year 1498, and died on the 6th of May, 1551. He was esteemed a second *Galen*, and enjoyed the double advantage of being the first poet and the first physician of his age.

“ disease, which makes men degenerate into
 “ beasts ;” — “ a privation or infection of the
 “ middle cell of the head ;” — “ a depravation of
 “ the principal function by means of *black cho-*
 “ *ler* ;” — “ a commotion of the mind, or per-
 “ petual anguish of the soul, fastened on one
 “ thing, without an ague or fever ; having for
 “ its ordinary companion fear and sadness, with-
 “ out any apparent occasion.” It is said to be
 a *dotage*, to shew that some one principal faculty,
 as the imagination, or the reason, is corrupted,
 as it is with all melancholy persons : it is said
 to be *an anguish* of the principal parts of the mind,
 with a view to distinguish it from cramp, palsy,
 and such diseases as affect the outward sense and
 motion of the body : it is said to be a *depravation*
 of the principal function, in order to distinguish
 it from fatuity and madness, in which those func-
 tions are rather abolished than depraved : it is
 said to be unaccompanied by ague or fever, because
 the humour is most part cold, dry, and contrary
 to putrefaction ; and which distinguishes it from
 those disorders which are called phrensies : and it
 is said to be attended with vain fears and ground-
 less sorrows, in order to differ it from madness, and
 from the effects of the ordinary passions of fear and
 sorrow, which are the true characteristics and in-
 separable companions of most, though not of all,
 melancholy men ; for there are some who can freely
 smile

smile and laugh, while others are free both from grief and apprehension, in the very crisis of the complaint.

The principal part affected by this disease is said by some writers to be THE HEART; because that is the region from whence the passions of fear and sorrow generally arise: but *Laurentius*, *Hippocrates*, *Galen*, and most of the Arabian writers, with greater reason contend, that, as melancholy is a species of dotage, THE BRAIN must, either by consent, or essence, be first affected, as being a similar part: not, indeed, in its ventricles, or by any obstruction in them, for then it would be *apoplexy*, or *epilepsy*; but by a cold, dry distemperature of its very substance, which, when overheated, produces madness; and when rendered too cold and dry, engenders melancholy. *Montaltus*, however, insists, that not only the heart, but the whole frame and contexture of the body, is in general affected by this disease; not originally, but sympathetically, by reason of the intimate connection which almost every part holds with the brain; for these parts do, by the law of nature, sympathize, and have a fellow-feeling with each other: and indeed, as the malady is originally induced by a disordered imagination, and the powers of the imagination are subject to, and controuled by, the constitution

tution of the body, it follows that the brain, as the seat of REASON, must needs be the part that is first misaffected; and then the heart, as the seat of AFFECTION. This question has been copiously discussed by *Cappivaccius* and *Mercurialis*,* who agree in the opinion, that the subject is the inner brain, from whence it is by sympathy communicated to the heart, and other inferior parts, which are greatly affected when the disease comes by consent, and proceeds from any disorder in the stomach, liver, spleen, pylorus, or meseraick veins; for the human frame is so fearfully and wonderfully constructed, so curiously wrought, framed in such nice proportions, and united with such admirable art and harmony, as *Ludovicus Vives*,† in his Fable of Man, has elegantly

* *Jerome Mercurialis*, a celebrated physician, frequently called the *Esculapius* of his age, was born at *Forli*, in the year 1530, and died on the 13th of November, 1596. *Padua*, *Bologna*, and *Pisa*, were the principal places in which he practised; and he excelled as much in giving salutary advice to those who were well, as in giving perfect health to those who were ill. His grateful countrymen erected a statue in honour of his memory.

† *John Louis Vives*, born at *Valencia*, in *Spain*, in the year 1492, taught the *belles lettres* at *Louvain* with such great applause, that he was invited to *England* to teach *Queen Mary* the Latin tongue. He was confined six months in prison by *Henry the Eighth*, for having expressed his disapprobation of the King's divorce from *Queen Catherine*. He died at *Bruges*, on the 6th of May, 1540. *Eraſmus*, *Budæus*, and *Vives*, passed for the most

elegantly shewn, that, like a clock, or other piece of mechanism, if one wheel be amiss, all the rest are affected, and the whole fabric disordered. Many doubts, however, have been entertained, as to what property of the brain it is, whether it be the imagination, or the reason alone, or both together, that first feels this depraved affection. *Galen*, *Ætius*, *Altomarus*, and *Bruel*, are of opinion, that the defect first seizes on the imagination only; but *Montaltus* confutes this theory, and illustrates a contrary doctrine, by the examples of a man whose mind was so deranged by this disease, that he thought himself a shell-fish; and of a monk, who would not be persuaded but that he was damned; for in these instances, *the reason*, as well as *the imagination*, must have been defective, or the mind would have been still competent to correct the errors, and detect the fallacy of such extravagant conceptions; and to this opinion, *Avicenna*, *Aretæus*, *Gorgonius*, *Guianerius*, and most writers, subscribe. Certain it is, that the imagination is hurt and misaffected: and I coincide with *Albertinus Bottonus*, a celebrated doctor of *Padua*,
that

most learned men of the age, and formed a kind of triumvirate in literature; but *Vives* was very inferior to *Erasmus* in wit, and to *Budæus* in learning. His style, though pure, is hard and dry, and his observations are frequently rather bold than true; but, notwithstanding these defects, he possessed considerable merit.

that the disease first affects the imagination, and afterwards, as it becomes more or less inveterate, or is of longer or shorter duration, depraves the reason: and there is no doubt, as *Hercules de Saxonia* justly concludes, that not only faith, opinion, and discourse, but the seat of reason itself, may be materially injured, by the continued effects of a diseased imagination.*

The inhabitants of climates where the extremes of heat and cold prevail; those who possess

* The distinct offices of the Reason and the Imagination has been elegantly described by DR. AKENSIDE in the following lines :

————— For of all
 The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
 Creative Wisdom gave to lift his eye
 To TRUTH's eternal treasures; thence to frame
 The sacred laws of action and of will,
 Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
 And temperance from folly. But beyond
 This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
 Assenting REASON, the benignant Sire,
 To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,
 Has added bright IMAGINATION's rays;
 Where Virtue rising from the awful depth
 Of Truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
 The unadorn'd condition of her birth;
 And dress'd by FANCY in ten thousand hues,
 Assumes a various feature, to attract,
 With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
 The hearts of men. —————

feels a swarthy, or high sanguine complexion; who have hot hearts, moist brains, dry livers, and cold stomachs; who are discontented, passionate, and peevish, and are of a middle age; are most liable to be affected with this complaint, which certainly prevails more among men than women: but none of any complexion, condition, sex, or age, even the most merry and the most pleasant, the lightest heart, the freest mind, none, excepting only fools and stoics, who are never troubled with any passion or affection, but, like *Anacreon's* grasshopper, live *sine sanguine et dolore*,* are exempt from this

* The grasshopper, as appears from *Ælian*, was formerly esteemed sacred to the muses; and, from the exility of its nature, a kind of rural deity, deriving its nourishment not from the gross productions of the earth, but from the dews of heaven: *Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ*, says *VIRGIL*, in his fifth Eclogue: "Bees feed on thyme, and grasshoppers on dew;" and were supposed, like the deities of *HOMER*, to be free from blood. The Ode of *ANACREON* on this musical insect, as *THEOCRITUS* terms it, has been thus translated:

Thee, sweet grasshopper, we call
 Happiest of insects all,
 Who from spray to spray can't skip,
 And the dew of morning sip.
 Little sips inspire to sing,
 Then thou art happy as a king.
 All whatever thou can't see,
 Herbs and flowers, belong to thee;

this melancholy catalogue; and indeed, as *Rafis* justly observes, “the finest wits, and most generous spirits, are, before others, most obnoxious to it;” “for they are,” says *Montaigne*, “ruined by their own strength and vivacity.

“Great wits to madmen nearly are ally’d,

“And thin partitions do their bounds divide.”

THE MATTER OF MELANCHOLY has been a subject of much controversy among the learned; and neither *Galen*, nor any of the old writers, have sufficiently explained what this humour is, whence

All the various seasons yield,
 All the produce of the field.
 Thou, quite innocent of harm,
 Lov’st the farmer and the farm.
 Singing sweet when summer’s near,
 Thou to all mankind art dear;
 Dear to all the tuneful Nine,
 Seated round the throne divine;
 Dear to Phœbus, God of Day;
 He inspires thy mighty lay;
 And with voice melodious blest,
 And in vivid colours drest,
 Thou from spoil of time art free;
 Age can never injure thee.
 Wisest daughter of the earth!
 Fond of song, and full of mirth;
 Free from flesh, exempt from pains,
 No blood riots in thy veins.
 To the blest I equal thee,
 Little demi-deity.

whence it proceeds, or how it is engendered. *Montanus*, in his Consultations, and *Arculanus*, contrary to the opinion of *Paracelsus*, who wholly rejects and derides the division of four humours and complexions, hold melancholy to be material, and immaterial; that the material, or natural melancholy, proceeds from one of the four humours of which the blood is composed; and that the immaterial, or unnatural, which *Galen* and *Hercules de Saxonia* say, resides in the spirits alone, proceeds from "a hot, cold, dry, moist distemperature; which, without matter, alters the substance of the brain, and changes its functions." This material melancholy is either simple or mixed, offending in quantity or quality; varying according to the place on which it settles in the brain, the spleen, the meseraick veins, the heart, or the stomach; and differing according to the mixture of those natural humours among themselves, or according as the four unnatural or adust humours are diversely tempered and intermixed. In a body that is cold and dry, if the natural melancholy abound to a greater degree than the body is enabled to bear, the body must unavoidably be distempered, and impregnated with disease; so if a body be depraved, whether the depravity arise from melancholy engendered from adust choler, or from blood, the like effects will be produced. There

is

is some difference of opinion whether this melancholy matter may be engendered of all the four humours. *Galen, Valeſius, Menardus, Fuſchius, Montaltus,* and *Montanus*, aſſert that it may be engendered of three alone, excluding flegm or *pituita*; but *Hercules de Saxonia, Cardan, Guianerius,* and *Laurentius*, hold that it may be engendered of flegm *etſi rarò contingat*, though it ſeldom come to paſs; and *Melanct*, in his book *De Anima*, and Chapter of Humours, ſays, that he was an eye-witneſs of it, and calls it *affininam*; a dull and ſwiniſh melancholy. But *Wecker* ſays, from *melancholy aduſt* ariſes one kind; from *cholera* another, which is moſt brutiſh; from *flegm* another, which is dull; and from *blood* another, which is the beſt. Of theſe, ſome are cold and dry; others, hot and dry; according as their mixtures are more or leſs intenſe or remitted: and, indeed, *Rodericus à Fons* clearly demonſtrates, that *ichores*, and all ferous matters, when thickened to a certain degree, become *flegm*; that *flegm* degenerates into *cholera*; and that *cholera aduſt* becomes *æruſinoſa melancholia*; as the pureſt wine, when greatly putriſied, makes the ſharpeſt vinegar. When this humour, therefore, is ſharp, it produces troubleſome thoughts, and direful dreams; if cold, it is the cauſe of dotage, fatuity, and ſottiſhneſs; and if intenſely hot, it fires the
brain,

brain, and produces raving madness. The colour also of this mixture varies in proportion to its degrees of heat and coldness, as a burning coal, when it is hot, shines; and when it is cold, looks black. This diversity of the matter of melancholy produces a diversity of effects; for if it be within the body without being putrefied, it causes *black jaundice*; if putrefied, a *quartan ague*; if it peers through the skin, *leprosy*; and if it trouble the mind, it produces, according to its intermixtures, the several species of madness and of melancholy.

THE SPECIES OF MELANCHOLY, therefore, must be as various as the modes of its matter are diverse and confused. This variety has occasioned both the old and new writers upon this subject to confound madness with melancholy, and to treat them as the same disease, differing from each other only in extent and degree, as the humour is intense or remitted. Some make only two distinct species of melancholy; but others acknowledge a multitude of kinds, and leave them, as *Ætius*, in his *Tetrabilos*, has done, totally undefined. *Avicenna*, *Arculanus*, *Rasis*, and *Montanus*, say, that if natural melancholy be adust, it forms one species; if of the blood, another species; and if composed of *cholera*, a third, distinct and different from the first: and,

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indeed,

indeed, there are almost as many different opinions upon this subject, as there are different men who have written on it. *Hercules de Saxonia* reduces the species to two only, material and immaterial; the one arising from an affection of *the spirits* only; and the other from the humours and the spirits combined: but *Savanarola* insists that the species are infinite. But what these men speak of *species*, I think ought to be understood of *symptoms*; and, in this sense, *Gorrheus*, in his medicinal definitions, acknowledges they may be infinite; but insists that they may be reduced to three kinds, by reason of their respective seats in the *head*, the *body*, and the *hypocondries*; and this threefold division, which is now generally adopted, is approved by *Hippocrates*. But besides these three species of *head melancholy*, *corporeal melancholy*, and *hypocondriacal melancholy*, to all of which we have given the name of HABITUAL MELANCHOLY, there are two others, denominated LOVE MELANCHOLY, and RELIGIOUS MELANCHOLY; the first proceeding from an improper indulgence of that powerful and universal passion; and the second from an erroneous conception of that most sacred of all human duties, a reverence towards God and his holy religion.

It is these three species of melancholy that I now propose to *anatomise*, and treat of through all their
 their

their *causes, consequences, and cures*, together and apart, that every man, who is in any measure affected with this ENGLISH MALADY, may know how to examine it in himself, and apply the remedies.

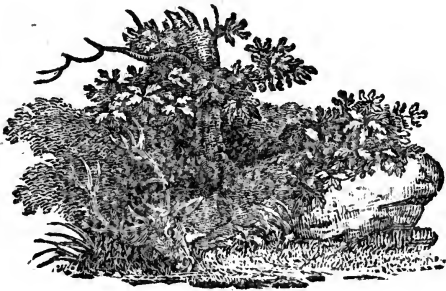
It must, however, be confessed, that it is extremely difficult to distinguish these *three species* from each other, and to describe their several causes, symptoms, and cures, inasmuch as they are so intermixed with other diseases, are so frequently confounded together, and have so close an affinity with each other, that they can scarcely be separated by the most experienced, or discerned by the most accurate physician. Melancholy frequently exists as a disease together with the vertigo, stone, gravel, *caninus appetitus*, jaundice, and ague: and *Paulus Regoline*, a great doctor in his time, who was consulted on the case of a melancholy patient, was so confounded with a confusion of symptoms; that he knew not to what species to refer it: and *Trincavellius*, *Fallopianus*, and *Francazanus*, famous doctors in Italy, being separately consulted in the case of the melancholy *Duke of Cleves*, gave all of them, at the same time, three different opinions on the subject. It appears, in the works of *Reinerus Solinander*, that he and *Dr. Brande* both agreed that a patient's disease was *hypocondriacal melancholy*,

lancholy, while *Dr. Matholdus* insisted it was *asthma*, and nothing else: and in the case of a Polish Count, *Cæsar Claudinus* was of opinion, that he laboured under the *head melancholy* and the *bodily melancholy* at the same time. The three kinds, indeed, may exist in the same subject *semel et simul*, or in succession. The several species of melancholy seem to be with physicians what the pure forms of governments are with politicians; each distinct kind, the monarchic, the aristocratic, and the democratic, are most admirable in theory; but in practice, as *Polybius* truly observes, they will never be found independent and unmixed; * as might be instanced
in

* “The great and tedious debates,” says a sensible French writer of the old political school, “about the best form of society, are only proper for the exercise of wit; and have their being only in agitation and controversy. A new form of government might be of some value in a new world; but ours is a world ready made to our hands, and in which each distinct form is blended by custom. We do not, like *Pyrrho* and *Cadmus*, make the world; and by whatever authority it is we assert the privilege of setting it to rights, and giving it a new form of government, it is impossible to twist it from its wonted bent, without breaking all its parts. In truth and reality, the best and most excellent government for every nation, is that under which it is maintained; and its form and essential convenience depends upon custom. We are apt to be displeas'd at the present condition; but I do nevertheless maintain, that, to desire any other form of government than that which is already established, is
both

in the ancient governments of *Rome* and *Lacedemon*, and in the modern governments of *Germany* and *England*: and therefore, it is in like manner of little consequence what physicians say of distinct species of diseases in their mootings and speculations, since, in their patients' bodies, the diseases are generally intire and mixed.

both VICE and FOLLY. When any thing is out of its proper place, it may be propped; and the alterations and corruptions natural to all things, obviated so as to prevent their being carried too far from their origin and principles; but to undertake to cast anew so great a mass, and to change the foundation of so vast a building as every government is, is reforming particular defects by an universal confusion, and like curing a disorder by death."



CHAPTER THE THIRD.

OF THE CAUSES OF MELANCHOLY.

GALEN observes, that “it is in vain to speak of cures, or think of remedies, until *the causes* of a disease have been traced and considered;” and, indeed, common experience proves so generally, that those cures must be lame, imperfect, and to no purpose, wherein the sources of the disease have not been first searched, that *Fernelius* calls it *primo artis curativæ*, and says, it is impossible, without this knowledge, to cure or prevent any manner of disease.* Empiricks may by chance afford a patient temporary relief; but, from their ignorance of causes, cannot thoroughly eradicate the complaint. *Sublatâ causâ tollitur effectus*. It is only by removing the cause, that the effect is to be vanquished. To discern, however, the primary causes of the *disease of melancholy*, to shew of what they consist, and, amidst such a number of varying and frequently anomalous indications, to trace them to the spring from whence they flow, is certainly a task of almost insurmountable difficulty;

* *Rerum cognoscere causas, medicis imprimis necessarium, sine qua nec morbum curare, nec præcavere licet.*

difficulty;* and happy is he who can perform it right.†

Causes may be considered as either general or special. General causes are natural or supernatural. Supernatural causes are those which spring from God and his angels, or, by his permission, from the devil and his ministers; for the Almighty sometimes visits the sons of men with this direful disease, as a punishment for their manifold sins and wickedness, of which the holy scriptures furnish us with many instances, in the characters of *Gebazi*, † *Jehoram*, § *David*, ||
 C 4 *Saul*,

* *Tanta enim morbi varietas ac differentia ut non facile dignoscatur, unde initium morbus sumpserit. Melanellius è Galeno.*

† *Montaigne*, after commenting very pleasantly on the absurdity of pretending, amidst such an infinite number of indications, to discern the *true sign* of every disease, relates the celebrated fable from *Æsop* of the physician, who, having bought an Ethiopian slave, endeavoured to search for the *true cause* of the blackness of his complexion, and having persuaded himself that it was merely accidental, and owing to the ill usage he had received from his former masters, put him under a preparatory course of medicine, and then bathed and drenched him for a long time with cold water, in order to restore him to his true complexion; but the poor fellow retained his sable hue, and lost, irrecoverably, his health. But *Montaigne* entertained great prejudices against the useful science of medicine. -

‡ 2 Reg. v. 27.

§ 2 Chron. xxi. 15.

|| 1 Par. xxi. Psalm xliv. 1. Psalm xxxviii. 8.

Saul,* and *Nebuchadnezzar*;† but it more frequently proceeds from those natural causes which are inbred with us, as CONSANGUINITY and OLD AGE; and more frequently still from those special causes, or outward adventitious circumstances, which happen to us subsequent to our birth, and especially from our inattention to, and abuse of, the *six non-naturals*; of, 1. Diet; 2. Retention and Evacuation; 3, Air; 4. Exercise; 5. Sleep; and 6. Perturbation of the Mind; so much spoken of among physicians, as the principal causes of this disease. *Hippocrates*,‡ therefore, would have a physician take special notice whether the disease come from a divine supernatural cause, or whether it follows the course of nature; for, according to *Paracelsus*, the spiritual disease (for so he calls that kind of melancholy which proceeds from supernatural causes), must be spiritually cured, and not otherwise; ordinary means in such cases being of no avail: *Non est reluctandum cum Deo*. *Hercules*, the monster-taming hero, subdued every antagonist in the Olympic games, even Jupiter himself, when he wrestled with him in the human form; but

* 1 Sam. xvi. 14. † Daniel v. xxi.

‡ Lib. cap. 5. prog. But see Fran. Valefius, de Sacr. Philos. cap. 8. Fernellius Libri de abditis rerum causis; and J. Cæsar Claudinus Respons. med. 12. resp. how this opinion of Hippocrates is to be understood.

but when the god revealed himself, and reassumed celestial power, *Hercules* declined the conflict, and retired from the vain strife against the power of the supreme. The Almighty can make the proudest spirits stoop, and cry out with *Julian* the Apostate, *Vicisti Galilæo*. Ordinary means in such cases will not avail. The wound, like that which was inflicted by the spear of *Achilles*, can only be healed by the hand that gave it. Physicians and physic, in such cases, are equally ineffectual: man must submit to the almighty hand of God, bow down before him, and implore his mercy.*

I shall, therefore, examine into those causes only which are within the reach of human power to mitigate or remove.

CONSANGUINITY is that general or partial temperature which we derive from our parents, and which *Fernelius* calls *præter-natural*;† it being an hereditary disease; for the temperature of the parents is in general conferred upon the children; who are inheritors, not only of their parents' lands, but of their infirmities also. Where, therefore, the constitution of the original

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ginal

* 1 Peter v. 6.

† Lib. i. cap. 2.

ginal stock is corrupt, that of its offspring must needs be corrupt also.* The concurrent opinion of *Paracelsus*,† *Crato*,‡ *Bruno Seidelius*,§ *Montaltus*,|| and *Hippocrates*,¶ confirm this fact; and *Forestus*,** in his medicinal observations, illustrates this point with several examples of patients who have laboured under hereditary melancholy, which, wherever it prevails, sticks to the family, and follows it from generation to generation.†† Its descent is neither certain nor regular; for it frequently passes by the father, and fixes on the son, or takes every other, and sometimes every third in lineal descent. The young children of aged parents seldom possess a strong and healthy temperament, and are therefore extremely subject to this disease; and foolish, weak, giddy, angry, peevish, and discontented women, generally produce a progeny like unto themselves. The mind and disposition of the mother, indeed, are, it is well known, strongly stamped on the character of the child; and every degree

* Roger Bacon.

† Ex pituitosis pituitosi; ex biliosis biliosi; ex lienosis et melancholicis melancholici. De Morb. Amentium, To. iv. Tr. 1.

‡ Epist. to Monavius, 174. § De Morbo incurab.

|| Cap. ii. ¶ Ibid. ** Lib. x. Observ. 15.

†† See also Rodericus à Fonseca, Tom. i. Consul. 69. and Lodovicus Mercatus, a Spanish Physician, Tom. ii. Lib. 5.

degree of grief, fear, apprehension, or alarm, which she may, during pregnancy, unfortunately feel, endangers its temperature, and sows the seeds of this hideous disease; of which *Baptista Porta*,* among many other instances, gives a memorable example of one *Thomas Nickell*, born in the city of *Brandenburg*, in the year 1551, who, all the days of his life, went reeling and staggering, as if he were falling to the ground, owing to his mother, while pregnant with him, having seen a drunken man reeling through the streets, and likely to fall. To which we may add, the instance of the girl that was brought from the neighbourhood of *Pisa*, and presented to the king of *Bohemia*, with hair upon her skin resembling that of a camel, which is said to have been occasioned by an alarm which her mother received on seeing that animal during her pregnancy. To be *well born*, is among the highest felicities of human nature; and it would be happy for the species, if such persons only as are found both in body and mind were suffered to marry. Some countries were formerly so chary in this behalf, as to destroy every child that was crooked or deformed, either in body or mind, in order to preserve, as a national benefit, the common stock from degeneration; and

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though

* *Physiolog. Calistis, L. v. C. 2.*

though this law was severe in the extreme, and not to be tolerated in Christian countries, the prevention of *hereditary disease* is a subject of no small public importance, and ought to be attended to by those whose power is conferred for the purpose of promoting the health and happiness of mankind.*

OLD AGE, as it diminishes the energies of the mind, and increases the adult humours of the body, is an unavoidable cause of melancholy; but, by care and management, this species of the disease may be considerably delayed, and greatly mitigated, though it cannot be entirely removed. “Dotage,” says *Aristotle*, “is the familiar companion of age, which regularly engenders in its progress a superabundance of *black choler* :” and, indeed, we are told by the Royal Psalmist, that after seventy years all is trouble and sorrow. This truth is strongly confirmed in the characters of those persons who, having been engaged in high employments, in extensive concerns, in situations of great command, or in business where many servants were to be overlooked, have resigned their respective engagements *ex abrupto*; especially in the memorable instance of *Charles the*

the

* The danger here mentioned is said to be one reason why marriages within the degrees of consanguinity are interdicted.

the Fifth, who resigned the government of *Spain* to his son *Philip*.* All persons, after a certain period,

* The resignation of Charles the Fifth filled all Europe with astonishment; and gave rise, both among his contemporaries, and among the historians of that period, to various conjectures, concerning the motives which determined a prince, whose ruling passion had been uniformly the love of power, at the age of fifty-six, when objects of ambition continue to operate with full force upon the mind, and are pursued with the greatest ardour, to take a resolution so singular and unexpected. But while many authors have imputed it to motives so frivolous and fantastical as can hardly be supposed to influence any reasonable mind; while others have imagined it to be the result of some profound scheme of policy, historians more intelligent, and better informed, neither ascribe it to caprice, nor search for mysterious secrets of state, when simple and obvious causes will fully account for the Emperor's conduct. Charles had been attacked early in life with the gout, and, notwithstanding all the precautions of the most skilful physicians, the violence of the distemper increased as he advanced in age; and the fits became every year more frequent, as well as more severe. Not only was the vigour of his constitution broken, but the faculties of his mind were impaired by the excruciating torments which he endured. During the continuance of the fits, he was altogether incapable of applying to business; and even when they began to abate, as it was only at intervals that he could attend to what was serious, he gave up a great part of his time to trifling and even childish occupations, which served to amuse or relieve his mind, enfeebled and worn out with excess of pain. Under these circumstances of a premature old age, the functions of government far exceeded his strength; and having thus grown old before his time, he wisely judged it to be more decent to conceal his infirmities in some solitude, than to expose them any longer to the public eye. But he had no relish for attainments of any kind, and he sunk by degrees into the deepest melancholy.

period, become melancholy, doting, and scarcely able to manage their affairs, through the common infirmities incident to age: filled with aches, sorrows, cares, and griefs, they frequently carle as they sit, mutter to themselves, and become covetous, suspicious, wayward, angry, waspish, and displeas'd with every thing around them; or else self-willed, superstitious, self-conceited, braggers, and admirers of themselves. These infirmities, so incident to old age, are generally most eminent in old women, and in such as are poor and solitary: and, indeed, all those extraordinary powers which old witches were suppos'd to exercise, and pretended to possess; such as bewitching cattle to death, riding in the air upon a coulstaffe, flying out of the chimney top, transforming themselves into the various shapes of cats and other animals, transporting their bodies, suddenly and secretly, from place to place, becoming "Posters ore the sea and land," meeting on the dreary heath, and dancing in a ring, and other "supernatural solicitings" of the like kind, are all ascribed to the corrupted fancy, which is engendered by that morbid, atrabillious melancholy matter, attendant upon moping misery and rheum'd age.*

EATING

* Thus the angel Michael, describing to Adam, among other consequences of his fall, the condition of old age, says,

“ — but

EATING and DRINKING.—Diet, the first of the six *non-naturals* before-mentioned, consists in meat and drink, and causes melancholy in proportion as it offends in quantity, quality, or the like. Food improperly taken, not only produces original diseases, but affords those that are already engendered both matter and sustenance ; for neither unwholesome air, nor the most violent perturbation, or any other cause, can work its effect, except its operation be assisted by a pre-disposition of the humours ; so that, let the father of disease be what it may, INTemperance is certainly its mother ; and from this source not only melancholy, but most other distempers, generally arise. *Galen, Isaac the Jew, Halyabbas, Avenenna*, four Arabian, and many other physicians, both English and foreign, have written copious treatises on this particular subject ; and as their works are not generally found in modern libraries, I will briefly describe what kinds of food are in the opinions of these writers most likely

- “ ————— but then thou must outlive
 “ Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
 “ To wither'd, weak, and grey ; thy senses then
 “ Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
 “ To what thou hast ; and for the air of youth,
 “ Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
 “ A melancholy damp of cold and dry
 “ To weigh thy spirits down.”

likely to effect an alteration of the system, and to engender this melancholy humour. Beef is a strong and hearty meat, good for such as are found and healthy, but very unfit for such as lead a resty life, and are any ways dejected, or of a dry complexion. Pork is in its nature more nutritive than any other species of animal food; but it is *noxia delicatis* to such as have full habits, or queassey stomachs; and its too frequent use is likely to generate not only a melancholy disposition, but a quartan ague. Goats' flesh is bad; for the goat is a filthy beast, and ramish; and therefore will breed rank and filthy humours; but the kid, when young and tender, is light and excellent eating. The flesh of the hart and red deer has an evil name, as a strong, coarse-grained meat, yielding a gross and heavy nutriment, like that of horse flesh; and, though the Tartars and Chinese eat of it, as in Spain they do of young foals, as a choice and dainty dish, it is in general condemned; for all venison, however highly it may be esteemed with us, especially in our solemn feasts, (for there are more parks in *England* than in all Europe besides,) certainly begets bad blood, and ought to be sparingly used. The flesh of hare, also, is a melancholy meat; for it is hard of digestion, breeds the *incubus*, and causes fearful dreams. It is, like venison, condemned by the physicians' jury; and

and although *Mixaldus*, and some others say, these are *merry meats*, this is only *per accidens*; and on account of the excellent sport the animals afford in hunting, and of the mirth and good company they promote while eaten, as *Martial* testifies in his Epigram to *Gallia*. But young rabbits are by all approved. Milk, and all that milk produces, as butter, cheese, curds, with the exception only of asses milk and whey, increase melancholy. Of fowl, peacock, pigeon, and all the fenny tribe, as ducks, geese, swans, hearnes, cranes, coots, didappers, water-hens, teal, curleus, and sheldrakes, are forbidden; for though they are fine in feathers, and pleasant to the palate, although, like hypocrites, they have gay outsides, and seducing tastes, they are treacherous to the health, and deceitfully dangerous. Of fishes, the whole species are condemned, especially tench, lamprey, craw-fish, and such as breed in muddy waters. The Carthusian friars, therefore, who live mostly upon fish, are more subject to melancholy than any other religious order; and *Forrestus* exemplifies it with an instance of one *Buscodnese*, a Carthusian friar, in high health, and of a ruddy complexion, who, by eating chiefly, and perhaps enormously, of this aquatic food, soon lost the roses from his cheeks, and became at length fallow, lean, and melancholy. Of herbs, gourds, cucumbers, cole-

worts,

worts, melons, and especially cabbage, are disallowed; for they uniformly send up heavy vapours to the brain: and *Horace* calls those suppers which consist of herbs, *cœnas sine sanguine*. Of roots, parsnips and potatoes are highly approved; but onions, garlick, scallions, carrots, and raddishes, are flatulent, and dangerous. Of fruits, grapes, figs, and apples, are to be preferred; but every thing farrinaceous, as peas, beans, and all manner of pulse, are absolutely forbid; and that which *Pythagoras* so earnestly recommended to his scholars of old, *A fabis abstinete*, may be for ever applied to melancholy persons. Spices cause hot and head melancholy, and are for that cause forbidden by our physicians to such as are inclined to this malady; and to these may be added all things that are sharp, sour, luscious, or over sweet; as oil, vinegar, verjuice, mustard, salt, and salted meats; for they are great procurers of this disease; and therefore the Egyptian priests abstained from salt even so much as in their bread, in order, says *Codronchus*, that their souls might be free from perturbations. WINE is frequently the sole cause of this disease, especially if it be immoderately used; and *Guianerius* relates a story of two Dutchmen, whom he entertained in his own house, who drank so much wine, that in the short space of a month, they both became so melancholy, that the one
could

could do nothing but sing, and the other sigh. A cup of generous wine, however, to those whose minds are still or motionless, is, in my opinion, excellent physic. Cyder and perry are both cold and windy drinks, and for that cause to be avoided. Beer, if it be over new, or over stale, if it be over strong, or not sod, if it smell of the cask, or be sour, is most unwholesome: but this drink, by being better brewed in *England* than in *Germany*, and mixed with *the hop*, which rarefies it, renders it more subtle, and gives it a specific virtue against melancholy; it is less exceptionable here than it is about *Dantzick*, *Spruce*, *Hamburgh*, *Leipsic*, and other parts of *Germany*, where they use that thick black *Bohemian* beer, which an old poet calls *Stygiæ monstrum conforme paludi*; a monstrous drink, like the river *Styx*; for

“ As nothing goes in so thick,
And nothing comes out so thin,
It must follow of course,
That no thing can be worse,
As the dregs are all left within.”*

All impure, thick, and ill-coloured waters should be particularly avoided; for, according to *Galen*,
they

* “ ————— nil spiffius illa

“ Dum bibitur, nil clarius est dum mingitur, unde

“ Constat, quod multas fæces in corpore linquat.”

they produce agues, dropfies, pleurifies, and all the splenetic and melañcholy paffions; and it is well known that water has a powerful operation and effect; for the waters of *Astracan* breed worms in thofe who tafte them; the waters of the river *Axius*, now called *Verduri*, the faireft river in *Macedonia*, make the cattle who drink of them black; as thofe of the *Aleacman*, now called *Peleca*, another ftream in *Theffaly*, turn cattle moft part white; and *Bodine* fuppofes the fluttering of fome families in *Aquatania*, about *Labden*, to proceed from the fame caufe. To this catalogue of noxious fimples we may add an infinite number of compounds, artificial made difhes, of which our cooks afford us as great a variety, as taylors do fafhions in our apparel. Simple diet, fays *Pliny*,* is beft; for many difhes bring many difeafes; and rich fauces are worfe than even heaping feveral meats upon each other.

But there is not fo much harm proceeding from the fubftance and quality of the food itfelf, as from the intemperate and unfeafonable ufe of it. *Plures crapula quàm gladius*. The *omnivorantia et homicida gula*, the all-devouring and murderous

* Lib. ii. c. 52. See alfo Avicen, 31. dec. 2. c. Nihil deterius quam fi tempus jufto longius comedendo protrahatur et varia ciborum genera conjungantur; inde morborum featurigo, quæ ex repugnantia humorum oritur.

murderous gut, destroys greater numbers than the sword. **GLUTTONY**, indeed, is the source of all our infirmities, and the fountain of all our diseases. As a lamp is choaked by a superabundance of oil, a fire extinguished by excess of fuel, so is the natural heat of the body destroyed by intemperate diet. *Pernitiosa sentina est abdomen insaturabile*: An insatiable stomach is a pernicious sink. *Mercurialis* eloquently insists, that gluttony is a peculiar cause of this disease; and his opinion is confirmed not only by *Hippocrates*, *Solinander*, *Crato*, and other writers upon this subject, but by the common observation and experience of mankind.* The more impurely bodies
are

* *Milton*, when he introduces the angel Michael giving directions to our first parents, by what means they might pursue health, says, there is,

————— if thou well observe
The rule of *not too much*, by temperance taught
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So may'st thou live, 'till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd; in death mature.

So also, in describing to him the various modes by which man would injure health, and extinguish life:

Of death, many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave; all dismal; yet to sense

More

are fed, the more the system will be corrupted; and yet, notwithstanding all the destruction which follow from gluttony and inebriety, see how we luxuriate and rage in all the wantonness of this destructive vice. *Quam portentosæ cœnæ*: What prodigious suppers! *Qui dum invitant ad cœnam, efferunt ad sepulchrum*; what *Fagos*, *Epicures*, *Apetios*, *Heliogables*, our times afford! *Lucullus*' ghost still walks, and every man desires to sup in Apollo: *Æsop*'s costly dish is ordinarily served up:

This is a common vice, though all things here
Are sold, and sold unconscionably dear.

The dearest cates are ever thought the best; and it is no extraordinary thing for an epicure to spend thirty pounds upon a single dish, and as many thousand crowns upon a single dinner. *Mully-Hamet*, King of *Fez* and *Morocco*, gave an immense sum for only the sauce to a capon. In ancient Rome, indeed,

— a lavish

More terrible at the entrance than within,
Some, as thou sawest, by violent stroke shall die;
By fire, blood, famine; by INTEMPERANCE more,
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear.

————— a lavish slave
 Six thousand pieces for a barbel gave :
 For his own gut he bought the stately fish,
 And spent his fortune on a single dish.
 Do scales and fins bear price to this excess ?
 He might have bought the fisherman for less ;
 Or in Apulia, had he bargain'd well,
 He might have bought a manor with the meal !

But that is nothing in our times, for every thing that is cheap is scorned ; and, as *Seneca* observes, “ the glorious light of nature is loathed at our meals, and banished from our presence, only because it comes free, and at no expence.” The wit of modern times directs all its rays *ad gulam* ; and the only inducement to study, is *erudito luxu*, to please the palate, and to satisfy the gut.

“ Invite a lord to dine, and let him have
 The nicest dish his appetite can crave ;
 Still if it be on oaken table set,
 His lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat.
 Something's amiss ; he knows not what to think ;
 Either your venison's rank, or sauces stink.
 Order some other table to be brought,
 Something at great expence, and talent-wrought,
 Beneath whose orb large yawning panthers lie,
 Carv'd in rich pedestals of ivory ;
 He finds no more of that offensive smell ;
 The meat recovers, and my lord grows well.

An ivory table is a certain whet ;
 You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
 As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
 By sympathy from those of th' elephant."

A cook, as *Livy* informs us, was in ancient days considered as a base knave; but he is now a great man, in high request, a companion for a prince, and the rival of a gentleman; and his skill now ranked among the finest arts, and most noble sciences; but, *venter Deus*, he still wears his brains in his belly, and his guts in his head.

This favour'd artist ev'ry fancy tries,
 To make, in various figures, dishes rise;
 While dirty scullions, with their greasy fists,
 Dive, in luxurious sauces, to their wrists.

What immoderate drinking makes up the mess! Gluttons and drunkards flock in shoals to every tavern, as if they were, *fruges consumere nati*, like *Offellius Bibulus*, that famous Roman parasite, born to no other end than to eat and drink; or as if they were so many casks made only to hold wine: and yet these are brave men: *Silenus Ebrius* was no braver. To drink is now the fashion of the times, an honour; and he is accounted no gentleman, but a very milk-sop, a clown of no bringing up, a fellow unfit for company, who will not drink until he can no longer stand.

stand. He who plays it off the best is your only gallant; and it is now so far from being a disparagement to stagger through the streets, that reeling sets a man upon his legs, firmly establishes his character for uprightnes, and gives him high renown; as in like case, *Epidicus* told *Thesprio*, his fellow-servant, in *Plautus*, "*Ædipol facinus improbum;*" to which the other replied, "*At jam alii fecere idem, erit illi illa res honori.*" It is now no fault, there are so many high examples to bear one out. It is brave to have a brain strong enough to carry liquor well; for the sole contention in company is who can drink most, and fox his fellow the soonest. To be merry together in an alehouse or tavern, is the sole felicity, the chief comfort, the *summum bonum* of our tradesmen: they will labour hard all day long to be drunk at night; and, as *St. Ambrose* says, will spend *totius anni labores* in a tipling feast; convert day into night, rousing the night owl with their noise, and rise when sober-minded men are going to rest.

" ——— they drink and sing the night away
 " 'Till rising dawn, and snore out all the day."

Snymdiris, the *Sybarite*, never once saw the sun rise or set during a course of twenty years.

D

These

These *Centaurs* and *Lapithæ*,* these tofs-pots, and drain-bowls, invent new tricks in eating and drinking, and have saufages, anchovies, tobacco, caviare, pickled oysters, herrings, fumadoes, and other provocatives, to whet their appetites, that they may wet their lips, and be enabled, by carrying their drink the better, to rival the prowess of the brewer's horse, who can carry more liquor than the best of them. They make foolish laws, *contra bibendi fallacias*, and boast of their loyalty to the toast-master, justifying their wickedness by the reasoning of that French *Lucian*, the well-known *Rabelais*, that drunkenness is better for the body than physic, because there are more old drunkards than old physicians, and many other

* The *Centaurs*, who are said to have sprung from *Chiron*, the son of *Saturn*, were a race of men inhabiting the mountainous parts of *Theffaly*; and, from their disposition to drink, and being always on horseback, were supposed to be *half man, half beast*. The *Lapithæ* were the regular subjects of *Piritbous*, the King of that country. On the marriage of his daughter *Deidamia*, he invited the *Centaurs*, to whom he was nearly allied, to the nuptial feast; but they drinking to excess, became insolent, and offered violence to the women. This enraging the *Lapithæ*, they fought immediate revenge; the battle so celebrated in heathen history ensued; and the race of *Centaurs* were driven, by the assistance of *Theseus*, from their country. Or, as Dr. Young has continued this fable, *the brute ran away with the man*; thereby shewing, "that beings of an origin truly celestial, may debase their nature, forfeit their character, and sink themselves, by licentiousness, into perfect beasts."

other such frothy arguments. Not to drink is an unpardonable offence. There is as much valour expected in feasting as in fighting, as some of our city captains, carpet knights, and trenchermen, industriously prove, until they wilfully pervert the good temperature of their bodies, stifle the wit which God has blessed them with, strangle nature, and degenerate into beasts.

For when the wine's quick force has pierc'd the brain,
 And push'd the raging heat thro' ev'ry vein,
 The members all grow dull, the reason weak ;
 Nor can the tongue its usual accents speak :
 The eye-balls swim ; the legs forget their gait,
 And bend beneath the body's cumbrous weight.
 Unmanly quarrels, and loud noise, deface
 The pow'rs of reason, and usurp their place :
 Oft times with vi'lent fits the patient falls,
 As if with thunder struck, or foams and bawls ;
 Talks madly, shakes, moves here and there, breathes
 short,
 Extends and tires his limbs with antic sport,
 While the rank venom, scatter'd thro' the whole,
 Destroys the noblest functions of his soul.

But an observance of strict abstinence would perhaps put most men *out of Commons* ; and, as there is no rule so general as not to admit of some exception, so upon the present subject we find, that custom in some measure detracts from the injuries which are stated to arise from the

nature of food, and its intemperate or unseasonable use; for such things as persons have been long accustomed to, however pernicious they may be in themselves, become, from use, less offensive, and lose a portion of their dangerous effects: it might, indeed, otherwise, be said, *qui medicè vivit miserè vivit*; that it would be miserable to live according to the strict rules of physic. Nature itself is changed by custom. Husbandmen, and those who are used to laborious lives, eat, with eager appetites, fat and rusty bacon, coarse salt meats, black bread, and hard cheese, *O dura messorum ilia!* which the sons of indolence would reject with scorn. Custom is all in all, and makes that which would be pernicious to some, delightful to others. Travellers frequently experience this in a high degree. The strange meats of foreign countries cause great alterations and distempers in their constitutions, until use and custom mitigate their effects, and make all good again. *Mithridates*, by frequent use, was, to the astonishment of *Pliny*, able to endure poison: but it is certain, as *Curtius* records the story, that the young female who was sent to *Alexander* by King *Porus*, had been fed on poison from her earliest infancy. *Theophrastus* speaks of a shepherd who could eat hellebore in substance; and it is well known that the Turks eat opium by a dram

dram at once, but which we dare not take in grains.* *Cardan* concludes out of *Galen*, and on the authority of *Hippocrates* himself, that unless the custom be very bad, it is adviseable for all persons to adhere to that which they have been used to, be it diet, bathing, exercise, or any thing else; for custom, like an insinuating school-mistress, silently and gradually establishes her authority over us, and then immediately un-masks, and becomes a furious and unconquerable tyrant; and therefore, says *Montaigne*, “I give credit to the account of *Plato’s* Cures, in his Republic, and to the custom of the physicians, who so often resign the reasons of their art to its authority.” The food also which the palate delights in, and highly relishes, may occasionally be taken, although in its nature it be productive of *melancholy disposition*; for the stomach readily digests, and willingly entertains, such meats as it loves best. Some, for instance, from a sort of secret antipathy, cannot endure even the smell of cheese, or the sight of a roasted duck, which to others are most delightful food. Necessity, poverty, want, and hunger, also frequently compel men many times to eat things which they would in other situations loath and

D 3

abhor;

* *Garcus ab Horto* writes of one whom he saw at *Goa*, in the East Indies, that took ten drams of opium in three days, and yet *consultò loquebatur*, spoke understandingly.

abhor; and nature, shifting and accommodating herself to the occasion, mitigates and lessens the bad effects of those viands, which, under such circumstances, she is compelled to endure. But to those who are wealthy, live plenteously, at ease, and can choose for themselves, the viands before-mentioned, as being productive of *melancholy*, must be taken at their peril. Let them remember the observation of *Plato*, who, having reproved a boy for playing continually with dice, the child said, “*You blame me for a trifle;*” to which the philosopher wisely replied, “*A bad custom, my boy, is not such a trifle as you seem to think it.*”

AIR being taken into our bodies by respiration, and mixing itself with the minutest parts of the corporeal system, is a cause of great moment in producing or avoiding not only melancholy, but almost every other species of disease. Hot, dry, thick, fuliginous, cloudy, blustering, impure, or foggy air, thickens the blood, corrupts the humours, dejects the spirits, and impedes the actions of the heart.* The spirits
rise

* “*Impurus aër spiritus dejicit, infecto corde gignit morbus.*” *Paulus*, Lib. i. c. 49. “*Sanguinem densat, et humores, Fernelius.*” P. i. c. 13. “*Ex aëre ambiente contrahitur humor melancholicus.*” *Jobertus* Lib. de quartana. “*Calidus et siccus, frigidus et siccus, paludinosus crassus.*” *Montaltus*, c. xi.

rife and fall in proportion as the air in which we breathe is good or bad; and the humours of the body are greatly influenced by the light or heavy ftate of the animal fpirits.* *Bodine* † has evidently fhewn, that melancholy is moft prevalent in hot countries, and therefore in almoft all the great cities of *Spain*, *Africa*, and *Afia Minor*, there are public receptacles for perfons afflicted with this difeafe: ‡ This, however, muft be underftood of thofe places where an intenfè heat prevails, as in *Cyprus*, *Malta*, *Apulia*, and the *Holy Land*; where, at certain feafons of the year, the furface of the foil is nothing but duft, the rivers being dried up, the air fcorching, and the earth fo highly inflamed, that many pious pilgrims travelling barefoot, for devotion fake, from *Joppa* to *Jerufalem*, upon the burning fands, are often feized with melancholy and madnefs. But even under the equator, where the climate is temperate, the air wholefome, and the whole country a paradife of pleafure, the leaves wearing an eternal green, and the fhowers con-

D 4

veying

* Qualis aër, talis fpiritus; et cujufmodi fpiritus, humores.

† In his fifth book De Repub. cap. i. 5. of his Method of Hiftory.

‡ See alfo *Leo Afer*, Lib. 3, de Feffa Urbe, and the works of *Ortelius* and *Zuinger*; and *Gordonius*; Lib. med. part ii. c. 19. fays, “Intellige, quod in calidis regionibus frequenter accidit mania; ni frigidis autem tarde.”

veying the most refreshing coolness, many melancholy minds are frequently found.* *Hercules de Saxonia*, a professor in *Venice*, assigns the heat of the climate as a cause why so many Venetian women are melancholy: † and *Montanus* says, that the melancholy Jew who was under his care originally engendered the disease by exposing himself too frequently to the vicissitudes of heat and cold. ‡ At the rich and populous town of *Aden*, in *Arabia Felix*, the heat is so intense, that the markets are held in the middle of the night to avoid its pernicious effects; and a similar practice prevails for the like reason in many parts of the Mogul empire; but particularly in the isle of *Ormuz*, near the gulph of *Persia*, where the inhabitants of all descriptions, like cattle in a pasture, to avoid its heat, and the noxious fumes which the sun exhales from its sulphureous soil, are obliged to stand immersed to the chin in water the greater part of the day.§ The hardiest constitutions are incapable of resisting the effects of such a climate. *Amatus Lusitanus* relates a story of a young and beautiful female, of only thirteen years of age, the daughter

* Acofta, Lib. ii.

† Quòd diù sub sole degant : They tarry too long in the sun.

‡ Quòd tam multum expofuit fe calori et frigori.

§ It is to refract the sun beams that the Turks wear great turbans.

daughter of one *Vincent*, a currier, who, to make her hair of a fine auburn hue, washed it in the middle of the day, in the month of July, and exposed it to the sun, by which means she created so violent an inflammation in her head, that she became immediately melancholy, and afterwards ran furiously mad. Extremes of all kinds are dangerous, and excessive cold is almost as pernicious as excessive heat. The inhabitants of the Northern climates are, for this cause, generally of a dull, heavy, and melancholy disposition. The most pernicious air, however, is that which is thick, cloudy, misty, and foggy; such as arises from fens, as *Romney Marsh*, the hundreds of *Essex*, the fens in *Lincolnshire*, moors, lakes, dunghills, drains, and sinks. The town of *Alexandria*, in the Mediterranean, the haven of *St. John de Ulloa* in New Spain, the cities of *Stockholm* in Sweden, *Regium* in Italy, *Salisbury*, *Hull*, and *Lynn*, in England, are unhealthy situations. They may be convenient for the purposes of navigation and trade, but they are unwholesome. *Old Rome* has descended from her hills into the valley; and most new cities are now built on plains, to enjoy such advantages as rivers, creeks, and havens afford, for the purposes of commerce. There are, indeed, some authors who have contended that a thick and smoaky atmosphere is not unfriendly to health;

and the condition of the inhabitants of the city of *Pisa* in Tuscany, situated on the river *Arno*, in a low but fertile plain, at a small distance from the sea, is produced as an example: but let the scites of cities, built for such purposes, be as they may, how can those nations be excused, whose capitals being erected on delightful situations, in a fine air, and amidst all that nature can produce to charm the eye, and please the mind, suffer the inhabitants, from a nasty, sluttish, immured, and sordid manner of life, to be choaked up and putrefied, as in *Constantinople* itself, and many other cities in *Turkey*, where carrion is permitted to lie in the streets, and every sort of uncleanness prevails? an imputation from which the noble city of *Madrid*, the seat of royalty, where the air is excellent, and the situation fine, has not escaped. The common feelings of every man will convince him, if he will attend to them, of the superior advantages health derives from a pure and temperate atmosphere; for while troubled, tempestuous, foul, rough, and impetuous weather prevails, while the days are cloudy, and the nights damp, the mind becomes tetrick, sad, peevish, angry, dull, and melancholy: but while the western gales blow calmly o'er our heads, and the sun shines mildly from the skies, all nature looks alert and cheerful.

“ Thus

" Thus when the changeful temper of the skies
 " The rare condenses, the dense rarefies,
 " New motions on the alter'd air impress'd,
 " New images and passions fill the breast:
 " Then the glad birds in tender concert join;
 " Then croaks th' exulting rook, and sport the
 " lusty kine."*

Weather works on all in different degrees, but most on those who are disposed to melancholy. The devil himself seems to take the opportunity of foul and tempestuous weather to agitate our spirits, and vex our souls; for as the sea waves, so are the spirits and humours in our bodies tossed with tempestuous winds and storms.

EXERCISE, if opportunely used, contributes greatly to the preservation of health; but if it be unseasonable, violent, or excessive, it is extremely prejudicial. "Over exercise and weariness," says *Fernelius*, "consumes the spirits, refrigerates the body, stirs up the humours, and enrages such of them as nature would otherwise have concocted and expelled; thereby causing them diversely to affect and trouble both the body and the mind." So also, if exercise be unseasonably used, as upon a full stomach, or where the body is full of crudities, it

D 6

is

* Virgil's *Georg.* Book i. line 490.

is equally detrimental; for it corrupts the food, carries the juices, yet raw and undigested, into the veins, and there putrifies, and confounds the animal spirits. *Crato* particularly protests against all such exercise after eating, as being the greatest enemy to concoction; and therefore it is not without good reason that *Salvianus*, *Jacchinus*, *Mercurialis*, *Arcubanus*, and many other celebrated physicians, set down immoderate and unseasonable exercise as a most forcible cause of melancholy.

IDLENESS, which is the opposite extreme to immoderate exercise, is the badge of gentry, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the step-mother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases: for the mind is naturally active; and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief, or sinks into melancholy. As immoderate exercise offends on the one side, so doth an idle life on the other. Idleness, as *Rasis* and *Montaltus* affirm, begets melancholy more than any other disposition: and *Plutarch* says, that it is not only the sole cause of the sickness of the soul, but that nothing begets it sooner, encreases it more, or continues

continues it so long. Melancholy is certainly a familiar disease to all idle persons; an inseparable companion to such as live indolent and luxurious lives. Any pleasant company, discourse, business, sport, recreation, or amusement, suspend "the pains and penalties of idleness:" but the moment these engagements cease, the mind is again afflicted with the torments of this disease. The lazy, lolling race of men are always miserable and uneasy. SENECA well says, *Malo mihi malè quam molliter esse*: I had rather be sick than idle. This disposition is either of body or of mind. Idleness of body is the improper intermission of necessary exercise, which causes crudities, obstructions, excrementitious humours, quenches the natural heat, dulls the spirits, and renders the mind unfit for employment. As ground that is untilled runs to weeds, so indolence produces nothing but gross humours*. A horse unexercised, and a hawk unflown, contract diseases from which, if left at their natural liberty, they would be entirely free. An idle dog will be mangy; and how can an idle person expect to escape? But mental idleness is infinitely more prejudicial than idleness of body: wit without employment is a disease, *Ærugo animi, rubigo ingenii*: the rust of
of

* Neglectis urenda silex innascitur agris. Hor. Lib. i. Sat. 3.

of the soul, a plague, a very hell itself: *maximum animi nocumentum*. "As in a standing pool," says *Seneca*, "worms and filthy creepers increase, so do evil and corrupt thoughts in the mind of an idle person." The whole soul is contaminated by it. As in a commonwealth that has no common enemy to contend with, civil wars generally ensue, and the members of it rage against each other, so is this body natural, when it is idle, macerated and vexed with cares, griefs, false fears, discontents, suspicions, and restless anxiety, for want of proper employment. Vulture like, it preys upon the bowels of its victims, and allows them no respite from their sufferings.

For he's the *Tityus* here, that lies opprest
 With idleness, or whom fierce cares molest:
 These are the eagles that still tear his breast.

Idle persons, whatever be their age, sex, or condition, however rich, well allied, or fortunate, can never be well either in body or mind. Wearied, vexed, loathing, weeping, sighing, grieving, and suspecting, they are continually offended with the world and its concerns, and disgusted with every object in it. Their lives are painful to themselves, and burthensome to others; for their bodies are doomed to endure the miseries of ill health, and their minds to be tortured by every foolish fancy. This is the true cause why the rich

rich and great generally labour under this disease; for idleness is an appendix to nobility, who, counting business a disgrace, sanction every whim in search of, and spend all their time, in dissipated pleasures, idle sports and useless recreations: and

Their conduct, like a sick man's dreams,
Is form'd of vanity and whims.

Pharaoh reasoned philosophically on the subject of this disease: for when the children of *Israel*, for want of sufficient employment, requested, with murmuring and discontent, permission to offer up their sacrifices in the desert, he commanded the task-master to double the portion of their daily duty, conceiving that as the cause of their discontent proceeded from their want of employment, their murmurings might be appeased by additional labour. "Ye shall
" no more, said the king, give the people straw
" to make bricks; let them gather it for them-
" selves: but the tale of the bricks which they
" did make heretofore, shall not in aught be
" diminished; for they are idle, and therefore it
" is they cry, Let us go and sacrifice to our
" God." *Otiosus animus nescit quid volet*: An idle person knows not when he is well, what he would have, or whither he would go; and being tired with every thing, displeas'd with every thing,

thing, and every way weary of his existence, he falls by degrees into the deepest melancholy.

SOLITUDE, *nimia solitudo*, too much solitariness is cozen-german to idleness, and a principal cause of melancholy. It is either enforced or voluntary. ENFORCED SOLITUDE is that which is observed by students, monks, friars, and anchorites, who, by their order and course of life, must abandon all society, and betake themselves to privacy and retirement. *Bale* and *Hospinian* well term it, *Otio superstitioso seclusti*; such as are the *Carthusians*, who, by the rules of their order, eat no flesh, keep perpetual silence, and never go abroad. Under this head also may be ranged such as live in *prisons* or in *desert places*,

“ Far from the busy hum of men.”

Like those country gentlemen who inhabit lonely and sequestered houses; for they are obliged to live without company, or to exceed their incomes by hospitably entertaining all who can be induced to visit them; except, indeed, they chuse to hold conversation and keep company with their servants and hinds, or such as are unequal to them in birth, inferior to them in fortune, and of a contrary temper and disposition;

or

or else, as their only resource from solitude, fly, as many country gentlemen do, to the neighbouring alehouse, and there spend their time with vulgar fellows in unlawful disports and dissolute courses. There are others who are cast upon this rock for want of means to enjoy society: there are others who seek it from a strong sense of some impending or suffered infirmity or disgrace: and there are others who are induced to seek it from the natural timidity and bashfulness of their temper; or as the means of avoiding that rudeness of behaviour which they are in danger of meeting with in the world, and which the delicacy of their feelings, and too exquisite sensibility, render them unable to endure, *Nullum solum infelici gratius solitudine, ubi nullus sit qui miseriam exprobet.* From whatever cause, however, this species of solitariness may arise, it is conducive to a melancholy disposition: but such effects are most likely to be produced on the minds of those who have previously passed their time in the social pleasures and lively recreations of good company, and are, upon some sudden emergency or event, compelled to resign the happiness of domestic life, or the more vivid joys of popular entertainments, for the cold comforts of a country cottage, where they are abridged of their usual liberty, and debarred from the company of their ordinary associates. But
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it is VOLUNTARY SOLITUDE which is most likely to engender this disease, and to lead the mind, like a Siren, a shoeing-horn, or a Sphinx, by seductive paths, and imperceptible degrees, into this irrevocable gulph. *Piso* calls this disposition the primary cause of melancholy; for the highest delight persons thus tainted can enjoy, is to be absent from all society, to lie whole days in bed, to seclude themselves in their chambers from the sight of mankind, to saunter alone through some sequestered grove, amidst the mazes of some entangled wood, or on the margin of a rushy brook, in silent but pleasing meditation on such subjects as most affect their minds: *amabilis insania et mentis gratissimus error*: a most incomparable delight it is so to melancholize, to build fancied castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, to act without controul or observation an infinite variety of parts, and to realize in Fancy's maze the subject of their imaginations, past, present, and to come. So delightful are these toys at first, that they follow them day after day, and night after night, with unexhausted pleasure, conceiving from the powerful impression they feel, that they are the very characters which their thoughts represent to their distempered but pregnant minds. No object can induce them to abandon, or prevent them from enjoying, the delusive pleasures which their

vain

vain conceits afford; but suspending their ordinary tasks, avoiding all sublunary concerns, relinquishing even the pleasures of study, and neglecting every other employment, these phantastical and bewitching thoughts so covertly, so feelingly, so urgently, so continually set upon, creep in, insinuate, possess, overcome, distract, and detain them, that they surrender themselves entirely to their influence, and wander every where musing and melancholizing, like one conducted in sad silence by the fairy hand of *Puck*, that merry wanderer of the night, or *Oberon*, the king of shadows, over the enchanted heath, winding and unwinding themselves as so many clocks, and still pleasing their deluded minds.

unsettled they remove,
As pleasure calls, from verdant grove to grove;
Or stretch'd on flowery meads at ease they lie,
And hear the silver rills run bubbling by.

But, alas! at last the scene is suddenly changed by some bad event; and being habituated to vain solitude and fanciful meditation, and unable to endure the delights of rational society, they can ruminate on nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, discontent, care, and weariness of life, surprize them in a moment, and they can think of nothing else. No sooner do their eyes open than this infernal plague of

MELANCHOLY seizes on its prey, terrifies their souls by representing the most dismal objects to their minds, which now no means, no labour, no persuasion, will enable them to avoid.

“ _____ The fatal dart
“ Sticks in their sides, and rankles in the heart:”

and they find it impossible to extract the shaft, or to extricate themselves from the dreadful misery into which they have been plunged by the indulgence of their pleasing but pernicious perturbations.

“ The gates of hell are open night and day;
“ Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
“ But to return, and view the cheerful skies,
“ In this the task and mighty labor lies.”

Serious contemplation, induced by that species of solitude so highly recommended by the fathers of the church, may unquestionably, as *Petrarch* observes, create an earthly paradise, a heaven on earth, if it be rightly used: good for the body, and better for the soul. Of this effect, the piety, the innocence, and the virtue, which accompanied the retirement of the Emperor *Dioctesian*, and of *Simulus*, the courtier and companion of *Adrian*, are remarkable instances. *Vatia solus scit vivere*, was the observation of the Romans when they commended the advantages of rural retirement: “ It is *Vatia* alone
who

who knows how to live:" and certainly many excellent philosophers, as *Democritus*, *Cleanthus*, *Pliny*, *Cicero*, and *Jovius*, have advantageously sequestered themselves from the contentions of a tumultuous world. Our zealous innovators, therefore, were perhaps ill advised, when they subverted and flung down all abbies and religious houses without distinction. The gross abuses, and greater inconveniencies, that prevailed in those retreats, might have been amended and reformed; and some of those fair buildings, and everlasting monuments of the piety of our forefathers, rendered favourable to that religious devotion they were originally erected to promote. Some few monasteries and collegiate cells might have been well spared from the general wreck, and their revenues employed in supporting those who choose to retire from the cares and troubles, the vices and vexations, of a disastrous world. Some persons who are unfit, and others who are unwilling, to hold the nuptial torch, together with many more, whom sickness, sorrow, or other misfortunes, may have disqualified from entering on the stage of active life with any probability of success, might, in the temperance and quietude of those holy retreats, have been comfortably supported; and while they mingled the study of useful science with the practice of virtue and religion, have become ornaments to
human

human nature, and recommended themselves both to God and man. Characters of this description are never less solitary than when they are alone, or more busy than when they seem to be most idle*. It is reported by *Plato*, in his dialogue *de amore*, that *Socrates*, during his continuance in the army, and while he encamped on an extensive plain, was observed by his officers to fall suddenly into so profound a meditation that he continued rapt and musing from morning until evening, without ever waking from his reverie. The officers, in admiration of his philosophic character and exalted mind, placed a canopy over his head, and silently watched him throughout the night; but he still remained in the same posture, pensive and immoveable, until the sun opened its beams on the ensuing day, when he raised his eyes to heaven, and saluting with reverential awe and humble adoration the glorious luminary, he departed with quietude and composure to his tent, and issued his orders for the business of the day. The subject which during this long interval engaged the contemplation of this great man

* An observation which *Cicero*, in his *Offices*, put into the mouth of *Scipio Africanus*: “Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus; nunquam minus otiosus quam cum esset otiosus.” To which we may add the answer the poet made to the husbandman in *Esope*, that objected idleness to him, namely, “That he was never so idle as in his company.”

man is not known; nor is it easy to be conceived how he could bring his mind to endure such a long-continued train of intense thought. It was, however, a fatigue which few, if any, modern philosophers would be able, or perhaps willing, to sustain. But *Seneca* observes, that a wise man is never so busy as when he silently contemplates the greatness of God and the beauty of his works; or withdraws from society for the purpose of performing some important service to the rest of mankind: for he that is well employed in such studies, though he may seem to do nothing at all, does greater things than any other, in affairs both human and divine. There are, however, some men who are busy in idleness, and make the leisure of peace not only more troublesome, but even more wicked than the business of war. *Homo solus aut Deus, aut dæmon*: "A man alone is said to be either a saint or a devil:" and on such characters solitude always produces its worst effects; for they frequently degenerate from the nature of men, and loathing even the idea of society, become a species of misanthropic beasts and monsters, ugly to behold by others, and hateful to themselves. They are very *Timons* and *Nebuchadnezzars*; to whom we may apply the observations made by *Mercurialis* to his melancholy patient: "Nature may justly complain of you, for she gave you

“ both a healthy body and a vigorous mind,
 “ which you have not only contemned and re-
 “ jected, but polluted and overthrown; and by
 “ such misconduct have proved yourself a traitor
 “ to God, an enemy to Nature, a destroyer of
 “ yourself, and a malefactor to the world. You
 “ have wilfully cast yourself away; and by
 “ giving way to, instead of resisting, your vain
 “ cogitations, have become the efficient cause
 “ of your own misery and destruction.”

SLEEP, Nature's soft nurse, cannot, according to the received opinion, be immoderately taken in this disease; but in that phlegmatic, swinish, cold, and sluggish melancholy, of which *Melancthon* speaks, it may certainly do more harm than good; for, as *Fuchsius* says of those who sleep like dormice, it dulls the spirits, destroys the senses, fills the head full of gross humours, produces distillations, and causes excrementitious matter in the brain. Sleeping in the day-time upon a full stomach, after eating hard meats, or when the body is ill composed to rest, certainly produces frightful dreams, incubus, night walking, crying out, and prepares the body, as *Ratzius* observes, “ for many perilous diseases.” On the contrary, waking overmuch is both a symptom and an ordinary cause of this disease; for it corrupts the temperature of the brain, and changes the

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the natural heat of the body. *Crato, Hilde-
sheim, Jacchinus*, and many others, therefore,
justly conceive this over-much waking to be a
principal cause of melancholy.

If enquiry be made which of all the foregoing
causes is the most malignant in its effects, an
answer is furnished by the observation which
the *Gymnosophist* made to *Alexander*, when he
ordered him to pronounce sentence on his com-
panions; that *every one of them is worse than the
other* *.

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But

* *Alexander*, in his expedition against *Sabbas*, took ten of the
most acute and concise *Gymnosophists*, who had principally insti-
gated the revolt, and propounded to them successively nine
questions; declaring that he who first answered wrong, of
which answer the oldest should be judge, should be first put to
death, and after him all the rest. The questions and answers
were, 1st, "Which are most numerous, the living or the
dead?"—A. "The living; for the dead no longer exist."—
2dly, "Whether the earth or the sea produces the largest ani-
mals?"—A. "The earth; for the sea is part of it."—3dly,
"Which is the craftiest of all animals?"—A. "That with
which man is not yet acquainted."—4thly, "What was your
reason for persuading *Sabbas* to revolt?"—A. "Because I wish-
ed him either to live or die with honour."—5thly, "Which is
the oldest, day or night?"—A. "The day, by one day."—
6thly, "What are the best means for a man to make himself
beloved?"—A. "Not to make himself feared."—7thly, "How
may a man become a god?"—A. "By doing what is impossi-
ble for man to do."—8thly, "Which is strongest, life or
death?"

But those causes which arise from THE PASSIONS, and which we shall now proceed to consider, are far more malignant in their nature, and grievous in their effects, than all the rest.

THE PASSIONS are denominated by *Piccolomineus*, “*fulmen perturbationum*,” or the thunder and lightning of the soul; from their producing such violent and speedy effects upon the human frame, as frequently to subvert the good estate and temperature both of body and mind; for, as the body by its bad humours troubles the spirits and works upon the mind, by sending gross humours into the brain, so *per consequens* the disturbance of the soul, and its faculties, works upon the body through the medium of its passions. “If the body,” says *Democritus**, in *Plutarch*, “should in this behalf bring an action against the soul, the soul would certainly be cast
and

death?”—A. “Life; because it bears so many evils.”—9thly, “How long is it good for a man to live?”—A. “As long as he does not prefer death to life.”—*Alexander* then turning to the judge, ordered him to give sentence. “In my opinion,” said the venerable philosopher, “they have all answered one worse than another.”—“If this is thy judgment,” said *Alexander*, “thou shalt die first.”—“No,” replied the philosopher, “not except you chuse to break your word: for you declared that the man who answered worst should first suffer.” The king loaded them with presents, and dismissed them.

* Lib. de sanitat. tuend.

and convicted, for permitting the body to suffer, by her supine negligence, such gross inconveniencies; for the soul having an unquestionable authority and controul over the body, ought to use its authority as an instrument for effecting its own purposes, as a smith uses his hammer in moulding materials into such forms as he pleases." The Stoics* say that a wise man should be *ἀπαθής*, free from all passion or perturbation whatsoever, as *Cato* and *Socrates* are reputed to have been †. But this is an airy and unfounded notion; for common experience evinces that no mortal can totally exempt himself from these vibrations of the heart and mind; and, indeed, as *Lemnius* observes, that which is free from passion cannot be mortal, but must be either more or less than man ‡. The passions are natives of the human breast, and their corruptions and discordances have been increased by the accumulating vices of succeeding generations; for however they may be occasionally moderated and subdued by the happy effects of a good education, the precepts of sound philosophy, and the divine influence of religion, they predominate in general

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* Lepsius *Physiol. Stoic. Picolomineus Grad. l. c. 32.*

† Seneca *Epist. 104. Elian. lib. 1. c. 6.*

‡ Lemnius *De occult. nat. mir. l. 1. c. 16. Nemo mortalium qui affectibus non ducatur: qui non movetur, aut saxum, aut Deus est.*

ral with such unrestrained and irresistible violence, that, like a raging torrent overflowing its banks, and bearing down all before it, they overwhelm the soul, and destroy not only the faculties of the mind, but change, in their course, the very temperature of the body. *Ludovicus Vives* compares them to the winds and waves, which, when light and favourable, drive us gently over a calm sea to our destined harbour; but if high and adverse, toss us tempestuously through a troubled ocean to some hostile and unfriendly shore. As the mind works upon the body through the medium of the passions, so the passions produce their effect through the medium of the imagination*. The original fountain, therefore, of all human grievances of this description is *læsa imaginatio*, as *Dr. Navarra* justly observed, on being consulted by *Montanus* on the case of a melancholy Jew; for the disorder of the imagination communicates itself to the heart, and causes a distemperature of the spirits and humours to such a degree as to occasion melancholy; the mind being a soil much more favourable to the impregnation of this complaint, and
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* See upon this subject *Agrippa Occult. Philos. lib. 11. c. 63.* *Cardan, lib. 14.* *Lemnius, lib. 1. c. 12.* *Suacer Met. disput. 18. sect. 1. article 23.* *T. Bright, in his Treatise on Melancholy, cap. 12;* and *Wright the Jesuit's Book on the Passions of the Mind.*

more fertile and prolific in its effects, than the body.

The common misconceptions of persons labouring under this disease, such as their being kings, lords, cocks, bears, apes, owls, and objects of a more fantastical kind, are justly attributed by *Wierus** to this source. One day, while *Alexander* had stripped himself to play at ball, the persons who were playing with him observed a man sitting in profound and melancholy silence on his throne, dressed in the royal robes, with the diadem upon his head, and the sceptre in his hand; and when they demanded who he was, he seemed to disdain giving them an answer; but being further questioned, he at length wakened as it were from his reverie, and replied, “ My name is *Dionysius*; I am a native
 “ of *Messene*: upon a criminal process against
 “ me, I left that place, and embarked for *Baby-*
 “ *lon*, where I was kept a long time in chains;
 “ but this day the god *Serapis* appeared to
 “ me, broke my chains, conducted me hither,
 “ and ordered me to reassume in dignified silence
 “ my royalty and crown.” And many other instances of the like sort might be given.

* *Occult Philos.*, lib. v. cap. 64.

The force of imagination indeed is so great, that, as *Ludovicus Vives* relates, a Jew in France, who had come by chance safely over a terribly dangerous passage, by means of a very narrow plank that lay over a precipice, on perceiving the next day the danger he had escaped, fell down, and instantly expired. It is by working on the imagination of patients, that empirics oftentimes perform such extraordinary cures; as in those common instances of the cure of the tooth-ach, ague, gout, and hydrophobia, by means of pretended spells, words, tractors, characters, and charms. Strong conceit is a kind of mental rudder which REASON should hold for the purpose of steering the mind into its right course; but reason too frequently suffers itself to be carried away by the strong gales of a corrupt and vitiated fancy, and by the violence of those perturbations which unrestrained passions create. Philosophy and religion are certainly the best antidotes to these intellectual disturbances, and, by their operation, if timely administered, all the exorbitant desires of the mind, and every unruly and extravagant passion of the heart, might be moderated and restrained within their proper bounds; but men, alas! instead of applying these salutary medicines to abate the rage, and recover the temper, of their vitiated imaginations, cherish the disease in their bosoms until their

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their increasing appetites, like the hounds of *Actæon*, tear into pieces the soul they were intended to enliven and protect.

The passions and perturbations which affect the fancy, and distract the imagination, are divided by the *Thomists* into the six which covet, and the five which invade; by *Aristotle*, into those which give pleasure or pain; by *Plato*, into those which engender love or hatred; by *Ludovicus Vives*, into good and bad; by *St. Barnard*, into those which excite hope or fear; to which others add, those which create joy or sorrow: but *Wright*, the Jesuit, distributes them into those which arise from the *irascible* and *concupiscible* inclinations.

SORROW may be included in the catalogue of irascible passions productive of melancholy; for it is not only the inseparable companion, but both the cause and effect of this disease. Sorrow and melancholy move as it were in a circle, and reciprocally act upon and produce each other. This affection is described by *St. Chrysoptom*, in his seventeenth Epistle to *Olympia*, to be “ a
 “ cruel torture of the soul; a poisonous worm,
 “ which continually gnaws upon the heart,
 “ and consumes both the body and the mind; a
 “ perpetual executioner, working in night and
 E 4 “ darkness;

“darkness; a battle that has no end; and the
 “eagle which, as poets feign, was perpetually
 “plucking at the vitals of *Prometheus* *.”
 Every perturbation, says the royal preacher, is
 a misery; but grief is a cruel torment †. In
 ancient *Rome*, when a dictator was created, all
 inferior magistracies ceased; and when excessive
 grief seizes on the soul, all other passions im-
 mediately vanish. *Eleonora*, the mournful dutchess,
 in our English *Ovid* ‡, well describes the effect
 of this perturbation, in her lamentation over her
 noble husband *Humphrey Duke of Gloucester*:

“Saw’st thou those eyes, in whose sweet cheerful
 look
 “Duke Humphrey once such joy and pleasure took;
 “Sorrow hath so despoil’d them of all grace,
 “Thou couldst not say, this was my *Elnor’s* face.

David roared in the disquietude of his heart;
 his soul melted away for very heaviness; and he
 became like a bottle in the smoke §. *Crato* gives an
 extraor-

* Dr. Johnson says, “Sorrow properly is that state of the
 mind in which our desires are fixed upon the past, without
 looking forward to the future; an incessant wish that something
 was otherwise than it has been; a tormenting and harrassing
 want of some enjoyment or possession which we have lost, and
 which no endeavours can possibly regain.”

† Ecclef. xxv. 15, 16. ‡ Mich. Drayton, in his *Her. Ep.*

§ Psalms xxxviii. viii.; 119. 4. 38.

extraordinary instance of a patient whose mind was weighed down by the blackest melancholy merely from his having indulged immoderate sorrow *. And *Montanus* furnishes another instance of the like kind, in the case of a noble matron, whose sorrow gained such firm possession of her mind that the consequent melancholy could never be removed. It was the violence of sorrow that transformed *Hecuba* into a dog, and *Niobe* into stone.

Widow'd and childless, lamentable state!

A doleful sight among the dead she sat;

Harden'd with woes, a statue of despair;

To every breath of wind unmov'd her hair;

Her cheeks still reddening, but their colour dead;

Faded her eye, and set within her head.

No more her pliant tongue its motion keeps,

But lies congeal'd within her frozen lips.

Stagnate and dull within her purple veins,

Its current stopp'd, the lifeless blood remains.

Her feet their usual offices refuse;

Her arms and neck their graceful gestures lose;

Action and life from every part are gone,

And ev'n her entrails turn'd to solid stone:

Yet still she weeps, and, whirl'd by stormy winds,

Borne through the air, her native country finds;

There fix'd she stands upon a bleaky hill;

There yet her marble cheeks fresh tears distill.

E 5

These

* *Mærore maceror, marcesco & confenesco miser, ossa atque pellis sum misera macritudine.*

These lines well express that dumb, deaf, melancholy stupidity which benumbs all our faculties, when oppressed by accidents which we are not able to bear: and, indeed, the operation of grief, if it be excessive, must so overwhelm the soul as to deprive it of the liberty of its functions.

Melancthon observes, that sorrow draws a black blood from the spleen, and diffuses it round the heart in such a manner as to extinguish the spirits, and occasions those terrible hypochondriacal convulsions to which persons who have surrendered themselves to habitual sadness are so frequently subject. But the kind of sorrow most likely to produce these mischievous effects, is that which is silent and inactive; for

Complaining oft gives respite to our grief;
 From hence the wretched *Progne* sought relief;
 Hence the *Pæantian* chief his fate deplores,
 And vents his sorrows to the *Lemnian* shores:
 In vain by secrecy we would assuage
 Our cares; conceal'd, they gather tenfold rage.

FEAR is cousin-german, or rather sister, to Sorrow, her *fidus Achates*, constant companion; chief assistant, and principal agent in procuring this mischief. What *Virgil* says of the Harpies may be truly applied to these twin destroyers:

Monsters

Monsters more fierce offended heaven ne'er sent,
From hell's abyss, for human punishment.

This foul fiend was held in so much awe by the *Lacedæmonians*, that they worshipped it under the title of *Angerona Dea*; and their augurs yearly sacrificing at its shrine in the temple of *Volupia*, endeavoured to deprecate its wrath, and to induce her to banish from the bosoms of the people all cares, anguish, and vexation, during the succeeding year. The *Ephori* of *Sparta* erected a temple to Fear near their tribunal, to strike awe into those who approached it. *Theseus*, before he engaged the *Amazons*, in obedience to the command of an oracle, sacrificed to Fear, that his troops might not be seized with it. *Alexander* performed the same ceremony before the battle of *Arbela*. *Virgil* places Fear at the entrance of hell; and *Ovid* in the retinue of *Tisiphone*, one of the furies. The lamentable effects of this disqualifying perturbation are very sensibly felt by those who are compelled to speak before public assemblies, or in the presence of the wise and great, as both *Cicero* and *Demosthenes* have very candidly confessed; for it impedes utterance, confuses the ideas, destroys the memory *, and confounds the

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judgment.

* *Timor inducit frigus, cordis palpitationem, vocis defectum, atque pallorem. Agrippa, lib. 1. c. 63.*

judgment. *Lucian*, to illustrate its effects, introduces *Jupiter Tragicædus*, when he was about to make a speech to the rest of the gods, as totally unable to utter a syllable, until he was prompted by the herald *Mercury*. It frequently confounds the brightest and strongest faculties of the human mind; hinders the most honourable attempts; discourages the efforts of genius; aggravates calamity; and keeps those who are under its influence in continual suspense and increasing alarm, depressing every hope of their minds, and rendering sad and heavy every feeling of their hearts. There is no passion that sooner dethrones the judgment from its natural seat:

Mistrust of good success hath done the deed:

Oh! hateful error, Melancholy's child.

And *Shakespear* has declared that

—————Our fears are traitors,

Which make us lose the thing we wish

To gain, by dread of the event.

There is, in short, no rack or torture so truly painful. *Nulla ut miseria major quàm metus*, says *Vives* truly; for there is certainly no greater misery. It leads the imagination into its most dreadful abyss, and tyrannises over the fancy more than all other affections; for what the mind fears it fancies it perceives; and the ideas
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of ghosts, goblins, hags, spectres, devils, and every thing that imports calamity and distress, present themselves so strongly to the mind, as to overwhelm it with horrors, which, if not dissipated by timely remedies, will in the end embitter life with miserable melancholy.

SHAME and DISGRACE cause most violent and bitter pangs, and frequently plunge the most generous minds into the deepest despair; for there are men, as *Cicero* observes, who are able to neglect the tumults of the world, to abandon the fields of glory, to contemn pleasure, and endure grief, who are alarmed even at the appearance of infamy, and are utterly unable to endure even undeserved obloquy or reproach. A sense of shame operates so powerfully on every liberal and ingenuous mind, that it frequently causes the tortured sufferer to destroy his life. *Aristotle*, ashamed of being not able to understand the motion of *Euripus**, put a period to his existence: *Homer* was overwhelmed by this distressing perturbation, because he was unable to unfold the fisherman's riddle†: *Sophocles* was unable to survive the disgrace he felt on his favourite

* *Cælius Rodiginus antiquar. lec. lib. 29. cap. 8.*

† *Quod piscatoris ænigma solvere non posset.*

favourite tragedy being hissed off the stage‡: *Lucretia* stabbed herself, and so did *Cleopatra*, to avoid the infamy of being exhibited as a public spectacle of triumph and dishonour*: *Apollonius Rhodius* forsook his country and his friends, and devoted himself to exile, merely because he had mis-recited one of his poems†. A sense of shame drove *Ajax* mad on the arms of *Achilles* being adjudged to *Ulysses*. *Hestratus*, the friar, was so mortified by the book which *Reuclin* wrote against him, under the name of *Epist. obscurorum virorum*, that for shame and grief he made away with himself§: And *Anthony*, the triumvir, on being conquered by his colleague, sat for three days in melancholy solitude on the fore-castle of his ship, and then destroyed himself: So powerfully does this acute feeling play its part among other passions and perturbations of the human mind. There are, indeed, many base, impudent, brazen-faced, unfeeling rogues, whose countenances never betray their guilt, who set all sense of shame at defiance, whose inflexible features no obloquy can move, who deride
all

‡ Valer. Max. lib. 9, cap. 12. Ob Tragedeum explosam, mortem sibi gladio concivit.

* Cum vidit in triumphum se servari, causa ejus ignominia vitanda mortem sibi concivit.

† Cum male recitasset *Argonautica* ob pudorem exulavit.

§ Jovius in elogiis.

all modesty, and laugh at disgrace; who, though perjured, stigmatized, and sentenced as convicted rogues, thieves, or traitors, to lose their ears, be whipped, branded, called, pointed at, and hissed, like *Ballio*, the bawd in *Plautus*, glory in their shame. The times unhappily produce many such shameless characters, who, like *Thersites*,

“ ——— clamour in the throng,
 “ Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue,
 “ Aw’d by no shame, by no respect controul’d,
 “ In scandal busy, in reproaches bold;”

and who may be truly said to possess “ a wall of brass;” but of a different kind from that which *Horace* recommends, when he says—

Be this thy fort and brazen wall,
 To be in virtue best of all;
 To have a conscience clear within,
 Nor colour at the change of sin*.

Modesty is the brightest badge of merit; and every ingenuous man, jealous of his reputation, feels a deep and deadly wound inflicted by the shafts of calumny and disgrace. Life and fortune are no considerations with him when placed in competition with the loss of character. The least

* *Hor. Epist. 1st.*

least blot upon his honour, the shadow even of disgrace passing over his fair name, and obscuring only for a time the brightness of his renown, renders him dejected and miserable.

ENVY and MALICE are links of this chain of perturbations; for envy gnaws the human heart until it drowns the mind in melancholy: And *Horace* well observes

That stern Sicilian tyrants ne'er could find
A greater torment than an envious mind.

“As a moth gnaws a garment, so” says *St. Chrysoftom*, “does envy consume the heart of man.” Its malignant and scowling eye no sooner beholds another rich, thriving, and prosperous, than its heart heaves with throes of torturing anguish. Superior worth and virtue are rankling daggers in its beating breast. An envious man, like those who fell from *Lucian's* rock of honour, will injure himself rather than not do a mischief to his happier neighbour; as the character in *Esop* willingly lost one eye that his fellow-creature might lose both: like the rich man in *Quintilian** he will poison the sweetest flowers in his garden to deprive the neighbouring bees of their honey. Malice is the
joy

* *Declam.* 13.

joy of his life, calumny the language of his tongue, and his sole delight another's ruin. The temporary gratification of pleasure forms some excuse for the committal of other sins; but envy admits of no excuse or palliation. Gluttony may be satisfied, Anger appeased, and Hatred subdued; but Envy is a stubborn weed of the mind, which even the culture of philosophy can seldom subdue. It is, however, a disease incident to our very nature*. *Saul* and *David*†, *Cain* and *Abel*‡, felt its influence: *Rachel* envied the happiness of her sister§; and the brethren of *Joseph* were urged by this vice to sell him to the company of *Ismaelites*, who came from *Gilead*, with spices, in their way to *Egypt*||. *Habbakuk* repined at others good. *Domitian*, jealous that a private man should be so much glorified, spited *Agricola* for his worth; and *Cecinna* was envied by his fellow-citizens because he was more richly adorned. Women are not entirely free from this infirmity: they feel the passions of love and hatred always in extreams, and cannot endure a rival either in finery or affection, but, like *Agrippina*, if they see a neighbour richer in dress, neater in attire,

more

* Infitum mortalibus a natura recentem aliozem fœlicitatem ægris oculis intueri. Tacitus, lib. 2.

† Psalm 37. ‡ Genesis. § Gen. 30. || Gen. 37.

more blessed with beauty, or more ardently admired, rage inflames their minds, and envy fills their hearts*, as *Tacitus* informs us was the case with the Roman ladies with respect to *Solonina*, the wife of *Cecinna*, with whom they were much offended, merely because she had a finer horse and more splendid furniture†. *Myrsine*, an Athenian lady, was murdered by her jealous rivals, because she excelled them in beauty‡; and our fair country-women, in their various assemblies and fashionable coteries, feel, if they would candidly confess it, no very pleasing sensations at the sight of a rival beauty, nor express any very sincere approbation of her superiority either in dress or charms, of which every village yields abundant examples.

EMULATION, HATRED, FACTION, and REVENGE, spring as feral branches from the baneful root of Envy, and become, *ferræ animæ*, the saws of the soul; or, as *Valerius* describes them,

* Ant. Guianerius lib. 2, cap. 8, vim. *M. Aurelii* fœmina vicinam elegantius se vestitam videns, lænæ instar in virum insurgit, &c.

† Quod insigni equo & ostro veheretur, quanquam nullius cum injuria, ornatum illum tanquam læsæ gravabantur.

‡ Quod pulchritudine omnes excelleret, puellæ indignatæ occiderunt. *Constantine Agricult. lib. ii. cap. 7.*

them, *consternationis pleni affectus*, affections full of desperate amazement. There is, indeed, no perturbation more frequent, no passion more common, than EMULATION.

A potter emulates a potter,
 One smith envies another:
 A beggar emulates a beggar,
 A singing man his brother*.

Every society, corporation, and private family, is full of it; for it takes hold of all descriptions of persons, from THE PRINCE to THE PLOUGHMAN: even gossips are infected with it: and there is scarcely a company of three, without there being some siding, faction, and emulation between two of them; or some jarring, private grudge, or heart-burning, amongst them all. Scarcely two private gentlemen can live near each other in the country, except they be related by blood or marriage, but there is some emulation betwixt them, their wives, children, friends, followers, or servants: some contention about wealth, quality, precedency, or other matter of the like nature; in the indulgence of which, like the frog in the fable, who burst itself

in

* Καὶ κεραμοῦς κεραμεῖ κοτέει καὶ τέκλιονι τέκλιων,
 Καὶ πτωχὸς πτωχῷ φθονέει καὶ ἀοιδὸς ἀοιδῷ.

in attempting to swell into the size of the ox, they consume their fortunes, and increase their animosities, until they are broken and undone. Scarcely, indeed, can two great scholars be contemporaries, without falling foul of each other, and their respective adherents, with the bitterest invectives. These observations, however, must not be applied to that GENEROUS EMULATION which generally prevails among the liberal-minded students of the arts and sciences; an emulation that becomes the whetstone of wit, and the nurse of valor. The glory of *Miltiades* was not the envy, but an incentive to the ambition of *Themistocles*; as the trophies of *Achilles* moved the soul of *Alexander*. The mind that is not fired by the example of great exploits and noble actions, must indeed be sluggish and inert. The desire of excellence, when its object is great and virtuous, deserves the highest praise, and produces the greatest good; but when trifling or vicious, it is only productive of misery and pain. *Henry the Eighth*, of *England*, and *Francis the First*, of *France*, foolishly squandered immense sums of money in their celebrated interview in the plains of *Ardes*; and many weak and vain courtiers of each kingdom, outvying each other in expence and splendor, exhausted their fortunes, and died in contempt. The jealous minds of *Adrian* and *Nero* caused them to put all their
equals

equals to the sword: and it was this passion that caused *Dionysius* the tyrant to banish *Plato* the philosopher, and *Philoxenus* the poet, from his dominions, lest, by their superior excellence, they should eclipse his glory. The same infernal spirit caused the exile of *Coriolanus*, the confinement of *Camillus*, and the murder of *Scipio*. When *Richard the First* of England was a fellow-soldier with *Philip* of France at the siege of *Acon*, in the Holy Land, the English monarch so far surpassed his jealous contemporary in virtue and in valor, that the indignant soul of *Philip* sought every occasion to create a quarrel; and at length, bursting into open defiance, he recked his revenge, by invading the territories of his more generous rival, with virulent, immortal, and snake-hung enmity. The libels, calumnies, invectives, bitter taunts, persecutions, wars, and bloodshed, which the passions of jealousy, hatred, and revenge create, may be instanced in the *Guelf* and *Gibelline* faction in *Italy*; that of *Adurni* and *Fregosi* in *Genoa*; that of *Orleans* and *Burgundy* in *France*; and that of *York* and *Lancaster* in *England*. “A plague on both your houses!” exclaimed *Mercutio*, when he fell a victim to the jealous animosity that prevailed between the *Montagues* and the *Capulets*. And indeed this passion rages with inveterate violence not only among individuals and families,

but

but even among populous cities, as *Carthage* and *Corinth* fatally experienced.

Forbear, rash men! the guilt of shedding blood;
 And to each other give what he deserves.
 Love, with affection's warmer fires, the good;
 And pity him who from fair Virtue swerves.

ANGER, which is described to be "a short-lived madness*," carries the spirits outward, and, by disturbing the body, and agitating the mind, induces melancholy by means of the sorrow, disappointment, and repentance it constantly creates. It is said to be one of the three most violent passions of the human breast: and *Basil*, in his homily *de Irâ*, justly calls it "the worst of demons, the great darkener of the understanding, and the most corroding cancer of the soul:" for, as *Horace* observes,

———— "Nor the God of wine,
 "Nor *Pythian Phæbus* from his inmost shrine,
 "Nor *Dindymene*, nor her priests possess,
 "Can with their sounding cymbals shake the breast
 "Like furious Anger."

The effects of madness and anger are, indeed, the same: the eyes of the unhappy sufferer, in both

* *Ira furor brevis est.* Hor. lib. 1, ep. 2.

both cases, stare wildly, and almost start from their spheres; his teeth gnash together, his tongue falters, his complexion becomes livid, and his whole frame distorted. And, according to *Hippocrates*, the most dangerous maladies are those which disfigure the countenance. O, ye fair!

Let no rude passions in your looks find place;
 For fury will deform the finest face.
 It swells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
 While in the eye a gorgon horror reigns*.

The victim of this dangerous passion is frequently unconscious of its influence at the time it prevails. *Plutarch* ordered his disobedient slave to be stripped and whipped in his presence with extreme severity. The slave, while he was undergoing the punishment, remonstrated with his master, telling him that he was acting unlike the philosopher he pretended to be; for that he had not only declaimed against the indecency of anger, but had composed a work to expose its dangers, and that his conduct upon the present occasion was in contradiction to his writings. To which *Plutarch* calmly replied, "How, ruffian, by what dost thou judge that I
 " am

* "Ora tument ira, ferveſcunt ſanguine venæ,
 "Lumina Gorgonio ſæviùs angue micant."

“ am now angry? Does either my face, my
 “ colour, my voice, or my speech, give any ma-
 “ nifestation of my being moved? Do my
 “ eyes look fierce, is my countenance disturbed,
 “ are my threats dreadful? Do I redden, do I
 “ foam? Does any word escape from my lips
 “ of which I ought to repent? Do I start?
 “ Do I tremble with wrath? For those, I tell
 “ thee, are the true signs of anger.” And turn-
 ing to the fellow who was whipping the slave,
 “ Lay on,” said he, “ until this gentleman and
 “ I have settled this disputed point of philoso-
 “ phy.” This was however very unlike the
 conduct of *Tarentinus*, who, on his returning
 home from the wars, and finding every thing
 in the greatest disorder, from the negligence of
 his servant, “ Go,” said he to the offender,
 “ by the gods, if I was not angry, I would
 “ drub you well.” All vices are less dangerous
 the more they are shewn, and most pernicious
 when they lurk under a dissembled temper.

Montanus had a melancholy Jew under his
 care, whose disease he ascribes entirely to the in-
 dulgence of this hideous passion. Anger over-
 threw the mind of *Ajax*: and *Charles the Sixth*
 of *France* indulged this passion against the *Duke*
 of *Brittany* to such an extreme, that he at first
 lost all appetite for food, and inclination to sleep;
 and at length, about the calends of July, 1392,
 2 while

while he was riding on horseback, was seized with a mad and moody melancholy, which afflicted him during the remainder of his days.

There is no stronger proof of a sound and healthy mind, than the not being transported to anger by any accident: the clouds and the tempests are formed below, while all above is quiet and serene. Quietude and serenity, indeed, are the characteristics of a brave man, who suppresses all provocations, and lives within himself, modest, venerable, and composed. But anger is a turbulent humour, which, devoid of every sense of shame, and of all regard to order, measure, or good manners, transports a man into misbecoming violence with his tongue, his hands, and every part of his body; and, sparing neither friend nor foe, tears all to pieces; dissolves the bond of mutual society; and tramples on all the laws of hospitality. The mischiefs, however, which the indulgence of this furious passion produces on the minds of individuals are not its worst effects; for hence come slaughters, poisons, wars and desolations, the razing and burning of cities, the unpeopling of nations, the turning populous countries into idle deserts, public massacres, regicides, and the subversion of kingdoms. *Nulla pestis humano generi pluris stetit.* “There is no plague,” says *Seneca*, “that has done mankind so much harm.” The subjects of

F

history,

history are, in general, little more than those enormities which a band of hair-brains have committed in their rage. We may certainly, therefore, put this passion into our catalogue of causes producing this disease, and pray that "From all
 " blindness of heart, from pride, vain-glory, and
 " hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, malice, anger,
 " all such pestiferous perturbations, Good Lord
 " deliver us*."

CARE,

* The ill effects and barbarity of anger cannot be more strongly painted than they are in the story of *Piso*, as told by *Seneca*, in his admirable essay on the dangers of this passion. A soldier and his comrade had had leave of absence; and the soldier returned to the camp precisely at the appointed hour, but without his companion. *Piso* conceiving that he had murdered him, condemned the soldier to die, and ordered a centurion to see the sentence immediately executed; but while the axe was lifted to perform this office, the comrade, to the joy of the whole field, suddenly burst through the surrounding ranks, and cried to the executioner to hold his hand. The two soldiers embraced each other with the liveliest joy, and most cordial congratulations; and the executioner conceiving that this happy event would afford the same satisfaction to *Piso*, that it had afforded to every spectator, conducted them immediately to the tent of the general: but, alas! his former fury, which had not yet subsided, became now redoubled; and, in the madness of his passion, he mounted the tribunal, and sentenced all three to death. The soldier because he had been once condemned; the comrade, because, by his absence, he had been the cause of that condemnation; and the centurion, because he had disobeyed the order of his superior. "An ingenious piece of inhumanity," says *Seneca*,

" to

CARE, corroding Care, and every other species of anxiety that molests the spirits, and preys upon the mind, may be well ranked in the same row with those irascible passions which so greatly contribute to the production of melancholy; for while the epithets cruel, bitter, biting, gnawing, pale, tetrick, and intolerable, by which the malignant qualities of Care are usually described, its common etymology, *Cura quasi coruro*, evinces its destructive ravages on the heart. Cares, indeed, both in kind and degree, are as innumerable as the sands of the sea shore; and the fable which *Hyginus* has so pleasantly constructed on this subject, shews that man is their proper prey. “*Care* (says he) crossing a dangerous brook, collected a mass of the dirty slime which deformed its banks, and moulded it into the image of an earthly being, which *Jupiter*, on passing by soon afterwards, touched with ethereal fire, and warmed into animation; but, being at a loss what name to give this new production, and disputing to whom of right it belonged, the matter was referred to the arbitrament of *Saturn*, who decreed that his name should be MAN, *Homo ab humo*, from the dirt

F. 2

- of

“to contrive how to make three criminals where effectually “there was none.” He was ashamed of what he had done in his anger, and plunged himself into deeper guilt to conceal his shame.

of which he had been made; that *Care* should entirely possess his mind while living; that *Tellus*, or the earth, should receive his body when dead; and that *Jupiter* should dispose of his celestial essence according to his discretion. Thus was man made the property of CARE from his original formation; and Discontent, the offspring of Care, has ever since been his inseparable companion." The reflection alone, that we are born to unavoidable misery during our earthly state of existence, is sufficient to dissatisfy the mind, to macerate the body, and make us weary of a life in which Misery and Misfortune "mark us for their own."

When man first leaves the dark abode of night,
Breaks from his mother's womb, and views the
light,
The tender cries with which the air he fills,
Are a sure presage of his coming ills.

And even when he has waked from his swaddling imprisonment, and no longer lies "mewling and puking in his nurse's arms;" when

Young with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,
He cuts his cable, launches through the world,
And fondly dreams each wind and star his friend;
Amidst a multitude of artful hands,
He's ruin's sure perquisite and lawful prize.

The ocean of active life presents to his astonished view a wide scene of dark storms and dreadful tempests, through which his frail bark must make its way to the distant port of temporary ease. The voyage from the cradle to the grave is dreary and disastrous. Blind at its commencement, disappointment mocks his labours through the middle of it, and grief assails him at its end. Retrospection on his own conduct only exhibits a black catalogue of his innumerable errors; and if he looks through the several conditions of life, he sees nothing but new causes of sorrow and discontent. In the markets there are brawlings and contention: at the court, nothing but knavery and deceit: at home, connubial misery and parental woes. The melancholy chain of uneasiness and grief runs through every department of life, and binds man, insolent in prosperity, dejected in adversity, in every situation foolish, and ever seeking something, which, when possessed, he abhors, and casts away, to a miserable, though short, existence.

'Twixt hope and fear, twixt care and strife,
He labours through a tedious life.

The world, in short, is a labyrinth of errors,
a den of thieves and cheaters, a puddle of en-

creasing filth, an adverse ocean, in which, if we fortunately escape the jaws of *Scylla*, we are sure to fall into those of *Charybdis* :

Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.

There are, indeed, some few of the inhabitants of this dim and murky spot who are conceived to be happy on account of their vast riches, splendid possessions, fair names, and high alliances; but ask themselves, and you will hear them declare, that of all others they are the most miserable and unhappy. “ A new and elegant shoe (says *Græcinus*) may please the eyes of every observer, but it is the wearer alone who knows where and how sharply it pinches.” To think well of every other man’s condition, and to dislike our own, is one of the misfortunes of human nature.

“ Pleas’d with each others lot, our own we hate*.”

The Greeks boast of *Socrates*, *Phocion*, and *Aristides*; the Paphlagonians, of *Aglaüs*; and the Romans, of *Cato*, of *Curius*, and *Fabricius*, for their great fortitude, government of their passions, and contempt of the world; but none of them tasted unalloyed felicity. Content dwells
not

* “ Cui placet alterius, sua nimirum est odio fors.”

HOR. Lib. 1. Ep. 14.

not amongst the sons of men; but, as *Solomon* truly says, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." Were any favoured individual blessed with *Sampson's* hair, *Milo's* strength, *Scanderbeg's* arm, *Solomon's* wisdom, *Abfalom's* beauty, *Cræsus's* wealth, *Cæsar's* valor, *Alexander's* spirit, *Cicero's* eloquence, *Gyges* ring, *Perseus' Pegasus*, *Gorgon's* head, and *Nestor's* years, he would not be content:

"For while in heaps his ample wealth ascends,
 "He is not of his wish possessed;
 "There's something wanting still to make him
 blessed."

Fortune, indeed, is but a fickle goddess, and leaves those soonest whom she seems to favour most. The rich and magnificent *Xerxes*, who had marched victoriously with innumerable armies, was obliged to shift for himself in a poor cock-boat; and was, at length, bound in iron chains, like *Bajazet* the Turk, and made a footstool for a tyrannizing conqueror to triumph over. The bitterest calamities, as *POLYBIUS* observes, generally follow the most renowned actions. But, *homo homini dæmon*. A man in prosperity denies others every pleasure which he enjoys himself. Seated at his table, and lolling in the soft luxury of his easy chair, he forgets the tried and hungry servant, who stands unea-

fily and tantalised behind him, to administer in silence to his enjoyments. Revelling in the profusion of his wealth, sated with all the delicacies the most luscious banquet can afford, and charmed by sounds of sweetest melody, he forgets that many a poor, hungry, starved creature, is pining in the streets, full of pain and grief, sick, ill, and weary, in want even of a morsel to assuage his appetite, and almost without a rag to conceal his nakedness. He loaths and scorns his inferiors, hates or emulates his equals, and, with a lowering and malignant eye, envies, while he attempts to degrade, his more virtuous superiors. But if this picture of "proud man, dressed in a little brief authority," be not sufficient to prove the extent of human misery, let us separately examine every state and condition of life. Kings and princes, monarchs and magistrates, appear to be the most happy; but inspect them closely, and you will find that of all others they are the most oppressed with cares. *Quem mihi regem dabis,* says *Chrysostron,* *non curis plenum?* Sovereignty is a tempest of the soul; and the darkness of its afflictions outweighs the splendors of its crown, and the number of its rays. *Splendorem titulo sed cruciatum animo.* The title shines with deceitful brightness, while the anxieties created by its office crucify the soul. Rich men are, generally speaking, in a similar predicament;

predicament; their wealth is like a child's rattle, which pleases for a moment, and is enjoyed no more; but fools perceive not the pain they feel, and the miseries they endure. The middle ranks of life, like so many asses, are born to pass their time for nought but provender. Of the lowest class we shall speak hereafter. Every particular profession is, in the opinion of the world, incapable of affording perfect content. A lawyer is considered as a fordid wrangler; a physician, an inspector of filth and nastiness*; a philosopher, a madman; an alchymist, a beggar †; a poet, a hungry jack; a schoolmaster, a drudge; a husbandman, an emmit; a tradesman, a liar; a taylor, a thief; a serving man, a slave; a soldier, a butcher; a courtier, a parasite; and a smith, a fellow that never has the pot one moment from his nose. Like the man who could not find a tree throughout the wood on which he could hang himself with any pleasure, so no man can find a state of life capable of affording perfect satisfaction.

While thus around the foul winds blow,
Our earth-born cares more bitter grow;

F 5

Sweet

* Stercus et urina, medicorii fercula prima.

† As appears by the following definition of this supposed art, in the form of a *charade*. Alchymy is *Ars sine arte cujus principium est mentiri, medium laborare, et finis mendicare.*

Sweet Hope the tortur'd bosom flies ;
 The heart, deep sunk, desponding dies :
 The mind, with rays no longer bright,
 Sinks down, and sets in endless night.

The PASSIONS and DESIRES, like the two twists of a rope, mutually mix one with the other, and twine inextricably round the heart; producing good, if moderately indulged; but certain destruction, if suffered to become inordinate. Desire is truly said to have no rest; to be infinite in its views; and endless in its operations. *St. Austin* compares it to a wheel that is continually revolving with increased rapidity, and producing from its vortex an offspring more various and innumerable “ than the gay motes that people the sun-beams:” and it certainly extends itself to every object, great and small, which either art or nature has presented to the eye of man. To describe all the branches of this perturbed family would be impossible. I shall therefore confine myself to those which, in the opinions of *Guianerius*, *Fernelius*, *Plater*, and others, are most likely to produce the disease of melancholy; as First, that appetite for power, which is called AMBITION: Secondly, that desire of gain which is called COVETOUSNESS: Thirdly, that pride, self-love, and vain-glory, which reaches after FAME: and, Fourthly, that desire of superior knowledge which induces an excess

excess of STUDY; referring the universal PASSION of LOVE to a separate and distinct consideration.

AMBITION, that high and glorious passion which makes such havoc among the sons of men, arises from a proud desire of honour and distinction; and when the splendid trappings in which it is usually caparisoned are removed, will be found to consist of the mean materials of envy, pride, and covetousness. It is described by different authors, as a gallant madness, a pleasant poison, a hidden plague, a secret poison, a caustic of the soul, the moth of holiness, the mother of hypocrisy, and, by crucifying and disquieting all it takes hold of, the cause of melancholy and madness. *Seneca*, indeed, calls it *rem sollicitam, timidam, vanam, et ventosam*; a solicitous, fearful, vain, and windy thing; because those who, like *Sisyphus*, roll the restless stone of ambition, are, in general, doubtful, apprehensive, suspicious, in perpetual agony, cogging, colleaguings, embracing, capping, cringing, applauding, flattering, fleeing, visiting, and waiting at men's doors with assumed affability, counterfeit honesty, and mean humility: and, in truth, every honourable and exalted sentiment, every principle of real virtue, and all the honest claims of independence, are sacrificed to obtain the objects

which induce this guilty passion; for if the servility above described be not competent to its purposes, no means, however base, will be left untried to attain them. It is astonishing to observe the abject slavery and vicious prostitution to which this description of characters subject themselves; what pains they take, how they run, ride, cast, plot, counterplot, protest, swear, vow, and promise; what labours they undergo; how obsequious and affable they are; how popular and courteous; how they grin and fawn upon every man they meet; with what feasting and inviting they pass their days; and how they fatigue themselves, and spend their fortunes, to obtain possession of that which they would be much happier and honest without: with what waking nights, painful hours, anxious minds, and bitterness of thought, they consume their time and end their days. The mind, in short, of an ambitious man is never satisfied; his soul is harassed with unceasing anxieties, and his heart harrowed up by increasing disquietude. Such dispositions are insatiable; *nihil aliud nisi imperium spirant*; their thoughts, actions, and endeavours, are all for sovereignty! Like dogs in a wheel, birds in a cage, or squirrels in a chain, they still climb and climb, with great labour, and incessant anxiety, but never reach the top. Their gratifications, indeed, like those of L.

Sforza,

Sforza, tend invariably to their own undoing, and the ruin of those who embark in their cause. A knight would be first a baronet, then a lord, then a viscount, then an earl, then a duke, and then a king; as *Pyrrhus* is said to have first desired *Greece*, then *Asia*, then *Africa*, and then the whole world. But, like the frog in the fable, they swell with desires until they burst, and fall down with *Sejanus*, *ad Gemonias scalas*, breaking their own necks, and involving all around them in ruin and desolation. This intense and eager passion is not unlike the ardour of that which *Evangelus*, the piper, in *Lucian*, possessed, who blew his pipe so long, that he fell down dead. The ambition of *Cæsar* and *Alexander* were two fires or torrents to ravage the world by several ways.

As flames among the lofty woods are thrown
 On different sides, and far by winds are blown;
 As laurels crackle in the sputtering fire,
 While frightened sylvans from their shades retire;
 Or as two neighbouring torrents fall from high,
 Rapid they run, the foamy waters fry,
 They roll to sea with unresisted force,
 And down the rocks precipitate their course;
 Not with less rage *ambitious* heroes take
 Their different ways; nor less destruction make.

Neither of them could enjoy the empire of the
 world

world in ease and peace. The seat of ambition, in short, is the suburbs of hell.

For, oh! the curse of wishing to be great,
 Dazzled with Hope, we cannot see the cheat.
 When wild AMBITION in the heart we find,
 Farewell content, and quiet of the mind;
 For glittering clouds we leave the solid shore,
 And wonted happiness returns no more.

COVETOUSNESS is a great source of melancholy. It is that greediness in getting, that tenacity in keeping, and that sordidity in spending, which characterize this mean and abject perturbation, that render men unjust to their God, unkind to their fellow-creatures, and unhappy in themselves. "The desire of money," says *St. Timothy*, "is the root of all evil; and those who lust after it, pierce themselves through with many sorrows." *Hippocrates*, in his epistle to *Craterus*, an herbalist, advises him to cut up, among other herbs, the weed of covetousness by the roots, without leaving, if it be possible, even a spray behind; for that, by effecting this, he should not only be enabled the more easily and effectually to cure the diseases of his patients' bodies, but to eradicate entirely the most pernicious disorders of their minds. Covetousness, indeed, is the very pattern, image, and epitome of all melancholy; the great fountain of human miseries,

miserics; and the muddied stream of care and woe.

To either India see the merchant fly,
 Scar'd by the spectre of pale Poverty!
 See him with pain of body, pangs of soul,
 Burn thro' the tropic, freeze beneath the pole.

There are, indeed, certain worldly-minded men, of the *terræ filii* breed, who conceive that covetous characters must necessarily be happy, because there is more pleasure in acquiring wealth than in spending it, and because, according to the problem of *Bias*, the getting of money is a pursuit in which men are never fatigued. What is it, they ask, that makes the poor man endure a long and laborious life, carry almost intolerable burdens, submit to the hardest fare, undergo the most grievous offices with the greatest patience, rise early, and lie down late, if there be not an extraordinary delight in the pursuit and acquisition of riches? What makes the merchant, who has no need, *satis superque domi*, to range around the world, braving the hardships of every climate, but that his pleasures are superior to his pains. Such observations may at first view appear plausible, popular, and strong; but let those who entertain this conceit, reflect

but

but a moment without prejudice and partiality, and they will soon be convinced to the contrary.

At *Athens* liv'd a wight in days of yore;
 Though miserably rich, he wish'd for more;
 But of intrepid spirit to despise
 Th' abusive crowd: Rail on, rail on, he cries,
 While in my own opinion fully blest,
 I count my money, and enjoy my chest.

But *St. Chrysoftom* truly observes, that it is one thing to be rich, and another to be covetous. Rich men may certainly, by a proper use of their wealth, render not only themselves, but all around them comfortable and happy.

Wealth in the gross is death; but life, diffus'd;
 As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
 In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies;
 But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

But covetous men are fools, miserable wretches, dizzards, mad-men, who live by themselves, *sine arte fruendi*, in perpetual slavery, fear, suspicion, sorrow, discontent, with more of gall than honey in their enjoyments, who are rather *possessed* by their money than possessors of it; *mancipati pecuniis*, bound prentices to their property; and, *servi divitiarum*, mean slaves and drudges to their substance. Like *Ptolemy*, the
 sovereign.

sovereign of *Cyprus*, who preferred his gold to his liberty, they are only kings in fancy, but in reality are miserable vassals. Such men, like *Achab*, because he could not possess himself of *Naboth's* vineyard, are always dejected and melancholy, troubled in abundance, and sorrowful in plenty. *Austin*, therefore, defines covetousness to be a dishonest and insatiable thirst of gain, an earthly hell, which devours all, and yet never hath enough; a bottomless pit, an endless misery, *in quem scopulum avaritiæ cadaverosi senes ut plurimum impingunt*. A covetous man is the continual victim of suspicion, fear, and distrust; his wife, his children, and his servants, he considers as so many thieves lying in wait to seize the first favourable opportunity to rob him of his gold; and he banishes every friend lest he should beg, borrow, or purloin his treasures. *Valerius* mentions an instance of a miser who, during a famine, sold a mouse for ten pounds, and died himself of hunger. *Euclio*, in the *Aulularia* of *Plautus*, commands *Staphyla*, his wife, to make all the doors fast, and put out the fire, lest some acquaintance, on passing by, and seeing the light, should call in, and ruin him by suffering its vapours to escape any longer through the chimney. This is not an imaginary but a real picture of all covetous men, who, while

With

With false weights their servants' guts they cheat,
 Will pinch their own to cover the deceit;
 Keep a stale cruff 'till it looks blue, and think
 Their meat not fit for eating 'till it stink;
 The least remains of which they mince and dress
 With art again, to make another mess;
 Adding a leek, whose every string is told,
 For fear some pilfering hand should make too bold;
 And with a mark distinct seal up each dish
 Of thrice-boil'd beans and putrid summer fish.
 But to what end these sordid ways of gain?
 It shews a manifest unsettled brain.
 Living to suffer a low starving fate,
 In hopes of dying in a wealthy state;
 For as their strutting bags with money rise,
 The love of gain is of an equal size.
 Kind fortune does the poor man better bless,
 Who, though he has it not, desires it less,

Cyrus was a prince of extraordinary liberality, and bestowed his riches upon the deserving nobles of his court, with a bounty even surpassing the generous feelings of his heart. The wealthy but miserable *Cræsus* reproached the monarch for his munificence, and shewed him, by a calculation, to what an immense sum his gifts would have amounted, if they had been lucratively employed. The prince, to convince the sordid usurer of his mistake, pretended to his nobles, that his treasury was exhausted, and requested of them to raise him, for a particular expedition,

expedition, a sum far exceeding that which they had conjointly received. The grateful nobles laid their whole fortunes immediately at his feet. "You see," exclaimed *Cyrus* to the astonished miser, "with what a small deposit I
 " have gained the inestimable treasure of nume-
 " rous friends; and how much more service-
 " able my wealth, thus employed, has proved,
 " than it could have been, had I laid it out in
 " mercenary means. The real and sincere af-
 " fection of my friends is more valuable to me
 " than all my money, however great, could
 " have been while locked in chests, or employ-
 " ed at usurious interest, which must have ex-
 " posed me, as the same conduct does every other
 " man, to the hatred and contempt of every
 " virtuous mind." This is the true use of riches.
Non esse cupidum pecunia est; not to be covetous
 is wealth; and a confidence in other men's vir-
 tue is no light evidence of our own.

THE LOVE OF GAMING, the most baneful and destructive of all the various passions by which the happiness of man has ever been assailed, is the offspring of AVARICE. How many poor, distressed, miserable wretches may be seen in almost every path and street begging for alms, who are well descended, and have formerly possessed flourishing estates! but now, alas!
 ragged,

ragged, tattered, starving, and lingering out a painful life in discontent and sorrow, all from coveting inordinately the possession of extraordinary wealth, or pursuing intemperately expensive pleasures. It is, indeed, the common end of sensual epicures, and of all those who seek to gratify their too vehement desires. *Lucian* has well described the fate of such men's proceedings in his picture of *Opulentia*, whose residence he represents to be on a lofty mountain, the summit of which her fond votaries are eagerly endeavouring to reach. While their money lasts, they are conducted on their way over flowery meads by the fairy hands of Dalliance and Pleasure; but when Fortune fails, their treacherous conductors revile them for their vain attempt, and thrusting them down headlong into the vale of Tears, expose them to the torments of shame, misery, reproach, and despair. It is the common fate of prodigals, and of all the followers of such vain delights. But the ordinary rocks upon which such men do impinge and precipitate themselves, are cards, dice, horses, hawks, and hounds. The fortunes, indeed, of some men are consumed by mad phantastical buildings; by making galleries, cloisters, terraces, walks, orchards, gardens, pools, rillets, bowers, and such like places of pleasure, *inutiles domos*, as *Xenophon* calls them, which, however

delightful

delightful they may be in themselves, ornamental to the place where they are made, or befitting the dignity and fortune of the proprietor, are frequently the causes of his ruin: and *Forestus* gives an instance of a man, who, having consumed his fortune in erecting a superb but unprofitable building, of which he could afterwards make no advantage, became miserable and melancholy for the remainder of his days.

If noble *Atticus* make plenteous feasts,
 And with luxuriant chambers please his guests,
 His wealth and quality support the treat;
 In him it is not luxury, but state:
 But when poor *Rutilus* spends all he's worth,
 In hopes of setting one good dinner forth,
 'Tis downright madness; for what greater jests
 Than begging gluttons, or than beggars' feasts!

Horses, hawks, and hounds, also, when trained for the mad and expensive sport of hunting, destroy the fortunes of their possessors, and overthrow the spirits they were intended, when used as moderate recreations, to enliven and support. An injudicious huntsman, like *Acteon*, is devoured by his own dogs. A physician of *Milan*, who was famous for the cure of insanity, had a pit of water in his house, called the *waters of insanity*, into which he plunged his patients, some up to the knees, others to the middle, and others to the chin, in proportion as they

they were more or less affected with this dire disease. While one of them, who was almost recovered, was standing one day at the door of the doctor's house, he observed a sportsman ride by, finely mounted, with a hawk on his hand, surrounded by a pack of spaniels and other attendants; and asking the occasion of all this parade, was told that it was to kill game. "Game!" exclaimed the patient; "and pray how much more may all the game be worth which you kill, in any one year, than the expences of this suite." The sportsman replied, that his dogs, his horses, his hawks, his hounds, and other accompaniments, might, perhaps, be 1000*l.* a year; but that the game he killed was scarcely worth as many shillings. "Ride away!" cries the astonished patient with great anxiety, "ride away with all possible speed, if you value your life." "But why?" replied the sportsman, "where is the danger?"—"Danger!" rejoined the patient; "why if the doctor here should see you, and know all this, he would certainly plunge you over head and ears for ever in the waters of insanity." Sports and gaming, indeed, whether pursued from a desire of gain or love of pleasure, are as ruinous to the temper and disposition of the party addicted to them, as they are to his fame and fortune. *Leo the Tenth*, who, from his violent fondness for the sports

sports of the field, acquired the appellation of "The Hunting Pope," frequently abandoned his capital, amidst the greatest emergencies of public affairs, and retired to his seat at *Ostia*, in search of rural diversion, where, if his sport was spoiled, or his game not good, he became so impatient, that he would revile his noble companions with the bitterest taunts, and most scurrilous invectives; but if his sport was good, and uninterrupted, he would, with unspeakable bounty and munificence, reward all his fellow-hunters, and gratify the wishes of every suitor. This is, indeed, the common humour of all gamesters, who, whilst they win, are always jovial, merry, good-natured, and free; but, on the contrary, if they lose even the smallest trifle, a single hit at backgammon, or a dealing at cards for two-pence a game, are so choleric and testy, that they frequently break into violent passions, utter the most impious oaths, and horrid imprecations, and become so mad that no man dare to speak to them. But, alas! they have in general, especially if their stakes be large and excessive, more occasion to regret their winning than losing; for, as *Seneca* truly observes, their gains are not *munera fortunæ, sed insidiæ*; not *Fortune's gifts*, but *Misfortune's baits*, to lead them on to their common catastrophe, beggary and ruin. *Ut pestis vitam, sic adimit alea pecuniam;*

pecuniam; as the plague destroys men's lives, so gaming ruins their fortunes.

Alea Scylla vorax, species certissima furti;
 Non contenta bonis animum quoque perfida mergit,
 Fœda, furax, infamis, iners, furiosa, ruina.

The fall of such men is not intitled to the common consolations which the feelings of humanity, in other cases of distress, uniformly afford; but deserve, as they were of old, rather to be publicly exposed and hissed out of every honest society, than pitied and relieved. At *Padua*, in *Italy*, there is a stone near the senate house, called *The Stone of Turpitude*, on which gamblers and spendthrifts are exposed to public ignominy: and in *Tuscany* and *Boëtia*, such dangerous insolvents were brought into the market-place cloathed in the skins of bears, with empty purses in their extended paws, where they sat all day, *circumstante plebe*, amidst the reproaches of the populace, tortured by a sense of infamy and the shafts of ridicule.

Many there are of the same well-bred kind,
 Whom their despairing creditors may find
 Lurking in shambles; where, with borrow'd coin,
 They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine.

SELF-LOVE, *cæcus amor sui*, PRIDE, and VAIN-GLORY, which *St. Chrysoſtom* calls the devil's three great nets, are main cauſes of melancholy. The paſſion of Self-love is of all human perturbations the moſt powerful and inſidious. Thoſe whoſe boſoms are perfectly free from the oppreſſions of grief, inſenſible of anger, void of fear, exempt from avarice, undevoted to any fond fancy, impervious to the ſhafts of love, and ſtrangers to the joys of wine, may be captivated and overcome by this pleaſing humour, this gently-whiſpering Syren, this delightful charm, but moſt irrefragable paſſion. It glides ſo ſweetly into the mind, ſo ſoftly lulls the ſenſes, plays ſo pleaſingly around the heart, and raviſhes the ſoul with ſuch a variety of endearing charms, that thoſe whom it affails ſeldom perceive their danger until they are paſt all cure. The heart, yielding to its kind influence, ſilently dilates, and expanding all its fibres, willingly receives and cheriſhes in its deepeſt reſſes this cordial poiſon. The more pregnant it is with miſchief, the more grateful it appears. Flattery and adulation, however groſs or inſincere, are always received by it with fond delight. *Pliny*, indeed, in his epiſtle to *Maximus*, candidly confeſſes that he could not expreſs the charm he felt when he heard himſelf commended. The

coarse and fulsome daubings of a parasite, even though the person to whom he addresses his false encomiums be conscious that he falls as short of the attributed virtues as a mouse is inferior to an elephant, always convey an inward satisfaction; and although the blush of modesty, or the frown of anger, may sometimes be raised by a bold extravagance of praise, the offence is remembered with silent gratitude, and the offender forgiven with becoming mercy. The subtle poison steals insensibly into the heart, and rises in baleful vapours to the breast, until the whole body is affected with the tympany of self-conceit: and the bloated patient, filled, by this “*fallax suavitas*” and “*blandus dæmon*,” with the maggot ostentation, thanks God, like the Pharisee in the Gospel, “that he is not as other men are; extortioners, unjust, and adulterers; or even as this publican.”

Nothing so monstrous can be even feigned,
But with belief and joy is entertained.

This mischief arises from the over-weening conceit which every man entertains of his own great parts and extraordinary worth; for which, *Narcissus* like, he applauds, flatters, and admires himself, and thinks all the world is of the
same

same opinion; and as deformed women easily give credit to those who tell them they are fair, so men are too credulous in their own favour, and willing to exalt, and over highly prize, their own characters, while they villify and degrade those of other men. Every man believes himself to be made of a more pure and precious metal than any of his fellow-creatures. *De meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.* "I once knew," says *Erasmus*, "so arrogant a man, that he thought himself inferior to no man living; who, like *Calisthenes*, the philosopher, was so insolent that he neither held *Alexander's* acts, or any other subject, worthy of his pen." Philosophers are glorious creatures, the venal slaves of rumour, fame, and popular opinion, who, though they affect a contempt of glory, put their names in the front of their works. The best authors, indeed, *Trebellius Pollio*, *Pliny*, *Cicero*, *Ovid*, and *Horace*, furnish abundant proofs of this preposterous vanity, conceit, and self-approbation, in the proud strains and foolish flashes of which they are so frequently guilty; and perhaps the observation of *Cicero* to *Atticus*, that there never was a great orator or true poet, who thought any other orator or poet better than himself, is universally true: but in the opinion of all wise men, such puffing humours are perfectly ridiculous,

lous, and lessen the characters they are intended to raise.

The company of *Cynicks*, monks, anchorites, and philosophers, who seemingly despise the charms of praise, and the splendours of glory, who affect

“ To war against their own affections,

“ And the huge army of the world’s desire,”

and think themselves free from the bad effects of a love of adulation, are a class of characters directly opposite to those above described; but they are more proud and vain-glorious than those whose example they pretend to shun: *Sæpe homo de vanæ gloriæ contemptu, vaniùs gloriatur.* When men who are enabled to array themselves in clothes of gold, wander with melancholy and dejected humility, outwardly cloathed in a sheep’s ruffet, they may be fairly suspected of being inwardly swoln with arrogance and self-conceit. The precept of Γνωθι σεαυτόν, *Know yourself*, may be fairly recommended to both these descriptions of character; and perhaps the writings of *Socrates* are the best to inform them of its real value; for he, by the study of it, acquired such a contempt of himself, as to be reckoned the only person that was worthy to be called a wise

man :

man : and whoever, says *Montaigne*, shall *know himself* in the same manner, may boldly be his own trumpeter, and listen with less danger to parasites and flatterers, who, with immoderate praise, bombast epithets, glozing titles, and false eulogiums, so bedaub, applaud, and gild over many a silly undeserving man, that they drive him quite out of his wits.

“ O you ! whom Vanity’s light bark conveys
 “ On Fame’s mad voyage by the wind of Praise,
 “ With what a shifting gale your course you ply
 “ For ever sunk too low, or borne too high.
 “ Who pants for glory, finds but short repose ;
 “ A breath revives him, or a breath o’erthrows.”

EXCESSIVE STUDY, induced by that love of learning which frequently fastens on the minds of scholars, leads inevitably to that lofty madness, or slipshod melancholy, which is said to be one of the five principal plagues that afflict continual meditation; and indeed *Arculanus* and *Levinus Lemnius* consider *studium vehemens* as the greatest cause of this disease. *Fuschius* and *Hercules de Saxonia* speak of a particular fury, that is raised and conjured up by intense reading*. Certain it is, that great scholars†,

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who

* *Peculiaris furor, qui ex literis fit. Nihil magis auget, ac assidua studia, & profundæ cogitationes.*

† *Mr. Hoole*, in his life of the celebrated Italian poet *Tasso*, gives the
 the

who have generally the finest wits, although they are not always the wisest men, are, of all others,

the following anecdote on this subject: "At *Bifaccio*, near *Naples*, MANSO had an opportunity of examining the singular effects of TASSO's melancholy, and often disputed with him concerning a *familiar spirit* which he pretended communed with him. MANSO endeavoured in vain to persuade his friend that the whole was the illusion of a disturbed imagination; for the latter was strenuous in maintaining the reality of what he asserted, and, to convince MANSO, desired him to be present at one of the mysterious conversations. MANSO had the complaisance to meet him the next day, and while they were engaged in discourse, on a sudden he observed that TASSO kept his eyes fixed on a window, and remained in a manner immoveable: he called him by his name, but received no answer. At last TASSO cried out, "*There is the friendly spirit that is come to converse with me. Look! and you will be convinced of the truth of all I have said.*" MANSO heard him with surprize. He looked, but saw nothing, except the sun-beams darting through the window: he cast his eyes all over the room, but could perceive nothing; and was just going to ask where the pretended spirit was, when he heard TASSO speak with great earnestness, sometimes putting questions to *the spirit*, sometimes giving answers; delivering the whole in such a pleasing manner, and in such elevated expressions, that he listened with admiration, and had not the least inclination to interrupt him. At last the uncommon conversation ended with the departure of *the spirit*, as appeared by TASSO's words, who, turning to MANSO, asked him if his doubts were removed. MANSO was more amazed than ever: he scarce knew what to think of his friend's situation, and waved any further conversation on the subject." And Dr. *Crichton*, in his inquiry into the nature and origin of mental derangement, gives several cases of the like kind, on the effect of melancholy produced by intense study.

others, most subject to madness: the epithets, indeed, of severe, sad, dry, tetrick, which are generally applied to persons of studious dispositions, evince its dangerous effects upon the human frame. *Partriti*us, in his "Institution of Princes," cautions their preceptors against making them great students; for study, as *Machiavel* holds, weakens their bodies, enervates their minds, damps their spirits, and abates their courage. A certain Goth was so well convinced, that *excellent scholars never make soldiers*, that, when he invaded Greece, instead of burning all the depositories of Grecian literature, which he had once commanded to be done, he reversed the order, and "left them that plague to consume their vigour, and destroy their martial spirit." So disadvantageous to exertion is this disposition supposed to be, that *Cornutus* was prevented from succeeding to the throne of his father, because he was so much addicted to learning and the muses. And certain it is that intense study, by overpowering the faculties of the mind, and diminishing the animal spirits, produces a strong tendency to melancholy. The life of a confirmed student is sedentary, solitary, free from bodily exercise, and totally unused to those ordinary sports which others so fondly follow, and which contribute so highly to health and happiness. *Forestus* mentions a young divine of

Louvain, whose brain was so affected by severe application to the science of theology, that he imagined he had a bible in his head. A mechanic looks to his tools; a painter washes his pencils; a smith mends his hammer, anvil, or forge; and a husbandman sharpens his ploughshare; but scholars totally neglect those instruments, the brain and spirits, by means of which they daily range through the regions of science and the wilds of nature. Like careless and unskilful archers, they bend the bow until it breaks. In almost every other pursuit, diligence and industry are sure of being rewarded with success; but in the beloved pursuits of literature, the most unremitting industry, though it may sometimes exalt a student's fame, is never favourable to his fortune, and always destructive of his health. Every thing is sacrificed to the enjoyment of this delightful though laborious occupation. *Saturn* and *Mercury*, the patrons of learning, are both dry planets; and *Origanus* observes, that it is no wonder the Mercurialists are poor, since their patron *Mercury* was himself a beggar. The destinies of old put poverty upon the celestial herald as a punishment; and ever since those *Gemelli*, or twin-born brats, POETRY and POVERTY, have been inseparable companions. Their tutelary deity is enabled to furnish them with the riches of knowledge, but not of money.

Poverty

Poverty creates vexation; and vexation, combined with the anxious and unremitted exercise of the brain, exhausts the animal spirits, extinguishes the natural heat of the body, and prevents the functions from performing their proper offices. This is the reason why students are so frequently troubled with gout, catarrhs, rhumes, cachexia, bradypepsia, bad eyes, stone, cholic, crudities, oppilations, vertigoes, consumptions, and all that train of diseases which follow sedentary and cogitative habits. Of their immoderate pains and extraordinary labours, the works of the great *Tostatus*, of *Thomas Aquinas*, of *St. Austin*, of *Hierom*, and many thousands besides, might be produced as examples; for

“ He who desires this wish’d-for goal to gain,
 “ Must sweat and freeze before he can attain.”

Seneca confesses that he never spent a day in idleness, but kept himself awake night after night, tired and slumbering, to his continual task. *Cicero*, in his fine oration for the poet *Archias*, boasts, that whilst others loitered, and took their pleasures, he was continually at his studies. And *Thibet Benchorat* employed himself incessantly for more than forty years to discover the motion of the eighth sphere! The works of *Hildisheim*, *Trincavellius*, *Montanus*, *Garcus*, *Mercurialis*,

and *Prosper Calenius*, contain many cafes of scholars who have neglected all worldly affairs, and by intense ftudy became melancholy and mad, for which the unpitying world gave them very little credit or commendation. But if you fhould, from the abfurdity and folly of fuch proceedings, doubt the fact, you may go to Bedlam and fatisfy your fenfes. Thofe, indeed, who are fortunate enough to preferve their wits, become, in the opinion of the world, little better than mad men, becaufe in footh they are unable to ride a horfe with fpirit, to carve dexteroufly at table, to cringe, to make congées, and to “kifs “away their hands in courtesies,” which every fop and common fwafher can do. Their personal appearance, to fay the truth, is in general extremely aukward, odd, and fingular.

“ The man who, stretch’d on Ifis’ calm retreat,
 “ To books and ftudy gives seven years compleat;
 “ See ftrew’d with learned duft, his night-cap on,
 “ He walks an object new beneath the sun!
 “ The boys flock round him, and the people ftare!
 “ So ftiff, fo mute! fome ftatue, you would swear,
 “ Stepp’d from its pedeftal to take the air.”

Thomas Aquinas fupping one evening with *Lewis*, King of France, fuddenly knocked his fist upon the table, (his wits, I fuppofe, were a wool-gathering, and his head bufied about other matters,)

matters,) and exclaimed, *Conclusum est contra Manichæos!* But who can describe his confusion, when he recollected the absurdity into which this absence of mind had so ridiculously betrayed him! *Vitruvius* also relates, that *Archimedes* having suddenly discovered the means of knowing how much gold was mingled with the silver of king *Hieron's* crown, ran naked from the bath, and cried, “*εὕρηκα,*” I have found: and, indeed, this profound philosopher was commonly so intent upon his studies, that when the soldiers, who had taken the town by storm, were rifling his house, he never perceived what was doing about him. Minds so abstracted, possess so little knowledge of the common affairs and transactions of life, that *Paglarenfis* conceived his farming bailiff had cozened him, when he heard him say that his sow had produced eleven pigs, but his ass only one foal. Ignorant, however, as such characters must be in worldly affairs, and awkward as they are in their manners, they are in general sincere, harmless, upright, honest, innocent, and plain dealing; and as they neglect their fortunes, ruin their healths, and endanger their lives, for the common benefit and advantage of mankind, ought to be highly respected, and carefully provided for, by a generous public. With them,

“ As in the gates and in the jaws of hell,
 “ Distressing cares and sullen sorrows dwell,
 “ And pale diseases, and repining age,
 “ With Fear, and Famine’s unrefitless rage.”

If, indeed, they had nothing to trouble them but the sorrowful reflection that their lives are likely to be thus rounded with misery, it would be sufficient to make them melancholy. But they cannot avoid the painful and alarming recollection, that in this race for literary fame, “ many “ are called, but few chosen;” and that the high distinction which accompanies the character of a real scholar, depends more upon nature than art: all are not equally capable and docile; *ex omni ligno non fit Mercurius*. Kings may create majors, knights, barons, and other officers, but cannot make scholars; philosophers, artists, orators, and poets. But, alas! with all the genius and labour it requires to reach this desired goal, where, when it is attained, is the scholar to seek preferment? His fate in this respect is more miserable than all he has before endured. Perhaps, when his higher faculties decline,

“ At last his stammering age, in suburb schools,
 “ Shall toil in teaching boys their grammar rules.”

For so many fine scholars are degradingly employed. Perhaps he may be forced to read lectures,

tures, or accept a curacy with Faulkner's wages of ten pounds a year and a dinner on Sunday; wearing out his time, like his master's ass, for nought but his provender; and subject to the humour of his patron, or parishioners, who cry *Hosanna* one day, and *Crucify him* the next, when, serving-man like, he must seek out for another situation, with only his old torn tattered cassock to his back, as an ensign of his infelicity. If, as it befel *Euphormio*, he become a trencher chaplain in some great man's family, he may perchance, after an irksome service of many years, procure some small living, on condition of his marrying a poor relation, or a cast-off favourite, of his benefactor, to have and to hold to him, for better or worse, during the term of his natural life. But if, before this happy period arrives, he happens unintentionally to affront his good patron, or lady-mistress,

- “ He's seiz'd immediately, by his commands,
 “ And dragg'd, like *Cacus*, with Herculean hands,
 “ From his offended sight.”

Socrates, sitting with *Phædrus* under a plane-tree on the beautiful banks of the river *Iseus*, and observing a number of grasshoppers jumping and chirping round him, told his fair companion, that these poor but lively animals, were once scholars, and being obliged, in their original state, to live without food, to sing in summer,
 and

and to pine in winter, *Jupiter* transformed them, as most suitable to their circumstances, into grasshoppers; those animals being enabled by their nature to live without food, and to support themselves by the dews from heaven. Alas!

- “ Is this the fate of study? to grow pale,
 “ And miss the pleasures of a glorious meal?
 “ For this in rags accoutred are they seen,
 “ And made the May-game of the public spleen?

To say the truth, it is but too often the fate of scholars to be servile and poor. Many of them are driven to hard shifts, and turn from grasshoppers into humble bees, from humble bees into wasps, and from wasps into parasites, making the Muses their mules to satisfy their hunger-starved paunches, and get a meal's meat: their abilities and knowledge only serving them to curse their fooleries with better grace. They have store of gold, without knowing how to turn it to advantage; and, like the innocent Indians, are drained of their riches without receiving a suitable reward. “ There came,” says *Petronius*, “ by chance into my company, a fellow not very spruce in his appearance, and conceiving, from that circumstance alone, that he was a scholar, I asked him in what particular department of literature he had indulged his genius,
 to

to which he replied, "Poetry;" saying, on my inquiring why he was so ragged, that this kind of learning never made any man rich, for that a poet was a character not likely to esteem, or to be esteemed by, rich men.

" To study's claim if wealth her aid refuse,
 " What hope, alas ! can cheer the friendless muse ?
 " Scorn's favourite theme, insulted while oppress'd,
 " Her fate a proverb, and her sighs a jest :
 " Hooted as mad by all the vulgar crew,
 " Oft, through despair, she proves the scoff too true ;
 " Or sorrow leads her to some lonely cell,
 " Where pining want and hopeless anguish dwell :
 " There flow her tears, unpitied and unknown,
 " While scarce an echo murmurs to her moan :
 " More wretched still perchance her offspring go,
 " To the dire dungeon's scene of guilt and woe ;
 " Where, long immers'd in melancholy gloom,
 " They sink unpitied to the welcome tomb."

But the scholars of modern times, perceiving how unpropitious the study of poetry, and other elegant and sublime sciences, generally prove to the acquisition of wealth, now sordidly apply their minds to the more gainful employments of law, physic, and divinity. The prospect of lucre is now the only stimulus to learning ; and he is the deepest arithmetician, who can count the greatest number of fees ; the truest geometrician, who can measure out the largest fortune ; the
 most

most perfect astrologer, who can best turn the rise and fall of others' stars to his own advantage; the ablest optician, who can most reflect upon himself the beneficial beams of great men's favours; the most ingenious mechanic, who can raise himself to the highest point of preferment; and the soundest theologian, who can preach himself into an excellent living; leaving the higher regions of the sciences almost unpeopled, and only acquiring such a superficial knowledge of them as may be sufficient for light toying and table conversation; or enable them, by means of a voluble tongue, a strong voice, a pleasing tone, a steady countenance, and some trivial polythean gleanings from the rich harvests of other men, to make a fair shew, and impose themselves on the world as truly learned and ripe good scholars.

BAD NURSING is a cause from which melancholy is not unfrequently derived. The stream always partakes of the nature of the fountain; and a bad nurse may be the means of tainting the most healthy child with a disposition to this malady. The hair of a goat that is nourished by a ewe will be as soft as wool; but the wool of a sheep suckled by a she goat will be as wirey as hair: and *Giraldus Cambrensis* gives an account of a sow that, having been accidentally nourished by a brach, miraculously hunted
all

all manner of deer, as well or rather better than an ordinary hound. *Phavorinus* shews most clearly that the deformity, dishonesty, impudence and cruelty of the nurse will to a certain degree be communicated to the child she fosters: for the milk contains the seeds not only of the diseases of the body, but of the dispositions of the mind. The mad and inhuman cruelties of *Caligula* are imputed, by *Dion*, the historian, to the circumstance of his nurse having anointed her bosom with blood while he sucked her milk; and certain it is, that such a disposition could not have been derived from either of his parents. *Aulus Gellius*, *Beda*, *Franciscus Barbarus*, and *Guivarra*, produce many instances of the like kind: and *Cato* is said to have made the children of his servants take occasional nourishment from the bosom of his wife, as a certain means of securing to him their fidelity and affection. *Marcus Aurelius* was so strongly impressed with the truth of this theory, that he anxiously recommended every mother, of what condition in life soever she might be, to suckle her own children: and a queen of France was so precise upon this subject, that when, during her absence, a strange nurse only once suckled her child, she forced the infant to eject the milk. If, however, a mother be peevish, drunken, waspish, choleric, crazed, unsound, or otherwise unfit or unequal to perform

form this affectionate and important office, a proper nurse, sound and healthy both in body and in mind, ought to be preferred; for *Nutrices interdum matribus sunt meliores.*

BAD EDUCATION also may be a cause of melancholy; for a child who escapes the dangers of THE NURSERY may fall into those of THE SCHOOL. The formation of the human character almost entirely depends on education; but the extreme rigour of schoolmasters and tyrannizing preceptors, who are always threatening, chiding, brawling, whipping, or striking their pupils, destroys their intellectual vigour, subdues their animal spirits, dejects their hearts, and sows the seeds of this baneful disease. The human mind revolts and sickens at the idea of compulsion; loses its natural tone and vigour by incessant constraint; and becomes, by repeating sufferings of this kind, downcast and melancholy. Those impatient, hair-brained, imperious pedagogues, *aridi magistri*, as *Fabius* calls them, *Ajaces flagelliferi*, are in this respect worse than hangmen and executioners. *Beza* complains of a rigorous schoolmaster at *Paris*, whose unceasing vociferation and cruel discipline so sickened his mind, and alienated his heart from all enjoyment, that, after passing many months in melancholy distress, he resolved to put a period to his existence;

but

but that fortunately, as he was going to a convenient place for the purpose of committing this rash act, he met his uncle, who listened to his complaint, and removing his apprehension of future severity, by taking him from the dominion of this noisy flogger, and keeping him under his own roof, restored him in time to his right mind. And *Trincavellius* had a patient only nineteen years of age, whose mind had sunk into extreme melancholy, *ob nimium studium, tarviti et præceptoris minas*, by reason of over study, and his tutor's threats. But it is said, that " *He who spares the rod spoils his child;*" and certainly excessive lenity and indulgence is of the two extremes more mischievous than harshness and severity. The affection of a too tender father and fond mother, like Esop's ape, frequently proves the ruin of their offspring, pampering up their bodies to the utter undoing of their minds. "They love them so foolishly," says *Cardan*, "that they rather seem to hate them, bringing them up not to virtue, but to vice; not to learning, but to riot; not to sober life and conversation, but to all sorts of pleasure and licentious behaviour." There is, upon this important subject, a happy mean which should be attentively observed both by parents and preceptors. The nurture and education of children is a matter of the greatest difficulty and importance in human science;

science; and the success depends greatly on the choice of proper preceptors. *Plutarch*, in his treatise on Education, gives a special charge to all parents, not to commit their children to such as are indiscreet, passionate, light and giddy-headed; for the authority of those who teach is very often a detriment to those who desire to learn. A tutor, says *Montaigne*, should not be continually thundering instruction into the ears of his pupil as if he were pouring it through a funnel, but, after having put the lad, like a young horse, on a trot, before him, to observe his paces, and see what he is able to perform, should, according to the extent of his capacity, induce him to taste, to distinguish, and to find out things for himself; sometimes opening the way, at other times leaving it for him to open; and by abating or increasing his own pace, accommodate his precepts to the capacity of his pupil.

TERROR, or that species of alarm and apprehension, which is impressed strongly and forcibly upon the mind by horrible objects or dreadful sounds, produces a fiercer and more grievous kind of melancholy than can be communicated by any other modification of FEAR. *Felix Plater* and *Hercules de Saxonia*, speaking from their own observations, say, that this horrible disease (for so they term it) arising *ab agitatione spirituum*,

spirituum, from the agitation, motion, contraction, and dilatation of the spirits, and not from any distemperature of humours, imprints itself so strongly on the brain, that if the whole mass of the blood were extracted from the body, the patient could not be effectually relieved*.

For when the mind with violent terror shakes,
 Of that disturbance too the soul partakes ;
 Cold sweats bedew the limbs, the face looks pale,
 The tongue begins to falter, speech to fail,
 The ears are fill'd with noise, the eyes grow dim,
 And deadly shakings seize on every limb.

The alarm and terror created by the dreadful massacre at *Lyons*, in the year 1572, during the reign of *Charles the Ninth*, was so great, that many of the inhabitants, merely from the effect of the fright, run mad, and others died quite melancholy†. A number of young children, at
Basil,

* Terror et metus maxime ex improvise accedentes ita animum commovent, ut spiritus nunquam recuperent, gravioremque MELANCHOLIAM terror facit, quam quæ ab interna causa fit. Impressio tam fortis in spiritibus humoribusque cerebri, ut extracta tota sanguinea massa, ægre exprimatur, et hæc horrenda species MELANCHOLIÆ frequenter oblata mihi, omnes exercens, viros, juvenes, senes. Plater lib. 3. Non ab intemperie, sed agitatione, dilatatione, contractione, motu spirituum. Her. de Sax. cap. 7.

† Quarta pars comment. de statu religionis in Gallia sub Carolo, 1572.

Basil, went, in the spring of the year, to gather flowers in a meadow, on one side of which, at some distance from the end of the town, a malefactor had been recently hung in chains; and while they were all gazing at it very stedfastly, some one threw a stone at the gibbet, which hitting the body, and making it stir, alarmed them to such a degree that they all ran terrified away; but one, whose pace was slower than the rest, looking unfortunately behind her, and conceiving from the motion of the carcase that it was flying after her, was so shocked by the idea, that she uttered the most dreadful screams, became frightfully convulsed, lost her appetite, was unable to take any rest, and in a short time died of melancholy*. At *Bologne*, in *Italy*, in the year 1504, a violent earthquake happened in the dead of the night, which shaking the whole city to its foundations, so terrified the inhabitants, that many of them continued in a state of the most woeful dejection during the remainder of their lives; particularly one *Fulco Argelanus*†, a man of strong nerves and great courage, who was so grievously affected, that after continuing for many years deeply melancholy, he at last run mad, and killed himself. *Arthemedorus*, the grammarian, lost his wits by the

* A case related by Felix Plater.

† Related by Beroaldus, the man's master.

the unexpected fight of a crocodile ; as did *Orestes* at the fight of the furies ; and *Themison*, the physician, fell into an hydrophobia on seeing a patient in the tortures of that disease*.

SCOFFS, CALUMNIES and JESTS are frequently the causes of melancholy. It is said that “ a blow with A WORD strikes deeper than a blow with A SWORD ;” and certainly there are many men whose feelings are more galled by a calumny,

* The following story of the effects of terror is related upon the authority of a French author, by Mr. Andrews, in his volume of anecdotes. While *Charles Gustavus*, the successor of *Christina*, queen of *Sweden*, was besieging *Prague*, a boor of most extraordinary visage desired admittance into the royal tent, and offered, by way of amusing the king, to devour a whole hog of one hundred weight in his presence. The celebrated old General *Konigsmarc* was at this time standing by the king's side, and, though a soldier of great courage, being tainted in some degree with superstition, hinted to his royal master, that the peasant ought to be burnt for a forcerer. “ Sir,” said the fellow, highly irritated by the observation, “ if your majesty will but make that old gentleman take off his sword and his spurs, I will eat him immediately, before I begin the hog.” The general, brave as he was, was so terrified at this tremendous threat, which was accompanied by the most hideous and preternatural expansion of the frightful peasant's jaws, that he immediately turned round, ran out of the tent, and never stopped until he had secured himself in his quarters, where he continued a long time melancholy and desponding, before he could relieve himself from the effect of his panic.

ny, a bitter jest, a libel, a pasquil, a squib, a satire, or an epigram, than by any misfortune whatsoever. *Aretine*, whose severity procured him the appellation of the *scourge of kings*, was pensioned both by *Charles the Fifth* and *Francis the First*, to procure his favour; but these benevolences, instead of silencing his satires, only rendered them more cutting and severe, and raised his arrogance to so high a pitch, that he published a medal with the inscription of "*Il divino Aretino*" on one side, and on the other his own effigy seated on a throne, receiving the homage of submissive princes: but his epitaph perhaps will best describe his profligate character:

Time, that destroys the proudest men,
Has plac'd within this earthy bed
The scoffing *Aretine*, whose pen
Defam'd the living and the dead.

His bitter taunts, his jests severe,
Virtue and innocence annoy'd;
E'en Glory's palm, and Pity's tear,
His black and rancorous tongue destroy'd.

The King of kings, who sits on high,
And rules at will this nether sphere,
Escap'd not his foul blasphemy:
For oft he cried, "No God is there."

Ancient *Rome* was not without a *Lucian* and a
2
Petronius;

Petronius; nor will modern Europe ever want a *Rabelais*, a *Euphormio*, or a *Boccalini*, the ape, as this latter was called, of the splenetick and worthless *Aretine*. *Adrian the Sixth*, among many other illustrious characters, was so vexed and mortified by the various satires which were occasionally inscribed on the celebrated statue of *Pasquin*, near the *Ursino* palace at *Rome*, that he ordered this vehicle of epigrammatic wit to be thrown from its pedestal, and burned, and its ashes cast into the *Tiber*; but this renowned piece of statuary was happily saved from destruction by the sagacity of *Lodovicus Suesanus*, the facetie companion of the offended pope. "The ashes of *Pasquin*," observed *Suesanus*, "will not only be turned into frogs by the mud of *Tiber*, and croak more virulently than before; but the poets being *genus irritabile*, a race of animals naturally prone to raillery and slander; will yearly assemble, and celebrate the obsequies of their beloved patron, by mangling the character of him who caused his destruction:" and his holiness, upon this hint, though he could not quiet his feelings, suppressed his passion, and countermanded his orders. In the true spirit of this idea, *Plato* and *Socrates* advised all their friends, who valued their characters, to stand in awe of poets, as a set of terrible fellows, who could praise and censure as they thought

fit.* *Hinc quam sit calamus sævior ense patet.*
 The complaint of *David*, that his soul was full of the mockery of the wealthy, and the spitefulness of the proud†, discovers the anguish which

———— these men, replete with mocks,
 Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,

are capable of inflicting. They possess, indeed, in general, so petulant a spleen, that they cannot speak but they must bite, and had rather sacrifice their best friend than lose a bitter jest.

If they may have their jest, they never care
 At whose expence; nor friend nor patron spare:
 And if they once 'th' ill-natur'd paper stain,
 Rejoice to hear the crowd repeat the strain.

They take, in short, to use the language of *Shakespeare*, “as large a charter as the winds to blow on whom they please;” and friends, neutrals, enemies, without distinction, are the objects of their cruel sport, and lie within the mercy of their wit. They

“Bruise them with scorn, confound them with a flout,
 “Cut them to pieces with their keen conceits.”

They

* Qui exiftimationem curant, poetas vereantur, quia magnum vim habent ad laudandum et vituperandum. Plato de legibus, lib. 13.

† Psalm cxxiii.

They must sacrifice, at least once a day, to the god of laughter, or they grow melancholy themselves; but in performing their rites, they care not who they grind, or how they misuse others, so as they exhilarate their own minds*. Their wit and genius, indeed, extend no further than to sport with more honourable feelings, to emit a frothy kind of humour, to break a puny pun or a licentious jest; for in every other kind of conversation they are dry, barren, straminious, dull, and heavy; and, indeed,

—————“ The influence

- “ Of a gibing spirit is begot of that loose grace
- “ Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
- “ A jest’s prosperity lies in the ear
- “ Of him that hears it; never in the tongue
- “ Of him that makes it.

Leo the Tenth was a character of this unamiable cast, and his highest delight in making *ex stolidis stultissimos, et maxime ridiculos, ex stultis insanos*; soft fellows, stark noddies. A vain and indifferent fiddler of *Parma*, named *Tarascomus*, was so cajoled by him and his coadjutor *Bibiena*, that

H 2

he

* “ There cannot,” says Lord Shaftesbury, in his essay on the freedom of wit and humour, “ be a more preposterous sight
 “ than an executioner and a merry-andrew acting their parts on the
 “ same stage.”

he fancied himself the finest musician of *Italy*; and, by their tricks, was induced to set foolish songs to ridiculous music, to adopt and publish absurd precepts on the art of singing, to tie his elbow to a post, that he might improve the sweep and motion of his bow-arm; and at length they caused him to pull down the beautiful and highly polished wainscot which adorned his rooms, under an idea that his fine voice might be more happily reverberated from the thick and plaistered walls. In like manner they possessed one *Baraballius*, of *Cajeta*, with an idea that he was a greater poet than *Petrarch*; and induced him not only to offer himself as a candidate for the laureatship, but to give an invitation to a large company to attend his instalment; where, when some of his real friends endeavoured to convince him of his folly, the poor fellow's brain was so strongly possessed, that he accused them in great anger of envying his honour and prosperity. *Jovius*, who has written the history of these transactions, expresses a wonder that a venerable, grave man, of sixty years of age, should have been so imposed upon; but who is able to resist a combination of eccentric talents, exerted under the specious garb of friendship and admiration? The perpetrators of such ridiculous mischief might, by the same means, be exposed to the same ridicule and absurdity.

Those

Those who study this species of wit and humour, may perhaps excuse the practice, by contending, that it can do no harm where the party is weak enough not to discover the deceit; and that may in some degree be true; for what the mind does not see, the heart cannot feel; but if the sufferer should discover it, no quiet can be administered to his tortured soul; and ought injury to be committed merely on the possibility that it may escape detection; or a man rendered ridiculous in the eyes of others, because he has not sense to discover it himself? *Leviter volant graviter vulnerant.* Personal jests may fly lightly, but the wounds they make are sore and deep, especially if they proceed from the tongue or the lips of a presumed friend. The shooting of bitter words, as *David* well expressed it, pierces like arrows, and cuts like a two-edged sword, leaving behind it an incurable wound*. Many men indeed, especially those who are choleric, suspicious, and impatient of injuries, are so moped and dejected by this kind of treatment, and meditate so continually on it, that they sink, with aggravated pain, into the deepest melancholy. The authors of such serious mischief, perhaps, only mean, in the hour of mirth and merriment, to exercise what they call harmless

H 3

pleasantry,

* Psalm lxiv. and Jeremiah xviii.

pleasantry, and fret the feelings of their companion, holding it *optimum alienâ frui infaniâ*, an excellent thing to enjoy another man's distress: But *volat irrevocabile verbum*, the offensive word cannot be recalled; and it is not only cruel, but impious, to bait a friend with foul derision; for it is declared by the Psalmist, that he who puts *a reproach* upon his neighbour, shall not abide in the tabernacle of the Lord, nor dwell upon his holy hill*. Wit and raillery are weapons which require great skill and dexterity to wield without doing even unintentional mischief. *Ladislaus* the Second, King of *Poland*, being benighted in hunting, and forced to take up his abode in a poor cottage on the borders of a forest, on feeling the hardness of his bed, observed jeeringly to his companion, the earl of *Sbrine*, that his lordship's wife was much better accommodated by the abbot. The earl, stung by the insinuation, replied, *Et tua cum Dabessô*; And your's with *Dabessus*, a young courtier for whom the queen was supposed to entertain an affection. But this reply rooted itself so deeply in the mind of the king, that he never recovered his usual spirits, but became quite melancholy; and, when the cause of his dejection reached the queen's ears, the earl, for this rash repartee, was put

* Psalm xv.

put to death*. *Tiberius*, who withheld the legacy which his predecessor *Augustus* bequeathed to the Roman people, on observing a man whispering in the ear of a corpse, and inquiring of him the reason of it, was informed, that he was only desiring the departed soul to acquaint *Augustus* that the Roman people were yet unpaid: but the feelings of the emperor were so grievously hurt by this bitter sarcasm, that he ordered the offender, with unmanly severity, to be immediately slain; telling him, as he expired, that he might now carry the information to *Augustus* himself. Those who are disposed to be facetious and jocular, should keep within the limits of becoming mirth, and be careful not to indulge this gay and frolicksome delight at the expence of another's happiness, but should particularly restrain it in the presence of those who are any way inclined to this serious malady; for "a heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue." *Hilares oderunt hilarum, tristemque jocosum*: There is no joking with a discontented mind. The advice of *Castilio*, *Pontanus*, and *Galateus*, which will be willingly followed by every good man, is

" Play with me, but hurt me not :

" Jest with me, but shame me not."

H 4

Courteousness,

* Related by Martin Cromerus, in the sixth book of his History of Poland.

Courteousness, gentleness, urbanity, politeness, or whatever it is that the word *Comitas* expresses, is a virtue which lies between the two extremes of rusticity and scurrility, as affability lies between flattery and contention; and wit and humour should not only be kept within these boundaries, but should be accompanied with that ἀβλαβεια, or *innocency*, which hurts no man, and abhors all offer of injury*. No man is permitted to act

“ Like the bold ribald, whose licentious jest
 “ Pollutes his banquet, and insults his guest.”

A fault, a vice, a crime, or even an imperfection, cannot, either by the laws of good manners or humanity, be made the subject of jest, or even noticed in the presence of the offender. To upbraid and hit a man in the teeth with misfortunes, of whatever kind they may be, is ungenerous, indecent, unbecoming, cruel, and unpardonable. A man of thorough good breeding, whatever else he may be, will never do a rude or brutal action. But these observations do not apply to those whose professed object is to lash the vices of a corrupt and degenerate age; but to those private characters who are disposed to rail, scoff,

* Quæ nemini nocet, omnem injuriæ oblationem abhorrens.

scoff, jest with, and pester others by name, if absent, or personally, if present. All wit and humour, however excellent it may be in itself, which in the smallest degree wounds the feelings of another, is coarse unfeeling horse-play; and no person who possesses either piety, grace, or good manners, will use such jests as are *mordentes et aculeati*, bitter, biting, poisoned, injurious, or which in any way leave a sting behind them.

Set not thy foot to make the blind to fall,
 Nor wilfully offend thy weaker brother;
 Nor wound the dead with thy tongue's bitter gall;
 Neither rejoice thbu in the fall of other.

LOSS OF LIBERTY, whether by servitude or imprisonment, is the source of such severe affliction, that few can endure it patiently, although they be accommodated with every thing that comfort can require, or even luxury can bestow; sumptuous houses, airy walks, extensive gardens, delicious bowers, and good fare; for the very idea of living *alienâ quadrâ*, at another man's table and command, tortures in the extreme every spirited and liberal mind. Custom, indeed, will sometimes change the very nature of the species; but even the females of *Italy* and *Turkey*, who are mewed and locked up from the

joys of life and liberty, by the keys of jealousy and despotism, cannot, amidst all the splendours of the seraglio, or the indulgences of their *duennas*, be perfectly happy. The idea of restraint is vexatious and tormenting to the human mind; and a life confined to any precise and particular boundary, still passing round and round in the same circle, like a dog in a wheel, or a horse in a mill, without novelty or change, is so odiously adverse to all the feelings of nature, that it can only be endured in melancholy sufferance. If then a life confined to one spot, however enlarged and accommodating it may be, is so intolerable, to live in strict confinement, or abject slavery, must, as *Hermolaus* told *Alexander*, be worse than death; as indeed the tongues of those thirty thousand Indian slaves who are yearly condemned to work, like mould warps, under ground, in the gold and silver mines of *Potosi* in *Peru*, and of those innumerable wretches who are condemned to the galleys, or the inquisition in *Spain*, would loudly proclaim, were they permitted to speak, or their voices could be heard.

One plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made ;
Whilst others, deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life,
And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair.

Robert, Duke of Normandy, being closely confined
by

by his youngest brother, *Henry the First*, pined away in unextinguishable grief and gloomy melancholy. The royal captive, *Jugurtha*, whose courage in the field was unequalled, had not fortitude sufficient to endure the slavish triumph in which he was drawn through the capitol, at the wheels of the chariot of his insulting conqueror *Marius*, but died in melancholy and despair at the end of the sixth day of his captivity. The *Bishop of Salisbury*, in the reign of King *Stephen*, was so tainted by the idea of imprisonment, and the calamities which attend it, that he refused all nourishment, and lingered a long time between the fear of death and the torments of life, unwilling to live, but unable to die. A Lacedemonian boy, who was taken prisoner by *Antigonus*, was sold as a slave; but on being ordered by his imperious purchaser to some painful duty, replied, "shall a *Lacedemonian* be a slave where liberty is within his reach?" and immediately threw himself from the point of an adjacent rock, and plunged into the sea.

POVERTY is universally abhorred, as the most dreadful enemy of human happiness. Every other species of misery may be easily forgot, because it is not always forced upon our regard; but in all the intercourses of worldly society, indigence is accounted odious, vile, and base; ex-

posed to calamity, neglect, insult; reduced not unfrequently even to hunger and nakedness; and always accompanied by the deepest gloom and melancholy. The mind and body suffer together; its miseries bring no alleviations; for it is a state in which every virtue is obscured, and in which no conduct, however excellent, can avoid reproach.

From no affliction are the poor exempt;
 They think each eye surveys them with contempt.
 Unmanly poverty subdues the heart,
 Cankers each wound, and sharpens every dart.

From the fangs of this dreaded fiend all men fly with terror and affright; leaving no haven, coast or creek unsearched; diving to the bottom of the sea, penetrating into the bowels of the earth, passing through the zones, enduring the extremes of heat and cold, turning parasites and slaves, forsaking God, and even despising his holy religion, to release themselves from this grievous calamity.

Poison'd by thee, whose venom can destroy
 Each generous thought, they know no future joy,
 But heaping wealth—for this they will forego
 Peace, honour, safety, every good below.

All happiness, in short, seems to ebb and flow
 in proportion as men are more or less removed,
 by

by accumulated riches, from the terrors of poverty, and its attendant disgrace: for in the world's esteem, wealth ennobles every character, by whatever means it may be acquired; and the most unprincipled villain, if he be rich and bountiful, will be honoured, admired, adored, revered, highly magnified, and gather many friends.

- “ For virtue, glory, beauty, all divine
 “ And human powers, IMMORTAL GOLD! are thine:
 “ And he who piles the shining heap, shall rise
 “ Brave, noble, honourable, just, and wise.”

The rich Florentine, *John de Medicis*, was so sensible of the power of riches, that, when on his dying bed, calling before him his sons, *Cosmo* and *Lorenzo*, to give them his blessing, he exclaimed, “ My mind is at rest at this awful moment, when I reflect that I shall leave you, my children, in the possession of good health and abundant riches.” This power, indeed, is not only the effect of real wealth liberally bestowed, but is frequently acquired by those who have the art of displaying its ensigns, and putting on its semblance. Coin, well counterfeited, passes a long while current before it is detected; and outward splendour, well managed, may, for some time, procure to some *Fastidious Brisk*, or
 Sir

Sir Petronel Flash, all the subserviency and attention that is bestowed on real riches. But, on the contrary, a man evidently poor in purse, is always concluded to be poor in spirit; and although he be honest, wise, learned, well deserving, noble by birth, and of exceeding good parts, he is contemned, neglected, forsaken, considered a low slave, a vile drudge, an odious fellow, a common eye-sore, scarcely fit to be made a foot-stool; and, like the people of *Africa*, who, as *Leo Afer* observes, are base by nature, no more to be esteemed than a dog. A poor man can have no learning, no knowledge, no civility, scarcely common sense; and if he speaks, "What a babbler he is!" *Dante*, whose works have rendered his fame immortal, was once ignominiously excluded from company on account of his poverty: *Teretius* was placed at the lower end of *Cecilius's* table, merely because he was poorly dressed: and *Terence*, the celebrated Roman poet, was, in his adversity, left and abandoned by his former illustrious friends and admirers, *Scipio*, *Lælius*, and *Fucius*, and suffered to die in melancholy distress on a foreign shore. Rats, indeed, instinctively quit the noblest mansion when it is about to fall. But the most grievous consequence of poverty is, that it exposes the unhappy sufferer to the keenest shafts of ridicule from a contemptuous and unfeeling world; and a poor man is frequently forced to endure the jests,
taunts,

taunts, flouts, and blows of his superiors, to get a meal's meat; or to submit to their ever varying humours, to avoid those dreadful alternatives, thieving or starving. Human fortitude is unable to sustain such severe conflicts; and the children of poverty are invariably the children of discontent, and the victims of melancholy. *Forestus*, in his medicinal observations, relates a memorable example of two brothers of *Lovain*, who being by accident left destitute of the means of support, became melancholy, and, in the anguish of their discontent, by mutual stabs died in each others arms.

“ What cannot Want? the best she will expose,
 “ And sink e'en Virtue in her train of woes:
 “ She fills with navies, hofts, and loud alarms,
 “ The sea, the land, and shakes the world with arms!”

The very apprehension of poverty, indeed, is frequently so alarming as to produce the same effect; for *Apicius*, the celebrated Roman epicure, finding, on examining his affairs, that he had only 100,000 crowns left, destroyed his life by poison for fear of being famished: and the once rich and powerful *Bishop of Salisbury*, on being despoiled of his property by *King Stephen*, and reduced to a state of indigence, ran immediately mad with grief and vexation. *Ausonius* relates,

relates, in a neat epigram, a story of a melancholy man, who, on going into a wood, with intention to hang himself, in order to get rid of the miseries of poverty, fortunately found a large bag of money concealed at the foot of the tree, which had such an effect upon his spirits, that he flung away the rope, and went dancing merrily home, with the treasure under his arm, quite cured of his melancholy: but the man who had wished to secrete it, on coming to the spot, and finding it gone, fell into such a sudden despondency, that he hanged himself with the very rope which the fortunate finder of his treasure had flung away.

“ Want, and incurable Disease, fell pair!
 “ On the hopeless mind remorseless seize
 “ At once; and seek a refuge in the grave.”

THE DEATH OF A FRIEND unavoidably causes the deepest affliction; for true friendship is our last and only comfort under every misfortune, and the greatest solace amidst the miseries of life. The temporary absence of those whom we love and esteem, casts a sorrowful gloom over the mind, and gives a painful uneasiness to the heart. *Montanus* mentions an instance of a lively country girl, whose sensibility was so affected on leaving her native place, and quitting the loved companions of her youth, that her spirits sub-

sided,

sided, and sunk her into an irrecoverable melancholy for the remainder of her days. The absence of that best of friends, a real husband, must be severely afflicting to every fond and faithful wife; and during this distressing interval

Her tearful eyes are strangers to repose;
 In bitter grief she sighs and vents her woes;
 Lies on his couch, bedews it with her tears;
 In fancy sees her absent lord, and hears
 His charming voice still sounding in her ears.

If a short and temporary absence of friends can work such violent effects, DEATH, which causes an eternal separation, must inflict the bitterest of pangs: Then

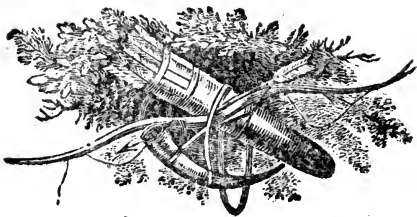
The soul loaths the day, and sickens at the sky,
 And longs in bitterness of soul to die.

Stroza Filius, the elegant Italian poet, in his *Epicedium*, bewails the death of his fond father with an excess of sorrow: and *Quintilian*, in lamenting the loss of his wife and children, shews how superiour the genuine feelings of the heart are to all the rules of rhetoric in the eloquence of distress. “What affectionate father could ever pardon my insensibility should I be capable to pursue my studies? What parent will not detest me, should I now find any other

“ other employment for my tongue, than to
“ accuse the gods of suffering me to live, after
“ depriving me of all that was near and dear
“ to my soul? Can I think that Providence
“ watches over mortals? Witness, my misery,
“ it does not: and yet in what am I to blame,
“ but that I yet live?” Even *Alexander*, whose
trade was death, on losing his beloved *Hephestion*,
lay tossing in the bitterness of his grief for three
days on the cold earth, refusing all sustenance
or sleep, and calling on the Fates to destroy him,
that his soul might be united in death, as it had
been through life, with that of his departed
friend: and with similar excess did *Adrian*, the
emperor, lament the death of his friend *Antinous*;
and *Austin*, his mother *Monica*: to which might
be added many other instances of a like kind,
from the works of the later physicians. “ From
“ the day,” says *Montaigne*, “ that I had the
“ misfortune to lose my friend, I pined and lan-
“ guished; the pleasures of the world, instead
“ of comforting me, doubled my affliction. I
“ was so accustomed to be his second part at all
“ times and places, that I felt my better half
“ was taken away. There was no action or
“ imagination in which I did not miss him;
“ for as he surpassed me in virtue, and every
“ other accomplishment, so also did he in the
“ duties of friendship.”

Now

Now he, alas! is snatch'd away,
Wherefore, ah! wherefore should I stay?
My bliss is fled; no longer whole,
And but possessing half my soul,
Chearful to Pluto's dark abode,
With him I'll tread the dreary road;
Nor fell Chimera's breath of fire,
Nor hundred handed *Gyas* dire,
Shall ever tear my friend from me,
So Justice and the Fates decree.



CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF MELANCHOLY.

THE CONSEQUENCES which the disease of *melancholy* produces, are the symptoms and prognostics, or, in other terms, *the effects* which follow from *the causes* already described. *Parrhasius*, the celebrated Grecian painter, purchased, among those Olynthian captives which *Philip of Macedon* brought home to sell, a strong, athletic, but extreme old man, and put him to the most violent agonies that the severest tortures could inflict, in order, by the writhings and contortions of his body, the better to express the pains and passions of THE PROMETHEUS which he was then about to paint: but the effects and consequences of a *melancholy habit* are so strongly delineated upon both the body and the mind, that no such ingenious, but inhuman, cruelty is necessary to describe the symptoms of this torturing disease. The herb *tortocola* is said to produce the different effects of laughing, crying, sleeping, dancing, singing, howling, and drinking, on different constitutions; and in like manner the various causes which produce melancholy,

ly, work in different habits innumerable and opposite symptoms; but various and complicated as they are, they may be aptly described in such as affect THE BODY, and such as affect THE MIND.

The consequences of this disease, upon the body, are leanness, a withered skin, hollow eyes, a wrinkled forehead, a dejected visage, harsh features, cholicky complaints, eructations, ringing in the ears, twinkling of the eyes, vertigo in the head, a palpitation of the heart, a faltering speech, laughing, grinning, sneering, murmuring, blushing, trembling, soliloquy, sobbing, swooning, a depraved and indifferent appetite, bad digestion, a slow and timid pulse, except it be of the *carotides*, which is very strong; varying, as *Struthius* clearly proves, according to the strength and violence of the disease; but the principal consequence is an eternal restlessness, watching, and indisposition to sleep. *Trincavelius* mentions an instance of a melancholy man, who never closed his eyes for fifty days: The mother of *Hercules de Saxonia*, who laboured for many years under this disease, declared most solemnly, that, during the period of seven months, she was a total stranger to the blessings of repose: and *Skenkius* produces instances of patients who have never slept for two years; and yet received no visible injury from so long a privation of rest.

Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

The consequences of this disease on the mind, are fear, sorrow, suspicion, jealousy, inconstancy, petulancy, bashfulness, a love of solitude, and a hatred of life.

FEAR is almost the first, and certainly the most general, consequence of a melancholy disposition; but the apprehensions it excites are always without any real cause, or apparent foundation. Like an unstaunched hound, the mind runs away with a wrong scent, without perceiving itself to be at fault; as in those cases where the patients conceive the canopy of heaven is falling upon their heads; that their bodies are frames of glass about to receive a fracture; that the earth is about to sink under their feet; that they are kings, cardinals, persons appointed to save the world, and many other of the like nature, more or less extravagant, in proportion to the strength and description of the disease.

SORROW, a causeless sorrow, is another inseparable companion of melancholy. The unhappy

happy sufferers, pensive, weeping, and dejected, look as if they had newly come from the *Trophonian* cave; or as if the vulture which is said to have preyed incessantly on the vitals of *Titius*, was continually gnawing at their hearts. Terrible dreams disturb their short repose; and no sooner are their eyes open, than the heaviest sighs escape from their lips. Smiles, indeed, and fits of laughter, will sometimes intervene; but they only sink from their short-lived mirth into deeper sadness and despondency.

SUSPICION and JEALOUSY are among the mental aberrations of this disease. A melancholy person always conceives himself neglected, and applies every whisper or jest which he happens to hear to his own disadvantage; misconstrues every word that is uttered; puts the worst interpretation on all that is said; and conceives all around him are forming plans to circumvent and cover him with disgrace. *Montanus* mentions the case of a melancholy Jew, who was so waspish and suspicious, that no man, however cautious, could continue inoffensively in his company: and these unhappy conceits generally strike deep root into their disordered minds.

INCONSTANCY is another characteristic consequence of this disease: alternately easy and restless, resolute and wavering, obstinate and yielding, prodigal and covetous, constant and fickle, pleased and displeas'd, animated and dejected,

“ From their coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
 “ Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts,
 “ And grief and joy; nor can the inconstant mind,
 “ In the dark dungeon of Disease confin'd,
 “ Assert its native skies.”

A PASSIONATE DISPOSITION is also a frequent consequence of melancholy, *Quicquid volunt valdè volunt*; whatever melancholy persons desire, they expect immediately to obtain; and the least delay or disappointment renders them austere, surly, dull and mad. To this observation, however, there are many exceptions; for melancholy frequently engenders the finest conceits, gives a deep reach and excellent apprehension to the mind, and renders it judicious, wise, and witty; but the thoughts it engenders are, in general, antic and phantastical, *Velut ægri somnia, vanæ finguntur species*, like a sick man's dreams.

BASHFULNESS is another consequence of a melancholy disposition, which is the reason why persons thus afflicted seldom visit any, except
 their

their very intimate and familiar friends ; and even then they frequently sit wholly silent, or enter into conversation with seeming pain and reluctance. *Frambesarius*, a French physician, had two such patients, *omnino taciturnos*, whom no provocation could prevail upon to speak: and *Rodericus à Fonseca* gives an instance of a melancholy young man, of only seven and twenty years of age, who was so extremely bashful that he could neither eat nor sleep if any person was present. The mind, in these cases, seems conscious of its debility, and ashamed to expose its defective powers.

LOVE OF SOLITUDE is the first symptom and highest enjoyment of a melancholy mind. The fears and sorrows which fill the melancholy bosoms of these poor sufferers drive them from all the lively enjoyments of social life. The strong sense they entertain of the inadequacy of their powers to endure the company, or support the conversation, of other men, without becoming objects of laughter and derision, subdues all the energies of their souls.

While by this dire disease their souls are toss'd,
 Their heavenly spirits lie extinct and lost;
 Nor steal one glance, before their bodies die,
 From this dark dungeon to their native sky.

Like *BELLEROPHON*, they wander through the
 I deepest

deepest glooms and most sequestered vales, sad, solitary, and dejected; avoiding the sight of their fellow creatures, and averse even from their best and most familiar friends. The first symptoms by which the citizens of *Abdera* discovered the melancholy of *Democritus*, were, his forsaking the city, wandering, in the day, on the green banks of the neighbouring brooks, and sleeping at nights in dark groves or hollow trees. The Egyptians, in their hieroglyphics, express a melancholy man by a hare sitting in her form, as being the most timid and solitary of all animals.

A *TEDIUM VITÆ*, or weariness of life, succeeds. Incapable of relishing any of the pleasures or amusements of the world, uneasy and restless in every situation, displeas'd with every occurrence, and anxious to pull the crawling serpent from their hearts, they call one moment upon death to relieve them from their miseries, and the next fly from his feared embrace: unwilling to die, and yet unable to live,

Until the increasing wound such pangs create,
That their own hands prevent the stroke of fate.

The poisoned bowl of *Socrates*, the dagger of *Lucretia*, the halter of *Timon*, the knife of *Cato*,
and

and the sword of *Nero*, are the fell instruments which fate bequeaths to their disordered souls.

MELANCHOLY discloses its symptoms according to the sentiments and passions of the minds it affects. An ambitious man fancies himself a lord, statesman, minister, king, emperor, or monarch, and pleases his mind with the vain hopes of even future preferment. *Elinora Meliorina*, a melancholy but aspiring lady of *Mantua*, conceived she was married to a king, and would kneel down and address her husband as if he were on his throne; and if she found by chance a bit of glass on a dung-hill, or in the street, she would say it was a jewel sent to her by her lord and husband. The mind of a covetous man sees nothing but his *re* or *spe*, and looks at the most valuable objects with an eye of *hope*, or with the fond conceit that they are already his own. A love-sick brain adores, in romantic strains, the lovely idol of his heart,

“ And in the shape of *Corin*, sits all day
 “ Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
 “ To amorous *Phillida* ;”

or sighs in real misery at her fancied frowns. And a scholar's mind evaporates in the fumes of imaginary praise and literary distinction.

Rhasis, the Arabian, divides the symptoms of melancholy into three degrees: First, *falsa cogitatio*, such as consist in false conceits and idle thoughts: secondly, *falso cogitata loqui*, where the patient soliloquises and utters his conceits to himself; and thirdly, when the patient puts his conceits into practice. But it is impossible to speak sufficiently upon this subject; for to attempt a description of a *phantastical conceit*, a *corrupt imagination*, or a *vain thought*, would be like the artist, in *Ausonius*, who attempted to paint an *echo*. Certain it is, however, that there is nothing so vain, absurd, ridiculous, extravagant, impossible, incredible, chimerical, prodigious, or strange, which a melancholy man will not really fear, feign, suspect, and imagine: and what *Ludovicus Vives* said in jest, of a silly country fellow that killed his ass for drinking up the moon, *ut lunam mundo rederet*, we may truly say of him in earnest. The tower of *Babel* never yielded such confusion of tongues as the chaos of melancholy does variety of symptoms; for there is in every species of melancholy *similitudo dissimilis*; as in men's faces, a disagreeing likeness still: and as in a river we swim in the same place, though not in the same identical water, so this disease yields a continued succession of different symptoms.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE CURE OF MELANCHOLY.

MELANCHOLY is said to be the inexorable parent of every mental disease; but *Paracelsus* ridicules the idea of its being incurable; and certain it is, that this dreadful malady, even in its most afflicting stages, seldom causes immediate death; except, indeed, by the ungoverned hand of the miserable sufferer. *Montanus*, however, is of opinion, that to whatever extent the patient may be relieved, some dregs and vestiges, the *veteris vestigia flammæ*, will still remain, and accompany him to his grave; and unquestionably it is a disease much more easy to be prevented than entirely cured.

- “ To administer to a mind diseased,
- “ Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
- “ Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
- “ And with some sweet oblivious antidote
- “ Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
- “ Which weighs upon the heart,

is certainly a task surrounded with difficulties
I 3 seemingly

seemingly infurmountable; but when we seriously consider the assistance that may be derived from him who turns “the mourning of those that trust in him into joy and gladness*,” the frowns of despair will be converted into the smiles of hope, and the idea of difficulty will vanish in proportion to our faith in the Almighty.

————— “For the Almighty Power above
 “With ease can save each object of his love:
 “Wide as his will extends his bounteous grace,
 “Nor lost in time, nor circumscrib’d by place.”

God hath “created medicines of the earth,” and appointed physicians, by their art and industry, to prepare and apply these treasures to the use of man; and therefore, *à Jove principium*, before we begin with medicines we should use prayer, † and continue, not one without the other, but both together; for otherwise, as the prophet *Jeremiah* denounced of the children of *Egypt*, “in vain we shall use medicine or sue for health.” The efficacy of prayer, indeed, in this complaint, is acknowledged not only by *Hippocrates*, *Galen*, and *Hyperius*, but by every other rational and good physician, many of whom, especially *Messul* and *Crito*, concluded their consultations

* Ecclesiasticus.

† “Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.” Phil. iv. 6.

sultations with a solemn address to the Deity, imploring him to deliver their unhappy brother from the perils of his distress.

Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.

THE PHYSICIAN, who is *manus Dei*, and to whom God hath given knowledge that he might be glorified in all his wondrous works, ought next to be sought; for “with such agents God doth heal men and take away their pains.” A wise and honest physician will not administer medicine except in cases of absolute necessity; but will try the effect of diet, and the *vis medica-trix naturæ*, before he proceeds to exhibit the potency of his art; and when this necessity arises, will address his prescriptions, not, Harpy-like, to the draining of his patient’s purse, but to the speedy expulsion of his disease; and not *irritare silentem morbum*, as *Heurnius* complains, stir up, in hopes of pay, a silent disease, which, by good council, or the rectification of the non-naturals, might be easily cured*. Above all, he will endeavour to obtain, by every means in his power, the good opinion and confidence of his patient; for *Galen* is of opinion, that the confi-

I 4

dence

* Quod sæpe evenit cum non sit necessitas. Frustra fatigant rimediis ægros, qui victus ratione curari possunt. Heurnius, lib. 3, cap. 1.

dence of the patient sometimes contributes to the cure of melancholy, as much as the physician's phyfic; and *Paracelsus* informs us, that *Hippocrates* was as much indebted, for the surprising cures he performed, to the high conceit his patients entertained of his honour and ability, as to his knowledge of medicine. Melancholy is a disorder of the mind, to the cure or alleviation of which, nothing is more essential than the kind offices and conversation of a real friend.

THE PATIENT must also call forth, with resolution and fortitude, all the possible powers of his mind in aid of his physician; for although it will be highly to his advantage to rely with implicit confidence upon the skill of those whom he may consult, he may do much for himself, and, like the waggoner in *Esop*, by setting his shoulder to the wheel, greatly relieve his distress. An unreserved disclosure of the most minute circumstances of his case, is an indispensable obligation; for by suffering, like a cowardly citizen, who neglects to arm until the enemy is at its gates, his bashfulness or indifference to conceal any of its symptoms, he will not only protract his cure, but possibly produce incalculable mischief. It is, however, the common fault of all melancholy persons rather to over-state their afflictions than to conceal them. Obedience also to the directions

tions of his physician, and a steady perseverance in the course he shall prescribe, is another necessary duty on the part of the patient; and particularly to cherish a confidence in his ability, and not fly, upon every trifling dislike, from one physician to another, or to try too hastily a variety of remedies. But, above all, let him be careful to avoid experiments upon himself, by adopting unapproved remedies, recommended to him by unauthorised books, or ignorant friends; for that which in the very same disorder may be highly beneficial to one patient, may be extremely detrimental and destructive to another, as the following fable from *Camerarius* will illustrate. An ass, laden with wool, and a mule, laden with salt, were travelling together through the ford of a river. The water wetting the package of the mule, and melting the salt, relieved the animal from the weight of its burden, which being observed by the ass, he, at the next river they passed through, wetted *his* package, in hopes of finding the same relief; but the water, instead of lighting his load, made the wool more heavy, and pressed him to death by its increased weight. Medical works, says *Penottus*, are filled with prescriptions which appear to the eye of an injudicious reader like excellent remedies, but when taken prove fatal poisons; and he instances the case of *John Baptista*, a Nea-

politian nobleman, who accidentally reading a medical pamphlet in praise of hellebore, was induced, on his own judgment, to try its effects; but taking a *dram* instead of a *scruple*, was under the necessity of sending for *Valleriola*, the physician, to save his life.

THE REMEDIES by which the alleviation or cure of melancholy, even if it have passed its meridian, can be most rationally expected, are the rectification of the *six non-naturals* already mentioned; for as the neglect and abuse of them chiefly promote the disease, so a proper use of them is most likely to afford relief; but if these *diateticks* fail, recourse must then necessarily be had to medicine.

DIET, *Διαίτησις*, *viētus*, or living, properly so called, consists, as we have before observed, in meat and drink. Those meats which are tender, moist, and easy of digestion, are most salutary; as kids, rabbits, chickens, veal, mutton, partridge, pheasant, quail, and all mountain birds. The lean of fat meat is best; and all broths, pot-tages, and other spoon meats, especially cock-broth, mixed with borage, lettuce, and such wholesome herbs, are excellently good. The Arabians recommend *brains* as a fine antidote to melancholy; but this opinion is opposed by *Laurentius*, and

many other physicians. Eggs are said to be highly nutritive; and butter, oil, sugar, and honey, under certain restrictions, are allowed. *Galen* excepts to mutton; but, without question, he means that rammy mutton which is bred in *Turkey* and *Asia Minor*, where the sheep have great fleshy tails of eight and forty pounds weight. Bread made of good wheaten flour, pure, well purged from the bran, and kneaded with rain-water, is of itself "the staff of life." The thinnest beer, and lightest wines, are, of all liquors, the best, except fine pure water, sweet to the smell, and like air to the sight, such as is soon hot, and soon cold. But all spices, and sour fauces, must be never, or very sparingly, used. The fish of gravelly bottomed streams are far preferable to those that inhabit muddy pools, but they are greatly inferior to the tenants of the sea. Of fruits, the sweetest are the best, particularly the juice of the pomegranate; and of herbs, borage, bugles, endive, fennel, anniseed, and balm, are to be preferred. The use of rose-water, if it be sweet, and well distilled, is particularly serviceable in the cure of this disease. But, in diet, the principal thing to be avoided, is *repletion* and *inanition*. Melancholy men have, in general, good appetites and bad digestions; and nothing sooner poisons both the body and mind, than to

eat and ingurgitate beyond all measure, as many of them do.

Thus when, alas! men come to die
Of dropsy, jaundice, stone, and gout;
When the black reckoning draws nigh,
And life before the bottle's out;

When long-drawn Time's upon the tilt,
Few sands and minutes left to run,
When all our past gone years are spilt,
And the great work is left undone;

When restless conscience knocks within,
And in despair begins to bawl,
Death, like the drawer, then steps in,
And cries, I'm ready at your call.

Temperance indeed is a bridle of gold; and he who uses it rightly, is more like a god than a man: but the English, who are the most subject, of all other people, to this dreadful malady, are, in general, very liberal and excellent feeders. *Crato* advises his patients to eat only twice a day, and never without an appetite, or upon a full stomach: and *Prosper Calenus* prescribed this very rule to *Cardinal Cæsius*, who laboured long under this disease. Fasting and feasting in extremes are equally pernicious, and best restrained by tasting only of one dish of plain food, and never eating until hunger requires to be satisfied. Men think it a great glory to have their tables
daily

daily furnished with variety of meats; but the physician pulls every guest by the ear, and tells him, that nothing can be more prejudicial to his health than such variety and plenty. *Cornaro* preserved a feeble constitution to an extreme old age by means of diet only.

Unerring Nature learn to follow close,
 For *quantum sufficit* is her just dose.
 “Sufficient” clogs no wheels, and tires no horse,
 Yet briskly drives the blood around its course;
 And hourly to its wastes adds new supplies,
 In due proportion to what’s spent and dies:
 While surfeiting corrupts the purple gore,
 And robs kind Nature of her long liv’d store;
 Tears from the body its supporting soul,
 Quite unprepar’d to reach its destin’d goal;
 While long with temperance it might safely dwell,
 Until, like fruit quite ripe, it slips its shell.

AIR. As a long-winked hawk, when he is first whistled off the fist, mounts aloft, and for his pleasure fetches many a circuit in the sky, still soaring higher and higher, till he comes to his full pitch, and in the end, when the game is sprung, comes down amain, and stoops upon a sudden; so a melancholy mind, when it feels the virtues of the enlivening air, freely expatiates, and exercises itself for recreation, roving awhile and wandering delighted over the ample fields, until it descends to its dull and earthy elements again.

again. Fine air is unquestionably the best antidote to melancholy. The Egyptians, who live in a clear and healthy temperature, are the liveliest, merriest people on the face of the earth. The inhabitants of the *Orcades* are said to be free from all infirmity, both of body and of mind, by reason of the sharp and purifying air they receive from the sea*. But the *Bœotians*, from the fogs in which they are involved, are, of all nations, the most dull and heavy. The airy hills of *Perigord* in France are the seats of vivacity and health; but the fog-filled marshes of *Guienne* are hospitals of dejection and disease. He, therefore, who wishes either to recover or enjoy the invaluable blessings of health, and particularly he who is disposed to be melancholy, should frequently wash his hands and face, shift his clothing, have clean linen, and be comfortably attired; for, *sordes vitiant*, nastiness defiles a man, and dejects his spirits; but, above all, he should shift the place of his residence, and always chuse, at each remove, a dry and airy eminence. *Cyrus*, by living seven months at *Babylon*, three at *Susa*, and two at *Ecbatana*, enjoyed the pleasures of a perpetual spring. When *Cicero*, *Pompey*, and other illustrious Romans, went to see *Lucullus* at his rural villa near the sea, they praised its
light

* Hector Boethius' History of Scotland, and Cardan de rer. var.

light and open galleries, as well-suited to enjoy the breezes of the spring, but very ill calculated to exclude the winter winds. "True," replied *Lucullus*, "but I possess at least the wit of the crane, and always change my situation with the season." The *Bishop of Exeter* is said to have had a different house, suited, in its site and fashion, to every month of the year. Vallies certainly abound with the best soil, but they unfortunately yield, in general, the worst air; and therefore those who are obliged to live, for profit-sake, in low, foggy situations, should correct its bad qualities by good fires. *Sutton Coldfield*, in Warwickshire, stands, as *Camden* observes, *loco ingrato et sterili*; but it is blessed with excellent air, and productive of all manner of pleasures. A clear air cheers up the spirits, and exhilarates the mind; but a thick, black, misty, and tempestuous atmosphere, contracts the powers both of body and of mind, and overthrows, in time, the strongest health. A good prospect alone will relieve melancholy. In short, change of air, and variety of pleasing objects, are the best remedies for this infirmity; and *Lælius à fonte Ægubinus*, that great doctor, in his consultation upon melancholy, says, that, although there are many things by which a patient may be helped, change of air is that which does the most good, and is in general most likely to effect a cure.

BATHING,

BATHING, either in natural or artificial baths, is of great use in this malady, and yields, as many physicians, particularly *Ætius*, *Galen*, *Rhasis*, and *Montanus*, contend, as speedy a remedy as any other physic whatsoever. *Crato* and *Fuschius* recommend baths medicated with camomile, violets, and borage. *Laurentius*, and others, speak of milk baths*, the body afterwards to be anointed with oil of bitter almonds; and some prescribe a bath in which rams' heads, and other ingredients of the like kind, have been previously boiled. The richness and expence of the Roman baths are well known, which is, in some degree, a proof of their utility, especially in warm climates. But the *Porreëtan baths*, the *baths of Aquaria*, the *waters of Apona*, the *springs of St. Helen*, the *Chalderinian baths*, and all those which are naturally impregnated with brass, iron, allum, sulphur, although greatly superior to any artificial baths of the like nature, ought to be warily frequented by melancholy persons. Of the efficacy of cold baths in the cure of this complaint, many physicians have expressed their doubts; but *Cardan* commends bathing in fresh rivers and cold waters, and advising

* In Rome, says the author, rich women frequently bathed in milk; and, in some instances, each bath was composed of the produce of at least five hundred she asses.

vifing all thofe who wifh to live long to ufe it, fays, that it agrees with all ages and complexions, particularly in fultry climates.

EXERCISE, both mental and corporeal, when duly regulated, and difcreetly taken, highly contributes not only to the reftoration and eftablifhment of general health, but to the prevention and expulfion of this particular difeafe. The heavens themfelves are in conftant motion; the fun rifes and fets, the moon increafes and decreafes, the ftars and planets have their regular revolutions, the air is agitated by winds, the waters ebb and flow, and man alfo fhould ever be in action. Employment, which *Galen* calls “Nature’s phyfician,” is indeed fo effential to human happinefs, that indolence is juftly confidered as the mother of mifery. *Hieron* advifes *Rufticus* the monk never to let the devil find him idle; and *Mahomet* was fo convinced of the utility of this advice, that, when ambaffadors from the yet unconquered provinces were admitted into his prefence, they found him engaged in carving wooden fpoons*. The fitteft time
for

* *Domitian* bufied himfelf in catching flies; the great *Augustus* ufed to play with nuts among children; *Alexander Severus* exercifed himfelf in playing with little dogs and young pigs; and *Adrian* was fo enamoured with dogs and horfes, that he beftowed on them monuments and tombs. *Xenophon* advifes a perfon rather to play at tables, to throw dice, to make even a jester of himfelf, though he might be far better employed, than to do nothing.

for exercise is before meals, when the body is empty, particularly in a morning, after the pores have been cleared by ablution from the perspiration of sleep, and the body relieved from its repletion; but it should be rather *ad ruborem* than *ad sudorem*; for *Hippocrates* is of opinion, that if exercise produce more than a gentle inclination to perspire, it may be dangerous. *Galen* therefore recommends the *ludum parvæ pilæ*, or tossing the little ball, either with the hand or racket: (a game which is said to have been invented by *Aganella*, a fair maid of *Corcyra*, for the use and entertainment of *Nausica*, the daughter of king *Alcinous*,) as the most beneficial, because it gently exercises every part of the body. There are indeed many other sports and recreations, as hunting and hawking, which *Camden* calls *hilaris venandi labores*, because they invigorate the body, and enliven the mind; fowling, an exercise strongly recommended by *Tycho Brahe*, the celebrated astronomer; fishing, which, though *Plutarch* * calls it a filthy, base, illiberal employment, having in it neither wit nor perspicacity, is certainly an agreeable diversion, and healthy exercise; for if the angler catch no fish, he enjoys a rural walk, fine air, pleasant shades, the melodious harmony of birds,

and

* In his Book de Soler. Animal.

and the pleasures of the sweetly purling stream, on which he sees swans, herons, ducks, water-horns, coots, and other fowl, sporting with their brood, which may be better suited to his constitution, and more delightful to his mind, than the cry of the hounds, or the echo of the horn. Racing, by which many gentlemen gallop out their fortunes; bowling, ringing, coits, hurling, *cum multis aliis quæ nunc prescribere longum est.* But the most pleasant of all outward pastimes is that of a pleasant excursion; a merry journey, with some good companions, to visit friends, see cities, castles, towns, and countries.

To see the pleasant fields, the crystal fountains,
And take the gentle air upon the mountains.

The general remedy for uneasiness is change of place. *St. Bernard*, in the beautiful description he has given of his own monastery, says, "A melancholy mind seeks the pleasures of some verdant bank; enjoys, when the dog-star rages, the luxury of a shady bower; comforts his misery by a view of the various objects which a fine prospect presents to his nature-loving eye, and stills the agitation of his soul by the sweet harmony of the surrounding groves." *Dioclesian*, the emperor, during his melancholy fit, was so pleased with rural recreations, that he resigned the sceptre for the spade, and turned gardener.

If

If my testimony of the delights of rural life be of any worth, I can truly say I am *verè Saturnus*; no man ever took more delight in springs, woods, groves, gardens, walks, fish-ponds and rivers; and I found every change of scene highly favourable to the cure of melancholy, not only as it induced exercise, but as it presented new and striking objects to my enraptured view. The mind of *Telemachus*, though dejected by the idea of having lost his father, was ravished with delight at the sight of the magnificent palace of *Menelaus*. To view the pageantry of a coronation, splendid nuptials, the public reception of a prince or ambassador; or to see two kings fight in single combat, as *Porus* and *Alexander*, *Canute* and *Edmund Ironside*, *Scanderbeg* and *Ferat Bassa* the Turk, raises the mind from its lethargy, and gives new action to its dormant powers. The mind and body must be continually in exercise; and therefore dancing, singing, masking, mumming, however severely they may be censured by the *Catos* of the age, are, if opportunely and soberly used, extremely beneficial in the cure of this disease. *Melius est fodere quam saltare*, says *St. Austin*; and *Tully* insists, *Nemo saltat sobrius*: but these are the observations of men to whom age and infirmities had rendered all youthful pastimes unpleasant and disagreeable. Let the world, I say, have their
may-games,

may-games, wakes, whitfunales ; their dancings and concerts ; their puppet-shews, hobby-horses, tabors, bagpipes, balls, barley-breaks, and whatever sports and recreations please them best, provided they be followed with discretion.

What I aim at is, that such as are *fracti animis*, troubled in mind, should relieve and refresh themselves by these disports, but not make them the entire business and sole occupation of their lives. *Philip*, duke of Burgundy, at the nuptials of *Elenora*, sister to the king of *Portugal*, in the depth of winter, at *Bruges* in *Flanders*, being fatigued by the sameness of the entertainments, and prevented by the inclemency of the season, from enjoying the diversions of the field, to relieve his mind from the melancholy into which it was sinking, walked in disguise with his courtiers, during the night, through the streets of the town ; and accidentally finding a country fellow quite drunk, and snoring on a bulk, ordered him to be quickly conveyed to the palace, where dressing him in the highest fashion of the times, he placed servants round him to watch the moment of his waking, and persuade him that he was a great lord. The duke, by the laughter and good humour which the drollery of the fellow occasioned, completely recovered his good spirits ; and the subject of it, after being again intoxicated and laid asleep by the good cheer he

was

was supplied with, was at length conveyed, in his own clothing, to the bulk from which he had been taken. Many such tricks are put in practice by great men, to exhilarate themselves and others, and while they are harmless, they are not unuseful jests. But among the exercises or recreations of the mind within doors, there is none so general, so aptly to be applied to all sorts of men, or so fit and proper to expel idleness and melancholy, as that of

READING, which, as *Cicero*, in his celebrated oration for the poet *Archias*, truly observes, “employs us in youth, amuses us in old age, “graces and embellishes prosperity, shelters and “supports adversity, makes us delightful at “home and easy abroad, softens slumber, short- “ens fatigue, and enlivens retirement.” No person can be so wholly overcome with idleness, or involved in the labyrinth of worldly cares, troubles, and discontents, who will not find his mind, if he has any, much lightened by reading. To most men, indeed, study affords an extraordinary delight. The childish bauble of wealth is in no way comparable to it. It affords a sweetness equal to that of the cup of *Circe*; and so bewitches the mind that has once fastened on its charms, that it is fascinated by its power. *Julius Scaliger* was so much affected with poetry, that he pathetically exclaimed, that he would rather

rather be the author of *Lucan*, and of the ninth ode of *Horace*, than emperor of *Germany*: and *Nicholas Gerbelius*, that good old man, was so ravished by the restoration of a few Greek authors, that he exclaimed, *Arabibus, atque Indis omnibus erimus ditiores. Aristotle* is more known than *Alexander*, for we have a bare relation of *Alexander's* deeds; but *Aristotle, totus vivit in monumentis*. “If I were not a king,” said *James the First*, on seeing the Bodleian library, “I would be an university man.” So sweet is the delight of study! *Heinsius*, the *Leyden* librarian, says, “I no sooner come into the library than I bolt the door, and exclude lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is Idleness, the mother of Ignorance, and Melancholy herself; and, in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all those rich and great men who are unacquainted with this happiness.” Whoever, therefore, is over-run with solitariness, or carried away with pleasing melancholy and vain conceits, for want of employment, cannot prescribe to himself a better remedy than this of study, provided the malady does not proceed from this source. But of all reading, as a cure for this complaint, that of the Holy Scriptures is the best.

SLEEP, by expelling cares, and pacifying the mind; is particularly serviceable in the cure of melancholy; and must not only be procured at proper intervals, but protracted, if possible, beyond its ordinary duration. *Crato* is of opinion that seven or eight hours is a competent time for a melancholy man to rest. He who wishes to taste the sweets of sleep, must go to bed, *anima securo, quieto, et libero*, with a secure and composed mind, in a quiet place; for to lie in bed, as some do, and not sleep night after night, giving assent to pleasing conceits and vain imaginations, is extremely pernicious. All violent perturbations of the mind must, in some sort, be qualified before we can look for soft repose. The quietude and security of rural retirement greatly encourage this composure of the mind. *Ficinus* recommends the concord of sweet sounds to the ear of a patient, previous to the usual hours of rest, as a certain means of procuring undisturbed and pleasing repose; others the reading of some amusing tale; and others, to have a basin of water gently dropping its contents near the bedside. But perhaps a good draught of muscadine, with a toast and nutmeg, may prove as efficacious a remedy against that disinclination to sleep, and those fearful and troublesome dreams with which melancholy men are molested, as any that can be prescribed; always including, however, the

two indispensable requisites for this purpose; *a clear conscience*, and *a light supper*. When *Ptolemy*, king of *Egypt*, had successively posed the eighteen interpreters, he asked the nineteenth what was necessary to procure quiet rest? to which the sage replied, "Honest actions by day, and religious meditations by night." The most certain cure, indeed, of this complaint, is that which is effected by rectifying the passions and perturbations of the mind; for a quiet mind is the true *voluptas* or *summum bonum* of Epicureans; the highest blessing man can enjoy: and *Galen*, the common master, from whose fountain all subsequent physicians fetch their water, relates, that he has cured many patients of this infirmity, by the right settling alone of their minds.

MUSIC is one, and not the least powerful, of those many means which philosophers and physicians have prescribed to exhilarate a sorrowful heart, and to divert those intense cares which accompany this complaint. *Musica est mentis medicina mœstæ*; a roaring-meg against melancholy: it rears and revives the languishing soul; affects not only the ears, but the very arteries; awakens the dormant powers, raises the animal spirits, and renders the most dull, severe, and sorrowful mind, erect and nimble. The effect

of music upon the human soul is wonderful: *Athenæus* calls it a matchless and inexhaustible treasure; and *Cassiodorus* says it will not only expel the severest grief, soften the most violent hatred, mitigate the sharpest spleen, but extenuate fear and fury, appease cruelty, abate heaviness, and bring the mind to quietude and rest. The harps of *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, and *Arion*, charmed all nature with their powers: even

— Things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd
By magic numbers and persuasive sounds.

Music, divine music, besides the excellent powers it possesses of expelling many other diseases, is a sovereign remedy against despair and melancholy, and will drive even THE DEVIL himself away. *Canus*, a musician at *Rhodes*, when *Apolonius* inquired what he could effect by means of his pipe, told him that he could make a melancholy man merry, a merry man mad, a lover more enamoured, and a religious man more devout. *Ismenias* the Theban, *Chiron* the Centaur, *Clinias* and *Empedocles*, are said to have cured not only melancholy, but many other diseases, by the power of music alone. *Timotheus*, the musical son of *Thyrander*, performed harmonic wonders in the court of *Alexander*: and we have the authority of Holy Writ, that the harp

harp of *David* refreshed the mind, and drove away the evil spirit from the bosom of king *Saul**. There is no mirth without music. A table, as *Epietetus* truly observes, without music is little better than a manger; for music at meals is like a carbuncle set in gold, or the signet of an emerald highly burnished. But if the complaint, as it sometimes happens, proceed from this cause; if the patient be some light *inamorato*, who capers in conceit of the excellency of his own talents, or breathes soft sighs in sonnets to his mistress, music is most pernicious, and, like a spur to a free horse, will drive him blind, or force his speed until he break his wind; for to those whose minds are musically bent, the concord of sweet sounds operates like a charm, and will make such a patient so mad, that the sound of jigs and hornpipes will ring eternally in his ears. It is on this account, possibly, that *Plato* withholds music and wine from all young men, *ne ignis addatur igni*, lest, they being for the most part amorous, one fire should increase another. Many men, indeed, become melancholy by hearing music, but it is a melancholy of the most pleasing kind; and therefore to such as are sorrowful or dejected, it is highly beneficial; but to others, says *Plutarch*, *Musica magis dementat quàm vi-*

K 2

num;

* 1 Sam. xvi.

num; making some men as mad as tigers. Like the horn of *Astolphus* in *Ariosto*, or the golden wand of *Mercury* in *Homer*, it works different effects on different constitutions, and well authorises the assertion of *Theophrastus*, that music makes and mitigates many maladies.

MIRTH and MERRY COMPANY are the companions of music in the cure of melancholy. The merrier the heart the longer the life. Mirth is one of the three Salernitan Doctors; Dr. *Merryman*, Dr. *Diet*, and Dr. *Quiet*; which cures all diseases *. *Magninus*, indeed, holds a merry companion to be better than music; and as useful to a melancholy mind as an easy carriage and pleasant road are to a weary traveller. *Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico*. The *Nepenthes* of *Homer*, the bowl of *Helena*, and the girdle of *Venus*, are only types of liveliness, mirth, and good humour, which, when rightly understood, and seasonably applied, will dispel the dullest care, and brighten the most afflicted heart. Mirth, therefore, is said to be the principal engine by which physicians batter down the walls of melancholy. *Dulce est desipere in loco*. And
Benedictus

* Spiritus temperat, calorem excitat, naturalem virtutem corroborat, juvenile corpus diu servat, vitam prorogat, ingenium acuit, et hominum negotiis quibus libet aptiorem reddit. Schola Salern.

Benedictus Viſtorius Faventinus, in his *emperics*, ſays, that to hear muſic, to ſee dancing, maſking and mummary, to chat with a droll companion, and frequent the company of fair and lively females, are the ſureſt antidotes to this complaint. Beauty alone is a powerful charm and ſovereign remedy againſt all melancholy fits. It is ſometimes wiſe for the graveſt characters to play the fool. The ſolemn *Socrates* would be merry by fits, ſing, dance, drink, and ride a cock-horſe with his children :

Equitare in arundine longâ.

So did *Scipio* and *Lælius* :

For ſourer *Scipio*, once in arms approv'd,
 And *Lælius*, for his milder wiſdom lov'd,
 Could from the noiſy world enjoy retreat,
 And laugh at all the buſy farce of ſtate,
 Employ the vacant hour in mirth and jeſt,
 Until their herbs, or frugal feaſt, were dress'd.

I ſhall therefore adopt the recommendation of *Heſſus* to every melancholy man :

Utere convivis, non triftibus utere amicis,
 Quos nugæ et riſus, et joca ſalsa juvant.

Cteſias mentions a monarch of Perſia, who had one hundred and fifty virgins attending at his table, to play, ſing, and dance, by turns ; and it is well known that the Greek fiction of THE

NINE MUSES arose from the custom, of a king in Egypt, of keeping nine of the fairest beauties of Circassia, to enliven his spirits with their music and conversation. It was the advice of the prophet *Tiresias* to *Menippus*, who travelled all the world over, even down to hell itself, in search of content, to be *merry and wise*. To exhilarate the heart has been the practice of every age and country as the best means of preserving life. Every good physician rings this remedy in his patient's ears; and *Marsilius Ficinus* thus concludes an Epistle to *Bernard Canisianus*, and other friends: "Live merrily, O my friends, free from cares and grief: again and again, I exhort you to be merry; and if any thing trouble your hearts, or vex your souls, cast it off with contempt. This I enjoin you not only as a divine, but as a physician; for without mirth, physic is of no force."

Every leisure hour employ,
 In mirth, in revelry, and joy:
 Laugh and sing, and dance and play,
 Drive corroding care away:
 Join the gay and festive train,
 And make old age grow young again.

But the mischief is, that many men, knowing that merry company is the only medicine against melancholy, spend all their days among good fellows in a tavern or alehouse, drinking *venenum*

pro

pro vino, like so many malt-worms, men-fishes, water-snakes, or frogs in a puddle, and become mere funguses and casks:

A friendly gang! each equal to the best,
 Where all, who can, have liberty to jest.
 One flaggon walks the round, that none should think
 They either change or stint him of his drink:
 And lest exception may for place be found,
 Their stools are all alike, their table round.

Like *Timocreon* of *Rhodes*, *Multa bibens, et multa vorans*, they drown their wits in wine, consume their fortunes, lose their time, weaken their temperatures, contract diseases, and completely ruin their constitutions. In their endeavours to avoid the *Scylla* of dejection, they plunge into the *Charybdis* of drunkenness, and use that mirth which was intended for their help to their undoing. They had better endure the miseries of melancholy than convert themselves into beasts and beggars, and make that good company, which properly used is a sovereign remedy for all kinds of discontent, their sole misery and perdition. The society which a wise man will keep is that

Where every guest may drink, and fill
 As much or little as he will;
 Exempted from the Bedlam rules
 Of roaring prodigals and fools;
 Mixing in the full but friendly bowl,
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

FRIENDSHIP, indeed, when it is rational and sober, as well as lively and pleasant, is of all other remedies the most powerful and efficacious in the cure of this disease. The attachments of mere mirth are but the shadows of that true friendship, of which the sincere affections of the heart are the substance. How powerful is the charm of a discreet and dear friend! *Ille regit dictis animos, et temperat iras.* What may he not effect? *Porphyrius*, the philosopher, in his life of *Plotinus*, relates, that, having sunk into discontent and melancholy, by a long continued anguish of mind, he determined to destroy a life which he was no longer able to endure; but that his dear friend, *Plotinus* accidentally meeting him as he was proceeding to perpetrate the fatal mischief, and perceiving, by his distracted aspect, that all was not well within, he urged him with such soft affection and tender concern to disclose the troubles of his mind, that he overcame his resolution, pacified his disordered feelings, reconciled him to himself, and making him ashamed of ever having entertained so vile a notion as that of self-murder, redeemed him, *è faucibus erebi*, from the jaws of hell itself. A true friend will observe the looks, the gestures, the motions, and all the aberrations, of the patient, and afford him the timely assistance of salutary counsel and kind advice. Symptoms
which

which escape the sight of vulgar eyes, will, to a tender and affectionate mind, anxious for the safety of a friend, be easily perceptible; and no pains will be spared to prevent the farther progress of the complaint. When *Lælius*, in the presence of the Roman consuls, who, after they had condemned *Tiberius Gracchus*, prosecuted all those who had held a correspondence with him, asked *Caius Blossius*, the intimate friend of *Gracchus*, what he would have done for him, *Blossius* replied, "every thing." "How!" exclaimed *Lælius*, "every thing! Suppose then he had commanded you to set fire to our temples." "He would never," said *Blossius*, "have laid such a command on me." "But what if he had," continued *Lælius*. "Why, if he had," replied this sincere friend, "I would have obeyed him." False friendship, like the ivy, decays, and ruins the walls it embraces; but true friendship gives new life and animation to the object it supports; forming the most pleasing remedy against, not only melancholy, but every grievance and discontent: For

DISCONTENTS and GRIEVANCES are the lot of man: our whole life, as *Apuleius* well observes, is a *Glucupicron*, a bitter-sweet-passion, a mixture of pleasure and of pain, from which no man can hope to go free: but as this condition

is common to all, no one man should be more disquieted than another.

He who desires but neighbours' fare,
Will for no storm or tempest care.

Affliction is, perhaps, necessary to the rectitude of our worldly state. An expert seaman is tried in a tempest, a runner in a race, a captain in a battle, a valiant man in adversity, and a Christian by temptation and misery. As thrashing separates the corn from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue. Misery is necessary to the attainment of true happiness. *Whatever is necessary*, as Cicero asserts, on the authority of an ancient poet, *cannot be grievous*. The evils that a man is born to endure, he ought to bear without repining; remembering, that fickleness is the characteristic of fortune; that sorrows surmounted sweeten life; and that the highest human attainment is a contented mind.

But, ah! how rare's the thankful breast,
How few will own they have been bless'd,
Or at life's close depart contented
With the rich feast that life presented!

Discontent generally proceeds from defects, either of BODY, of MIND, or of FORTUNE, the sense of which aggravates the feelings, and,
by

by wounding the natural pride of the heart, renders it dejected and melancholy.

BODILY DEFECTS, however, are generally counterbalanced by extraordinary perfections of mind. The single eye of *Hannibal*, and the total blindness of *Timoleon*, *Teresius*, *Democritus*, and *Homer*, were more than compensated by the divine rays which filled their minds. The bandy-legged *Æsop*, the hairy and deformed *Socrates*, the emaciated *Seneca*, the blear-eyed *Horace*, the limping *Loyola*, the crooked-backed *Galba*, and the lubberly *Ajax*, out-shone their contemporaries, in art, in wisdom, in valor, and in greatness. Virtue is of no particular form or station: The finest outlines of the human frame are frequently filled up with the dullest wits. A little diamond, well polished, is always of greater value than a rocky mountain, whatever may be its size and extent.

SICKNESS and DISEASE are also in weak minds the sources of melancholy; but that which is painful to the body may be profitable to the soul. Sickness, the mother of modesty, puts us in mind of our mortality, and while we drive on heedlessly in the full career of worldly pomp and jollity, kindly pulls us by the ear, and brings us to a proper sense of our duty. **PLINY** calls it the foundation and corner stone

of true philosophy; and, indeed, if we were only to practise in health what we promise in sickness, we should in general be completely happy. It is the bright day of health that brings forth the adder of uneasiness; for what sick man was ever covetous, ambitious, envious, cruel, or malicious?

BASENESS OF BIRTH also sometimes afflicts a delicate and nicely feeling mind; but of all vanities and fopperies, the vanity of *high birth* is the greatest. True nobility is derived from virtue, not from birth. Titles, indeed, may be purchased; but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid. Birth in *China* cannot confer nobility; for there honourable distinction can only be obtained by real worth. A man who leaves a noble posterity, is certainly entitled to higher respect than he who only boasts of noble ancestors. The great *Catherbeius*, sultan of *Egypt* and *Syria*, was originally a common slave; but his extraordinary worth, valor, and manhood, procured him to be elected emperor of the *Mamalukes*. *Castrucius Castrucanus* was a poor orphan child, who was found lying in a field, exposed to the extreme of misery; but his virtue raised him to the throne of *Senes*. And history furnishes innumerable instances of the like kind. Why, therefore, should any man think baseness of birth a reproach? Who thinks *Cicero* less respectable

ſpectable for having been a plebeian, *Agathocles* leſs glorious for having been a potter's ſon, or *Marius* leſs great for having been a plough-boy at *Arpinum*? *E tenui caſa ſæpè vir magnus exit*; many a great man comes out of a low cottage. What rational man thinks the better of the kings of *Denmark*, becauſe they derive their pedigree from *Ulfo*, who was the ſon of a bear? Let no proud *terræ filius*, or vain upſtart, be offended by theſe examples; but recolleſt, that it is virtue alone that can ennoble greatneſs; and that nothing is ſo intolerable as a fortunate fool, or ſo deteſtable as exalted wickedneſs. The nobility of many of our modern gentry conſiſts of the parchment by which their title is conferred; but how much better is it to be born of mean parentage, and to excel in moral worth and noble actions, than to be *degeneres neoptolemi*, as many great men are, who are only valued for their riches?

POVERTY alſo is accounted, in the world's eſteem, the greateſt miſery that can befall a man; but if properly conſidered, it will afford no real cauſe of diſcontent. Riches, like the rains from heaven, fall on perſons of every deſcription, whether good or bad, *ſed bonis in bonum*, they are only valuable to thoſe who would be contented without them; for to thoſe who would not, they only convey pride, insolence, luſt, riot,

riot, intemperance, ambition, cares, fears, suspicions, troubles, anger, and every other disease, both of body and of mind.

No crime, disease, or vice, is now unknown,
 Since POVERTY, the god of Virtue's, gone ;
 Pride, laziness, and all luxurious arts,
 Pour like a deluge in from foreign parts,
 Since gold obscene and silver found the way
 Our plain and honest manners to betray.

Rich men, whose only objects are to gratify the mean and fordid passion of avarice, are like painted walls, fair without, but rotten within. The higher they soar, the greater are the dangers to which they are exposed; for misery affails riches, as lightning does the highest towers: or as a tree that is heavy laden with fruit breaks its own boughs, so do riches destroy the virtue of their possessor. But,

The man, within the golden mean,
 Who can his boldest wish contain,
 Securely views the ruin'd cell,
 Where sordid Want and Sorrow dwell ;
 And, in himself securely great,
 Declines an envied room of state.

Worldly wealth, indeed, is the Devil's bait; and those whose minds feed upon riches, recede, in general, from real happiness, in proportion as their stores increase; as the moon when she
 is

is fullest of light is farthest from the sun. *Theodoret*, therefore, justly exhorts his readers, as often as they shall see a man abounding in wealth, *qui gemmis bibit et ferrano dormit in ostro*, and naught with all, not to call him happy, but to esteem him unfortunate, because he has thereby so many inducements and temptations to live unjustly; and, on the other side, to consider a virtuous man, though poor, as far from being miserable.

'Tis not in wealth to give true joys:
Him purest happiness attends,
Who heaven's distinguish'd gifts employs
With wisdom, to the noblest ends.

SENECA calls the happiness of wealth *bracteata felicitas*, tin-foiled happiness; and *infelix felicitas*, an unhappy felicity. A poor man drinks out of a wooden dish, and eats his hearty meal with a wooden spoon; a rich man with languid appetite, picks his dainties with a silver fork from plates of gold; but in *auro bibitur venenum*; the one drinks in health and happiness from his potted jug, the other disease and poison from his jewelled cup.

—————Were it not better to inquire
How Nature bounds each impotent desire,
What she with ease resigns, or wants with pain,
And then divide the solid from the vain?

Say,

Say, should your jaws with thirst severely burn,
 Would you a cleanly earthen pitcher spurn?
 Should hunger on your gnawing entrails seize,
 Would turbot only or a capon please?

Poverty, indeed, is well described by the holy fathers of the church, and the finest orators of antiquity, as the way to heaven, as the mistress of true philosophy, the mother of religion, the sister of innocency, and the handmaid of sobriety and virtue. *O fortunatos, nimium bona si sua norint.* The rich, it is true, cover their floors with marble, their roofs with gold, their porticoes with statues, and their chambers with costly furniture, and curious paintings; but what is all this to true happiness? The happier poor live and breathe under a glorious sky, the august canopy of nature; enjoy the brightness of the stars, the daily radiance of the sun, the nightly lightness of the moon, the harmony of the groves, and all that bounteous nature presents to the hands of honest industry and calm content, which far surpasses all the enjoyments that art and *opulentia* can give.

Like the first mortals, blest is he,
 From debts, and mortgages, and business free;
 With his own team who ploughs the soil,
 Which grateful once confess'd his father's toil.

Nature

Nature is content with bread and water; and he that can rest satisfied with what nature requires, may contend with Jupiter himself for happiness.

If you, my *Iccius*, to whose hands
 The fruits of his Sicilian lands
 Agrippa trusts, use well your gain,
 What more can you from Jove obtain?
 Hence with complaints! can he be poor
 Who all things needful may secure?

Whatever is beyond this moderation, says *Mandarenfis*, is not useful, but troublesome: and he that is not satisfied with a little, will never have enough. "O ye Gods!" exclaimed *Socrates*, as he passed through a fair, "what a number of things are there here which I do not want!" Strength, both of body and mind, is the offspring of Temperance; and Temperance is the offspring of Want, man's best physician, and chiefest friend. VIRTUE, when she first descended from heaven to bless mankind, being scorned by the rich, abandoned by the wicked, ridiculed by courtiers, hated by money-loving men, and thrust out of every door, wandered to the humble cottage of her sister POVERTY, where she was cherished with the warmest affection, and with whom alone she still resides. All true happiness, say the Holy Scriptures, is in a
 low

low estate. A man's fortune, like his garment, if it fit him well, is not less useful for being made of homely materials. A rich man may be decorated with the titles of Lord, Patron, Baron, Earl, and possess many fine houses; but he who is poor has the greater happiness.

While with the rich the passing day
 In fruitless wishes wears away;
 Ah! rural scenes, his heart repeats,
 How I enjoy your bless'd retreats!
 Where, while with Nature's views I please
 My fancy, or recline at ease
 In sweet oblivion, lose the strife
 And all the cares of splendid life.

The misery which is supposed to follow poverty, arises not from want, but from peevishness and discontent. A mind once satisfied, if, alas! a mind can be satisfied upon this subject, is happy; for he who is thoroughly wet in a bath, cannot be more wet if he be flung into the sea. The mind is all; for if a man had all the world, or a solid mass of gold as big as the world, he could not have more than enough. True plenty consists in not desiring, rather than in possessing, riches; the contempt of which confers more real glory than the possession. Even by those who are miserably poor it should be recollected, that "misery is Virtue's whetstone;" that "the poor shall not always be forgotten; that the Lord is
 " a refuge

“ a refuge to the oppressed, and a defence in the
 “ time of trouble; and that he who sows in tears,
 “ shall reap in joys.” A lowering morning may
 turn to a fair afternoon, *nube solet pulsâ candidus*
ire dies. When *Zeno*, the philosopher, lost all his
 goods in a shipwreck, he exclaimed, “ Fortune
 may take away my means, but cannot touch my
 mind.” *Alexander* sent a hundred talents of gold
 to *Phocion* of *Athens*, for a present, because he
 heard he was a good man; but *Phocion* returned
 the gold, with a request that he might be per-
 mitted to continue a good man still. So the *The-*
ban Crates flung, of his own accord, his money
 into the sea, exclaiming, *Abite nummi, ego vos*
mergam, ne mergar, à vobis: and shall Christians
 become sorrowful for the want of wealth, when
 Stoics and Epicures could contemn it so easily?
 O, man! let thy fortune be what it will, it is
 thy mind alone that makes thee poor or rich,
 happy or miserable.

He who enjoys th' untroubled breast,
 With Virtue's tranquil wisdom bless'd,
 With hope the gloomy hour can cheer,
 And temper happiness with fear.
 If God the winter's horrors bring,
 He soon restores the genial spring.
 Then let us not of fate complain,
 For soon shall change the gloomy scene.

SERVITUDE,

SERVITUDE, LOSS OF LIBERTY, and IMPRISONMENT, are not such miseries as they are, in general, conceived to be. *Alexander* was the slave of fear; *Cæsar*, of pride; *Vespasian*, of his money; and *Heliogabalus*, of his gut. Lovers also are the slaves of beauty; and statesmen of ambition; and yet are so contented with their conditions, that they hug their chains with rapturous delight. To set them free would render them discontented and miserable. A contented citizen of *Milan*, who had never passed beyond its walls during the course of sixty years, being ordered by the governor not to stir beyond its gates, became immediately miserable, and felt so powerful an inclination to do that which he had so long contentedly neglected, that, on his application for a release from this restraint being refused, he became quite melancholy, and at last died of grief. The pains of imprisonment also, like those of servitude, are more in conception than in reality. We are all prisoners. What is life, but the prison of the soul? To some men the wide seas are but narrow ditches, and the world itself too limited for their desires: to roam from east to west, from north to south, is their sole delight; and when they have put a girdle round the globe, are discontented, because they cannot travel to the moon. But *Demosthenes* was of a contrary temper: instead of indulging
this

this vagrant disposition, he shaved his beard, to prevent the possibility of his being tempted to go abroad. It is the idea of being confined, that causes the misery of imprisonment; for it is sometimes accompanied by the highest advantages. It was a confinement occasioned by sickness and disease, that first caused *Ptolemy*, the Egyptian king, to become the disciple of the celebrated *Strato*, and induced him to give his mind wholly to the elegant delights of literature and rational contemplation: a confinement which, in its ultimate effects, produced that noble edifice the Alexandrian library, and caused it to be furnished with forty thousand volumes. *Boethius* never wrote so elegantly, as while he was a prisoner; and many men have, in the privacy of imprisonment, produced works that have immortalized their own characters, and transmitted their names with honorable renown to the latest posterity. The eloquent epistles of *St. Paul* were chiefly dictated while he was under constraint; and *Joseph* acquired greater credit during his imprisonment, than when he was the lord of *Pharaoh's* house, and master of the riches of *Egypt*. Neither can BANISHMENT, when properly considered, be called a grievance: *patria est ubicunq̄ue bene est*. It is no disparagement to be exiled. To sigh after home; to be discontented on being sent to a place, to which many go for pleasure; to prefer, as base

Icelanders and *Norwegians* do, their own ragged rocks to the fruitful plains of *Greece* and *Italy*, is equally childish and irrational. Happiness is not confined to any particular spot, but may be found by wisdom and virtue in every climate under heaven; for wherever a man deserves a friend, which is the highest happiness on earth, there he will find one. Those land-leapers, *Alexander*, *Cæsar*, *Trajan*, and *Adrian*, who, continually banishing themselves from one place to another, now in the east, now in the west, and never at home, and *Columbus*, *Vasquez de Gama*, *Drake*, *Cavendish*, and many others, got all their honours by voluntary expeditions. But if it be said, that banishment is compulsory, it must be recollected, that it may be highly advantageous; and that, as *Tully*, *Aristides*, *Themistocles*, *Theseus*, *Codrus*, and many other great and deserving men, have experienced this fate, it is not in itself really disgraceful.

THE DEATH of a friend is certainly an event of a very grievous and afflicting nature; but ought we, in a life so transitory and full of perils, to fix our affections so firmly even on deserving objects, as to render our sorrows for their loss so poignant as to injure health, and destroy all future happiness? One of the chief benefits of virtue, is the contempt of death; an advantage which

which accommodates human life with a soft and easy tranquillity, and gives us a pure and amiable taste of it; without which, every other pleasure is extinct. Death is inevitable, and, like the rock of *Tantalus*, hangs continually over our heads, ready to fall.

Though great thy wealth, renown'd thy birth,
Nor birth nor opulence can save,
The poorest, humblest child of earth
From the relentless yawning grave.

The death of a good and virtuous man ought to be contemplated as the termination of trouble; a kind release from worldly misery: but, though all that live must die, we cannot contemplate its approach without alarm and apprehension for ourselves, and the severest sorrow and lamentation for our friends. Some degree of dread and sorrow is, perhaps, unavoidable* :

But to persevere

In obstinate condolment, is a course
Of impious stubbornness, unmanly grief ;
It shews a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unsatisfied, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd;

* *Epictetus* says upon the subject of Death, "If you love a pot, remember that it is but a pot, and then you will be less troubled when it happens to be broken;" and so when your wife, child, or friend dies, remember they were mortal, and that remembrance will alleviate your sorrows.

For

For what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we in our peevish opposition
 Take it to heart?

Mourn the sad loss, but mourn not unappeas'd ;
 'Gainst sovereign power 'tis impious to contend ;
 Ev'n deep regret shall yield, by patience eas'd,
 And learn to bear what we despair to mend.

Socrates, while in the agonies of death, perceiving that his friends, *Appollodorus* and *Crito*, with some others, were weeping over him, asked them what they meant by being sorrowful on so joyful an occasion. *Tully* grieved for a moment over the cold remains of his deceased daughter, the beloved *Tulliola* ; but reflection and philosophy immediately drying his tears, and enabling him to triumph over his sorrows, he rejoiced more in the idea of her being received into the felicities of heaven, than he had before grieved at her departure from the miseries of the earth. If the mere doctrines of philosophy could so fortify the mind of a heathen, under such a misfortune, what will not the divine influence of our holy RELIGION be able to effect on the mind of a Christian? It was in the spirit with which *Cicero* viewed this dreaded event, that *Lodovicus Cortesius*, an able and opulent advocate of *Padua*, ordered his son, upon pain of forfeiting his patrimony, instead
 of

of attending his funeral with black mourners, to provide twelve virgins clad in green to bear him to his grave, and as many minstrels to chant hallelujahs for his approaching felicity. The *Thracians* also, when a child was born, wept in apprehensive sorrow: but when an adult was buried, they rejoiced in feasting and in mirth. The death of *Etoneus*, a noble young Greek, being lamented by his friends with excessive sorrow, *Pindarus*, the poet, thus addressed them: “ Quiet your minds, “ ye weeping friends; for the fate of this la- “ mented youth, is not so miserable as you seem “ to apprehend: he is not condemned either to “ the *Styx* or to *Acheron*, but, *gloriosus et senii* “ *expers heros*, lives immortal in the *Elysian* “ *Fields*, enjoying that happiness which the “ greatest kings so earnestly seek, and wearing “ the garland of felicity, which we all so “ anxiously hope to obtain.”

REPULSE and DISGRACE do not of themselves convey any imputation against the moral character of the sufferer, and therefore ought not to cause discontent in the mind of a man of good understanding. A base, impudent, illiterate, unworthy and insufficient man is not unfrequently preferred, where a man of the strictest honesty, the greatest learning, and highest merit is rejected. Corrupt interest, or blind partiality,

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requently

frequently bestow favours upon vice and folly, to which wisdom and virtue are alone entitled. The race is not always given to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. A fat prebend, in a certain cathedral church, in *Moronia Felix*, having become void by the sudden death of the prebendary, the bishop, who had the disposal of the vacant stall, was assailed, almost before the body was cold, by a multitude of candidates, for the preferment. The pretensions of the first were founded on the interest of many powerful friends, who were determined to outbid at least their less opulent rivals: the second candidate was the bishop's own chaplain, who was sure he should succeed, from the high opinion he conceived his patron entertained of his abilities and character: the third possessed all the advantages that usually accompany noble birth, and relied with confidence on the influence of his great connexions: the fourth had recently published many curious and useful discoveries in the art of chemistry, which he flattered himself would outweigh the merits of his competitors: the only merit of the fifth, was that of being an honest and laborious parish priest, who had for many years been attentive to the high duties of his humble station, and whose pious and exemplary character was strongly certified by his whole flock: the sixth was the distressed son of the deceased prebendary, who
had

had left a widow, with a numerous family, without having been able to discharge the whole of the debt to the bishop, by which it was said the office had been obtained: to the seventh, the bishop had repeatedly promised the next place that should happen to be in his gift: the eighth had only the recommendation of many friends, who loved him for his good humour, and pitied the distress in which he had been involved by expences in behalf of the church: the ninth had married a female friend of the bishop, who exerted all her interest with his lordship in favour of her husband: the tenth was a foreign ecclesiastic, who had been converted by the bishop: the eleventh offered to exchange another prebend of equal value: and the twelfth was an excellent scholar, who lived retired at the university, without friends, and almost unknown to the good diocesan: but it was to him that the bishop, of his own mere motion, and after much perplexity, presented the prebend: But what reason had the repulsed candidates to be offended with his choice, or to be discontented at their own disappointments?

As to INJURIES, it has, indeed, been said, that the putting up with one injury is only a means of provoking another; but this notion is not only erroneous, but pregnant with mischief. "Suppose,"

pose," says *Socrates*, "an ass should kick me, would it be right or becoming in me to kick him again?" And when his friends, on perceiving the outrages and abuse he submitted to from *Xantippe*, endeavoured to stimulate him to revenge, he wisely replied, "No, gentlemen, I shall not, by quarrelling with my wife, furnish you with sport and laughter, and enable you to stand by and cry, while you clap your hands, 'Now *Socrates!*---Now *Xantippe!*' as men do dogs when they fight, to animate them more fiercely in the combat." Following the advice of false or foolish friends, to resent those petty injuries which patience and wise mediation might happily compose, is frequently the cause of great vexation and disquietude. "Recompense to no man evil
 " for evil, but overcome evil with good, and
 " as much as lieth in you live peaceably with all
 " men; for if thine enemy hunger, and thou feed
 " him; if he thirst, and thou givest him drink;
 " thou shalt, in so doing, heap coals of fire on
 " his head: therefore avenge not yourselves,
 " but rather give place unto wrath; for vengeance
 " is mine, saith the Lord." Submission in such contests is victory. *Durum et durum non faciunt murum*; two refractory spirits will never agree; and *obsequio vinces*, one must stoop to conquer. Soft words pacify wrath, and overcome the fiercest spirits. Humility and wisdom
 always

always triumph over pride and folly. Justice, by means of mildness and humility, inflicts on the head of the guilty the punishment which was intended for the injured party, as *Haman* was hanged on the very gibbet he had provided for the destruction of *Mordecai*. To shun provocation, let it be remembered, that the littlest fly has a spleen, and the smallest bee a sting; and therefore to live quietly ourselves, we must do no wrong to others. It is as much the nature of a wicked man to do an injury, as it is the duty of a wise and honest man to bear it; for he who cannot bear injuries, witnesses against himself that he is no good man. These observations will also apply with equal force to scoffs, slanders, contumelies, obloquies, defamations, detractions, pasquillings, libels, and the like. A wise citizen of *Athens*, who had a scolding wife, whenever she bawled, played upon his drum, and by that means drowning her noise, rendered it of no effect. *Aristophanes* attempted to ridicule the character of *Socrates* on the stage; but the philosopher attended the representation, and, wisely laughing at the attempt; defeated, by his ease and unconcern, the whole effect of the malice which the poet had levelled against him. Anger and revenge, indeed, are their own punishment, as *Praxiteles* experienced, when, passionately dashing on the floor the mirror which

reflected the deformities of his face, he beheld his displeasing features multiplied in every fragment of the glass. A steady, erect, composed and temperate conduct, always defeats the intended effects of malice and ill-nature.

There are many other grievances which happen to mortals in this life, from friends, wives, children, servants, masters, companions, neighbours, and ourselves, to the cure of which the following rules will greatly contribute; "Recompence evil with good: do nothing through contention or vain glory; but every thing with meekness of mind, and love for one another."

But if the rectifications of the six *non naturals* already mentioned, will not effect the cure of melancholy, the patient must then have recourse to *Pharmaceutics*, or that kind of physic which cures by medicines; for which we must refer him to the advice of his apothecary and physician, observing only that he is most likely to succeed in removing this disease,

Who strives, with anxious heart and pious care,
The sense of every evil to repair;
And, by his reason, learns a wise disdain
Of gloomy melancholy and mental pain.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

OF LOVE MELANCHOLY.

LOVE is a delectation of THE HEART, occasioned by some apparently good, amiable, and fair object, the favor or possession of which, THE MIND ardently wishes to win, and seeks to enjoy. Of this passion there are two species, *nuptial* and *heroic*. NUPTIAL LOVE is the warm, but sincere, and steady affection of a virtuous heart, seeking its happiness in that high and honourable union which was appointed by God in Paradise.

For those who spurn not Hymen's powers,
 But seek for bliss within his bowers,
 By sweet experience know,
 That MARRIAGE, rightly understood,
 Gives to the tender and the good
 A PARADISE below.

This species of love captivates the soul by such irresistible powers, is surrounded by such an assemblage of persuasive charms, comes recommended by such rational and satisfactory motives, and is capable of filling the bosom with

such transcendent and refined delight, that no man, who has not a gourd for his head, or a pippin for his heart, can avoid it. It is the true *Promethean* fire, which heaven, in its kindness to the sons of man, has suffered to animate the human breast, and lead it to felicity.

This is the love that ties the nuptial knot,
Dictates to friendship its most binding laws,
And with chaste vows does what is bound confirm :
Thrice happy they when love like this, from heaven,
Gains an ascendent o'er their virtuous minds.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as this charming passion can do with only a single thread ; for when formed on just and rational principles, it possesses the virtues of the adamant, and leads to an inexhaustible source of increasing pleasure. It renders the union perfect and complete. The husband sways his willing consort by virtue of his superior understanding and knowledge in the affairs of life ; but she again commands his heart by the influence of her charms : he is her kind protector, and she his only joy and constant comfort. They are not only of one flesh, but of one mind. *Geryon* like, they have one heart in two bodies. She is, as *Plutarch* says, a beautiful mirror, to reflect her husband's face and temper ; for if he be pleasant, she will be merry ; when he laughs, she

she will smile; and when he is sad, her heart will participate in his sorrow, and ease him of half his pain. As the bride saluted the bridegroom of old, in *Rome*, she continually exclaims, “*Ubi tu CAIUS, ego semper CAIA;*” “Be you still CAIUS, and I will for ever be your CAIA.” It is, indeed, a happy state, as *Solomon* observes, “when the fountain is blessed, and the husband rejoices with the wife of his youth; when she is to him as the loving hind, and the pleasant roe; and he is always ravished with her love.” There is, under such circumstances, something in woman beyond all human delight. She possesses a magnetic virtue, a quality that charms, a secret attraction, and most irresistible power. No earthly happiness can be compared to that which results from the possession of a sweet and virtuous wife.

O come, ye chaste and fair, come, old and young,
 Whose minds are willing, and whose hearts are pure,
 Drink deep of happiness, drink health and peace
 From the sweet fountain of connubial love;

And, like *Seneca* with his *Paulina*, *Abraham* with *Sarah*, *Orpheus* with *Eurydice*, *Arria* with *Pætus*, *Artemisia* with *Mausoleus*, and *Rubinius Celer* with his lovely *Ennea*, live in uninterrupted felicity and increasing happiness.

Happy, thrice happy, they whose blameless joys,
 Spring from the unbroken union of the heart :
 No murmurings vex, no strife annoys,
 But their last day alone shall part.

But the *heroic passion*, which so frequently causes MELANCHOLY, and is improperly dignified with the honourable appellation of LOVE, is an irrational and inordinately violent attachment, which disgraces or disdains the happy union of marriage ; a wandering, furious, extravagant, and domineering desire ; of a character and disposition directly opposite to that which forms the basis of conjugal delight ; and destructive of all true happiness.

The man is blest, and sweetly runs his life,
 When gentle Virtue ties the nuptial band ;
 But he whom only *Love heroic* joins,
 Wretched abroad must prove, and curs'd at home.

For, as a sensible and elegant poet has well observed,

Love various minds does variously inspire ;
 It stirs in gentle bosoms gentle fire,
 Like that of incense on the ALTAR laid :
 But raging flames tempestuous souls invade
 With fire which every windy passion blows :
 With pride it mounts, or with revenge it glows.

I am, indeed, almost afraid to relate the disastrous consequences which this violent passion has produced.

produced. *Improbe amor quid non mortalia pectora cogit?* *Alexis*, in *Athenæus*, describes it as a monster of nature, wit, and art, which tortures the body, and crucifies the soul, with melancholy in this life, and consigns its victims to everlasting torments in the world to come.

O you, who Beauty's vicious paths attend,
 Paths which in *Love's heroic* mansion end ;
 Learn from the muse what pains surround its throne,
 And think the miseries she describes your own.
 There burning Fury heaven and earth defies,
 And dumb Despair in icy fetters lies ;
 There black Suspicion bends his gloomy brow,
 The unblest'd image of himself to view ;
 And blind Belief, with all a lover's flame,
 Sinks in those arms which clothe his head with shame.
 There wan Dejection, wandering as he goes,
 In silent torture vainly seeks repose ;
 In musing bitterness, consumes the day,
 And, lost in darkness, weeps the hours away.
 There the gay train of *Luxury* advance,
 To Lydian sounds adapting *Circe's* dance :
 On every head the venal garland glows ;
 In every hand the poison'd goblet flows :
 The Syren views them with exulting eyes,
 And laughs at bashful *Virtue* as she flies.

This fatal passion subverts kingdoms, overthrows cities, destroys towns, ruins families, corrupts the human heart, and makes a massacre of the species. The roaring thunder, and the forked lightning,

of the angry gods, wars, fires, and plagues, have never done such mischief to mankind as this burning brutal passion. Such is its power, that its victims, conscious of their danger, suffer themselves to be led to destruction like an ox to the slaughter. Well may it be called a merciless and unfeeling tyrant, for it spares neither sex nor age. *Omnia vincit amor*. The wisdom of *Solomon* was extinguished, the strength of *Sampson* enervated, the piety of *Lot's* daughters destroyed, the filial duty of *Abfalom* dried up, and the brotherly love of *Ammon* consumed, by its ravaging and fatal flames. All laws, human and divine, every moral precept, every pious exhortation, all fear both of God and man, fame, fortune, honour, health and virtue, are frequently sacrificed on the altar of this implacable deity; nor can the scorching beams of the equinoctial, where the earth is parched, or the extreme cold of the artic circle, where the very seas are frozen, exceed or mitigate its fury. It rages among all sorts and conditions, but prevails most among those who are young, florid, nobly descended, high fed, indolent, and luxurious.

But to enlarge on the power and effects of this mighty passion, would be to set a candle in the sun.

What

What hares on *Athos*, bees on *Hybla* feed,
 Or berries on the tree of *Pallas* breed ;
 What numerous shells the sandy shores afford,
 With woes as great *Heroic Love* is stor'd.

Arnoldus Villanovanus, in his treatise on *Heroic Love*, defines it to be an insatiable desire : *Rafis* calls it a melancholy passion ; *Cicero*, a furious disease of the mind ; and *Plato*, the height of madness itself. It is, in short, that vulture, which in hell was night and day gnawing the heart of *Titius*, who was heroically enamoured with *Latona*. This insatiate passion resides, like every other cause of melancholy, rather in the brain than in the heart, by reason of the corrupt imagination, mistaken judgment, and false principles from which it originally proceeds ; although the heart, the liver, the brain, and the blood, are all afterwards affected by the disease.

Do not, *Heroic Lovers*, who oft drink
 Of *Circe's* poison'd cup, and down the stream
 Of soothing pleasure all resistless flow
 Enervate, deem unworthy of your wish
 CONNUBIAL LOVE. While ye restless seek
 The phantom PLEASURE, where INDULGENCE plays
 Her midnight gambols, o'er unstable paths
 Ye heedless wander : as she points the way
 Through her enchanting maze, the illusive form
 Conceals destruction. While with eager hope,
 And mad impatience, in a fond embrace

Ye

Ye grasp her, panting; lo! the sorceress darts
 Her latent venom through your tortur'd nerves.
 Then wakes REMORSE; and, on her fatal throne,
 With woes surrounded, fell DISEASE displays
 Her snaky crest, and o'er your guilty heads
 Shakes all her honors*.

The native throne of true and *honourable love*
 is in the centre of the human heart; but this
heroic passion is seated in a corrupted fancy and
 disordered brain. The one lifts the soul to hea-
 ven,

* The different effects and consequences of Love, when
 formed on *virtuous* or *vicious* principles, or between that which
 we now call *Nuptial* and *Heroic Love*, are very poetically described
 in the following verses, by *Anthony Whistler, Esq.*

Let Wisdom boast her mighty power,
 With passion still at strife,
 Yet LOVE is sure the sovereign flower,
 The sweet perfume of life;

The happy breeze, that swells the sail,
 When quite becalm'd we lie;
 The drop that will the heart regale,
 And sparkle in the eye;

The sun that wakes us to delight,
 And drives the shades away;
 The dream that cheers our dreary night,
 And makes a brighter day.

But if, alas! it wrongly seize,
 The case is twice as bad:
 This flow'r, sun, drop; this dream and breeze,
 Will drive the sufferer MAD.

ven, the other sinks it into hell; the one is the root of all mischief, the other the parent of all good. The one, which is represented to have sprung from the ocean, is as various and raging in the human breast as the sea itself; but the other, which is the golden chain that was let down from heaven to bind congenial souls in celestial happiness, is mild, placid, and discreet.

If divine *Plato's* words be right,
 Two Loves on earth there are;
 The one a heaven-discover'd light,
 To bless the auspicious pair:
 The other is of earth-form'd mould,
 Flying on Fancy's wing,
 Dishonest, wanton, uncontroul'd,
 And fraught with Misery's sting*.

But the miseries and misfortunes, which are likely to attend this disease of love, cannot, perhaps,

* Love is a mixed passion, founded, on the one hand, on the natural desire of the sexes; and, on the other hand, on desires which, although not so ungovernable as this, are more lasting in kind, and purer in their object: they are commonly called *sentiments of the heart*. The union of the sexes is the work of nature, and is a law which all men, in common with all animals, obey: the *union of mind* is not only peculiar to men, but is not even general among mankind; for it appears to be the offspring of civilization and culture: by the first mentioned desire, the great object of animal life is completed; by the second, the *sphere of happiness* is increased and promoted.

Crichton on *Mental Derangement*.

haps, be better described than by shewing the wicked and malevolent character of its author CUPID, as given by his mother *Venus*, in the language of the poet *Moschus*.

His skin is not white, but the colour of flame ;
His eyes are most cruel, his heart is the same :
His delicate lips with persuasion are hung ;
But, ah ! how they differ, his mind and his tongue !
His voice, sweet as honey ; but nought can controul,
Whene'er he's provok'd, his implacable soul.
He never speaks truth ; full of fraud is the boy ;
Deep woe is his pastime, and sorrow his joy.
His head is embellish'd with bright curling hair ;
He has confident looks, and an insolent air.
Though his hands are but little, yet darts he can fling
To the regions below, and their terrible king.
His body quite naked to view is reveal'd ;
But he covers his mind, and his thoughts are conceal'd.
Like a bird light of feather, the branches among,
He skips here and there to the old and the young :
From the men to the maids on a sudden he strays,
And, hid in their hearts, on their vitals he preys.
The bow which he carries is little and light :
On the nave is an arrow wing'd ready for flight ;
A short little arrow, yet swiftly it flies
Through regions of æthers, and pierces the skies.
A quiver of gold on his shoulders is bound,
Stor'd with darts, that alike friends and enemies wound.
Ev'n I, his own mother, in vain strive to shun
His arrows—so fell and so cruel my son.
His torch is but small, yet so ardent its ray,
It scorches the sun, and extinguishes day.

GOODNESS is the fairest spring and purest fountain of conjugal affection; and from this source flow all those graces which so eminently adorn female beauty, whether of person or of mind. Beauty, indeed, shines with such vivid lustre, that it causes immediate admiration by reason of its splendour; but the fair object cannot hope to be beloved, until the mind of the admirer is satisfied of her goodness; for the ideas of *good* and *fair* cannot easily be separated. As amber attracts a straw, so does beauty admiration, which only lasts while the warmth continues: but virtue, wisdom, goodness, and real worth, like the loadstone, never lose their power. These are the true graces, which, as *Homer* feigns, are linked and tied hand in hand, because it is by their influence that human hearts are so firmly united to each other.

Hail! bright VIRTUE, hail! without thee what are all
 Life's gayest trappings; what the fleeting show
 Of youth or charms, which for a moment spread
 Their visionary bloom, but withering die,
 Nor leave remembrance of their fancied worth!
 O! how adorn'd in heaven's all-glorious pomp
 Fair Virtue comes, and in her radiant train
 Ten thousand beauties wait. Behold she comes
 To fill the soul with never-ceasing joy!
 Attend her voice, sweet as the solemn sounds
 Of cherubs, when they strike their golden harps
 Symphonious. Hence, ye fond delusive dreams

Of fleeting pleasure! She the heart distends
 With more enduring bliss : these charms will bloom
 When time shall cease ; e'en Beauty's self by these
 More lovely seems, she looks with added grace,
 And smiles seraphic. Whate'er adorns
 The female breast, whate'er can move the soul
 With fervent rapture, every winning grace,
 All mild endearment, tenderness and love,
 Is taught by VIRTUE, and by her alone.

The *heroic passion* of love is engendered by LUXURY and IDLENESS, (the effects of which we have already described,) by SIGHT, by BEAUTY, by DRESS, and other blandishments of the like frivolous and exterior kind.

SIGHT is, of all other senses, the first step to this unruly passion ; for it is the channel through which the rays of beauty, and the graces of demeanour, first make their way towards the heart. Love is a natural inbred affection of the human heart, which feels the want of a companion to render its happiness complete ; but sight is the means by which the fair object is first pointed out. As a view of pomp inspires ambition ; as the sight of gold engenders covetousness ; so does the sight of a beautiful woman beget love. A boy, who had from his infancy been brought up in the deep recesses of a forest, by a venerable
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and pious hermit, saw by chance, when he had attained manhood, two lovely females, who had wandered in their walks within view of the sequestered cell. He inquired earnestly, and with anxious emotion, of the old man, what creatures they were. The hermit told him they were fairies; but, on his asking him some time afterwards, what was the pleasantest object he had ever seen, he readily replied, with a heart-felt sigh, Oh, father, the two fairies whom we lately saw in the purlieu of the wood.

———— Thus when the rustic swain
 Saw sleeping Beauty on the grassy bank,
 Reclin'd at ease, and careless beaming round
 Her charms attractive, while upon her face
 Play'd all the laughing loves, surpriz'd he gaz'd,
 And felt a thousand transports shoot along
 His shivering nerves; felt his unfeeling heart,
 Unus'd to pant, with soft emotion heave,
 And while he trembling view'd, began to love.

Plotinus, indeed, derives love from sight, ἔργως QUASI ὄρασις; and the eyes are certainly its secret orators, and first harbingers. *Scaliger* calls them Cupid's arrows; *Tibullus*, the torches of desire: and, as the basilisk is said to kill afar off by sight, so do the sexes inveigle and destroy each other by the mutual glances of enamoured eyes. The
 Thracian

Thracian *Rodophe* was so eloquent in the exercise of this dumb rhetoric, that she bewitched every one she looked at. But the love which is disclosed by the chaste and downcast looks of virgin modesty and virtuous feelings, is of a very different description from that which is announced by the rolling eye of wantonness and vice; for it is not the eye itself, but the wandering, adulterous, wanton, rolling, and lascivious eye, that produces the pernicious effects of this heroic madness. *Apuleius*, in the elegant and pleasant interlude of "The Judgment of Paris," has given very appropriate and characteristic manners to the respective candidates for the golden apple: *Juno* appears in all the majesty of the queen of heaven; *Minerva* with the becoming gravity of wisdom; but *Venus*, the patroness of heroic love, is introduced amidst the soul-subduing sounds of music, smiling with captivating grace, and rolling her eyes as she dances wantonly along, to express the charm by which she expected to gain the prize. How different from the mild, modest, and downcast eyes of the Virgin Mary, which *Baradius Gerson* and *Bonaventure* assure us were the type of chastity itself, and a perfect antidote to heroic love!

BEAUTY, indeed, that divine, powerful, soul-ravishing, and captivating beauty, which, as

Tatius

Tatius observes, is more piercing than the sharpest dart, is the most delightful and enchanting object of the human vision. It is the deity on whose altar love makes its constant sacrifice. Every heart acknowledges its power, and every imperfection lies concealed within its blaze. It subdues whatever it approaches: but the love it kindles is, as we are told in holy writ, "like unto a devouring fire." When *Constantinople* was sacked by the Turks, the beautiful *Irene* fell into the hands of *Mahomet*; but her charms made a captive of her conqueror, and inspired his soul with a passion so violent and ungovernable, as to cause their ruin; and many more instances of the fatal effects which it produces, have been furnished by history, and displayed by the tragic poets of every age and country. The powers of female beauty almost captivates the gods themselves. Barbarians stand in awe of a fine woman; and by a beautiful aspect the fiercest spirit is pacified.

—————Since first the vital spark
Awak'd the human breast, and man arose
To conscious being, the fair female form
Dazzled his eye, and thro' his panting breast
Shot beauty's ray. —————

Menelaus, on the taking of *Troy*, ran raging and furious, with his drawn sword, to the apartment

ment of the unfortunate but beautiful *Helen*, intending, with his own hands, to destroy the life of her who had been the sole cause of the war; but when he saw her face, the weapon dropped from his hands; and, conquered by her divine beauty, he threw himself at her feet.

Naught under Heaven so strongly doth allure
 The sense of man, and all his mind possess,
 As Beauty's lovely bait, which doth procure
 Great warriors erst their rigour to suppress.
 Even mighty hands forget their manliness,
 Driv'n by the power of a heart-burning eye,
 And lapp'd in flowers of a golden tress,
 That can with melting pleasure mollify
 Their harden'd hearts, inured to cruelty.

Hyperides, the orator, when *Phryne*, his client, was accused at *Athens* for the irregularities of her conduct, used no other argument in her defence, than to open her upper garment, and disclose her beautiful bosom to the admiration of her judges, which, with her graceful person, and captivating manners, procured her acquittal. O noble piece of justice! But who would not rather lose even the office of justice itself, than give judgment against the majesty of beauty! Beasts themselves are moved by it; for when *Sinalda*, a queen of most extraordinary beauty, was condemned by her cruel conqueror to be trodden to death by horses, the animals, as if conscious of
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the crime of destroying such superior charms, stood motionless, and refused to perform the office.

All Nature's sons before the radiant throne
 Of Beauty kneel. What ever warms the breast
 With noble purpose, what informs the heart
 To melt, and moulds it into social man,
 Is Beauty's power. From her, poetic heat
 Derives new fire; and, taught by her, oft paints
 The visionary scene, and touches all
 The springs of passion! Her's each wining grace,
 Each comely gesture her's. E'n frozen age,
 Bending to earth beneath the weight of years,
 With wrinkled front, and venerable hair,
 Melts at her fair approach; he feels warm blood
 Run through his withered veins; erect he lifts
 His hoary head, and on his aged brow
 Unusual gladness smiles.

The transcendent power of beauty must, indeed, be admitted by all who have not cold hearts and muddy understandings; for

Her's is the boast unrivalled to enslave,
 The great, the wise, the witty, and the brave.

But every virtuous and chaste character will prudently prevent it from gaining such an empire over the heart, as to engender, by its influence, that *ferinus insanus amor*, that wild and romantic passion, which is denominated *Heroic Love*.

———Beauty was sent from Heaven,
 The lovely mistress of truth and good
 In this dark world : for TRUTH and GOOD are one ;
 And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
 With like participation. Wherefore then,
 O Sons of Earth ! would you dissolve the tye ?
 Or wherefore, with a rash impetuous aim,
 Seek those *heroic* joys, with which the hand
 Of lavish Fancy paints each flattering scene,
 Where Beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
 Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
 Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
 To save your search from folly ! Wanting these,
 Lo ! BEAUTY withers in your void embrace,
 And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
 Fond Fancy mocks your vows.

DRESS increases this heroic disease, by height-
 ening the charms of beauty ; and when the greatly
 potent allurements of a fine face, sparkling eyes,
 a white neck, coral lips, and rose coloured
 cheeks, are assisted by glittering attire, di-
 shevelled looks, loosely flowing garments,
 shape-embracing zones, elegant attitudes, and
 bewitching glances, the dangers can only be
 resisted by the double shield of WISDOM and
 VIRTUE. Dress, indeed, when nicely displayed,
 will transform a *Hecuba* into a *Helen*, and make
 the veriest dowdy shine forth in all the splendor
 of seeming beauty.

The toothless *Egle* seems a pretty one,
Set out with new bought teeth of Indian bone;
And foul *Lychoris*, blacker than a berry,
Herself admires, now finer than a cherry.

Gomefius, a Florentine gentleman, was by this means deceived in a wife. Radiantly set out with rings, jewels, lawns, scarfs, laces, gold, and every gaudy device, he imagined, having never seen her but by torch light, that she was a perfect goddess; but when, after the wedding solemnities, he viewed her the ensuing morning without her tires, in a clear day, she appeared so horribly deformed, lean, yellow, and shrivelled, that he could not endure to look on her. Like an Egyptian temple, she was fair without, but rotten within. Elegant simplicity is the decoration which best exhibits nature's modest charms. Loose and gaudy attire are meretricious ornaments, to conceal defects of nature, and to ensnare the minds of inexperienced beholders; for why do women array themselves in such fantastical dresses, and quaint devices, with gold, with silver, with coronets, with pendants, bracelets, ear-rings, chains, guals, rings, pins, spangles, embroideries, shadows, rebatoes, versicolour ribbands, feathers, fans, masks, furs, laces, tiffanies, ruffs, falls, calls, cuffs, damasks, velvets, tassels, golden cloth, silver tissue, precious stones, stars, flowers, birds, beasts, fishes,

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crisped

crisp'd locks; wigs, painted faces, pins, bodkins, setting-sticks, cork, whalebone, sweet odours, and whatsoever else *Africa*, *Asia*, and *America*, sea, land, art, and industry can produce, flaying their faces to procure the fresher complexion of a new skin, and using more time in dressing than *Cæsar* took in marshalling his army, but that, like cunning falconers, they wish to spread false lures to catch unwary larks; and lead, by their gaudy baits, and meretricious charms, the minds of inexperienced youths into the traps of Heroic Love?

————— Loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament;
But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

“ Let them,” says the good and pious *Tertullian*, “ paint their eyes with tints of chastity, insert into their ears the word of God, tie the yoke of Christ around their necks, and adorn their whole persons with the silk of sanctity, and the damask of devotion; let them adopt that chaste and simple, that neat and elegant style of dress, which so advantageously displays the charms of real beauty, instead of those preposterous fashions, and fantastical draperies of dress, which, while they conceal some few defects of person, expose so many defects of mind, and sacrifice to ostentatious finery, all those mild, amiable and modest

modest virtues, by which the female character is so pleasingly adorned."

Ah! why so fantastic and vain?

What charms can the toilet supply?

Why so studious admirers to gain?

Need BEAUTY lay traps for the eye?

Oh! cannot their hearts be at rest,

Unless they're exceedingly fair?

For Beauty to be so high dress'd,

Is surely superfluous care.

Embarrass'd with baubles and toys,

They appear so enormously fine,

That dress all its purpose destroys,

By shewing their art and design.

O think how sweet Beauty beguiles,

How alluring the innocent eye;

What sweetness in natural smiles,

What charms in simplicity lie!

Cornelia, the justly celebrated Roman matron, the mother of the *Gracchi*, and daughter of *Scipio Africanus*, being accidentally in company with one of these May-day ladies, whose jewelled garments were her only pride, and the sole subject of her conversation, the high dressed dame, displaying her finery; challenged the virtuous matron to produce, if possible, a finer robe, or a richer dress. The amiable *Cornelia* pitied, but amused

her vain and insulting companion, until her children returned from school, when she presented them to her as the richest jewels an affectionate mother would wish to possess; and by this happy thought evinced her superior merit, and mortified the malicious vanity of her bedizened competitor. But excessive dress becomes still more ridiculous when used to conceal the ravages of time. *Emonex*, an old woman of *Chios*, thinking, by the finery of her dress, to acquire the beauty which time and nature had deprived her of, went to *Arcefilaus* the philosopher, and asked him whether it was possible for a wise man to be in love. "Yea, verily," replied he; "but not with an artificial and counterfeit beauty, like thine." But these reproofs have not restrained *the practice*.

—————All drive away despair;
 And those who in their youth were scarce thought fair,
 In spite of age, experience, and decays,
 Set up for charming in their fading days;
 Snuff their dim eyes to give a parting blow
 To the soft heart of some observing beau.

The fondness for excessive finery, however, is not so derogatory to the refinement and delicacy, which, particularly in dress and sentiment, ought to distinguish the female character, as the adoption of those fashions, by which young
 and

and old now expose their naked arms, elbows, shoulders, necks, bosoms, and themselves to every beholder! "The chariest maid," says *Shakespeare*, "is prodigal enough, if she unmask her beauties to the moon." *Ariosto*, after describing the elegant dress of the beautiful *Alcina*, by which no more of her matchless charms were permitted to be seen than the strictest innocence and modesty allow, concludes,

Not Argus' self her other charms cou'd spy,
So closely veil'd from every longing eye;
Yet may we judge the graces she reveal'd,
Surpass'd not those her modest garb conceal'd,
Which strove in vain from Fancy's eye to hide
Each angel charm, that seem'd to Heaven allied.

There needs, indeed, no cryer, as *Fredericus Matenefius* observes, to go before those who are *loosely dressed* to tell us what they mean, for it is as sure a token to a young gallant as an ivy-bush over the door of a tavern is to a debauchee. The conversation and behaviour of such females are, in general, as loose and meretricious as their dress.

There's language in their eyes, their cheeks, their lips;
Their feet speak loud, and wantonness looks out
At every joint and motion of their bodies.
These fair encounterers are so glib of tongue,
Give such a courting welcome ere they come,

So wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
 To every observer, that I set them down
 For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
 And daughters of the game.

The girl who on Beauty depends for support,
 Must call every art to her aid ;
 The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
 Are samples she gives of her trade.

But learn not, ye fair ones, to copy her air,
 Nor venture too much to reveal ;
 Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
 And double each charm you conceal.

But to the charms of beauty, and the foreign aid of meretricious ornament, these gay seducers add, wreathed smiles, nods, becks, significant gestures, gentle conferences, warm embraces, tender dalliance, singing, dancing, music, and other artificial allurements, in order to steal away the heart from the dominion of REASON, and inspire it with this *heroic passion*.

SMILES, when they flow from the genuine feelings of a chaste heart and happy mind, are certainly the highest decorations of female loveliness and beauty : they bespeak the benevolence, the contentment, and the virtue of the soul.

———— Smiles

From Reason flow, and are of Love the food.

It was the sweet smiles of *Galla* that first vanquished the heart of *Fauftus* the shepherd. "The pleasing gentle smile of *Hero*," says *Museus*, "made every heart leap from its sphere;" and "*Ismene*," says *Petronius*, "smiled with such a lovely innocence that I could not but admire her."

Such Smiles as these can ne'er sweet Peace destroy,
The lovely children of Content and Joy.

Smiles, indeed, are powerful orators, and may convey, though in silence, matters of great signification to the heart. But they may also lead a lover into a fool's paradise; for there are many who, if they do but see a fair maid laugh, or shew a pleasant countenance, immediately fancy it a favour bestowed peculiarly on themselves. A smile is unquestionably a most seducing and attractive grace. The breast of *Horace* was as much captivated by the charming smiles of the beautiful *Lalage*, as by the vivacity and wit of her conversation. And *Ovid* informs us, that the sex are so conscious of the powers of this dimpled deity, that they study smiles as the most efficacious instruments in the art of love. These instruments, however, may still be innocently used: it is only the harlot smiles of mischief and deceit, against which we now inveigh; those baleful, counterfeit, contrived, affected smiles and counter-smiles, which, while

they tend only to inveigle and deceive, convert the noble and sublime passion of love into a mean and subtle art, into a mutual intercourse of juggling and intrigue.

Those Smiles accurst, which hide the worst designs,
Which with blithe eye she woos him to be blest,
While round her arms she Love's black serpent twines,
And hurls it hissing at his youthful breast.

GESTURES also, when easy, elegant, and modest, are proper and allowable accompaniments of beauty, and tend greatly to the perfection of the female character: for what can be more commendatory than an elegant attitude, an easy gait, a graceful courtesy, and an affable salutation: but when women, like the daughters of *Sion*, "are haughty, and walk forth with outstretched necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet;" it shews that these gestures are mere springes to catch unwary woodcocks, and that they are used as artful delusions, unworthy of a virtuous mind. Such characters

Are empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
To dress, to troll the tongue, and roll the eye.

CONFERENCE also, that “pleasing intercourse of soul, with soul,” when confined to modest, rational and instructive conversation, strengthens the bonds of friendship, and opens the fairest avenues to nuptial love: but when discourse is romantic and inflaming,

When each soft whispers in the others ear,
Some *secret* sweet to tell, and sweet to hear,

it disorders the imagination, and, instead of engendering a pure affection of the heart, leads the mind into all the extravagancies of the Heroic Passion. It was the frequent conferences which the learned *Abelard* held with the lovely *Eloisa*, upon the subject of *Heroic Love*, that at length inflamed their minds with those extravagant sentiments, and unhallowed desires, which terminated in their mutual ruin. A pleasing speech, uttered in a soft endearing tone of voice, is of itself sufficient to captivate the heart; but when assisted by the arts of eloquence, the Syrens themselves are not more dangerous.

Sweet words the people and the senate move;
But the chief end of eloquence is love.

It was *Jason's* discourse as much as his beauty that vanquished the virtue of *Medea*; and this was the engine by which the unhappy *Shore* subdued the heart of *Edward the Fourth*.

But oh! ye fair, although with fervent sighs,
 Your plaintive lovers kneel, and vent their souls
 In softly swelling strains, let not these charms
 Dilate your tender hearts.

The opportunities, indeed, of conference are so dangerous, that weak and unsuspecting maids are frequently deluded by young, pettivated, trim-bearded, and swaggering fellows, meer sharpers to get a fortune, who have no other merit than having learned the tricks of courtesy, and the fashionable accomplishments of the day.

Youths, who, full of subtle qualities,
 Loving, and well compos'd with gifts of nature,
 Flowing, and swelling o'er with arts and exercise,
 Can heel the high *la volt*, and sweeten talk;
 Can play at subtle games; and in each grace
 Still keep a lurking, dumb, discursive devil,
 That tempts most cunningly.

For conference may certainly be carried on without the use of words, not only by the arts above described, but by the still more powerful allurements of tender glances, gentle sighs, and fascinating smiles, as the elegant *Musæus* has exemplified in the loves of *Leander* and *Hero*.

Her beauties fix'd him in a wild amaze;
 Love made him bold, and not afraid to gaze:
 With step ambiguous, and affected air,
 The youth advancing, fac'd the charming fair:

Each

Each amorous glance he cast, tho' formed by art ;
 Yet sometimes spoke the language of his heart :
 With nods and becks, he kept the nymph in play,
 And tried all wiles to steal her soul away.
 Soon as she saw the fraudulent youth beguil'd,
 Fair *Hero*, conscious of her beauty, smil'd ;
 Oft in her veil conceal'd her glowing face,
 Sweetly vermilion'd with a rosy grace ;
 Yet all in vain, to hide her passion tries,
 She owns it with her love-consenting eyes.

And *Æneas Silvius* informs us that *Eurialus* and *Lucretia* were so mutually enamoured by the tenderness of their mutual glances, and understood each other so well before ever they had any conference, that when he asked her good will with his eye, she did, *suffragari*, give consent with a pleasant look. But this species of conference is certainly less perilous, than when two lovers have an opportunity of listening to each other's sweet and honied sentences: for if such dumb shows, signs, and mere obscure significations of love, can so move, what shall they not do, who have full liberty to sing, to dance, to kiss, to coll, and to use all manner of conference? A memorable story of the bewitching charms of conference is related by *Petrarch* of *Charles the Great*. The heart of this extraordinary man was so enamoured by the seductive conversation of a young female of very

mean condition, that he, for many years together, delighted wholly in her company, to the great grief and indignation of his friends and followers; and when death deprived him of her charms, he embraccd her lifeless corpse as *Apollo* did the laurel for his *Daphne*; caused her coffin, with the body richly embalmed, and decorated with jewels, to be carried about with him wheresoever he went, and bewailed his loss with unceasing lamentation; until a venerable bishop, commiserating the situation of his unhappy sovercign, in consequence of his fervent prayers to the Almighty, pretended to have been supernaturally informed that the true cause of this romantic passion was still concealed under the tongue of the deceased: and upon resorting to the coffin, which the bishop had previously prepared, a small ring, of curious workmanship, was taken from her mouth, and presented to the emperor as the charm by which his affections had been misled: but although this contrivance abated, in some degree, the extravagance of his love, *Charles* became from that hour so dejected and melancholy, that he soon afterwards resigned his sceptre, and entering into his retirement at *Ache*, endeavoured to console his afflicted mind, until death put a period to his unworthy sorrows. Conference, with its opportunities of time and place, is, indeed,

so powerful an incentive, that it is almost impossible for two young folks, equal in years, to live together, and not be in love, especially in the houses of the great and opulent, where those inmates are generally idle, fare well, live at ease, and cannot tell how otherwise to pass their time; for youth is made of very combustible materials, and, like *naphtha* itself, apt to kindle and take fire from the smallest spark. *Thetis*, the mother of the stern *Achilles*, alarmed at the destiny which the oracle had pronounced, of his being slain at the siege of *Troy*, sent him in concealment to the court of *Lycomedes*, king of *Scyros*, in order to avoid his joining in so perilous an enterprize; but this affording him daily opportunities of familiar conference with the royal children, his heart became so deeply enamoured by the charms of the lovely *Deidamia*, that he sacrificed for a time all the glories of war to the seductions of heroic love.

A KISS may certainly be innocent; as is the kiss of friendship, the kiss of sanctity, the kiss of ceremony, the vestal kiss of virgin modesty, the kiss of kind endearment, and the kiss of virtuous love; but the meretricious and heroic kiss, which we now condemn, is, as *Xenophon* observes, more infectious than the
poison

poison of the spider, and more destructive than the bite of the rattle-snake. It is true,

The gilliflower and rose are not so sweet,
As sugar'd kisses are when lovers' meet:

but delightful, pleasant, and ambrosial, as they may be, such as *Danaë* gave to *Jupiter*, sweeter even than nectar, they leave a dangerous and destructive impression behind. / The author of the life of *John the Monk*, who was a man of singular continency, and most austere life, has illustrated the fatality of this allure-ment, by a story, that the Devil, in the shape of a beautiful female, went one night to the cell of this virtuous hermit, and praying the shelter of his humble roof from the approaching storm, thanked him, by her salutations, with so warm a fervor, that his virtue was overcome. But when he attempted to disclose the passion she had inspired, the fiend assumed its native shape, and while she vanished into air, laughed him to scorn, and left him overwhelmed in all the agonizing horrors of remorse and shame. The story, however untrue it may be, furnishes an important lesson to the youthful mind, by teaching, that to resist danger, it is necessary, even in the most averse and sanctified souls, to avoid temptation. Of this danger, the virtuous *Julian* was

so sensible, that he wore a long hirsute goatish beard, fit to make ropes with, in order, as he confessed, to prevent him from kissing.

DALLIANCE, in its original meaning, signifies *conjugal Conversation*, or an interchange of endearing sentiments; and in this sense, it is so far from being unfriendly to human happiness, that it tends in the highest degree to promote it.

ADAM, the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters EVE,
 Under a tuft of shade, that on a green
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
 They sat them down; and, after no more toil
 Of their sweet gardening labour than suffic'd
 To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
 More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell;
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful *Dalliance*, as beseems
 Fair couple, link'd in happy NUPTIAL LEAGUE.

How different is this description of the calm and gentle dalliance which beguiled the happy leisure of our first parents, antecedent to that disastrous fall which brought "Death into the world, and all our woe," from that turbulent and uneasy intercourse which passed between those Heroic Lovers, *Angelica* and *Medoro*!

The damsel, never absent from his sight,
 Hung on her lover with untam'd delight;
 For ever round him glu'd her twining arms,
 And clasp'd his neck, and kindled at his charms.

MUSIC, particularly of the vocal kind, is also a strong allurement to, and most powerful promoter of, the Heroic Passion. "Music," says *Cleopatra*, "is the food of those who trade in love." It was her sweet voice, more than any other of her enticements, that enchanted the heart of *Anthony*, caused him to think the world well lost, when put in competition with her charms, and transformed the triple pillar of the state into a strumpet's fool.

The song was death, but made destruction please.

Aristronica, *Onanthi*, and *Agathocleia*, the celebrated Samian Syrens, led kings in triumph by the powers of their delightful tones; and *Petronius* observes, that *Lais* sung so sweetly, that she charmed the air, and enchanted the senses of all who heard her. The wise and temperate *Ulysses* was forced to bind himself to the mast of his vessel, the better to resist the danger to which he was exposed by the songs of the Syrens:

Celestial Music warbled from their tongue,
 And thus the sweet deluders tun'd the song:

O stay,

O stay, oh pride of Greece ! Ulysses! Stay!
 O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
 Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear;
 The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.
 Approach! thy soul shall into rapturè's rise!
 Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!
 While thus the charmers warbled o'er the main,
 His soul took wing to meet the heavenly strain!
 He gave the sign, and struggled to be free,
 But his brave crew row'd swift along the sea,
 Added new pow'rs, nor stopp'd their rapid way,
 Till dying off the distant sounds decay;
 Then scudding swiftly from the dangerous ground,
 The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.

But it is only the Syren songs, or such as are *lascivientium delitiæ*, that are thus pregnant with mischief; for nothing so much enlivens and adorns the fair face of virtue, as the chaste touches of sweet and modest harmony.

Let not, sweet maid, th' heroic throng,
 Rude rushing forth in loose desire,
 Thy virgin dance, or graceful song,
 Pollute with Lyric raptures dire.

O fair, O chaste, thy echoing shade
 Let no *heroic sounds* invade;

Nor let thy strings one accent move,
 Except what earth's untroubled ear
 Midst all her social tribes may hear,
 And heaven's unerring throne approve.

DANCING is a pleasant recreation, if indulged with sobriety and modesty; but if tempestively used, it becomes a furious motive to unchaste desire and unlawful love. Music and dancing, indeed, are the chief branches of female education; and are thought of such high importance, as to be taught in preference to the Lord's Prayer and the ten Commandments; parents in general conceiving that those accomplishments are the only means by which their daughters are likely to gain rich and opulent husbands. *Cupid* was certainly a great dancer; for it is said, that as he was capering at the feast of *Hymen*, he overturned a nectared bowl upon a milk-white rose, and made that queen of flowers for ever after red. So also during the rape of *Europa*, while the lovers were driven by the zephyrs from *Phœnicia* to *Crete*, over a calm sea, preceded by *Neptune* and *Amphitrite* in their chariot, with the Tritons dancing round them, and the sea-nymphs, half naked, keeping time on dolphins backs, by singing Hymeneals, *Cupid* was nimbly dancing round his mother *Venus*, who attended in her shell, strewing roses on the happy pair. A perfect knowledge of these delightful accomplishments is certainly among the most enticing baits of female beauty. *Thais* inveigled *Lamprius* in a dance. *Herodias*, by this means, so enchanted the mind of *Herod*, that

he

he bound himself by an oath to give her whatever she should ask; and, to perform his promise, destroyed *St. John the Baptist*, and presented her, as she had requested, with his head in a charger. *Arlette*, the fair maid of *Falais*, conquered the heart of the *Duke of Normandy*, as she was dancing in fantastic mazes on the green. *Owen Tudor* won the affection of *Queen Catherine* in a dance. And *Speusippas*, a noble gallant, as *Aristenætus* relates, seeing by accident the young and beautiful *Panareta* dancing, became so enamoured with her, that he could think of nothing but *Panareta*. “Who would not admire her!” exclaimed he. “Who that should see her dance, as I did, would not love her? O admirable, O divine *Panareta*! I have seen old and new *Rome*, many fair cities, and many fine women, but never any like to *Panareta*! O how she danced, how she tripped, how she turned; with what a grace! Happy is the man that enjoys *Panareta*! O most incomparable *Panareta*!” *Lucian* observes, that dancing is the best and pleafantest thing that belongs to mortal men, and truly calls it a lawful recreation, a healthy exercise, an honest disport, and an elegant delight, which cheers the mind, invigorates the body, delights all observers, teaches many comely gestures, and equally affects the eyes, the ears, and the soul itself. The virtuous *Plato*, in his *Commonwealth*, advises
the

the institution of dancing-schools, that "young persons may meet, be acquainted, see each other, and be seen." "Let them take their pleasures then," says *Apuleius* of old: "let young men and maids, flourishing in their age, fair and lovely to behold, well attired, and of comely carriage, dance Grecian galliards, and, as their dances require, keep their time, now turning, now tracing, now apart, now all together, now a courtesy, then a caper, &c. for it is a pleasant sight to see those pretty limbs and swimming figures." Our gravest counsellors, and greatest senators, sometimes dance. Even *David* danced before the ark of the Lord with all his might: and *Mirian*, the prophetess, and the sister of *Aaron*, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances. Dancing, however, when improperly used, is a circle of which the Devil himself is the centre. I say, therefore, of this, as of all other honest recreations, they are like fire, good and bad, as they are properly or improperly used.

NOVELS, ROMANCES, PLAYS, and other amatory writings of the like kind, are not unfrequently the causes which pre-dispose the hearts, especially of inexperienced females, to Heroic Love. It was the dangers which result from these

these sources, that induced *Aristotle* to exhort youth not to frequent the theatres, or listen to licentious tales; and made the Romans place their temple of *Venus* beyond the walls of the city. The mischiefs, indeed, which those old romances *Amadis de Gaul*, *Palmarin de Oliva*, the *Knights of the Sun*, the lascivious discourses published by *Helena's* waiting woman *Astyanassa*, *Aretine's* Dialogues, and those light tracts of *Aristides Milesius*, found by the Persians in *Craesus's* army among the spoils, occasion, are well known; for there can be no stronger engines in the production of Heroic Love, than the reading of such compositions. At *Abdera*, in *Thrace*, the spectators were so moved by hearing *Euripides's* tragedy of *Andromeda* represented, particularly on hearing the pathetic speech of *Persius*, "O, *Cupid!* prince of gods and men!" that every soul, for a great while after, spoke pure *iambics*, and continued to rave on this enchanting speech, "O *Cupid!* prince of gods and men!" As carmen, boys, and apprentices, with us, when a new song is published, go singing the tune continually in the streets, so the inhabitants of *Abdera* acted the part of the pathetic *Persius*, and every tongue exclaimed, "O, *Cupid!*" in every street, "O, *Cupid!*" in every house, "O, *Cupid!* prince of gods and men!" which they pronounced with all the

emphasis

emphasis of real feeling, and were so rapturously possessed by the ideas it conveyed, that they could not, for a long time, forget or drive it out of their minds; but, “O, *Cupid!* prince of gods and men!” was ever in their mouths.

PRAISES, PROMISES, and PROTESTATIONS, are constantly used in exciting the Heroic Passion.

O while ye glory in your youthful prime,
 And yield attention to the syren voice
 Of PRAISE; in that soft season, when the breast
 A strange enchantment feels; when Pleasure pants
 In every vein, and sparkles in the eyes
 Superfluous Health; then guard your rebel hearts
 Against seducing Love.

Siminus, a great master of this art, acknowledges that heroic lovers, the more effectually to obtain their ends, will swear, lie, promise, protest, forge, counterfeit, bribe, brag, flatter, and dissemble on all sides. And *Ovid*, a still greater master of this heroic art, strongly advises those

Who desire to keep their fair one's hearts,
 To mix sweet FLATTERY with all their arts;
 With frequent raptures on her beauties gaze,
 And make her form the subject of their praise.
 Purple commend, when she's in purple dress'd;
 In scarlet, swear in scarlet she looks best.

Array'd in gold, her graceful mien adore ;
 If crape she wears—what can become her more !
 When dress'd in colours, praise a colour'd dress :
 Her hair, or curl'd, or comb'd, commend no less ;
 Singing, her voice, dancing, her air admire :
 Complain when she leaves off, and still desire.

And as to PROMISES, also, the same great master
 in the art of love, while he recommends the
 practice, acknowledges its impropriety.

With promis'd gifts her easy mind bewitch,
 For ev'n the poor in Promise may be rich.
 Vain hopes awhile her appetite will stay ;
 'Tis a *deccitful*, but commodious way.
 Write then, and in thy letters, as I said,
 Let her with mighty Promises be fed.
Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,
 Writ on an apple to the unwary maid ;
 She read herself into a marriage vow ;
 And every cheat in Love the gods allow.

The sex are seriously warned against listening
 to those faithless VOWS and PROTESTATIONS
 so frequently made by Heroic Lovers, by the
 elegant and divine *Ariosto*.

The youth who pants to gain the amorous prize,
 Forgets that heaven, with all discerning eyes,
 Surveys the secret heart ; and when Desire
 Has, in possession, quench'd its short-liv'd fire,
 The devious winds aside each promise bear,
 And scatter all his solemn vows in air !

Warn'd

Warn'd by the muse's voice, with cautious ear,
 The well-feign'd plaints and seeming sorrows hear!
 Reflect, ye gentle dames, that much they know,
 Who gain experience from another's woe.
 Ah! fly the dangerous train, whose looks disclose
 The flowery bloom that early youth bestows;
 Where each warm passion bursts with sudden blaze,
 Which soon again, like stubble fir'd, decays.

The advice, indeed, of the *Lucretia of Ar-
 tine*, "*Si vis amicâ frûi, promitte, finge, jura,
 perjura, jacta, simula, mentire,*" is frequently
 practis'd with success by all Heroic Lovers.
 But though they

Swear by *Cupid's* strongest bow,
 By his best arrow with the golden head;
 By the simplicity of *Venus'* doves;
 By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves;
 And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
 When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
 By all the vows that ever man hath broke,
 In number more than any woman spoke;

let all chaste and prudent maids give no credit to
 their words; for

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
 But the plain single vow.—

When lovers swear, it is said that *Venus* laughs;
 and that *Jupiter*, smiling at the deceit, forgives
 the perjury.

But from the bosom of the British fair,
 Where Truth alone should dwell, fly base Deceit,
 Nor stain with perfidy the sacred shrine.

PRESENTS, BRIBES, TOKENS, GIFTS, and
such like feats,

Are often brought to aid the lover's tale,
Where oaths, and lies, and protestations fail.

As *Jupiter* corrupted the virtue of *Danaë* by a golden shower, and *Liber* overcame the reluctance of *Ariadne* by a jewelled crown, so these heroic lovers, when nothing else will win the favour of their mistresses, rain chequins, florins, crowns, angels, and all manner of treasures into their laps. "I had a suitor," says *Lucretia*, "who, when he came to my house, flung gold and silver about as if it had been chaff." The effect of these allurements are finely described by *Shakespear* in the person of *Egeus*, an Athenian nobleman, who complains to *Theseus*, the Duke of *Athens*, that *Lysander* had witched the bosom of his daughter *Hermia*.

"Thou, thou, *Lysander*, thou hast given her rhimes,
"And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
"Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
"With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
"And stolen the impression of her fantasie
"With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
"Knacks, trifles, nose-gays, sweetmeats; messengers
"Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth.
"With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's
"heart."

But TEARS are the last refuge of heroic lovers :

Tears in abundance ever wait their will,
To be squeez'd out, and overflow their eyes,
Just as occasion serves————

And to tears, says *Balthazar Castilio*, they will add such heavy sobs, fiery sighs, sorrowful countenances, pale aspects, and dejected looks, that a novice will be inclined to believe, that they are really ready to die for the sake of her they affect to love. The allurements of *tears*, however, is more frequently used by women than by men; for they can so weep, continues *Castilio*, “that one would think their very hearts were dissolved, and streaming through their eyes.” Thus it was that *Lucretia* wept in the bosom of her lover when he came to town, and persuaded him that her tears were shed for joy of his return.

Uberibus semper lachrymis, semperque paratis
In statione suâ, atque expectantibus illam,
Quo jubeat manare modo.

What cannot art attain! Many with ease
Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they please.

Of the efficacy of tears in the arts of love, *Ovid* was so completely convinced, that he advises his pupils to implore their mistresses,

With

With tears their warm desires to grant,
 For tears will pierce a heart of adamant;
 And if they cannot weep, to rub the eye,
 Or wet the lids, and seem at least to cry.

When *Venus* lost her son *Cupid*, she sent a
 cryer about to bid every one that met him take
 heed of his tears.

O you who perchance may the fugitive find,
 Secure fast his hands, and with manacles bind.
 Shew the rogue no compassion; tho' oft he appears
 To weep, they are all hypocritical tears.
 With caution conduct him, nor let him beguile
 Your vigilant care with a treacherous smile.
 Perhaps he'll say sobbing, "No mischief I know:
 Here, take all my arrows, my darts and my bow."
 Ah! beware, touch them not; deceitful his aim:
 His darts and his arrows are all tipp'd with flame.

But whatever may be the effect of these
 feigned feelings, there can be no doubt that the
 tears which spring from the genuine sensibility
 of the heart are irresistibly eloquent.

Eve silently a gentle tear let fall
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair:
 Two other precious drops, that ready stood
 Each in their chrysal sluice, HE 'ere they fell
 Kiss'd as the gracious sign of sweet remorse
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

When all other engines fail, so that heroic
 lovers can proceed no further of themselves,

they fly even to procurers, pandars, magical philters, receipts, and, rather than fail, even to the Devil himself.

Flectere si nequeunt superos, acheronta movebunt.

BAWDS, indeed, under the characters of nurses, old women, letter-carriers, seeming beggars, waiting-maids, friars, confessors, are so numerous and unsuspected, and such tricks and subtleties are practised by means of occult notes, stenography, polygraphy, *nuntius animatus*, magnetic conversations, and other devices of the like kind, that the jealousy of *Juno*, the caution of *Danaë*, or the eyes of *Argus*, are scarcely able to prevent their success. Those *white Devils*, who are always prating gossip tales to their intended victims, of the partiality of this gay clerk or that young monk, pierce into the closest recesses, and pollute the holiest sanctuaries, in order to way-lay weak and silly novices; and when they have them once within their clutches, their artful promises, seductive suggestions, rich gifts, alluring tokens, and other incantations, become the meshes of nets from which even the chaste *Lucretia* would scarcely be able to escape. These arts form the sleep-procuring wand of *Hermes*, by which he sealed the hundred eyes of *Argus*, and stole from his care the lovely *Io*. This is the limed stick
by

by which the wings of virtue are folded in the snares of vice. How many youths and virgins have been inveigled by those *Eumenides* and their associates! There is no monastery so close, no house so private, no prison so well kept, but these *satyrions* and pests of society, will, in some shape or other, contrive to be admitted. The muse of *Ovid* has not sung more various transformations than they are capable of practising; and, *Proteus* like, they wander day and night, in all forms and disguises, seeking whom they may destroy. But let the employers of these harpies beware; for while like *Sannio*, in the *Adelphi* of *Terence*, they rail against the injustice of others, they will, like *Dorio*, sell the victim of their arts to the next best bidder.

LOVE POTIONS, PHILTERS, and other spells of the like nature, although they have no power to enforce affection, and certainly do not exist in reality, are sometimes pretendedly exercised by these forcerers in love, in order to work upon the credulity of ignorant and inexperienced youth. On this idea it is that *Shakespeare* makes the father of the gentle *Desdemona* exclaim against *Othello* for stealing her affections:

O, thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her :

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled darlings of the nation,

Would ever, to incur the general mock,

Have run from guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,

That thou has practis'd on her with foul charms,

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs and minerals,

That weaken Virtue.—————

Thus also it was said, that a Theſſalian female had, by spells and medicines, bewitched the royal soul of *Philip*, and induced him to dote upon her with all the extravagance of heroic love; but when his queen *Olympia* beheld the matchless beauty and extraordinary endowments, both of person and of mind, which her more youthful rival possessed, she confessed the superior potency of her charms, and acknowledged that these were the philters, the conjuration, and the mighty magic, which had won her husband's heart, exclaiming, in the language of *Henry the Second* to fair *Rosalind*,

One accent from thy lips the blood more warms.

Than all their Philters, Exorcisms and Charms.

Cleopatra is said to have used these arts to captivate the heart of *Anthony*; and *Eusebius* reports the same thing of the poet *Lucretius*: but the *Lucretia* of *Aretine* discovers the real witchcraft which is supposed to reside in “The enchanted girdle of *Venus*,” when she tells us, that she could perform greater wonders on the human heart, by the dexterous management of her personal charms, than all the philosophers, astrologers, alchymists, necromancers, forcerers, and witches, of the known or unknown world, could by their cunningest practices effect.

What strange *enchanters* in our times abound,
 What strange *enchantresses* alike are found,
 Who changing features with deceitful art,
 Of either sex entrap the unwary heart!
 Nor do they work these wonders on the mind
 By influence of the stars, or sprights confin'd;
 But with dissimulation, fraud, and lies,
 They bind it with indissoluble ties,
 Until by Fortune's favours they obtain
 The ring of fair *Angelica**, and gain

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Sufficient

* The ring of *Angelica* was the present made to her by her father *Galaphron*, sovereign of *Cathay*, when he sent her with her brother *Argalia*, and their gigantic attendants, to the court of *Charlemain*. It possessed such wonderful efficacy, that being conveyed into the mouth, it made the person invisible; and being worn on the finger, had the power to frustrate all enchantments. The incidents to which this embassy gave rise, furnished *Ariosto* with the subjects of his *Orlando Furioso* and *Orlando Innamorato*.

Sufficient powers of Reason to display
 These foul disguises to the face of day.

THE SYMPTOMS of heroic love are either of body or of mind. Those of the body are an emaciated form, a pale complexion, a withered aspect, a dry skin, hollow eyes, vacant and dejected looks, palpitations of the heart, incessant tears, heavy sighs, restlessness, loss of appetite, distraction of mind, and deep melancholy; or, as the lovely *Rosalind* describes them to *Orlando*, “A lean cheek, a blue eye, an unquestioning spirit, a neglected beard, ungartered hose, unbanded bonnet, unbuttoned sleeves, with shoes untied, and every thing demonstrating careless desolation.” It is, indeed, as *Solomon* truly observes, impossible to carry a raging fire within the bosom, and not be consumed by its flames.

—————Love’s impoison’d dart
 With deepest wounds afflicts the bleeding heart:
 Then from the lover’s eyes, the shower releas’d,
 Stains his pale cheeks, and wanders down his breast:
 Deeply he groans, and staggering with his woes,
 On the lone bed his listless body throws;
 But rests no more than if in wilds forlorn,
 Stretch’d on the naked rock or pointed thorn;
 Unceasing still he weeps, unceasing mourns;
 Alike to him the night or day returns.
 Cities and towns he shuns; in woods he lies,
 His bed the earth; his canopy, the skies:
 Love burns his heart, its fire new progress makes,
 While round the flame his fanning wings he shakes.

Amidst

Amidst these raging perturbations, the *pulse* and the *countenance* of the miserable sufferer give the most certain signs of the existence of the disease. Of the truth of this observation, and of the art which the physician is compelled to exercise, there cannot be a stronger instance than that which is furnished by *Plutarch* in the case of *Antiochus* and *Stratonice*. The young and lovely *Stratonice* was the daughter of *Demetrius*, who possessed himself of *Babylon*, where *Seleucus*, the father of *Antiochus*, by *Apama*, a Persian lady, was then king; but the fortune of war enabling *Seleucus* to regain this portion of his dominions, he sought to restrain the future animosities of war by the gentle influence of love, and for this purpose sent, by *Philo*, proposals of marriage to *Stratonice*. A connection with *Seleucus* was highly favourable to the future views of *Demetrius*, and the union, amidst unusual splendor, was celebrated at *Oropus*, with the consent and approbation of *Stratonice*, who was conveyed by *Seleucus* in great pomp to *Antioch*, where she continued for some time to reign with unceasing happiness over the affections of her husband, by whom she had two children. But during this interval, the heart of young *Antiochus*, who resided at the court of his father, became violently enamoured with her charms. His virtuous mind was deeply sensible of the impropriety

priety of his feelings, and he made the greatest efforts to check the progress of his passion. But the sentiments of prudence are seldom able to controul the sensibilities of love, and he soon found that all his exertions were vain. The conflict, however, though it destroyed his health, was unable to subdue his virtue; and, reflecting that his desires were of so extravagant a kind, that it was impossible they should ever be satisfied, he resolved, in despair of being relieved by the succours of reason, to put a gradual period to his life. For this purpose, the apparent sickness under which he laboured, furnished him with an excuse for abstaining from all food; and he carried his intention so rigidly into effect, that he soon reached the doors of death. The celebrated physician *Erasistratus* was ordered to attend the dying prince; and this skilful observer soon discovered that his distemper was love; but it was difficult to conjecture who was the object of his secret passion. *Erasistratus*, in order to find it out, spent whole days in the chamber of his unhappy patient; and when ever any female entered it, he marked with the closest attention, not only his pulse, his eyes, his countenance, but all those parts of the body which sympathize with the passions of the soul. Observing at last, that his patient, when other females entered, was entirely unaffected, but that when

Stratonice

Stratonice appeared, as she frequently did, either with *Seleucus* or alone, he shewed all those symptoms which *Sappho* has so finely described; the faltering voice, the burning blush, the languid eye, the sudden perspiration, the tumultuous pulse, and when the passion overcame his spirits, a mortal paleness; the physician concluded, from these tokens, that *Stratonice* was the object of his love; and, from his refusing to make the least confession on the subject, that he intended to carry the secret with him to the grave. Having thus discovered the cause of the complaint, his only hopes of affecting a cure depended on its being made known; but it was impossible to communicate a matter of such extreme delicacy directly to *Seleucus*. Relying, however, on the very tender and affectionate concern which the king had invariably discovered for the safety of his son, he ventured one day to tell *Seleucus*, that the sole cause of the disorder of *Antiochus* was love; but a love for which there was no remedy. "How!" said the astonished king; "Love for which there is no remedy!" "Certainly so," replied *Erasistratus*: "for he is in love with my wife." "What! *Erasistratus*!" exclaimed the affectionate father; "and will you, who are my friend, refuse to give up your wife to my son, when you admit that your refusal will oc-

“caſion the death of a child on whom I dote
“with ſuch extreme fondneſs?” “Why,” re-
plied *Eraſiſtratus*, “would you, who are his
“father, if he were in love with *Stratonice*,
“yield her to his arms.” “Oh,” rejoined the
king, “I would give up my kingdom, ſo that I
“could keep *Antiochus*. Oh, how happy ſhould
“I be, if either God or man would remove his
“affections, and fix them on my queen!” The
king pronounced theſe words with ſo much emo-
tion, and amidſt ſuch a profuſion of tears, that
Eraſiſtratus took him by the hand, ſaying,
“Then there is no need of *Eraſiſtratus* to
“cure your ſon: *Stratonice* is the object of his
“love; and you, who are a father, a husband,
“and a king, will be his beſt phyſician.”
Stratonice ſubmitted with amiable reluctance to
the neceſſity of her ſituation. A full aſſembly
of the people was ſummoned, in which *Seleucus*,
after declaring that it was his will and pleaſure
that *Antiochus* ſhould intermarry with *Stratonice*,
exhorted, in an elegant ſpeech, his now recovered
ſon to accept freely of her hand, and not to make
his refusal the only act of filial diſobedience he
had ever committed during his life. The youth
yielded to the acclamations of the aſſembly; and
Hymen ſoon after confirmed the happineſs of the
royal pair, with whom *Seleucus* divided his
realm, and ordered them to be proclaimed king
and

and queen of the upper provinces. *Panacæas* discovered, by similar symptoms, the secret affection of *Calicles*; and *Galen* the hidden fondness which *Justa*, the wife of *Boethius*, entertained for *Pylades*, the comedian. The existence, indeed, of this *pulsus amatorius* is denied by *Valesius*; but *Avicenna*, *Gordonius*, and particularly *Struthius*, the Polonian, in the fifth book of his *Doctrine of Pulses*, very clearly prove, both by reasoning and facts, that this, and all other powerful passions, may be respectively discovered by the countenance and the pulse, of which *Struthius* gives a very extraordinary instance in the case of a lady, who was deeply enamoured, but who, to use the words of *Shakespear*,

————— Never told her love;
 But let concealment, like a rose in the bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek; who pin'd in thought,
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 Sat, like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at Grief.

Jason and *Medea*, when they first saw each other, were deprived of the powers of speech. The sight of *Thais* made the youthful *Phædrea* tremble; and *Eustatius* makes it a symptom of the lovely *Ismenes'* heroic love, that whenever she chanced to meet the object of her affection,

her

her countenance was suffused by the maiden blush of modesty and delight. But the best founded conjectures are those which result from the conduct of these *heroic lovers* when in each other's company; for they cannot restrain their fond speeches, amorous glances, significant gestures, gentle squeezes, and other actions of the like kind, although they are as foreign from the behaviour of modest affection, as they are from good breeding; but will be still pawing and kissing, like *Stratoches*, the physician, upon his wedding-day, who could not eat his meat for kissing the bride; but, in troth, must have first a word, then a kiss; then another word, and then a kiss; then an idle speech, and then a kiss; and so on, until

Kisses told by hundreds o'er!
 Thousands told by thousands more!
 Millions, countless millions; then
 Told by millions o'er again!
 Countless, as the drops that glide
 In the ocean's billowy tide;
 Countless, as yon orbs of light,
 Spangled o'er the vault of night.
 While his cheeks with crimson glow'd,
 He with ceaseless love bestow'd
 On her lips, of gentle swell,
 Where all the loves and graces dwell.

The indecent familiarities which these heroes and heroines take with each other, are finely described by *Shakespear*, in the language of *Leontes*, in *the Winter's Tale*, when, on *Camillo's* endeavouring to persuade him of the fidelity of *Hermione*, and that his jealousy of *Polixenes* was unfounded, he exclaims,

————— Is whispering nothing ?

Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?

Kissing with inside lips ? stopping the career

Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible

Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot ?

Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?

Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes blind

With pin and webb, but their's ; their's only,

That would unseen be wicked ? Is this nothing ?

Why then the world and all that's in't is nothing ;

The covering sky is nothing, and *Bohemia* nothing !

The creed, indeed, which has been formed for them by their high priest and preceptor *Ovid* ; but for which he is said to have lost the good opinion of *Augustus*, and to have been banished from *Rome* ; seems as if it were framed to justify the wildest misconduct :

Let age the forms of decency debate,

And Virtue's rules by their cold morals state ;

Their ebbing joys give leisure to inquire,

And blame the heroic flights which youth inspire :

As nature summons, so we kindly go ;
 For sprightly youths no bounds in love should know,
 Should feel no check of guilt, and fear no ill :
 LOVERS and GODS act all things at their will.

LOVE and BACCHUS, as *Antiphanes* the comedian observed of old, are, indeed, the two most licentious deities of THE PANTHEON, the effects of which can neither be controlled or concealed, and therefore ought most cautiously to be avoided, or indulged under the strongest curbs and restraints which the utmost exertions of REASON can possibly impose. But the expedition of this violent love outruns the pauser REASON. Such, in short, is the power of the wanton god, that, if his fond votaries have no opportunity, when in each other's company, to confer, to dally, to be "padding palms, and pinching fingers;" to "hold up their nebs," and "muzzle each other with their lips," still their eyes will discourse, pierce through space, become the winged messengers of their hearts, and tell each other how they love; still will they be "making practised smiles as in a looking glass;" still will they gaze with such a pregnancy of thought, as if each would steal the other's face, and hide them in their bosoms. A lover's eyes, it is said, will gaze an eagle blind; and they can no more restrain their mutual glances, than the needle can avoid the influence of the pole; for *Ubi amor ibi oculus.*

oculus. These symptoms are so general, and so prominent, that he who does not observe them, must have "an eye-glass thicker than a cuckold's horn." Even, if absent, their very feet betray the secret of their hearts; for they seek each other's company with unwearied industry and impatient delight, walk to and fro before each other's door, wait under each other's window; watch every opportunity to view the object of their love, and hover, moth-like, with blind anxiety round the flame that leads them to destruction.

But the mental symptoms of heroic love are more numerous than those of the body; and, like the summer flies, the Sphinx's wings, or the bow of *Iris*, are of all colours, fair, foul, and full of variation. The Spanish inquisition, in short, cannot inflict a greater number of torments than the bitter passion and unquenchable fire of heroic love; for from this source, says *St. Austin*, proceed biting cares, perturbations, passions, sorrows, suspicions, discontents, contentions, discords, wars, treacheries, enmities, and cruelty; and to this black catalogue *Terence*, in his *Eunuch*, has added symptoms still more dire, of which, indeed, the works of every poet are replete. But among these various and violent passions, FEAR and SORROW may
justly

justly challenge the chief place. Lucid intervals, pleasant gales, and sudden alterations, indeed, sometimes attend on this disease; as when a mistress smiles, or a lover's looks are kind; but even under these happy circumstances, the feelings are carried to so painful an excess, that they would willingly suffer instant death, lest, by living longer, sickness or sorrow should abate or contaminate the fullness of their joys. The love-shaked *Othello*, on his return from *Cyprus* to the arms of his then beloved and unsuspected *Desdemona*, exclaims, in the fulness of his felicity,

—— If it were now to die,
 'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
 My soul hath her content so absolute,
 That not another comfort like to this
 Succeeds in unknown fate.

Another heroic lover, indeed, denies that even fate has power to destroy his momentary bliss; for when the holy friar, about to join the hand of *Romeo* to the heart of *Juliet*, exclaims with prophetic piety,

“ May heaven so smile upon this holy act,
 That after hours with sorrow chide us not; ”

the youthful lover, whose mind teemed only with romantic notions of his approaching happiness, profanely replies;

—— Come

——Come what sorrow can ;

It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare!

The calm, unimpassioned, and reflecting mind, however, of the holy father, entertained different thoughts; and, after well expressing the nature and dangerous consequences of *heroic love*, he exhorts his intemperate pupil to observe that moderation which is most likely to insure his arrival at the wished-for bowers of connubial happiness and domestic peace :

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die ; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume : The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite :
Therefore love moderately ; long love does so ;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

An heroic lover, indeed, receives life and joy from the smiles of his beloved mistress ; but death and torments from her frowns. *Narcissus* like, while the season is fair, he appears gay and glorious ; but when the enlivening sun withdraws its rays, all his joys sink down, and die for want of nurture. The fair and lovely object is, when she smiles, the cheering planet whose

whose beams irradiate his breast: she is the *primum mobile* of all his actions; the *anima informans*, that inspires him with life; the happy gale that gives motion to that windmill his brain, which otherwise would be inert and motionless. Animated by her breath, she keeps the keys of his life: his fortune ebbs and flows as she is pleased to smile or frown; and a favourable or unfavourable aspect renders him either happy or miserable. Overwhelmed by his romantic passion, he cannot think, or talk, or dream of any thing but the adored object: she is his *Cynosure*; his *Hesperus* and *Vesper*; his morning and evening *star*; his *Lama*, *Victorina*, *Columbina*, *Flavia*, *Flaminia*, *Cælia*, *Delia*; his life, his soul, his heart, eyes, ears, and every thing: his thoughts are full of her; sleeping or waking, she is always in his mind, and her blessed name the continual theme of his tongue. It were better a metropolitan city were sacked, a royal army overcome, an invincible armada sunk, and that twenty thousand kings should perish, than her little finger should ache. Like the love-entranced *Calisto*, his soul is soured, imparadised, and imprisoned in the heart of his lovely and transcendent *Melebea*; and her sweet face, eyes, actions, gestures, hands, feet, speech, length, breadth, height, depth, and the rest of her dimensions, so eagerly, earnestly, and violently surveyed,

surveyed, measured, and taken by the astrolabe of his heated fancy and inflamed imagination, that if present, he is mad with happiness; and absent, he thinks he sees her in reality, and extending his arms, embraces, like another *Ixion*, a cloud instead of a *Juno*: for the impression of her beauty continues fixed in his mind: and as a man, who has been bitten by a mad dog, fancies he sees dogs in his meat, dogs in his dish, and dogs in his drink, so the heroic lover sees the form of his mistress in all he looks at. But, alas! if he be capable of feeling such an extravagance of joy, when his passion is cherished and approved, what bitter torments must he feel when it is discouraged or repulsed!

Bitter indeed; for sad experience shows,
That love repuls'd exceeds all other woes.
From his sad brow the wonted cheer is fled,
Low on his breast declines his drooping head;
Nor can he find, while grief each sense o'erbears,
Voice for his plaints, or moisture for his tears.
Impatient Sorrow seeks its way to force,
But with too eager haste retards its course.
Each thought augments his wounds' deep-rankling
smart,
And sudden coldness freezes round his heart.
While, miserable fate! the godlike light
Of reason sinks eclips'd in endless night.

A young nobleman of *Babylon*, having conceived a violent passion for the daughter of his
king,

king, presumed to disclose his love to the fair object by which it had been inspired; but she, instead of favouring his flame, rejected his addresses, and informed her father of his arrogance and presumption. The sovereign, irritated by the heinousness of the crime, summoned his courtiers to devise some more than ordinary torment to be inflicted on the offender; but the sage *Apollonius*, well acquainted with the texture of the human heart, informed his majesty, that human ingenuity could not invent any torture so severe as that of disappointed love; and advised the king to leave the young delinquent to his own sensations, as the cruelest punishment that could be inflicted on his wounded heart: and such a passion certainly creates a perpetual warfare in the breast, and lights up a fire which burns with a more consuming and inextinguishable flame, than the volcanoes of *Hecla*, *Etna*, or *Vesuvius*.

For he, alas! most wretched must we call,
Whom lovely looks and sparkling eyes enthrall;
Where beauty serves but as a treacherous blind,
To hide in vice, and catch a lover's mind.
He seeks to fly, but, like a wounded hart,
Where'er he goes he bears the fatal dart:
He blushes for himself, he feels his shame,
But knows no cure for his devouring flame.

Plato relates that *Empedocles*, the philosopher, being present when the body of an heroic lover, who had fallen a victim to his passion, was anatomised, found that his heart was burned, his liver smoky, his lungs parched, and all his entrails roasted by the vehemency of its flames. *Cupid*, indeed, was always described by the old Grecian painters with the thunderbolts of *Jupiter* in his hands, to signify that love strikes with more effect than livid lightning itself. A modern writer of amorous emblems, has also represented the fury of this passion by a pot hanging over the fire, and *Cupid* blowing the coals; for as heat turns water into vapour, so does love dry up the radical moisture of the heart. We may therefore say with *Castilio*, that the beginning, the middle, and the end of love, is nothing but sorrow, vexation, and agony; and that to be squalid, ugly, miserable, solitary, discontented, dejected, to wish for death, to complain, rave, and be peevish, are the certain signs and ordinary symptoms of heroic love.

But every thing is sacrificed on the altar of this imperious passion. *Gobrias*, an officer of rank in the Grecian army, who had acquired an unbounded fame for his courage as a soldier, and for his extraordinary integrity and virtue as a man; no sooner beheld the lovely *Rodanthe*, a
virtuous

virtuous female, who had become his captive by the chance of war, than he fell on his knees before *Mytilus*, the general, and, with the eloquence of tears and vows, implored him by the services he had performed, by the wounds he had received, and by whatever else was dear to him, that he would yield the blooming virgin to his arms, as his sole reward and only share of all the rich and numerous spoils the recent victory had placed at his disposal; but *Mytilus*, gloriously preferring the claims of virgin innocence to the intemperate desires of heroic love, rejected his suit, and took the afflicted and trembling captive under his own protection; and ultimately defeated the villainous and treacherous expedients which the disappointed, and until that period virtuous, *Gobrias* exercised to accomplish his desires. The elegant and learned *Abelard*, the most enlightened philosopher and accomplished scholar of his age, violated the confidence of his patron, surrendered his fame as a teacher, and renounced his honour as a man, to indulge the guilty passion with which the charming *Eloise* had inspired his bosom. “O *Harpedona*,” exclaimed *Parthenis*, on making a similar sacrifice, “farewell honour, honesty, friends, and fortune, for thy sweet sake.” *Jupiter* himself, as *Seneca* truly observes, cannot at the same time possess heroic love and godlike wisdom.

The

The most staid, discreet, grave, and virtuous men, in short, commit, under the influence of this powerful passion, the grossest absurdities, and most unpardonable indecorums, as might be instanced in the characters of *Sampson*, *David*, *Solomon*, *Hercules*, and even *Socrates* himself. It transformed *Apuleius* into an ass, *Lycaon* into a wolf, *Tereus* into a lapwing, *Calisto* into a bear, and *Elpenor* into a swine: for what else can the pen of poetry be conceived to have shadowed under these ingenious fictions, than that a man once involved in this intemperatè and raging passion, completely changes his nature, and becomes no better than a beast.

The Gods themselves,

Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. JUPITER
Became a bull, and bellowed: the green NEPTUNE,
A ram, and bleated: and the fire-robed God,
Golden APOLLO, a poor humble swain.

BLINDNESS is a symptom of heroic love. However ugly, deformed, ill-favoured, wrinkled, pimples, pale, tanned, tallow-faced, platter faced, crooked, bald, goggle-eyed, bloated like a squeezed cat, sparrow-mouthed, hooked-nosed, foxed-nosed, jutting-nosed, gubber-tusshed, beetle-browed, Welsh-bearded, Bavarian-chinned, crane-necked, crooked-backed, splay-footed, long-
O cared,

eared, viragoed, fat-fusti-legged, trussed, or sneak-
 ed, the mistress of an heroic lover may be, he still
 admires her, as an angel of consummate beauty and
 peerless perfection ; and neither *Venus*, *Panthea*,
Cleopatra, *Tanaquil*, *Mariamne*, or even *Mary*
of Burgundy, can match her wondrous charms.
 The silver-footed *Thetis*, the crystal-angled
Hebe, the rosy-cheeked *Aurora*, the snowy-
 bosomed *Juno*, are not to be compared with their
 paragons of loveliness ; and though *Minerva*
 was wise, and *Venus* fair, their charming *dainty*
 is far more fair and wise.

Heroic lovers, led by blind desire,
 Imagine charms, and then those charms admire :
 Viewing their idols with a partial eye ;
 No faults they have, as they no faults can spy.
 The sallow skin is for the snow-white put ;
 And fancy makes a slattern of a slut.
 If cat-eyed, then a *Pallas* is their love ;
 If freckled, she's a party-colour'd dove ;
 If stammering, oh what grace in lispings lies !
 If silent, she must then, of course, be wise :
 If shrill, and with a voice to drown a choir,
 Oh, then she's keen, sharp-witted, full of fire :
 If lean, consumptive, and with coughs decay'd,
 How beautiful is then a slender maid !
 Ev'n blobber lips but pout for tender kisses ;
 For no defect deforms these blind-lov'd misses.

Heroic lovers are, certainly, in general, of this description; and, in their minds, the queen of their desires a perfect phoenix. The highest eulogies, the finest metaphors, the most hyperbolic comparisons, the most glorious names that language can afford, are bestowed on them; they are whatever is pleasant, amiable, sweet, grateful, and delicious: all the bombast epithets, and pathetical adjuncts, of incomparably fair, curiously neat, divinely sweet; all the pretty diminutives of bird, mouse, lamb, puss, pigeon, pigfney, kid, honey, love, dove, chicken, life, light, jewel, glory, delight, darling,

My more than heavenly goddess, and such names
As loving knights apply to lovely dames,

are used to express their ridiculous fondness and foolish love.

Petrarch relates a story of an heroic lover, who being desperately enamoured with a goddess that had but one eye, was sent abroad by his friends, and forced to travel for several years through foreign countries, in order to abate the fury of his amatory disease. On his return home, he one day accidentally met the charmer for whose sake he had been so long exiled; and looking in her face, asked her by what mischance it was that, during his absence, she had lost her

eye. "O, no," replied the fair seducer, "I have lost no eye since I saw you last; but it seems that you have now found your's." The youth was amazed, and exclaiming in the language of *Fabius*, "How impossible is it for a lover to judge of beauty!" retired abashed by a sense of his former folly, stupidity, and blindness. There was no cruelty in quitting the girl so abruptly; for a woman could never have entertained the least affection for a man who had suffered her so grossly to deceive him. The judgment of *Persius* upon this subject is perfectly correct, when, after *Phædra* had told him that he had banished his heroic love from his breast, and resolved to quit his mistress,

"Well hast thou freed thyself," his friend replies:
 "Go, thank the gods, and offer sacrifice."
 "But (says the youth) if we unkindly part,
 "Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?"
 "Weak fool!" replies the friend, "by blindness led:
 "She break *her* heart! She'll sooner break *thy* head."

But the slavery to which heroic lovers submit, is a greater proof of their folly than even their blindness. An heroic lover, says *Castilio*, is *Amator amicæ mancipium*, the drudge, prisoner, and bond-man of his mistress. He composes himself wholly to her affections; makes himself a lackey to please her; submits all his cares,
 thoughts

thoughts and actions to her commandment; and constantly becomes her most devoted, obsequious and debased servant and vassal; enduring a tyranny more despotic and capricious than any eastern sovereign has dared to exercise, and from which it is almost impossible he should ever be set free; for the chains of this enslaving passion, once firmly rooted, are firmer than adamant, and more durable than steel. "What captivity," exclaims *Cicero*, "can be more cruel and severe than that of an heroic lover? and how can he be free, over whom a vain and unfeeling mistress continues to domineer." Besides the laborious slavery of dressing to please her varying fancy, he must constantly attend wherever she goes; run along the streets by her doors and windows to catch glances from her eyes; take all opportunities of seeing her; and turn himself into as many shapes as ever *Jupiter* himself assumed. "If I did but let my glove fall by chance," says *Aretine's Lucretia*, "I had one of my suitors, nay two or three at once, ready to stoop, take it up, kiss it, and deliver it to me with respectful obedience; if I was disposed to walk, all of them were ready to offer me their arms; and if the warmth of the season made refreshment necessary, all ran to provide for me fruits of the choicest flavour." This is, perhaps, the easiest and

most pleasant part of their slavish labour; for no hunter toils with more fatigue to take his game, no soldier undergoes more risk and hardship to sack a city, than an heroic lover to gain the favour of his mistress.

His soul is so infettered to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak functions.

Perseus, of old fought with a sea monster for the sake of *Andromeda*. The tutelary Saint of *England*, the famed *St. George*, exposed his person, in terrible combat, to the anger of an exasperated dragon, to deliver from his claws the lovely daughter of the sovereign of *Sabea*. *Thero*, the *Theffalian*, bit off his own thumb, *provocans rivalem ad hoc emulandum*, to provoke his rival to emulate the glorious act. The mistress of *Galeatus* of *Mantua*, probably with a view to try in jest what her lover was really disposed to do for her sake, bid him, if his professions for her were sincere, to leap into the *Po*; and the amorous fool immediately leaped headlong from the bridge, and was drowned. Another instance of the like kind is related of a lover at *Ficinum*, whose mistress desired him to hang himself. The *Sir Lancelots*, and other knights-errant of the present day, will, I conceive, adventure

ture as much to gain a lady's favour as the *Squire of Dames*, the *Knight of the Sun*, the renowned *Sir Bevis*, or that still more renowned knight *Orlando*,

Whose bosom, long with am'rous passion fir'd,
The love of fair *Angelica* desir'd ;
And though the flower of arms, and wisdom's boast,
By foolish love his manly senses lost.

The absurdities and dangers into which this wild passion leads its votaries, are, indeed, extraordinary. *Sigismunda*, the daughter of *Tancred*, prince of *Salerna*, on the death of her beloved *Guiscardus*, actually eat his heart ; and *Artemesia* caused the bones of her deceased husband to be pulverized, that she might drink them occasionally in her wine. Such an extravagant affectation of fondness excites our indignation ; while the lesser follies, which almost invariably attend this heroic passion, move our laughter and contempt. Listen to the ludicrous rant of *Philostratus* in praise of his mistress. “ O happy
“ ground on which she treads ; how happy
“ should I be if she would tread upon me ! The
“ rivulets, as she approaches them, cease their
“ murmurs to gaze upon her charms, and
“ birds sing round her as if she were the morn.

“ The fields all laugh, the pleasant vallies burn,
“ And all their grasses into flow'rets turn.

“ But oh! she is fairer than the flowerets,
 “ and brighter than the sun. The tutelary
 “ deities of the town follow her steps in admi-
 “ ration of her beauties; and when she sails
 “ upon the seas, the rivers, like so many small
 “ boats, crowd around her. My heart is quite
 “ dissolved, melted, bruised to powder, by her
 “ heavenly charms, and become like a sala-
 “ mander in the fire by the flames of love.”
Ovid wishes that he were a flea, a gnat, a ring,
 and *Catullus*, that he were a sparrow, for the
 sake of their mistresses; but *Anacreon* excels, in
 this respect, every other heroic lover, when he
 exclaims, in addressing his mistress,

Would Heaven, indulgent to my vow,
 The happy change I wish allow,
 Thy envied *mirror* I would be,
 That thou might'st always gaze on me;
 And could my *naked heart* appear,
 Thou'dst see thyself; for thou art there:
 Or was I made thy *folding vest*,
 That thou mightst clasp me to thy breast;
 Or turn'd into a *fount*, to lave
 Thy charming beauties in my wave!
 Thy *bosom cincture* I would grow,
 To warm those little hills of snow;
 Thy *ointment*, in rich fragrant streams
 To wander o'er thy beauteous limbs;
 Thy *chain* of shining pearl, to deck
 And close embrace thy graceful neck;

A very

A very *sandal* I would be
To tread on, if trod on by thee :

The lover in *Caleagninus*, indeed, who wrote the following epitaph on the tomb of his deceased darling, seems to have exceeded *Anacreon* in extravagance :

Quincia obiit, sed non Quincia sola obiit;
Quincia obiit, sed cum Quincia et ipse obii;
Risus obit, obit gratia, lusus obit,
Nec mea nunc anima in pectore, at in tumulo est.

Quincia, my dear, is dead, but not alone;
For I am dead, and with her I am gone:
Sweet smiles, mirth, graces, all with her do rest;
And my soul too; for 'tis not in my breast.

But this heroic passion, amidst all its various follies and absurdities, sometimes produces the beneficial effects of making fools wise, base minds generous, cowards courageous, clowns courteous, slovens neat, churls merciful, lazy drones nimble, and dumb dogs eloquent. The charms of the lovely *Galatea* humanized the bosom of the fierce and cruel *Polypheme*. He examined his face in the stream, combed his rueful locks with a rake, grew more exact and studious in his dress, and discovered the first sign of being in love, by endeavouring at a more than usual care to please. It was the love of *Ariadne* that made *Theseus* so adventurous: it was *Medea's* beauty that gave victory to *Jason*:

and *Plato* is of opinion, that *Mars* owed all his valor to his fondness for *Venus*. An heroic lover is ashamed of appearing inglorious in the eyes of his mistress. Pusillanimity itself is frequently converted by this heroic passion into a divine temper and courageous spirit. The basest clown will fight as fiercely in defence of his mistress as *Blandimor* and *Paridel*, of romantic fame, are said to have fought for the lovely *Florimel*: his mind is a fire; his soul is all mettle; his breast armour of proof; he is more than man; he is improved beyond himself; and addressing his mistress in all the fervor of his passion, he exclaims, in the language of an ancient hero of the like description,

Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
 Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
 And I am proof against their enmity.

The valour of an army of such lovers would beat down all opposition, and conquer the whole world, unless, indeed, it was opposed to another army of the like description. *Sir Walter Many*, in the reign of *Edward the Third*, stuck round with ladies' favours, fought with the spirit of a dragon; and the conquest of *Granada* by *Ferdinand* of *Spain*, is said to have been facilitated by queen *Isabell* and her ladies being present at the siege. Love not only inspires the heart with
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the most enthusiastic ardour, but frequently polishes the manners, and gives activity to the dullest motions of the soul.

Love is not always of a vicious kind,
 But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind ;
 Awakes the sleepy vigour of the soul,
 And brushing o'er adds motion to the pool.
 Love, studious how to please, improves our parts
 With polish'd manners, and adorns with arts :
 Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
 The motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime ;
 To liberal arts enlarg'd the narrow-soul'd,
 Soften'd the fierce, and made the coward bold.

Boccace relates, to this effect, the story of *Cymon* and *Iphigenia*. *Cymon*, the son of the governor of *Cyprus*, possessed an uncommon beauty of person, but was so stupid and defective in the qualities of the mind, so heavy, dull and degenerate, that his father, having endeavoured in vain by all the arts of education to reform him, sent him to a poor cottage in a sequestered part of the country, where, being thought unfit for every other employment, he followed, almost in the character of a common clown, the usual avocations of husbandry. Sauntering alone, according to his usual custom, by the side of a wood, he one day espied a lovely female, named *Iphigenia*, the daughter of a burgomaster of *Cyprus*, fast asleep in a sequestered thicket on the borders of a

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brook,

brook, in which she had just been bathing. A freshened bloom glowed upon her charming cheeks, the beauties of which were heightened by the posture in which she lay, while her white robe, which only loosely covered her, left her snowy neck, and part of her gently rising bosom, exposed to his view. The young clown, astonished at the sight of so much beauty, stood for some time leaning on his staff, transfixed and confounded by the powers of her charms; but this soul-subduing object at length inspired his heart with emotions to which he had ever before been a stranger, and filled his breast with such transporting delight, that his latent faculties awakened from their lethargy, and convinced him of the high energies of which he was possessed. Grossly material as his mind had been formed by the hand of nature, he immediately discovered that the object of his delighted senses was the most excellent of her kind; and when she awakened from her repose, and retired from her grassy couch, the sweet infection had seized so thoroughly on all his frame, that he followed her in silence and timidity to the city, and made his passion known. His father, on hearing of his affection, seconded the suit; and love so completely transformed his character, that his friends could scarcely believe he was the same person: he became lively, gay,
and

and courteous; rode with uncommon grace and courage; cultivated the fine arts with unexampled success; acquired great skill in fencing, music and dancing; excelled in the taste of his dress and the politeness of his manners; and, in short, inspired by his passion for *Iphigenia*, became the most perfect and accomplished gentleman in the island of *Cyprus*. Improvements like these are certainly among the symptoms of heroic love; for a lover, however rude and clownish he may be, will, for a certain time at least, become spruce and cleanly. A ship is not so long a rigging, as a young girl is in trimming herself up against the arrival of her sweetheart. No painter's shop, no flowery meadow, no graceful aspect in the storehouse of nature, is comparable to a *novifeta*, or Venetian virgin who is dressing for a husband.

With anxious care the fair one's critic eye
Scans o'er her dress, nor lets a fault slip by;
Each rebel hair must be reduc'd to place
With tedious skill, and tortur'd into grace;
Her maid must o'er and o'er the pins dispose,
Till into modish folds the drapery flows;
And the whole frame is fitted to express
The charms of beauty in its nakedness.

Claudio, in his scrutiny of *Benedict*, to discover whether the charms of *Beatrice* had touched his heart, says, "If he be not in love with
" some

“ some woman, there is no believing *old signs* ;
 “ for he brushes his hat every morning, and
 “ what should that bode ? ” And upon being
 asked, whether any man had seen him at the
 barber’s, replies, “ No ; but the barber’s man
 “ has been seen with him, and he looks younger
 “ than he did by the loss of a beard ; and rubs
 “ himself with civet : Can you not smell him out
 “ by that ? But the greatest note of it is his
 “ MELANCHOLY.” Hair-dressers and taylors,
 indeed, may be considered as *Graces* in league
 with *Cupid* ; for all lovers are anxious to trick
 themselves out ; to be spruce in their apparel ;
 to have their locks neatly combed, and curiously
 curled ; to adorn their shoes with elegant ties,
 their points with becoming gaities ; to be “ point
 “ device in all their accoutrements ; ” to appear,
 as it were, in print ; in short, to walk in print,
 to eat in print, to drink in print, and to be mad
 in print.

But, among the symptoms of heroic love,
 we must not forget *ballad-making* and *poetry* ;
 for lovers are always either making or singing
 amorous songs and ditties, to blazon the charms,
 and catch the hearts, of those they love. The
 immortal *Shakespear* gives ample testimony how
 constantly poetry is the symptom of heroic love.
 The aged *Egeus*, in his endeavours to account
 for

for the fondness which his daughter *Hermia* entertained for *Lyfander*, accuses him of having "given her rhimes." The young *Orlando*, breathing his love-sick sighs for the lively *Rosalind*, on entering the forest of *Arden*, "hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles," to deify the name of *Rosalind*, and exclaims,

Hang there, my *verse*, in witness of my love.
 O, *Rosalind*, these trees shall be my books,
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
 That every eye which in this forest looks,
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
 Run, run, *Orlando*, carve on every tree,
 The fair, the chaste, the inexpressive she.

The witty and enamoured *Biron*, a very "beadle to an amorous sigh," calls the dwarf *Dan Cupid*, "regent of love rhimes," and "lord of folded arms;" while *Armado*, the fantastic lover of *Jacquenetta*, exclaims, "assist me some eternal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonneteer." Age will sometimes dote in this way, as well as youth; for the heat of love warms the coldest heart, dissolves the ice of years, and makes every lover poetical.

Do not, sweet *Marian*, my age disdain;
 For thou canst make an old man young again.

An old English author relates a story, that on Christmas eve, in the year 1012, at *Colewitz*, in *Saxony*, while the priest was saying mass in the church, a company of young men were singing in the church-yard glees and love songs, of their own composing, in praise of their mistresses, which so annoyed the preacher, that he commanded them to be silent; but the wild pleasures resulting from their lyric incantations were not to be interrupted by the austerity of the preacher, and the young lovers continued to chaunt their compositions with such increasing ardour, that the indignant preacher, angered into bitterness by their contempt of his command, solemnly invoked the tutelary saint of the church to punish their contemptuous disobedience, by obliging them to continue singing and dancing, without interruption, until that day twelvemonth. *St. Magnus* listened to the invocation of his priest, and these verse-making heroes, it is said, were bound by so potent a spell, that they continued singing and dancing, without refreshment or weariness, until the end of the year, when they were absolved from the lively charm by the holy prayers of *Herebertus*, the archbishop of *Colen*. The mind, indeed, when invoked by heroic love, seldom pays much attention to religion, and frequently offends its holy precepts. Poetry and music, in short, are the handmaids
of

of love, from whose copious fountains flow almost all our feasts, masks, mummings, banquets, merry-meetings, attelans, jigs, fescinnes, plays, elegies, odes, love-strains, and poems. The theatrical exhibitions which *Danaus*, the son of *Belus*, instituted at *Argos*, to celebrate the nuptials of his daughter, were the origin of the drama. Poetry, painting, music, and most of the fine arts and sciences, says *Partritius*, were first invented, “*ex amoris beneficio*, for the enjoyments of love;” and the sketch which the enamoured daughter of *Deburiades*, the *Sycionian*, took of the person of her lover, with charcoal, as the candle gave his shadow on the wall, was the origin of portrait painting. Poetry, indeed, can scarcely fix on any other subjects than those which love inspires: the *Muses* follow in the train of *Cupid*, and make his darts more keen. The pens of heroic lovers are said to be made of feathers plucked from *Cupid's* wing; and the burden of every lyric song supports the conceit. Every *Italian*, of any eminence or fortune, has a favorite mistress on whom he pours out praisingly all the rapturous feelings of his heart; and it is this fond devotion to the pursuits of love, that has given *Italy* the pre-eminence in poetry, painting, and music. The filthiest clowns, indeed mere hog-rubbers, *Menalcas* and *Coridon*, *qui fœtant de stercore*

stercore equino, when the delightful nectar of love has once touched their lips, feel their souls inspired with poetry; for poetry, as the following pastoral epistle will evince, is the natural language of love:

Thou honey-suckle of the hawthorn hedge,
 Vouchsafe in Cupid's cup my heart to pledge:
 My heart's dear blood, sweet *Cis*, is thy carouse,
 Worth all the ale in *Gammer Gubbin's* house.
 I say no more; affairs call me away;
 My father's horse for provender doth stay.
 Be thou the lady *Cresset* light to me,
Sir Trolly Lolly I will prove to thee.
 Written in haste; farewell my cowslip sweet;
 Pray let's a Sunday at the alehouse meet.

This powerful passion, in short, will melt the soul of the sternest Stoic, and warm the freezing heart of cold philosophy: even *Aristippus*, *Apolidorus*, and *Antiphanes*, have employed their pens in writing love songs in their mistresses' praise:

For poetry the coldest heart will warm,
 And make the coldest bosom own its charm.
 E'en where the noxious cup or philter fails,
 The potent spell of *mystic verse* prevails*.

These

* *Shakespeare*, however, observes, that "these fellows of infinite tongue, that can *rhyme* themselves into ladies' favors, always *reason* themselves out again."

THESE symptoms, while they disclose the approach or existence of the disease, prognosticate the most fatal consequences. Neither health of body, nor happiness of mind, can much longer be expected. The fiend, when it has once completely grasped its prey, becomes inexorably insatiate in its fury: for although the blandishments of heroic love at first appear sweeter than the honeycomb, and smoother than oil, they become in their progress bitterer than wormwood, and sharper than a two-edged sword; and at last lead their unhappy victims through the valley of misery and madness into the gulph of death.

Most by their favorite's cruel falsehoods die,
 And prone on earth the hapless victims lie :
 But tho' their spirits' freed from mortal chains,
 They are doom'd in Hell to rove with endless pains,
 A wretched warning here on earth to prove
 The certain dangers of *heroic love*.

But amidst the long and various catalogue of tormenting consequences which attend on this disease, there is no one, perhaps, more certain than that of JEALOUSY; for as that pure and virtuous affection of the heart, which constitutes the basis of *connubial love*, is free from all suspicion, the violent and uncontrolled desires, on which the *heroic passion* is founded, are invariably involved in those doubts and fears by which this hell-born spirit is engendered.

JEALOUSY

JEALOUSY is defined by *Benedetto Varchi* to be, “a corroding suspicion lurking in the heart
“of every heroic lover, lest the object of his
“desires should be enamoured of another;” for
an heroic lover, like an heroic king, will rather
lose his life than endure the idea of having a
rival near his throne. The muse of *Propertius*
sings in a correspondent strain:

Stab me with sword, or poison strong
Give me to work my bane;
So thou court not my lass, so thou
From mistress mine refrain.

Command myself, my body, purse,
As thine own goods take all;
And as my ever dearest friend
I shall thee ever call:

But spare my love; to have alone
Her to myself I crave:
Nay, Jove himself I'll not endure
My rival for to have.

The warmer climates of *Italy* and *Spain*, the
ancient regions of romantic love, seem to be the
most productive of this tormenting disease; for
it is said, that the number of jealous husbands,
with which those countries abound, is even
greater than that of drunkards in *Germany*, to-
bacconists in *Holland*, dancers in *France*, or
mariners in *England*. Certain it is, that at
Baden,

Baden, where the sexes mingle freely with each other in all the innocent intercourses of life; in *Freizland*, where women freely salute those whom they drink to or pledge; in *Holland*, where the youths and virgins glide on the ice, and even lodge together in the same apartments, with harmless familiarity; and in *France*, where wives, upon very slight acquaintance, accompany and visit their admirers without the least imputation, the name of JEALOUSY is little known. The Spanish legate *Mendoza*, during his residence in *England*, being in company where the causes of jealousy happened to be the subject of conversation, condemned in strong terms the practice of the sexes sitting together promiscuously at church, as highly improper and indecent; but *Dr. Dale*, the master of the requests, very fairly replied, that such a custom might perhaps be improper in *Spain*, where the sexes could not approach each other, even in those sacred sanctuaries, without profane thoughts and impure desires, but not in *England*, where, instead of precluding women from the enjoyments of society, wives and daughters are permitted to accompany their friends to every place of public amusement, without even a suspicion of harm. The old proverb, indeed, that *England* is a paradise for women, and a hell for horses, and *Italy* a paradise for horses, but a hell for women, proves how different

ferent the two countries are in this respect. It must, however, be confessed, that *English* females are, in some degree, affected by this canker-worm of heroic love; for, like all other causes of melancholy, it certainly operates more frequently, though perhaps not more powerfully, on the hearts of women than of men; for their feelings being, in general, less influenced by reason than by fancy and imagination, and their habits of life more solitary and retired, they are more apt to engender distempered sentiments in their minds.

This mutiny in a lover's mind, however, may be, and frequently is, stirred up by other causes than those which seclusion may create.

OLD AGE is naturally jealous, especially in the affairs of love, as *Chaucer's* Tale of *January* and *May* very humorously proves. An elderly gentleman, when he neglects that important rule in the laws of *Hymen*, "equality of years," and presumptuously unites himself to a young and lively girl, may, notwithstanding this particular impropriety, be a very good and worthy character, as far as concerns himself, yet *Trebius*, the Roman lawyer, may make a question, *an suum cuique tribuat?* which, if it be answered in the negative,

gative, will remove all wonder that he should be jealous; for unfortunately the very vigilance and harsh usage which his suspicions, in such a case, unavoidably create, are very apt to produce the misfortune they were used to prevent. A suffering wife cannot endure to have her virtue suspected without cause; and such a conduct only renders gallants more eager to attack, and wives more forward to surrender.

EXCESSIVE FONDNESS is always accompanied by a certain degree of jealousy: for when a wife, like the fond companion of the sage *Jocundo*, upon his departure on a visit of two months to the court of *Astolpho*,

Appears,

And, with a heaving breast and flowing tears,
 Vows that his absence she shall ever mourn,
 And never live to see his wish'd return,
 Sighing, " Ah me! and must I then sustain
 Such length of absence, such an age of pain!
 Oh! no, the grave will first my portion be;
 These fading eyes no more their lord shall see;
 Then welcome death,"

her husband is apt to suspect her sincerity, and to return, like *Jocundo*, before he has reached the end of his journey. Such pretended affection is more sweet, and yet more dangerous, than the

mandragora cup, with which the women of *Malabar* are said to seal their husbands' eyes, when they wish to receive his favored rivals.

ABSENCE is a frequent cause of jealousy. *Hippocrates*, the physician, being obliged to visit *Abdera*, and other more remote cities in *Greece*, desired his friend *Dionysius* to watch every motion of his wife until he returned; for, although she was a woman of exemplary virtue, and lived under the roof of her mother, he recollected the treacheries of *Clytemnestra*, and the suspicions of *Apollo*, rather than the chastity of *Lucretia*, and the fidelity of *Penelope*, which alone ought to have occupied his mind. The fears of a wife also are generally alarmed by a lingering or delayed return of her absent husband; for, as *Micio*, in the *Adelphi* of *Terence*, observes, "she cannot, under such circumstances, avoid thinking that he is passing his time with some rival beauty."

If he be absent long, his lady thinks,
 He's gazing fondly on some pretty minx;
 Courting compliance with deceitful sighs,
 While she, poor soul, sits sad at home, and cries.

A CONSCIOUSNESS OF DEFECT, whether of person or of mind, is another cause of jealousy. This was the first idea that occurred to the noble, gallant

gallant Moor, when the diabolical *Iago* had tainted his mind with unfounded suspicions against the virtue of the lovely *Desdemona*.

— “ Haply, for I am black ;

And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have : or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years—yet that's not much—
She's gone ; I am abus'd ; and my relief
Must be to loath her.”

The limping *Vulcan* was for this reason so suspicious of his wife's fidelity, that he forged a pair of creaking shoes, and made her wear them, that he might hear by their noise which way she travelled ; but *Venus*, though beautiful, was certainly no honefter than she should be ; and whoever marries a woman, says *Barbarus*, merely because she is snow-fair, deserves no better fate than *Vulcan* had with *Venus*, or *Claudius* with *Messalina*.

CONSCIOUS INFIDELITY is another cause of jealousy. *Mala mens malus animus*, evil dispositions cause evil suspicions. A man or woman who has once been unfaithful, is always in fear of the *lex talionis*, and in constant apprehension of receiving the *quid pro quo*. *Italy*, where a person can scarcely rank as a gentleman, who has not at the same time both a wife and a mistress, is the seat of jealous husbands. It

would, indeed, have been less wonderful, under such circumstances, to find it the seat of jealous wives; for it seems unpardonable on the part of these Italian husbands, that while they are violating the honour of other mens' wives, they should be so extremely jealous of their own. Such husbands should recollect the words of *Syracides*, "teach her not an evil lesson against thyself," which, though the fault of one is no excuse for the bad conduct of the other, might teach them the useful lesson, that "a good husband makes a good wife."

PRESENTS BESTOWED by or on a wife, are frequently the causes of jealousy. The emperor *Theodosius*, while he was paying his addresses to the fair *Eudoxia*, presented her with a golden apple, as a token of his love, which she, many years afterwards, bestowed upon a young gentleman of considerable merit who attended the court; but the emperor happening unfortunately to discover his gift in the possession of his supposed rival, immediately banished him from the empire, accused the empress of having dishonoured his bed, and, notwithstanding the strongest testimonies of her innocence, dismissed her with indignation from his arms. *Seneca* also relates a story to the same effect. A rich merchant, who was married to a beautiful

ful and virtuous woman, found, on his return from a voyage which he had been obliged to make, that, during his absence, a young gallant had been endeavouring, in vain, to seduce the affections of his wife; but on the lover dying soon afterwards, and leaving her the bulk of his fortune as a token of his love, the merchant's fears became alarmed, and conceiving, from mercenary notions, that as men seldom part with money without a recompence in value, his wife must have given an equivalent for the fortune she had acquired, he turned her away on suspicion of infidelity. It is, perhaps, fair enough to suppose, that when a monk is seen climbing by a ladder at midnight into the chamber of a virgin or a widow, it is not merely for the purpose of reading the *pater noster*, administering the sacrament, or taking her confession; but, without any such good causes of belief, it is certain that the most innocent attentions of a casual admirer are sufficient to stir up the wildest furies of a jealous mind:

—— Trifles, light as air,

Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong

As proofs of holy writ.

A jealous husband hunts after every sound,
listens with trembling apprehension to every
whisper that meets his ear, pries into every corner,

amplifies and misinterprets every thing that is said or done, and applies all he hears or sees to the subject of his fears.

— Like one upon a rock,
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
 He marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever that some envious surge,
 Will in its brinish bowels swallow him.

Watching the object of his suspicions with more than the eyes of *Argus*, he observes on whom she looks, and tortures all her actions, however indifferent, into a criminal intent. The sweet smiles of innocence and complacency; the tender emotions of pity; the approbations of good nature; the mere condescensions of civility and politeness; and even the slightest attentions of common courtesy, distract him. A mouse cannot stir, or the wind blow against the window, but he fancies it is the favoured rival who has destroyed his peace, and is seeking to repeat his invasions of his honour. The dearest friend, or nearest kinsman, cannot visit his house, without immediately becoming the object of his suspicions. The servants are placed as centinels to watch the conduct of each other; all to observe and communicate to him the actions of their unhappy mistress. The idea of security is lost in his hourly increasing apprehensions of
 danger;

danger; no argument, however clear, can satisfy or remove the prejudices of his mind; no evidence, however cogent, can divert the muddied current of his thoughts: his whole soul is involved in a vortex of distraction. His speech falters; his countenance discovers perplexity in the extreme; his gestures become distorted; he starts at every passing shadow; scowls with an evil eye on all around him; walks here, now there, with hurried steps and folded arms:

And as his heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in the hollow prison of his breast,
He thumps it down again,

biting his blood-stained lips; rolling his ferocious eyes, and studying what "art can make heavy or vengeance bitter," until breaking into curses loud and deep, uttering horrid groans, and venting intermingled sighs and tears, he rages into fury, or sinks into despair; and at length, in some paroxysm of MADNESS, or of MELANCHOLY, murders the innocent and lovely object, whose life and happiness it was once his highest pride and pleasure to promote and save. Dreadful state!

O JEALOUSY! that every woe exceeds,
And soon to death the wretched sufferer leads;
Thou canst with cruel falshood reason blind,
And burst the closest ties that hold mankind!

The deep indented wounds made by this hideous monster, are said to be incurable; and, indeed, if they be neglected in the earliest stages, there are but few sufferers who can ever hope again to enjoy the sunshine of the breast. REASON, if it can be induced to operate, is the only power by which a recovery can possibly be effected. A moment's calm and dispassionate thought will convince a JEALOUS HUSBAND, that the *fancied infidelity* of his wife only exposes him to the derision of a malicious and unfeeling world, and that her *real infidelity* is a misfortune, which, as he can not possibly avoid, he ought to endure with quietude and resignation. Jealousy without cause, therefore, is ridiculous; and with it, lamentable; and surely every wise man will endeavour to prevent his being either laughed at or pitied; for who in reason will not avoid becoming

A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
To point his slowly moving finger at?

Supposing he has observed the lightness of his wife's character, how much better is it to dissemble the misfortune that cannot be avoided, than to aggravate it by excess of misery.

He's truly valiant, who can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His

His outsides: wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart
 To bring it into danger.

Especially, as in such a case he has frequently the comfort of knowing that he is not without a multitude of companions: for who is there that can with certainty say he is free from this misfortune, or assure himself that he has not now a decorated brow, or may not hereafter be in this particular predicament? It would, indeed, be a grievous situation if such a sufferer stood alone, and was of all the noble herd the only one who was compelled to bear the brunt, and stand at bay;

“ Butting, with antlers long and large, the pack

“ Of yelping curs that press on every side.”

But this being a common calamity, “ a destiny,” as *Othello* says, “ unshunable, like death,” ought not in reason or in prudence to be taken so sensibly to heart. The frequency of the accident ought to lessen the bitterness of it. The man whose lock another's key will open, cannot reasonably expect to keep his jewel unpurloined; and if the loser levy HUE AND CRY from town to town to apprehend the thief, he only brings a *passé* round his heels to publish his disgrace, and circulate the tale. When the emperor *Severus* passed an edict to punish the crime of

adultery, there were no less, as *Dion Nicæus* relates, than three thousand cuckold-makers, or, as *Philo* calls them, clippers of the legal coins, brought into court in one day. The accused in such case might be punished, but it was the accusers who were exposed. Wise husbands, therefore, keep the bitters as well as the sweets of matrimony to themselves :

— The mysteries of love
Should be kept private as religious rites
From the unhallowed view of common eyes.

It may, however, be fairly asked, whether a man ought, in prudence and good sense, so to act in so unfortunate a situation. Why not? The *vinculum matrimonii*, alas! is a gordian knot, difficult to cut, and almost impossible to be untied. A divorce, indeed, may dissolve the tie; but this is a proceeding, even when extending only to a separation from *bed and board*, not favoured by THE LAW; and if it were, the sex, *si non castè tamen cautè*, are, in managing the business of intrigue, so cautiously cunning, that, though the practices were commoner than simony, or more manifest than the nose on a man's face, sufficient evidence of THE FACT can seldom be acquired. The searcher withers and dies while he is in pursuit of so obscure a proof. Besides, a gallant man, though he is
pitied

pitied for this misfortune, is not difesteemed. Wise men, therefore, will order matters so, that their virtues may smother such misfortunes, if known to others; and if only to themselves, will make a virtue of necessity, and shrinking up his horns into his shell, keep, if possible, a quiet possession of it. “*Sapientes portant cornua in pectore, stulti in fronte,*” says, *Nevisanus*: “Wise men bear their horns in their bosoms; but “fools wear them on their foreheads.” The curiosity, indeed, which many husbands indulge, of prying with eagles’ eyes into the private conduct of their wives, is not only dangerous, but absurd: for “it is like,” says *Montaigne*, “inquiring into a disease for which there is no “medicine that does not inflame and make it “worse. It is to a very fine purpose to open “the curtain, and lift up the quilt, only to discover our misfortunes, and to trumpet them “on tragic scaffolds; and such misfortunes too, “as only sting us the more, the more they are “reported.” Discreet men will avoid this tormenting and unprofitable knowledge, and follow the example of *Rinaldo*, who refused to taste of the enchanted cup of *Melissa*, by which he was to discover the chastity or infidelity of his wife; wisely chusing to remain in that happy ignorance which secures his tranquillity.

How oft have some, through jealousy, pursu'd,
 Without a cause, the gentle and the good!
 How oft secure their lives have others led,
 Yet borne the branching honors of the head!
 Weak and insensible's the jealous mind,
 Which seeks for that it ne'er would wish to find.
 As ADAM, when the fatal fruit he tried,
 Which GOD himself had to his taste denied,
 Incurr'd what pains from disobedience flow,
 And fell from highest bliss to deepest woe;
 So when a husband with too curious eye
 Into his wife's recluser deeds would pry,
 He quits content, his folly to deplore,
 And never shall his peace recover more.

Even if some officious, pick-thank friend, "some
 " busy and insinuating rogue, some cogging,
 " cozening slave," to curry favour and get some
 office; or if some fiend, *Iago* like, to gratify re-
 venge, should inform a happy husband of his
 misfortune, and shew him his rival in warm
 entreaty with his wife, let him not "turn his
 " wit the feamy side without, but smell the
 " business with a sense as cold as is a dead
 " man's nose;" not puddle his clear spirit, but
 reply as *Pertinax*, the emperor, did to the
 fiddler, under the like circumstances; "Peace,
 " you fool! let him do his worst: I can safely
 " trust the virtue of my wife even with him:"
 for if it cannot be dissembled in silence, it must
 be

be passed over in a joke, as *Guexerra* advifes, *vel joco excipies vel silentio eludes.*

Though Etna's fires within your bosom glow,
 Dissemble, and appear more cold than snow:
 In spite of torture, still from tears refrain;
 Laugh when you have most reason to complain.
 Nor do I such severe commands impart,
 At once to bid you tear her from your heart;
 But counterfeit: you'll prove, in the event,
 The careless lover whom you represent.

A good fellow, whose wife was brought to bed in two months after the wedding day, immediately bought six cradles, as a sufficient stock for the whole year, saying very calmly, that as he supposed God intended to bless him with a child every other month, it was as well to make provision at once for the whole brood; whence it has become a proverb, that *it is better to be a buyer of cradles, than a jealous husband.* Fair means peradventure may do somewhat: *Obsequio vinces aptius ipse tuo.* Men and women are both in a predicament, in this behalf; so sooner won, and better satisfied. *Duci volunt, non cogi:* though she be as arrant a scold as *Xantippe*, as cruel as *Medea*, as clamorous as *Hecuba*, and as incontinent as *Messalina*, she may by such means, if at all, be probably reformed. Many patient grizels, by obsequiousness in

this situation, have reclaimed their wandering husbands. The best cure is effected by fair means, and if that will not do, it must be dissembled; for if a husband take exceptions at every little thing his wife does, neither the wisdom of *Solomon*, the valour of *Hercules*, the learning of *Homer*, the patience of *Socrates*, nor the vigilancy of *Argus*, will serve his turn. It is therefore a less mischief, as *Nevisanus* truly observes, to dissemble, and be *cunarum emptor*, a buyer of cradles, than to be too solicitous upon this mysterious subject. A sensible and humorous fellow being informed, that a friend had done that for him which every man desires to do for himself, followed him one day in a great rage, with his drawn sword; and having at length overtaken him, immediately accused him, amidst a surrounding multitude, of having committed adultery with his wife. The offender very honestly confessed the fact. "It is well, you villain," replied the husband, "that you have been so candid as to confess it; for if you had dared to deny it, I would certainly have been the death of you." But it is always better to act the part of *Cornelius Tacitus* than of *Publius Cornutus*, to contemn the injury, and take no notice of it, than to divulge one's own shame, and to remain for ever a cuckold upon record. *Henry* the Second, king of *France*, when a courtier confided to him

his

his suspicion of the unchastity of his wife, truly told him that, " he who fears his wife's virtue, or the Pope's curse, can never have a merry hour, or sleep a quiet night." Husbands, therefore, will do well to avoid this tormenting suspicion.

But as it is, in general, the light and airy conduct of a wife that first occasions suspicions of her character, fixing the affections on a virtuous and proper object, will greatly contribute to avoid the afflictions of jealousy. Rules of various kinds have occasionally been prescribed by *Patritius*, *Fonseca*, *Neander*, *Shonbernerus*, *Guianerius*, *Cleobulus*, and other writers on this subject: but though they often differ from each other, and sometimes from themselves, they all concur in exhorting the parties to proceed with timid, slow, and cautious steps to the great and serious election of a wife; to take particular care that she be of honest and respectable parents; and possess not only equality of years, sufficiency of fortune, congeniality of temper, uniformity of sentiment, and mutuality of affection, but, above all, a combined fondness and reverence for VIRTUE and RELIGION. If, says *Plutarch*, a man ought to eat, *modium salis*, a bushel of salt with another before he chooses him for his friend, how careful should he be in choosing that second self,

a WIFE! How solicitously should he observe her qualities and behaviour! and even when he is assured of them, how cautious should he be, not to prefer birth, fortune, beauty, before a virtuous education, and a good condition! The youthful beauties of *Italy* soon procure husbands; but those who have the misfortune to be ugly or deformed, change their lovely names of *Lucia*, *Cynthia*, *Camæna*, for the more homely appellations of *Dorothy*, *Ursula*, and *Bridget*, and put themselves, even at an early age, into the seclusions of the nunnery, as if no women were fit for marriage, but such as are eminently fair: but this custom proceeds not only upon an erroneous but a cruel principle; for the experience of the more northern climates proves, that a modest, moral, well educated, and sensible girl, is frequently far preferable, as a wife, and makes a man a more rational and comfortable companion in his voyage through life, than her high-aspiring, and more beautiful, but less worthy and meritorious, sister. The temple of *Cassandra*, the celebrated Italian sanctuary for deformed maids, is more likely to furnish a good wife, than the temple of *Venus* itself. Few will envy a man the possession of a character, whose extraordinary merits few are qualified to understand or to enjoy; but all are candidates for the prize of beauty; and no man can be really happy in
the

the possession of that which every other man is anxiously endeavouring to take away.* A woman who has little reason to be vain of her personal charms is, in general, diffident in her manners, decent in her attire, attached to her domestic duties, and in every way studious to make home comfortable, her husband happy, and herself respected: but beauty is generally blazing forth in all the extravagancies of dress and fashion, looking around for the accustomed tribute of adulation, ever going, like *Dinah* of old, "to see the daughters of the land," and frequently meeting with a *Hevite* to despoil her of her charms; for a woman who is continually wandering abroad, is considered, like an outlying deer, to be a common prey. Of such a wife every husband must be unavoidably jealous, and of course miserable, until a contempt of her conduct and character has rendered him callous and indifferent. "That woman is best," says *Thucydides*, "*de quo minimus foras habetur sermo*, who is least talked of abroad; for if she be a noted reveller, gadder, singer, pranker or dancer,

* The mind of Don Quixote was perfectly tranquil and serene, in believing that he was only in possession of a *barber's basin*; but when his distempered mind had converted this useful article into a thing of so great value and request as *Mambrino's helmet*, all the world, he thought, would persecute him for the purpose of taking it away.

cer, let him take heed. A wife, therefore, to win the esteem and secure the kindness of a husband, must not only be modest, affable, good-natured, frugal, sober, thrifty and circumspect, but above all, *silent* and *domestic*. A fondness for home, and a discreet exercise of that noble organ the tongue, are said, by an ancient writer, to be the most important excellencies of the female character. *Phidias*, the celebrated painter at *Elis*, painted *Venus* treading on the back of a tortoise, to signify how necessary it is that beauty should be silent and recluse. An eminent philosopher insists that no woman should come abroad more than three times in her whole life: first, to be baptized; then to be married; and lastly, to be entombed. Extravagant, however, as this idea is, and different as a *prison* is from *privacy*, it may fairly be supposed to intimate, that the highest honour of a virtuous female, is a rational seclusion and retreat. As to

SILENCE, it is, indeed, at proper times, a most important virtue in a wife. A husband is not intitled to be provoking; he ought to treat his wife with the tenderest regard, and kindest attention; but if he should be disposed to indulge any supposed prerogative, or possess a surly and impatient temper, he is more likely to be conquered by submission than resistance. Gentle-
ness

ness and silence not unfrequently lead those stubborn beasts, Anger and Authority, by the nose, and impose upon them the collar of obedience, and the muzzle of restraint; while roughness and resistance only provoke and heighten the fury they are exercised to subdue. If a husband swerve occasionally into intemperate violence, it is "the falconer's gentle voice must lure the tassel back again:" The tongue of real love is "silver sweet;" but "fierce contention croaks till it is hoarse, and begets the angry jar of foul retort and aggravation."

Oh! blest with TEMPER, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to day!
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools;
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys.

A noisy female, who used to "bandy word for word and frown for frown," complaining to one of her neighbours of her husband's intolerable temper and impatience, was presented with a bottle of a certain liquid, and told that if she would fill a glass with it, and hold it continually to her lips whenever her husband was out of humour, it would, from the qualities it possessed, not only soften his passion, and prevent its return, but give her a decided superiority over him.

him. The woman cordially thanked her neighbour for so valuable a present; and, upon applying this medicine whenever her husband was angry, according to the method prescribed, soon found that he was cured of the violence of which she had complained. She accordingly returned with a grateful heart to her neighbour, to announce her success, and requested she would inform her of the ingredients of which this extraordinary specific was composed. "Composed," replied her neighbour; "why it is nothing but simple water, good woman, I assure you; and if you will always keep yourself as composed as you were while this water was at your lips, you will have very little to fear from your husband's tongue; for it was your imprudent retorts that increased the violence of his passion, but which your silence will always be sufficient to subdue."

This story, and perhaps some other observations which have been or may be made in the course of the work, may seem to impute the general defects in connubial felicity to the misconduct of the female sex; but every observation that is applied to women, may, *mutato nomine*, for the most part, be also understood of men. A good fellow once bespoke of *Passus*, the painter, the picture of a horse, which he desired might be represented as lying on its back with

with its heels upwards; but the artist, instead of so doing, made the animal completely passant. When the fellow came for the portrait, he was of course violently angry, and swore that the posture of the horse was directly the reverse of what he had desired; but *Passus* turning the picture upside down, and shewing his employer the horse with his heels upwards, gave him complete satisfaction: So only reverse the portraits here drawn, and all will be right. It is, indeed, but impartial justice in all cases of matrimonial controversy, to impute a certain share of blame to both parties, and to exact mutual concessions, which of course will give superiority of merit to that party who first submits; for they must be cautious not to turn the portrait on each other. The matrons of Rome, who were so renowned for good management, that old *Cato* told the senate, "we Romans govern all the world abroad, but are ourselves governed by our wives at home," erected a temple to that *viri placæ Dea*, and another to *Venus verticordia quæ maritos uxoribus reddebat benevolos*, whither man and wife, when any difference happened betwixt them, instantly resorted, and by offering, with mutual submission, a white heart without gall, a sacrifice for the restoration of conjugal peace, they appeased, in general, the offended deity.

The

The best means, however, to avoid the miseries and misfortunes of JEALOUSY, is to avoid or eradicate *heroic love*, the source from which this malevolent passion takes its varying and destructive course.

To CURE, ease, alter, or expel the stubborn and unbridled passion of Heroic Love, physicians have prescribed a variety of rules, which, as I do but light my candle at their torches, I shall endeavour to epitomize in my own way.

THE FIRST RULE is to attend to EXERCISE and DIET; for it is an old and well known observation, that *sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus*; and as an idle, sedentary life, with liberal feeding, are great causes of the complaint, so the opposite habits of labour, and continual business, with a slender and sparing diet, are the best and most ordinary means of its prevention and cure. The deities *Minerva, Diana, Vesta*, and the *Muses*, or, in other words, Wisdom, Virtue, Chastity, and Wit, as they are never idle, are never affected with this disease.

If, therefore, you expect to find redress,
 In the first place, take leave of idleness.
 'Tis this that kindles first the fond desire;
 'Tis this brings fuel to the amorous fire.

Bar idleness, you ruin *Cupid's* game ;
 You blunt his arrows, and you quench his flame.
 Mind business, if your passion you'd destroy ;
 Secure is he who can himself employ.
 The slothful he seeks out, and makes his prize ;
 But from the man of business quickly flies.

Guianerius, therefore, advises these unhappy sufferers to wear hair-cloth next their skins, to go barefooted and barelegged in the coldest weather, to whip themselves a little now and then, as monks do; but, above all, to fast and pray; not on rich wines, and the daintiest viands, as many of those tender-bellies do, however they may put on lenten faces, but to abstain totally from every sort of fermented liquor and inflaming food; particularly wine, it being *animæ virus et vitiorum fomes**; for which cause women were anciently forbid to take it. Our Saviour declares this disorder to be “a ferocious devil, that cannot be cast out, except by prayer and fasting;” and it was a strict adherence to the words of this divine oracle, that those celebrated anchorets, *St. Paul, St. Hilary, St. Anthony*, and others, subdued their desires, and made, to use their own expression, “the stubborn animal leave off kicking.” The earlier *Brachmanni* also preserved their continence, by abstaining from

* Nec minus erucas aptum est vitare salaces,
 Et quicquid Veneri corpora nostra parat.

from animal food, covering themselves with the skins of wild beasts, and lying on the ground covered, as the redshanks do on madder. "Hunger," says *St. Ambrose*, "is the friend of virtue, and the enemy of vice:" a course of bread and water must necessarily tend to quiet the most violent perturbations. "And if these means will not produce the desired effect, the unhappy sufferer," says *Crates*, "has only one resource—a halter." This, however, must be jocosely taken; for what abstinence denies, may still be effected by the exertions of reason, and the fervency of prayer. If, however, the patient be much dejected, low in bodily strength, and sinking under despair, through grief, and too sensible a feeling of his situation, a cup of wine, and more exhilarating diet, may be safely administered; for a lover who has, as it were, through impatience, reduced himself below the regular standard of his health, must, like a wandering traveller, be called to his proper home by the allurements of mirth, and the incitements of good cheer. Abstinence, indeed, must not be carried to excess; a temperate and regular diet is all that is required. The effervescence of the passion must by this means be softened and allayed. But it is by the voice of reason alone that the complaint can be ultimately cured. The Athenian women, in their solemn feasts called *Thesmopheries*, were

to

to abstain nine days from animal food, during which time, as *Ælian* relates, they had a certain herb, called *hanea*, in their beds, which assuaged the ardent flames of love, and freed them from the torments of that violent passion. The ancient Scythians are said to have cured themselves by bleeding copiously under the ears. But it was the abstinence which these remedies created that produced the effect. The *fever of love* may certainly rage so fiercely through the veins of particular patients, as to make venesection necessary; for bleeding, as *Avicenna* observes, “*amantes ne sint amentes*, prevents lovers from becoming mad.” But the syrup of *bellebore*, and such other medicines as have power to alter the humours of the blood, and are usually prescribed for all diseases accompanied with *black choler*, will produce the same effect: for love, when heroic, is nothing more than a particular species of madness, and must be cured by similar means.

But different minds for different methods call;
 Nor what cures most, will have effect on all.
 Ev'n that which makes another's flame expire,
 Perhaps may prove but fuel to your fire.

THE SECOND RULE, in the cure of this disease, is *obstare principiis*, to withstand the beginning of it; for he who will but resist at first,

first, may easily be a conqueror at last. "When a youth," says the judicious *Baltazar Castilio*, "observes a beautiful woman, and perceives his eyes pull this image of perfection to his bosom, and convey it to his heart; when he feels the influence of this new power throughout his frame, and finds the subtle spirit, which sparkles in her eyes, adding increase of fuel to the spreading flame; he must immediately recall the retiring powers of reason, fortify his heart against the surrounding danger, and shut up every avenue of his soul through which the envenomed shaft of love can penetrate." *Ovid* also, in his remedy for this disease, prescribes the same advice*.

While the soft passion plays about the heart,
 Before the tickling venom turns to smart,
 Break then, for then you may, the treach'rous dart.
 Tear up the seeds of the unrooted ill
 While they are weak, and you have power to kill.
 Beware delay: the tender bladed grain
 Shot up to stalk can stand the wind and rain.
 Check love's first symptoms, the weak foe surprize,
 Who, once intrench'd, will all your arts despise.
 Slip not one minute; who defers to-day,
 To-morrow will be hardened in delay.

The

* *Aristo* also breathes the same sentiments on this subject:

Whoe'er his feet on Cupid's snares shall set,
 Must seek t' escape, ere the entangling net
 His wings has caught; for sage experience tells,
 In love extreme, extreme of madness dwells.

The patient, perhaps, cannot more effectually follow these salutary admonitions, than by trusting the secret of his passion to the bosom of a confidential and judicious friend; for, *qui tacitus ardet magis uritur*, the more he conceals his sufferings, the more they will increase. But by all means he should immediately remove from the presence of the beloved and fascinating object; for who can too closely approach a fire, and not be burned? The dalliance, tender looks, soft speeches, amiable smiles, sweet graces, and bewitching touches, which the presence of the inspiring maid presents to the eye, the ear, and all the quickened senses of the enamoured youth, are so many gilded poisons to his peace, and will prove more fatal than the tongue of the serpent, or the eye of the basilisk. Immediate absence, therefore, is the only means of checking in its earliest stage the progress of this insinuating disease; or of attaining that oblivion by which it can be ultimately cured; for as a view of pomp renews ambition, so does the sight or recollection of the adored object revive the feelings of heroic love. *Ovid*, in speaking of the patients he had cured by his remedies for love, says,

One who quite through his course had gone,
By living near his mistress was undone:
Rashly his strength, ere well confirm'd, he tries;
Too weak to stand th' encounter of her eyes.

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She met, and conquer'd with a single view,
 And all his fresh skin'd wounds gush'd forth anew.
 To save your house from neighbouring fire is hard ;
 Distance from danger is the surest guard.

Alexander, who thought it more glorious and worthy of a king to conquer himself than to subdue his enemies, appears to have been extremely sensible of the danger to which the sight of *Statira*, and her beautiful daughters, might have exposed the tranquillity of his heart, when, being informed that they were among the captives taken in the tent of *Darius*, he not only refused to visit them, but forbid every man to speak of their beauty in his presence ; for, says *Plutarch*, *formosam videre periculosissimum* ; the sight of beauty is greatly dangerous. *Cyrus* also observed the same caution, from the like apprehension of danger, with respect to the beautiful *Panthea*, the wife of the captive *Abradatus*. And if further illustration of the dangers to which the sight of beauty may expose the most virtuous heart were required, we might refer to the well known story of the continence of *Scipio*.

THE THIRD RULE, as the best, the readiest, and the surest way to avoid the dangers of *presence*, is *loci mutatio*, to send the lovers several ways, so that they shall have no opportunity of seeing

seeing or hearing of each other again. For this purpose, poets, divines, philosophers, and physicians, particularly *Savanarola*, *Gordonius*, and *Laurentius*, exclaim, in unison, like hounds in full cry, "*Elongatio à patria.*"—" *Mutet patriam.*"—" *Distrabatur ad longinquas regiones.*"—Send him to travel; for as time and patience wear away grief, and fire goes out for want of fuel, so travelling is an antidote to love.

Travel all you, who find your fetters strong;
 Set out betimes, and let your route be long;
 And how much more reluctant you proceed,
 Compel your feet to so much greater speed.
 Advance; let nothing interrupt your way,
 Nor wind, nor weather, nor unlucky day;
 Nor reckon time, nor once look back on Rome,
 But fly, and, Parthian like, by flight o'ercome.
 Rebellious love, if he perceives you halt,
 With greater fury will renew the assault;
 Half famish'd passion will more fiercely prey,
 And all your labours past be thrown away.
 These precepts may seem hard, and so they are;
 But for dear health, who would not hardship bear?

Isæus, a philosopher of *Affyria*, was in his youth so dissolutely devoted to this heroic passion, that his heart was never free; but, by the opportunities of travelling, the admonitions of his friends, and the exertions of his own sound under-

standing, he completely rescued himself from the talons of the harpy, and became, as it were, a new man. The parents of the celebrated poet *Propertius*, sent him for the same cause, and with the same effect, to *Athens*. *Godefridus* tells a story, out of *St. Ambrose*, of a young man who, after a long absence, meeting with an old sweetheart, on whom he had doated to distraction, scarcely noticed her; on which she immediately told him who she was. "I know," replied he, "that you are the *same woman* who once subdued my heart; but I am now not the *same man* who was so subdued." It was immediate flight alone that saved *Eneas* from the captivating charms of *Dido*. *Heinsius* inculcates this advice, in his epistle to his friend *Primierus*, in a manner equally laconic and humorous. "First fast," says he; "then tarry; thirdly, change your situation; and fourthly, think of a halter: for if change of place, continuance of time, and absence, will not efface the impressions of love, death alone can remove them."

THE FOURTH RULE is to divert the affections into another channel, and by a greater perturbation to drive away the less. The total loss of property, or the sudden accession to some high and unexpected honor, has frequently abated, and

and sometimes cured, the extravagance of love, as the violent convulsions of a hiccup have been appeased and driven away by momentary alarm and surprize. *St. Jerome*, in his epistle to *Rusticus*, the monk, relates a story of a young Grecian, who, while he resided in one of the Egyptian monasteries, was so afflicted with this heroic passion, that neither abstinence, absence, traveling, or persuasion, could effect his cure. The abbot, however, at length concerted a scheme with one of the monks that produced the effect. The monk seizing a proper opportunity and occasion, entered into a violent and seemingly serious quarrel with the youthful lover; fixed the reproach of robbery upon his character; openly defamed him before all the fraternity; and procuring pretended witnesses of the imputed fact, made a formal accusation to the abbot, which he pledged himself to support. The youth, conscious of his innocence, but unable to disprove the charge, wept incessantly for several days in all the agonies of grief; but when the disorder into which he had been thrown, had been suffered for some time to prevail, the abbot undertook his defence, and, after shewing his innocence from the improbabilities of the charge, weaned him from his new, and thereby cured him of his old affliction.

A FIFTH RULE is to drive out one passion by another; and by turning or subdividing the stream of affection into different channels, to exhaust or diminish it; as a great river, when made to supply a number of canals, runs low, and is at last emptied. The maxim of *Clavum clavo repellere*, was in high repute with the heathen philosophers, who maintained that

E'en as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another;
So all remembrance of a former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

It operates like poison against poison, each being made to counteract the other.

Pan sighs for *Echo* o'er the lawn;
Sweet *Echo* loves the dancing *Fawn*;
The dancing *Fawn* fair *Lyda* charms:
As *Echo* *Pan's* soft bosom warms,
So for the *Fawn* sweet *Echo* burns;
Thus, all inconstant in their turns,
Both fondly woo, are fondly woo'd,
Pursue, and are themselves pursu'd;
And as the woo'd slight those that woo,
So those who slight are slighted too.

I loved, says *Tatius*, the charming *Amie*, until I saw the lovely *Floriat*; but when I beheld the beauties of my *Cynthia*, I sigh'd for her alone, until the roseate *Phillis* caught my view, whose charms

charms would have subdued my soul, if the divine *Amaryllis* had not saved me. Oh! divine *Amaryllis*, how enchanting she appeared, until I saw the all-excelling *Cloris*, to whom my heart continued fixed, until I saw another, and another, and so on, always liking her best whom I saw last.

The figure of each former love was thaw'd,
And, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bore no impression of the thing it was.

Triton, the sea god, was a lover of this description, as the complaints of his inconstancy uttered by *Leucothoë*, *Milane*, *Galatea*, and other nymphs, demonstrate.

Each nymph by turns his wavering mind possess'd,
And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast.

One Cupid is generally described contending with others for THE GARLAND OF LOVE; and an heroic lover who sees a variety of beautiful women, will seldom fix his affection for any length of time on one alone. The garland is continually shifting its situation, and losing some portion of its strength and beauty at each remove. *Ovid*, therefore, gives his pupils the following advice upon this subject.

If to excess you find your passion rise,
I would at once two mistresses advise.

Divided care will give your mind relief ;
 What nourish'd one, may starve the twins of grief.
 Large rivers drain'd in many streams grow dry :
 Withdraw its fuel, and the flame will die.
 What ship can safely with one anchor ride,
 With several cables she can brave the tide.
 Who can at once two passions entertain,
 May free himself at will from either chain.

The young man mentioned by *Lucian*, who, being very desperately in love with a beautiful woman, went by chance to the theatre, where seeing other fair objects equally beautiful, immediately recovered, and returned home as free from his former perturbations, as if he had drunk the waters of *Lethe*, in the cave of *Trophonius*, proves the efficacy of *Ovid's* advice. "Home-keeping youths," says *Shakespeare*, "have ever homely wits;" but a free and extensive commerce with THE WORLD, inculcates a degree of good sense, which cures this romantic folly. A mouse, says a fabulist, was brought up in a chest, and being fed in plenty upon cheese, conceived there could not be a better kind of food; but at length escaping from his circumscribed condition, and feeding luxuriously as he wandered through the closets of the opulent, on a rich variety of viands, he lost his former appetite for cheese, and forgot the pleasures of his original chest. *Plato*, in his seventh

seventh book *de Legibus*, tells a pleasant story to the like effect, of a city under ground, the inhabitants of which being furnished through certain apertures with small portions of light, conceived it was impossible there should be any other place equally capable of affording them pleasure and delight; but when some of them emerged from their subterranean darkness, and beheld the beauties of the broad and glorious day, although they were at first uncomfortably dazzeled by its superior light, they soon disdained the fancied felicities of their dark abode, and deplored the miseries of their concealed friends:

For he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit t' exchange the bad for better.

A SIXTH RULE is to follow the advice, good counsel, and timely persuasion of friends. Many are of opinion, that in this blind, licentious passion, counsel can do no good; but without question, good counsel and advice must needs be of great force, especially if it proceed from a wise, fatherly, revered, discreet person, of some authority, whose favor, and good opinion, the sufferer stands in awe of, and respects. The kind advice of a sensible friend must, upon all occasions, have a great effect. *Gordonius*, the physician, attributes to it so powerful an influence, that he recommends its application in the

earliest stages of the disease, or, at least, after the first fury of the passion has abated by time or absence; and, indeed, it is quite as useless to offer advice while the bosom is raging with its fires, as it would be to administer consolation to affectionate parents, who had just lost an only and beloved child; but the moment the rays of reason begin to dawn, a friendly and temperate representation of the miserable and ruinous consequences that are likely to ensue from an indulgence of the prevailing desire, and of the high advantages which may result from suppressing it, may certainly be attended with very beneficial effects; for what *Seneca* has said of vice, may, with equal truth, be said of this heroic passion: *Sine magistro discitur, vix sine magistro deseritur*; it is acquired without instruction, but cannot be unlearned without a tutor. The judicious expostulations of a kind friend, therefore, shewing the unhappy sufferer the lamentable consequences that are likely to ensue from an indulgence of the disease, and which the blindness and fury of his passion prevents him from observing by his own reflection,

Although it cannot quench his love's hot fire,
May qualify the fire's extremest rage,
- And keep it still within the bounds of reason.

The contest, on the part of the pupil, may be difficult, but the prize to be obtained is great; for the loss and gain are no less than the pleasures of paradise or the pains of hell.

The beloved object must be either chaste or unchaste. If unchaste, let the adviser recommend to the idolater of such a deity, to read the affecting letter which *Eneas Sylvius* has addressed to his deluded friend *Nicholas of WARTHURGE*, where he will find the baleful character on which he has fixed his affection described in its true light and genuine colours. "A bitter delight, a gilded poison, a brilliant mischief, a splendid but certain misery; the mercenary corrupter of his youth, the spoiler of his fortune, the ruin of his honor, and, perhaps, the destroyer of his life." But if this eloquent epistle should produce no effect, let him peruse the candid, but melancholy, confession of the penitent *Lucretia*, the celebrated Roman courtesan, in which he will find that anger, envy, pride, sacrilege, theft, slaughter, and every disgraceful and pernicious vice, were born on the day when woman first commenced the trade of harlotry: that the miserable wretches who pursue this deeply mired path, are more tyrannical than an Eastern despot, more malignant than a cancerous disease, more malicious than a satyr, and

more rapacious and unprincipled than the devil himself; and that if, from the beginning of time, there ever was a character scandalously bad, from the lowest to the highest degree, *mala, peior, pessima*, it is that abandoned, profligate and miserable character which the world so mistakingly calls *a woman of pleasure*. “O *Antonia*,” exclaims this miserable magdalen, “how many virtuous youths have I consigned to infamy and ruin! The human eye sees and admires the outward symmetry of my fine and faultless person; but it is the Great Searcher of all Truth alone that can discover and sufficiently detest the deformity of my mind. My body, fair as it may seem, is a corrupted mass. I am, alas! the very sink of sin, and the impure puddle of all iniquity.” Let, I say, the young idolater read these confessions, and meditate on the consequences of such connections.

The object, however, of his illicit flame may be already A WIFE; the wife, perhaps, of this egregious lover’s friend! If so, let his adviser represent to him that the crime of adultery is worse than that of whoredom; that it is an offence equally forbidden by the commandments of God, and the laws of the land; abominable in the sight of his Creator; deeply injurious to the happiness of his fellow-creature; unfriendly to his own welfare

fare

fare in this world, and destructive to his felicity in that which is to come; that it is, to use the words of *Shakespear*,

——— Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
 Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
 And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
 As false as dicers' oaths: O such a deed
 As from the very body of contraction plucks
 The very soul, and sweet RELIGION makes
 A rhapsody of words. That Heaven's face doth glow;
 And this solidity and compound mass
 With tristful visage, as against the doom,
 Is thought-sick at the act.

But if the object of his boiling passion be yet chaste and unmarried, let the adviser call forth all his eloquence, and shew, in nature's strongest language, the more than mortal crime of violating, with unhallowed hands, the sanctity of the sacred temple of virgin innocence, and unspotted truth!

Suppose, however, that his views are upright, and that he means to lead the object of his eager love in honorable bands to the altar of connubial *Hymen*; still there is matter for deep and serious consideration. It must not be concluded that the love is not *heroic*, because the god of

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warm desire may pierce the hearts, and the holy priest may join the hands of the uniting pair. To form the truly nuptial tie, REASON must rule, and PASSION wait upon its dictates. The affection which leads the heart to such a union, must be temperate, pure, and holy; founded on congeniality of disposition, similitude of sentiment, competency of fortune, equality of years, sincerity of disposition, virtuous principles, consent of parents, and approbation of friends: and even these advantages will scarcely be sufficient to secure a permanent felicity, unless a serious sense of RELIGION, and love of GOD, be the basis of the union. Let, therefore, the adviser admonish his pupil, before he thinks of approaching the SACRED ALTAR, to weigh seriously what it is he is about to perform; and impress strongly on his mind, that matrimony is the most important act of a man or woman's life; that it is a holy league and covenant, entered into in the sight of GOD, typifying the union between our Saviour and his church; and not an amorous enterprise, to be lightly undertaken, at the instigation of unruly appetite, but to be reverently, discreetly, and soberly formed, in the fear and face of Almighty God: a contract in which the parties solemnly promise to forsake all others; to help, comfort, love, cherish, and obey each other, in all the various prosperities.

prosperities and adversities of life; and to live faithfully together, like *Abraham* and *Sarah*, *Isaac* and *Rebecca*, a pattern of conjugal fidelity and delight. Lovers, therefore, before they settle their affections with a view to matrimony, even if they be equal in years, birth, fortune, and other correspondent qualities, should reflect seriously on what they are about to undertake. At the moment their mutual passions are declared, each may appear unexceptionably perfect in the other's eyes; but reason and prudence will exhort them to postpone their union until time and opportunity has made them thoroughly acquainted with each other's character. Whatever can possibly be discovered after, should be mutually disclosed before the day of marriage, and nothing reserved which can possibly tend to the idea of disappointment or deceit. It is owing to some defect not previously made known, that the happiness of those heroic matches, which are urged on by vehement desires, and formed upon a short and superficial acquaintance, so frequently terminate with the honey moon of love. But let it be supposed that the intended bride is really as lovely in her person as she appears to be in the admiring eyes of her lover, or as an *elegans formarum spectator* could express; that nothing could be added or detracted to render her more compleat; that, like *Aliena*, in the language

language of *Ariosto*, and the opinion of *Dolcè*, she is a perfect beauty; he has yet to consider whether, when time shall rifle all the blooming graces of this charming flower, he can still remain contented with her temper and her mind. In short, lovers must have opportunity to see each other angry, merry, laughing, weeping, hot, cold, sick, fullen, dressed, undressed, in all attires, scites, attitudes, gestures, and passions, before they can denote the stamp and character they reciprocally possess; or resolve, with prudence, whether they are formed to make each other happy. *Leander* swam nightly over the *Hellepont* from *Abydus*, to converse with his beloved *Hero*, the priestess of the temple of *Venus* at *Sestos*; but being accidentally surpris'd by a storm, he was unable to resist the turbulence of the waves, and was drowned. The inhabitants of *Sestos* consecrated the illumined *Pharos* of the temple to *Anteros*, and ordained that none but lovers who made a prudent choice should light up the flame; but the temple, it is said, continued ever after involved in darkness. Notwithstanding, however, all the difficulties and dangers which surround this important election, **BACHELORS** are continually wishing

Once 'ere they die to taste the blisful life
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

And

And every VESTAL VIRGIN crying *Heigh-ho* for a husband! O blissful marriage! Oh most happy state! But, alas! when they have effected it, their usual fate is like that of the fickle birds in the emblem, who, while they were left at liberty to fly in and out of their gaudy cage at pleasure, were perfectly contented; but when the door was closed, and confinement had taken place, pined into sullenness, or beat themselves to death against the wires of their restraint. War and matrimony are noble things until they are tried, but both require great courage, infinite caution, and good management, to be continued with pleasure. Dangerous, however, as *premature marriage* certainly is, if neither one, nor all the rules before laid down, should be attended with the desired effect of curing the heat and extravagancy of *heroic love*, recourse must be had to the last refuge, or

THE SEVENTH RULE, which is, to let the parties have their will, and join their hands, according to their wishes and desires. A better cure for this bitter malady, *quàm ut amanti cedat amatum*, cannot be invented by *Esculapius* himself. But, alas! although this ultimate prescription may lead to extinguish the virulence of the complaint, it will not always insure the happiness of the complainant. And, indeed, there

there are many obstacles by which the administration of it may either totally, or for a time, be prevented.

FIRST, To administer this remedy with any hope of success, both the parties must be of the same mind, which is not always the case. A lover, particularly a female of delicate sensibility, is sometimes, either from modesty, or a fear of being repulsed, as unwilling to confess the secret of her heart, as she is willing to cherish the latent flame; as was the case with the fair *Elizabeth*, the daughter of *Edward the Fourth*, with respect to *Henry of Richmond*, who afterwards, by discovering her affection, and accepting of her hand, united the rival roses of *York* and *Lancaster*, and suppressed, in the arms of love*, the deadly feuds of war. And many a modest maiden is, perhaps, in a similar predicament. But those who love, and have address enough to make their passion known, may not be beloved again; for *Cupid*, that mischievous and malignant boy,

Two different shafts from his rich quiver draws;
One to repel desire, and one to cause.

One

* See the empassioned speech which is said to have been made by the Lady Elizabeth when Henry was proclaimed king. Speed's Chronicle.

One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold,
To bribe the love, and make the lover bold:
One blunt, and tipt with lead, whose base allay
Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.

And experience daily verifies the truth of this conceit. The more *Chorefus* loved *Callyr-rhoe*, the more he felt her increasing hate. The fair one is not always in a humour to be wooed; or, if pleased with courtship, not in a humour to be won. Coquetry and caprice, perhaps, mislead her mind; and her beating heart secretly denies the accents of her tongue: she declares her determination not to marry, or at least not yet; and, when continued importunities has exhausted her evasions, she at last informs her lover that, though he is well intitled, by his merits, to her choice, he is not the man with whom she can be happy. But mere caprice, and sentimental whim, are not the only impediments in forming the nuptial league; the want of sufficient beauty, fortune, birth, and station, on the part of the lovers, and the suggestions of pride, or the workings of envy, on the part of the beloved, are frequently the grounds on which the heroic fair decline to give their hands. A young lady of elevated notions, whose fortune and beauty are, or fancied to be, equal to those which her mother, her sister, or other well-

well-married female friends possessed, expects, of course, to make as good a match as either of them, or as *Matilda*, or *Dorinda*, or *Serephina*, or any other dame with sounding name had made, sacrificing the ideas of domestic comfort to the ostentatious parade of public shew. But these high aspiring females, while they boggle thus at every object, and strive so eagerly to possess the toy of grandeur, or detain the tongue of adulation, lose the chances upon which they so fondly reckon, and become the scorn of those who before hailed them with their love. There are also many young men equally obstinate, tyrannical, proud, insulting, deceitful, and over curious in their choice: and thus it is that, by endeavouring to gratify the VICES which in general form the basis of the *heroic passion*, instead of following the suggestion of those VIRTUES on which *nuptial love* can alone exist, lovers obstruct *the union* from which they expect such exalted happiness; and by improperly contemning others, not only become contemned themselves, but are, at length, obliged to accept of offers far inferior to those they have before rejected. Like the proud mare, in *Plutarch*, who refused to draw with any but the greatest and the noblest horses, until, in the course of time, perceiving, by the reflection of the water into which she went to drink, that the flowing beauties of her crest

no longer remained, she suffered herself to be harnessed to an ass. *Volat irrevocabile tempus*; such vain and foolish women wander, in their proud conceits, from a garden of roses into a waste of thistles; and, by neglecting the proper time to take the honey off the flowers, are at length obliged to put up with the bitterness of the weeds. But to sacrifice the fairest prospects of connubial happiness to the more glittering and ambitious views of splendor and riches, is a fault more frequently attributable to the avarice and pride of parents, than to the love of ostentation in their children, as we shall hereafter shew. Some times, indeed, the affection of the person beloved is really and irrevocably fixed upon another; and this is the most unconquerable and disastrous impediment to the enjoyments of heroic love. In such case, the only remedy the disappointed lover can apply, is wisely and warily, by the means before mentioned, to unwind the cords he has twisted around his heart, and, by unsettling his affections, to set himself free; to bear it bravely out, with a kind of heroic scorn, as *Turnus* did when he resigned *Lavinia* to the arms of *Eneas*; or else with a mild farewell, to let her go as the fox in the fable did the grapes, when he perceived they were out of his reach. But let us suppose a *mutuus amor*, an interchange of love and mutual affection,

tion, and the parties to be reciprocally disposed to receive each other's hand, yet other obstacles may interpose to prevent the union; for,

SECONDLY, to administer the remedy of marriage with proper effect, it is necessary to have the consent of parents or guardians, from whom objections respecting disparity of birth or fortune are more likely to arise than from heroic lovers themselves, who, in general, in forming this connection, despise those properties, which the world consider wise and prudent. The laws of ancient *Rome*, and, till lately, of modern *Italy* and *France*, disregarding the mutual affection of the parties, the equality of their ages, the extent of their fortunes, or the excellency of their education, were so strict in preserving the *nobility* from degeneration, that the union of a plebeian with a noble was absolutely void. The same practice now prevails in *Germany*, where a nobleman must marry a noble woman, a baron match with a baron's daughter, a knight with the offspring of a knight, and gentlemen with gentlewomen; sorting, as it were, their degrees and families, as flaters do their several kind of flates. But why should the intercourses of happiness be checked by such severe restraints, and pride-formed customs?

Far other maxims forms *our* state ;
 Where orders, mix'd of LOW and GREAT,
 Compose th' harmonious frame.
 Firm hath the mighty fabric stood,
 And BRITAIN boasts her mingled blood
 In many a deathless name.

The charms that softens manly grace,
 The ray that beams in woman's face,
 The sympathy of mind,
 Denote (whate'er their various lot,
 Whether A PALACE OR A COT)
 The mates by Heaven design'd.

The more rational and generous laws of *England*, indeed, impose no restraints upon the freedom of marriage, but those which the prudence of a parent may think proper to exercise, in order to prevent the indiscretion of his infant children ; for whoever has attained the age of maturity, may follow, without controul, the inclination of their hearts. The controul, however, which is thus given to parents and guardians for the safety, benefit and protection of children, is sometimes exercised with unpardonable rigour. The parties, if one be rich and the other poor, are said to be unequal ; and, *durum-pater*, a covetous, hard hearted father will, on this account, frequently impede their union. Sometimes, indeed, when both the parents of the loving couple are inordinately rich, consent is refused, or at least the match suspended,

While

While house for house, and grounds for grounds,
 And mutual bliss in balanc'd pounds,
 Each parent's thought employ :
 Which, summed by Avarice's sordid rules,
 Forms, in the notion of these fools,
 Love's most substantial joy.

Consent, indeed, is sometimes refused, though the parents be rich, merely from a miserly disposition, which old folks but too generally possess, and which willingly fabricates any excuse, rather than part with a shilling from their hoards, although it delay, or perhaps destroy, their childrens' happiness. A conscious shame, indeed, of not being able, upon such occasions, to unlock the coffers of avarice, for the purpose of contributing the expected portion, will sometimes induce an unnatural parent to refuse his consent, even when the more generous parents of the other party consent to postpone its payment until the death of the objecting father.

Their peevish age, their gloomy pride,
 Their churlish avarice dare divide
 Those links which powerful draw
 To union dear, congenial loves ;
 And blaming oft what God approves,
 Make tyranny their law.

Parents of this description also, are but too apt to force their children, by the threat of disinheri-
 tance, to sacrifice the inclinations of their
 hearts

hearts to the acquisition of fortune. Sons like packhorses, and daughters like empty boats, must, in such cases, however disagreeable it may be, carry whatever burdens their respective parents shall please to impose. "In forming the matrimonial contract," says *Plato*, "affinity to poor folks should never be avoided, nor connection with the rich too industriously sought after; for poverty and low parentage may be amply compensated by the superior qualifications of modesty, virtue, religion, and choice bringing up." To sacrifice every consideration to the possession of wealth, is not only ungenerous, but unjust; something should be given to love, to wisdom, to beauty, and to virtue. Parents are in such cases the arbiters of their childrens' fate; they should consider that love is of a nature not to be easily controlled; that the union of congenial hearts is the work of heaven; and that it were better to hang a millstone round both parties necks, and plunge them in the sea, than to clog their unconsenting minds with the chains of matrimony. Affection is free, and cannot be commanded. A servant maid, having unfortunately fallen in love with her mistress's minion, her mistress, in a fit of jealousy, dragged her by the hair of her head along the floor, while the poor girl justly exclaimed, "O, madam, fortune has made my body your servant, but not

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" my

“ my mind !” But parents, *iniqui patres*, measure their childrens’ affections by their own, and being now cold and decrepid, past all such youthful conceits, they are disposed to starve their childrens’ genius, stifle nature in their young bloods, and deprive them of the rightful pleasures of love and matrimony, except the match can be moulded into money. Let them, however, consider the miseries which attend upon forced marriages, and pity the quick and impatient feelings of the youthful heart.

Free should the sons of freedom wed
 The maid, by equal fondness led ;
 Nor, heaping wealth on wealth,
 Youth pine in age’s withered arms,
 Deformity polluting charms,
 And sickness blasting health.

It was the opinion of *Scyracides*, that “ To marry a daughter to a man of understanding in due time, is the weightiest matter a parent can have to perform ;” and *Lemnius* advises all fathers to consent to the first eligible proposal, as one important means of preventing the melancholy consequences of heroic love: and unquestionably those who refuse consent to the marriage of minors from sinister or improper motives, become responsible for all the mischiefs and miseries that may ensue. For frequently,
 if they refuse,

With

With torch inverted Hymen stands,
 While Furies wave their livid brands,
 With Horror and Dismay !
 Soft Pity drops the melting tear ;
 And lustful Satyrs' grinning leer,
 Wait for their destin'd prey.

For NATURE will assert her claim :
 Thine, rigid father, thine the blame,
 If injur'd beauty stray :
 Thou shouldst have heard the lover's voice,
 Approv'd and sanctify'd the choice,
 Nor curs'd the bridal day.

Those of the sexes whose age of discretion enables them to follow their own inclinations, may do well to attend to *Plautus*, who strongly recommends rich men to marry poor wives, as the most certain means of acquiring content and happiness; women, in general, being presumptuous in proportion to the fortunes they possess. *Eubulides* laid his fortune at the feet of beauty, and was happy. A sweet temper, a feeling heart, an improved understanding, a virtuous disposition, and a competent share of beauty, are, indeed, qualifications in a female greatly superior to any advantages the mere possession of money can procure. The virtuous *Ruth*, who, after the death of her husband *Mahlon*, to whom she had conducted herself with exemplary tenderness and affection, left her family, her friends, and the place of her nativity, in the country of

Moab, in order that, by her youth and industry, she might relieve the distresses of her aged and forlorn mother-in-law *Naomi*, in *Bethlehem-Judah*, where, endeavouring to gain a scanty pittance, by the labours of gleaning in the barley fields of the opulent *Boaz*, her modest virtues and humble demeanor attracted the attention of the master of the fields, who, hearing all that she had done to assist her old and impoverished parent, became enamored of her merits, and wisely sacrificing the pride of station, and the pomp of riches, to the more valuable enjoyments of domestic comfort, and conjugal felicity, made her his wife. *Athenais*, the daughter of *Leartius*, the Athenian philosopher, possessed such excellent endowments both of person and of mind, that her father distributed his wealth among his other children, and left her only her own merit for a dowry. To procure her subsistence, her friends placed her as a female attendant on *Pulcheria*, the emperor's sister, at *Constantinople*, by whom she was baptized under the name of *Eudocia*, and introduced, as her favorite, to *Theodosius* himself: but the modesty of her manners, and the humility of her station, instead of obscuring, displayed her merits so advantageously, that they soon attracted the attention of the emperor, who, with his sister's approbation, afterwards
made

made her his wife, and placed her on his throne: a noble example of the wise and proper use of riches and power! That the grace and virtue of an amiable woman, and good wife, are superior to riches, was the language of the golden age. *Pausanias* relates that *Danaus*, of *Lacedæmonia*, having several daughters, on each of whom he was enabled to bestow a handsome fortune, instead of delaying their nuptials, as other opulent parents were in the habit of doing, in expectation of procuring them rich connections, sent for a number of worthy but unportioned youths, and desired each daughter to choose him she liked best for her husband; a conduct which even in those times received the highest applause. But in this iron age of ours, we respect riches alone; and a lovely girl, before she can become a wife, must be in a condition to purchase a husband. The love of money, however, is not the only impediment to be met with in passing from the bowers of LOVE to the groves of HYMEN. Pride, vain-glory, and ambition, are frequently as great obstacles to connubial happiness, as avarice itself. The only daughter of a yeoman must, to please an ambitious parent, be united only to a squire: a squire's daughter must not marry any person inferior to the son of a baronet; and the daughter of a knight must become *my lady*, or *her grace*,

by reserving her richly portioned hand for some decayed baron or impoverished duke. Fathers, by thus striving to do honour to their wealth, undo the happiness, and sometimes the honor, of their children. But this disposition will not authorise children, especially females, to venture, though of age, upon this important choice, without their parents' approbation. "A woman," says *St. Ambrose*, in his eloquent commentary on the espousals of *Isaac* and *Rebecca*, "should give unto her parents the choice of a husband, lest she be reported wanton and forward, by making it herself; for she should rather seem to be desired by a man, than to desire him herself."

THIRDLY, There is an opinion prevailing, that only those who are rich, and amply able to sustain the costs and charges of a matrimonial life, should marry, lest the world should be filled with beggars; but those who entertain such a notion, are not only cruel to their species, but enemies to their country. The true riches and strength of every country consist in its population; and if *England* had become plethoric with inhabitants, it might increase its strength by multiplying its colonies. The greater part of the globe is yet unpeopled; and *America*, *Africa*, and *Terra Australis Incognita*, might be served by sending them
our

our supernumerary hands. The king of the island of *Maragan* being told, that numbers of monks, friars, nuns, and other characters throughout *Europe*, lived in celibacy, treated the information as an unfounded tale, conceiving it impossible that rational creatures should live without wives. The wisest legislators have ever framed their ordinances for the encouragement of matrimony, and promotion of the holy precept, "increase and multiply;" giving rich rewards, and extensive privileges, to those who have many children; and condemning, under heavy penalties, all who, after a certain age, neglect or refuse to marry. *Boetius* observes, that in many countries a man who died unmarried was accounted miserable, or at most, like our modern BACHELORS, *infortunio felix*, unhappy in their imaginary happiness.

FOURTHLY, There is another description of characters, who, although they possess sufficient wealth to support, in proper splendor, all the expences of a married life, are so delicate and squeamish upon the subject, that they willingly endure all the pains and penalties of heroic love, in their vagrant and dishonorable connections, rather than submit to try this sovereign remedy. The emperor *Theophilus* was a character of this description; for, though his mother *Euprosune*,

to disentangle his heart from the chains of illicit love, presented, at once, to his view, in the great chamber of his palace, all the fairest beauties of the empire, that he might give the golden apple to her he liked best, he could not be induced to make choice of a wife. Another refined and sentimental sect refuse to marry, because, in their opinion, *matrimony* is only a *matter of money*; and the freedom of nature ought not to be intrenched or confined, by the manacles of property, to this or that particular man or woman.

FIFTHLY, There is another set of characters who heroically love, admire, and follow women all their lives, *sponsi Penelopes*, who are never happy, except they are in the company of these charming idols, gazing with raptures on their beauties, observing all their gestures, dangling after them, and dallying with them, but who either fearfully dare not, or obstinately will not, taste the sweet joys of matrimonial life.

SIXTHLY, There are also men, especially of the poorer sort, who are so distrustful of the bounteous providence of the Almighty, that they refrain from matrimony for fear of worldly care, and its supposed attendants, woe, misery, or, what is worse, of meeting with a vixen, scold, flut, or other annoying character, and without being able

able to shake her off again, and therefore, they resolve, like *Epaminondas*, to live *solus cum sola*, neither married nor single; or abjure, like *Hippolitus*, the company of women.

SEVENTHLY, Some make a doubt, *an uxor literato sit ducenda*, whether a scholar should marry, because there is some danger, if his wife be fair, that she may bring him back from his grammar to his horn-book; confound his senses by her scolding, if she be cross; or impede his studies by her dalliance, if she be kind; for that he cannot, as the great Brunonian doctor, *Beroaldus*, once observed, attend conjointly to his works and to his wife. The error, however, of this notion is fully refuted by the solemn and formal recantation of the doctor himself. The fact is related by him in his commentaries on the sixth book of *Apuleius*. "I lived," says this candid commentator, "a long time single, unable to endure even the idea of a wife;" but, to use his own words, "*erraticus ac volaticus amator, per multiplices amores discurrebam*," which, in the language of a modern poet, we may construe,

" — at large did rove

" Free and unfetter'd through the wilds of love."

" Nay, I railed against the marriage rite; and
" in a public lecture on the sixth satire of *Juvenal*,

“ *nal*, heaped together out of *Seneca* and *Plu-*
 “ *tarch*, all the severest *diēteries* I could find a-
 “ gainst the characters of women; but I now
 “ recant with *Stefichorus*, *Palinodiam cano, nec*
 “ *pœnitet cenferi in ordine maritorum*; I approve
 “ of marriage: I am glad that I am a married
 “ man: I am heartily glad I have a wife, fo
 “ sweet a wife, fo noble a wife, fo young, fo
 “ chaste a wife, fo loving a wife; and I do ex-
 “ hort and desire all other men, especially scho-
 “ lars, to marry; that, as of old *Martia* did to
 “ *Hortensius*, *Terentia* to *Tully*, *Calphurnia* to
 “ *Pliny*, and *Prudentilla* to *Apuleius*, their wives
 “ may hold the lamp* to them while they read
 “ or write, as my dear *Camilla* now does to
 “ me.” However averse, therefore, men may
 be to matrimony; however they may rail and
 scoff against the character of a wife, to this com-
 plexion, as *Hamlet* says, “ they must come at last.”
 Let him who doubts read the sublime and elo-
 quent treatises of *Barbarus*, *Lemnius*, *Godefridus*,
Nevisanus, *Tunstal*, and *Erasmus*, in honor of the
 sex, and they will soon be satisfied, recant with
Beroaldus, do penance for their former folly,
 sing a penitential song, desire to be reconciled to
 the deity of almighty love, go a pilgrimage to
 his shrine, sacrifice upon his altar, and be as
 willing

* Legentibus et meditantibus candelas et candelabum
 tenuerunt.

willing at last to embrace marriage as the rest of mankind. The love-contemning *Valentine* experienced this common fate; and, when his friend *Protheus* taunted him with being wearied by a tale of love, he thus candidly confessed the error of his heart:

Aye, *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now;
 I have done penance for contemning love;
 Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
 With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
 With mighty tears, and daily heart-sore sighs:
 For in revenge of my contempt of love,
 Love hath chas'd sleep from my intrall'd eyes,
 And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
 O, gentle *Protheus*, LOVE'S a mighty lord,
 And hath so humbled me, that, I confess,
 There is no woe to his correction,
 Nor to his service no such joy on earth.

I wish, in short, to see not only all the noble race of generous youth, but all the severer families of *stoicks* and *old bachelors*, submit their grave beards and supercilious looks to the gentle clippings and composing smiles of a good-natured and cheerful wife. For matrimony, the most necessary and useful action of human society, is a perpetual fountain of domestic sweets. "Blessed is the man," says *Solomon*, "that hath a virtuous wife; for the number of his days shall be double:" and experience, upon this occasion, confirms the say-

ing of wisdom. A man unwived wanders through the world, to and fro, mournful and dejected. Woman, charming woman, is the sole joy and only true comfort of a man's life.

Our grandsire *Adam*, ere of *Eve* possess'd,
 Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest'd,
 With mournful look the dismal scene survey'd,
 And wandered in the solitary shade :
 The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
 WOMAN, the last and best receiv'd of God.

“ A virtuous wife,” says the great *Lord Bacon*, “ is to a young man, a mistress; to a middle-aged man, a companion; to an old man, a nurse; and at all seasons, a friend.” The world, amidst all its fascinating delights, produces no pleasure equal to that which a good wife is capable of affording. She is still a kind comforter in the pains of sickness, and in the pleasures of health; no adversity can separate her from her beloved and loving husband; she is ever ready to participate in his joys, and to share with him in his sorrows: joys, in short, renew wherever she appears, and MELANCHOLY flies from her approach. *Admetus*, king of *Thessaly*, when in the agonies of death, was informed by the oracle, that if he could procure another to die in his stead, he might still live: but, alas! his afflicted parents, his dearest friends, his firmest followers,

ers,

ers, all refused to submit to the destiny that was to save the life of a son, a sovereign, and a friend; and he was consigned to his impending dissolution, until the voice of fate was rumoured in the ear of his affectionate wife, who, still blooming with youth and beauty, cheerfully resigned her life to save that of her expiring husband. This is not a singular instance of the sincerity of conjugal affection; many instances might be quoted; but one more, related by *Fulgosus*, may suffice to show how powerfully a good and virtuous wife can command the love and affection of a husband. A young countryman of the kingdom of *Naples*, following his plough near the shores of the sea, observing that his wife, who was walking on the beach, had been suddenly carried away by Mauritanian pirates, ran precipitately to the ocean, and instantly plunging into the waves, swam swiftly after the vessel, calling on those aboard to return his beloved wife, or to take him with them as her fellow prisoner, for that he would rather be a galley-slave, and endure the severest misery, than be deprived of her company. The Moors put about the ship, took the disconsolate husband on board, and, struck with so extraordinary an instance of conjugal constancy, related, on their arrival at *Tunis*, the whole affair to the governor, whose mind, ferocious as it was upon other occasions, was so affected by the

the

the feelings of these faithful lovers, that he not only gave them their liberty, but granted them a pension sufficient to maintain them in decent independence for the remainder of their lives.

After instances like these, no further evidence can be required to prove the transcendent felicity which a proper choice is capable of conferring on the marriage state. I shall, therefore, conclude these observations on the cure of *Love Melancholy*, by sincerely wishing, that on next *Valentine's Day* a universal BANNs might be publicly proclaimed; that every unmarried man and maiden might at once shake hands at the altar of connubial love; and that God, of his infinite goodness and mercy, might grant all WORTHY BACHELORS and VIRTUOUS SPINSTERS faithful wives and loving husbands: the host of *Hymen* singing

THE EPITHALAMIUM.

MAY every couple experience unceasing felicity, and increasing joy; their choice be fortunate, and their union happy: may they excel in gifts of body and of mind; be equal in years, in temper, in loveliness, and love: may the bride be as fair as *Helen*, and as chaste as *Lucretia*; and the bridegroom as fond as *Charinus*, and
more

more constant than the dove. May the Muses sing and the Graces dance, not only on their wedding-day, but throughout their lives. May the links of their affection so knit their hearts with the unslipping knot of love, that no uneasiness or anger may ever befall them; and every rising sun hail the happy pair in the language of *Theocritus*:

Good morrow, master Bridegroom, mistress Bride;
Many fair lovely bearns to you betide:
Let VENUS your fond mutual love insure,
And SATURN give you riches to endure:
Long may you sleep in one another's arms,
Inspiring sweet desire, and free from harms.



CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

OF RELIGIOUS MELANCHOLY.

THE beauty, splendor, and divine majesty of **THE ALMIGHTY**, are so infinitely great and conspicuous, shine with such admirable but unspeakable lustre throughout his works, and fill the finite mind of man with such awful reverence of his goodness and his power, that all rational beings, whose minds are untainted, and whose hearts are pure, croud around his throne with pious gratitude and humble adoration. This ardent love of God, which is the unavoidable result of reason and reflection, is the origin of **RELIGION**; and when properly exercised, with sincerity of devotion, and in holiness of life, leads its votaries, amidst all the cares and vexations of a fascinating world, through the paths of **VIRTUE**, to the highest bowers of terrestrial bliss.

—But **MAN**, proud man,
 Dress'd in a little brief authority,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
 His glassy essence,

instead of following the dictates of sound and unpolluted reason, mistaking his true road to happiness, and suffering himself, like the centaur

of *Plato*, to be hurried away headlong by a torrent of wild desires and corrupt affections,

———Like an angry ape,
Plays such phantastic tricks before high heav'n
As make the angels weep :

until, falling into the vices of ATHEISM, or the errors of IDOLATRY and SUPERSTITION, and their attendant mischiefs, he sinks, by degrees, under the increasing weight of a perturbed mind, and guilty conscience, into all the horrors of melancholy and despair.

Perpetual anguish fills his impious breast,
Not stopp'd by business, nor compos'd by rest:
No music cheers him, and no feasts can please;
He sits like discontented DAMOCLES,
When by the sportive tyrant wisely shown
The dangerous pleasures of a flatter'd throne.
Sleep quits his eyes: or, when with cares oppress'd,
His wearied mind sinks tir'd into rest,
Dire dreams invade: his injur'd GOD appears,
Arm'd with fork'd thunder, and awakes those fears
Which shake his soul, and as they boldly press,
Bring out his crimes, and force him to confess
The worm of conscience frets his recreant blood:
In every fit he feels the hand of God
And heav'n-born flame; but drown'd in deep de-
spair,
He dares not offer one repenting prayer,
Nor vow one victim to preserve his breath;

For

For how can HOPE with desperate guilt agree,
Or PEACE reside with dark impiety?

An ATHEIST, indeed, must ultimately feel the keenest miseries; for while, like the reprobate *Barnadine*, he “apprehends death no more
“dreadfully than as a drunken sleep; equally
“careless, reckless, and fearless, of what is
“past, present, and to come; insensible of mor-
“tality, yet despairingly mortal;” he squares his life to the narrow limits of his mind, and exhibits in his conduct a corresponding course of selfish profligacy and daring vice; and vice and profligacy are always miserable. There are, indeed, those who openly deny the existence of their Creator, and profess a high sense of virtue, a veneration for social duty, and a disapprobation of the selfish passions, while they proclaim, in the refinement of false PHILOSOPHY, that the order of the universe is owing to NATURE and CHANCE: but as *Minutius* and *Seneca* well observe, these curious reasoners do not understand the import of their own expressions; for as *nature* is nothing more than the ordinary means by which the ALMIGHTY displays his power, and *chance* the mere effect of his unrevealed will, they admit, by attributing his works to these sources, the very existence of that power which they affect so anxiously to deny. There may
be

be some eloquence, but there is certainly no TRUTH in the writings of such men, who, blinded by their love of learning, and their fondness for new opinions, exhibit, like *Bellerophon*, their own condemnation, while they vainly imagine they are conveying intelligence and *new light* to mankind.

They think that CHANCE rules all, that NATURE steers

The moving seasons, and turns round the years :
They run from shrine to shrine, and boldly swear,
But keep no faith, because they know no fear.

Others *doubtingly* profess religion; and because a vast variety of strange and fantastic doctrines have prevailed in the world, they infer that every religion is equally false; but this is reasoning from the abuse of a thing against the use of it. Others cavil against the Scripture itself, because they cannot reconcile to their contracted notions, the ordinary dispensations of PROVIDENCE in the distribution of good and evil: while others maintain that God is *alligatus causis secundis*, so tied to second causes, to that inexorable NECESSITY, that he can alter nothing he has once decreed. But these *sceptics*, while they affect only to doubt, in fact, deny the existence of GOD.

So shuts the moping bird of night
Her feeble eyes against the light,
That glads the cheerful day;
And when prevailing darkness reigns,
Through groves obscure, and dreary plains,
She wings her dubious way.

Others admit the existence of the DEITY, a future state of rewards and punishments, and profess the doctrines of Christianity, but are so attached to the pleasures of the world, that they seem to have lost all sense of moral duty and religious obligation, and give themselves up so entirely to vice, that, in the language of *St. Paul*, “they work all manner of sin even with greediness.” Insensible of the charms of virtue, and careless of the consequences of vice, they follow the dream of pleasure with lethargic thoughtlessness, without once appearing to recollect, that the day will at last come, when they must give an account of all their actions in the presence of the MOST HIGH. Others, like *Machiavel*, make religion the instrument of ambition, and while they outwardly admit its importance, laugh at it inwardly as a mere system of priestcraft; accommodate their sentiments and manners to the persons with whom they may happen to live; and, like the planet *Mercury*, are good or bad, as they happen to mix with good or bad society; who are Gen-

toos in *Asia*, Presbyterians in *Scotland*, Formalists at *Pensylvania*, Papiſts at *Rome*, Mohammedans at *Constantinople*, Philoſophiſts in *Germany*, Atheiſts in *France*, and Chriſtians in *England*, becoming all things to all men, and, *Proteus* like, turning themſelves, as the wind of ſelf-intereſt changes, into every ſhape, for the mere purpoſe of procuring ſome temporary advantage: but whatever they publicly pretend, or ſeem to be, they ſay in their hearts, with the fool, “ There is no God.” The ſouls of ſuch characters are bitterer than gall, and blacker than ink, though their tongues are ſmoother than oil. Like that cunning diſſembler, *Alexander the Sixth*, who is ſaid never to have conceived a good thought, nor to have expreſſed a bad one, they never diſcloſe their real ſentiments, and are, in general, ſo cautious and correct in all their words and actions, that they appear like angels of light: but while they appear free from all faction, avow their enmity to every ſpecies of oppreſſion, declaim againſt all ſorts of corruption, decry the allurements of ambition, praiſe the happineſs of virtue, lament the miſeries of vice, ſeem ſincere and zealous in the practice of religion, and appear in all reſpects to be innocent, ſober, charitable, meek, humble, plain-dealing, upright, and honeſt men, the great Searcher of the human heart knows them to be arrant hypocrites.

crites. As it is sometimes with writers, *Plus sanctimonix in libello quàm libelli authore*, That there is more holiness in the book than in the author, so are they, in general, different from that which they appear to be and express. They constantly attend religious worship with enormous bibles, read the works of *St. Austin* and the fathers, are seen in the congregation of every popular preacher, and publicly say their prayers, while they are, in fact, professed misers, mere gripers, inward atheists; Epicureans, who, with *Esau's* hands, and *Jacob's* voice, practise piety all day, that they may reconcile incontinency with better grace and conscience all night: they are wolves in sheep's clothing; fair and innocent without, but foul and furious within.

These several descriptions of characters may appear happy and successful in the eyes of the world, but in their hearts they can find no ease or rest. Like *Ixion*, they embrace a phantom instead of a goddess, and by their example multiply the race of Centaurs, but are at length hurled by the powers of conscience into the *Tartarus* of remorse, and revolved without interruption on the rack of misery; continuing deplorably gay, until they are irremediably undone.

For those who live in sin, at length shall find
 Guilt's angry hand press heavy on the mind:
 Though bribes or favour may assert their cause,
 Pronounce them guiltless, and elude the laws,
 They're self-condemn'd; their own impartial thought
 Will damn, and conscience will record the fault.

“IDOLATRY, repugnant as it is to the dictates of sound reason, and the spirit of true religion, has been practised by the most refined and powerful nations of the earth; who, with irreligious piety, have worshipped the sun, moon, stars, angels, animals, demons, and other works of God; or statues, pictures, images, and other works of men. Of the absurdity of these systems, there can be no better testimony than the confused multitude, the ridiculous names, the mean actions, and the wretched attributes of their idols. The varieties of altars, idols, statues, images, and places of worship, which were carved, cut, and erected by the *Chinese*, the *Hindoos*, the *Persians*, the *Arabians*, the *Egyptians*, the *Phœnicians*, the *Grecians*, and the *Romans*, are indeed amazing. *Hesiod*, in his work intitled *Theogonia*, or Generation of the Gods, has furnished a catalogue of more than thirty thousand heathen deities, of which number there were no less, according to *Varro*, than three hundred different *Jupiters*. These divinities were of all ages, sexes, dimensions, shapes characters

characters and descriptions; great, little, whole, half, and mixed; filled every place with their presence, and were ready upon every occasion, with their powers, to grant the prayers, and propitiate the enterprizes, of their votaries. *Lares*, *Lemures*, *Dioscuri*, *Soleres*, and *Parastatæ*, reigned in multiplying abundance through their respective spheres; and the air, the earth, the woods, the waters, the heavens, and even hell itself, were crowded with ærial, temporal, rural, aquatic, celestial, and infernal deities. The *Romans*, indeed, who borrowed their mythology chiefly from the *Greeks*, were not contented with the various hosts which they derived from their neighbours, but invented several deities, particularly *Cunia*, the goddess of cradles, and *Diverra*, the deity of dirty houses, for themselves. The Pantheon, in short, was filled upon every festival, as a toyshop is with childrens' dolls against the holidays; and, indeed, the consecration of most of their deities originated, in general, on some light and frivolous, or base and scandalous occasion. *Sycrophanes*, the Egyptian, erected a statue to the memory of his deceased son, in a grove adjacent to his house; and his servants, to appease the vexation of their master, frequently decorated the image with garlands of flowers, and continuing the ceremony at stated intervals, with additional solemnities,

nities, this carved remembrance of a spoiled child was at length converted into the tutelary deity of domestic peace. The lovely *Flora*, a notorious harlot at *Rome*, having accumulated immense wealth, by carefully hoarding the wages of her iniquity, appointed the commonwealth her heir, and was, on her decease, not only complimented with a statue, and an anniversary festival, but deified as the *Goddeſs of Flowers*, and impiously dignified with an altar and a ſhrine. The groteſque forms and ridiculous accompaniments with which theſe divinities were frequently repreſented, were all that gave them the appearance of not being human; for their moral characters and diſpoſitions perfectly correſponded with thoſe of the *Titan* race, from which they moſtly ſprung. *Jupiter* was celebrated for his debauchery; *Juno* for iracible temper; *Venus*, the offspring of froth, for her incontinency and adulteries; and *Mercury* was ſo complete a thief, that he not only ſtole the quiver of *Apollo*, the tools of *Vulcan*, the ceſtus of *Venus*, and the ſceptre of *Jove*, but would have purloined even the thunderbolt itſelf, if it had not been too hot for his fingers. Such divinities could never obtain a proper veneration and reſpect; and when *Diagoras* made a fire of the wooden ſtatue of *Hercules*, to warm his pottage, obſerving, while the body crackled in the flames,

that he was only performing his *thirteenth labour*, he only showed a proper disdain of so absurd a system. But the consequences of this system were as dark and sanguinary as the institution itself was ridiculous and absurd. The *Mexicans* are said to have yearly destroyed six thousand children, male and female; and even to have cut out the hearts of men while yet living, to propitiate the favour of their gods:— and the *Tartars*, upon the departure of their Great Cham, are known to have committed a thousand fellow creatures at once to the flames, as the only means of rendering his journey prosperous and secure. What multitudes of men, women, children, oxen, sheep, goats, and other animals, have even the more enlightened *Romans* sacrificed on their abominable altars! The finest horses, harts, hogs, lambs, and bulls, were respectively devoted, upon every trifling occasion, to *Apollo*, *Diana*, *Ceres*, *Proserpine*, and *Neptune*; for each deity had its peculiar offering. It was a system not less injurious to the common interest, than it was disgraceful to the feelings of humanity. The Parthian soldiers suffered themselves to be cut to pieces while they quietly waited for the break of day, because their stupid gods had declared it impious to fight while darkness prevailed. And the Athenian navy was once destroyed, because the

augurs

augurs held it ominous to sail while the moon was in eclipse. The credulity of idolatry is indeed amazing. The wild boar which ravaged the country, and destroyed the inhabitants, of *Ætolia*, until the sword of *Meleager* extinguished its life, was believed to have been sent by the *Goddeſs* of *Chastity* to revenge the flights of which *Oeneus* had been guilty to her sacred altar. Strange infatuation! that such refined and polished nations as the *Greeks* and *Romans*, should believe that metal, wood, or stone, which, but for the workmanship of their own hands, must have continued in their original masses, should, however curiously carved, or richly ornamented, be capable of hearing prayers, or answering petitions. The astonishment, however, which such a conduct must necessarily excite in every rational mind, will in some degree abate, when it is recollected, how extensively it contributed to gratify the avarice of both the artists and the priests, and to assist the ambition of designing men.

SUPERSTITION, the baleful offspring of weakness and credulity, has produced still greater mischiefs to the happiness of mankind. Revelation opened to the human mind a perfect knowledge of the true and only God; dissolved, wherever it was made known, the chains of idolatry;

idolatry; and would have emancipated the Christian world from every religious error, if its doctrines had been propagated, as they were originally taught by CHRIST and his APOSTLES, in the purity and simplicity of THE GOSPEL. But the same causes will always produce the same effects; and a certain class of *Hierophants*, to gratify the passions of avarice and ambition, have tarnished its beauty, and destroyed its integrity, by introducing among the weak and ignorant, a series of observances very little inferior, either in their principles or consequences, to *idolatry* itself.

Th' APOSTLES ministry perform'd, and race well run,
 Their doctrine and their story written left,
 They died; but in their room, as they forewarn'd,
 Wolves did succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
 Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven
 To their own vile advantages did turn
 Of lucre and ambition; and THE TRUTH,
 With *Superstition's* and Tradition's taint,
 Left only in THE HOLY SCRIPTURES pure.

The *saints*, indeed, of the church have succeeded to the divinities of the Pantheon; and *St. James*, *St. George*, *St. Francis*, *St. Agnus*, the *Lady of Loretto*, and the whole tribe of canonised shades, by a mere change of names, are placed in the seats of *Jupiter* and his coadjutors. The same evil spirit that misled the minds of men to the

the practice of idolatry, still stalks abroad in the garb of *superstition*, and discovers itself by an obstinate adherence to absurd opinions, and actions arising from mean and defective ideas of the moral attributes of God. This evil spirit forms the third great source of *religious melancholy*.

Crafty politicians, interested priests, deluded hereticks, blind guides, ignorant impostors, and pseudo prophets, have been the chief instruments of this mischief. RELIGION, which includes not only *justice*, but all the virtues, is the best prop, and only true support, of every government; for without it men can never feel how necessary it is to obey. But it has unfortunately been considered by certain statesmen as a mere human institution, a political contrivance, the better to keep the multitude in awe, and with this view has been interlarded with many vain ceremonies and dreadful denunciations. The priests also, to extend their powers, and support their ascendancy over the consciences of mankind, have impregnated this sacred fountain of truth with the deleterious poisons of superstition, and so polluted its fair and wholesome stream with their noxious intermixtures of confession, satisfaction, election, reprobation, predestination, transubstantiation, grace, invocation of saints, anethamas and excommunications, that those who drink, instead of feeling the cheerful hopes

it was designed to cherish, find themselves oppressed with direful fears, and sink from dejection into despair. The very ministers, whose province it was to guard this treasure, and secure it from all debasement and allay, have been the first to adulterate its purity, to diminish its brightness, to tarnish its beauty, and destroy its integrity. The triple-headed Cerberus of *Rome*, the bull-bellowing Pope, formerly played a principal part in these tragic scenes; and realised the vision of *St. Benedict*, that where there is one devil in a market-place, there are always ten in a monastery. The enthusiasm of ignorant or impudent impostors, by the superstitious nets and trappings in which they invariably involve their unfounded doctrines, have also misled many weak minds from the true standard of the Christian faith. The pride, love of singularity, vain-glory, and misdirected zeal of heretics, schismatics, blind guides, and false prophets, by their novel doctrines, paradoxes, figments, and ridiculous crotchets, have done considerable mischief to the study and practice of THE TRUE RELIGION. Simplicity is the distinguishing characteristic of Christianity; but it has by their means been so clouded with the draperies of superstition, that its primary elegance and symmetry is almost entirely defaced; its open and uniform principles rendered dark, secret, and mysterious; and its blithe and cheerful

ful genius transformed into a foul and ugly dæmon; whose influence, like that of the *Tryphonian cave*, sinks its victim into the lowest abyfs of DESPAIR: a consequence, indeed, which must ever ultimately result from the wickedness of atheism, the folly of idolatry, and the weakness of superstition; for the soul, under such influences, is unable to attain that hope of salvation in which all the happiness of this life ultimately resides. Evil in expectation occasions fear; but when certain, inflicts despair. *David* himself complains that his idea of God's judgment terrified his soul. This species of despair, therefore, may be described a sickness of the soul, arising from lost hope of salvation, and it generally succeeds a long continued interval of fear; for, while evil is only expected, we fear; but when it is certain, we despair. It is always opposite to HOPE, that sweet comforter of human affliction. Not that vain hope which many weak and fanciful minds entertain, that *insomnium vigilantium*, or waking dream, as *Aristotle* calls it; but that divine hope which proceeds from a confidence in the mercies of God, through the mediation of Jesus Christ, and becomes the surest anchor of a floating soul. The principal agent and procurer of this mischief is the devil; for those whom God forsakes, the devil, by his permission,

sion, lays hold of; and the instrument he in general uses for this purpose, is the *worm of conscience*, which is, indeed, only God's just judgment against manifold sin and wickedness, as in the instances of *Judas*, *Saul*, and many others, is sufficiently proved. *Felix Plater*, among many other instances, relates the case of a merchant, who having hoarded a large parcel of wheat in a time of public famine, was afterwards so troubled in his conscience, because he had not sacrificed his avarice to the necessities of his fellow-creatures, by selling it sooner, or giving it to the poor, that he thought he should be damned; and though a man of a cultivated mind, and in other respects not disreputable, this idea fixed itself so powerfully in his mind, that he sunk at length into irrecoverable despair. Conscience, indeed, is a great ledger book, in which all our offences are written and registered, and which time reveals to the sense and feeling of the offender. As the statue of *Juno*, in that holy city near the *Euphrates*, is said to look towards every one who enters her temple, to stare them full in the face, to follow them continually with her eye in all seats and places, so does conscience, after pleasant days, fortunate adventures, and merry tales, fix upon and arrest the guilty. A covetous man is never troubled in his mind while he is counting his money, nor an adulterer

terer terrified while his mistress is in his arms; but, as was the case of the prodigal son, who had dainty fare, sweet viands, merry company, and jovial entertainment, at first, a cruel reckoning will come at last. Satan, while sins are committing, whispers the offenders, that they are light and trivial; but when he has once got them into his net, he aggravates them on every side, and accuses them of having committed unpardonable sins. At this dreadful moment every small circumstance, which was before contemned, amplifies itself, and rises up in judgment against them, to torment their souls. No tongue, indeed, can tell, no mind can conceive, the horrid miseries that attend **DESPAIR**. Medicine will alleviate almost every kind of sickness, surgery will assist the most inveterate sores, friendship can relieve poverty, the hope of liberty make imprisonment easy, fame relieve the pains of exile, and time wear away reproach; but what medicine, surgery, wealth, favour, authority, or time, can assuage or expel that *Melancholy* which a wounded conscience must produce? The only chance of relief is in a strict observance of the commandments of **CHRIST**; for his mild and salutary doctrines, if closely consulted, and properly obeyed, will snatch the most reprobate sinner, *è faucibus erebi*, from the
jaws

jaws of hell itself. An adoption, therefore, of THE TRUE RELIGION, and a rigid and conscientious practice of its precepts, is the best antidote, and most certain remedy, for *religious melancholy*. Of what this religion, and its several parts, consists, every catechism affords ample information; but will be found revealed at large in the HOLY SCRIPTURES, and in the orthodox writings of *Perkins, Greenham, Hayward, Bright, Abernethy, Bolton, Culmanus*, and other divines of the established church. The main matter which terrifies and torments minds labouring under the disease of religious melancholy, is the enormity of their offences, the intolerable burthen of their sins, the deep apprehension of God's heavy wrath and displeasure, and the forlorn idea of their hopeless state; but religion will soon teach these miserable sufferers, that there is no sin so heinous that the Almighty may not, by repentance and prayer; and of his infinite goodness and mercy, through the intercession of his only Son, be induced to pardon: and what the LORD said to *Paul* in his extremity, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my power is made perfect through weakness," concerns every man in like case. His promises are made indefinitely to all believers; his goodness is addressed generally to all who are truly penitent, who seek with contrite hearts to obtain

tain

tain a remission of their sins, who are really grieved by a reflection on their past offences, and who sincerely seek forgiveness and reconciliation. "I came not," says our Saviour, "to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." "Come unto me all ye who are heavy laden, and I will ease you;"—"for at what time soever a sinner shall repent him of his sins from the bottom of his heart, I will blot out all his wickedness from my remembrance, saith the Lord:" "for the Lord is full of compassion and mercy, slow to anger, and of great kindness." Patients of all descriptions, by listening to and studying doctrines like these, of which the word of God is full, may restore their dejected minds to quietude and comfort, and, by amending their future lives, rejecting their miserable attachments to VICE, and adopting the practice of VIRTUE, become regenerate and happy: for, as the angel opened the iron gates to *Peter*, loosed his bands, brought him out of prison, and delivered him from bodily thralldom, so will PIETY and VIRTUE release their afflicted minds from the wickedness, the weakness, and the errors of ATHEISM, IDOLATRY, and SUPERSTITION; and restore them to that transcendent felicity, which every good mind derives from the study and practice of THE TRUE RELIGION.

These

These purer thoughts, from gross alloys refin'd,
With heavenly raptures elevate the mind :
Not fram'd to raise a giddy, short-liv'd joy,
Whose false allurements, while they please, destroy ;
But bliss resembling that of saints above,
Sprung from the vision of Almighty love :
Firm, solid bliss ; for ever great and new ;
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd as TRUE.



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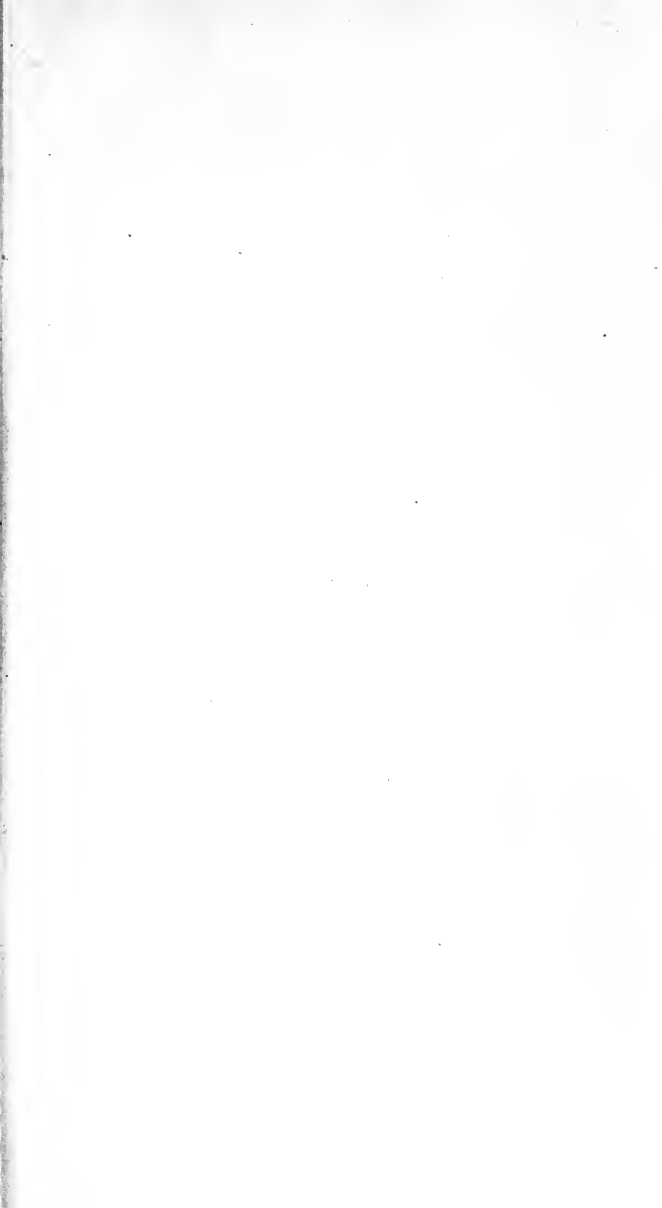
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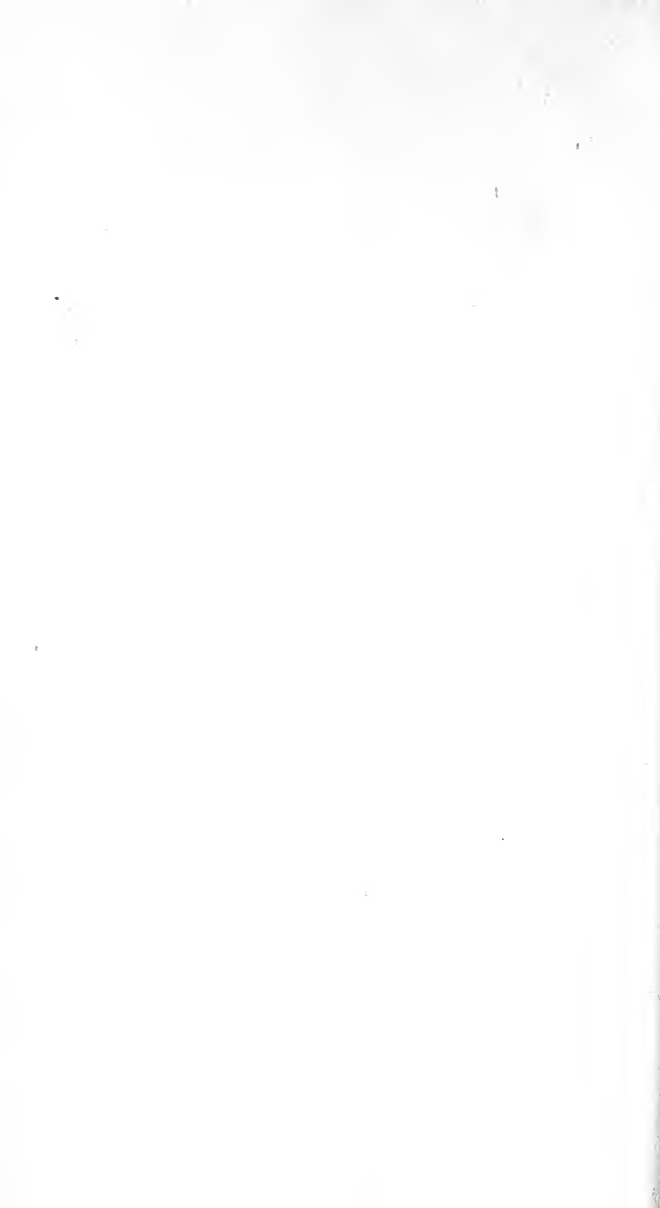
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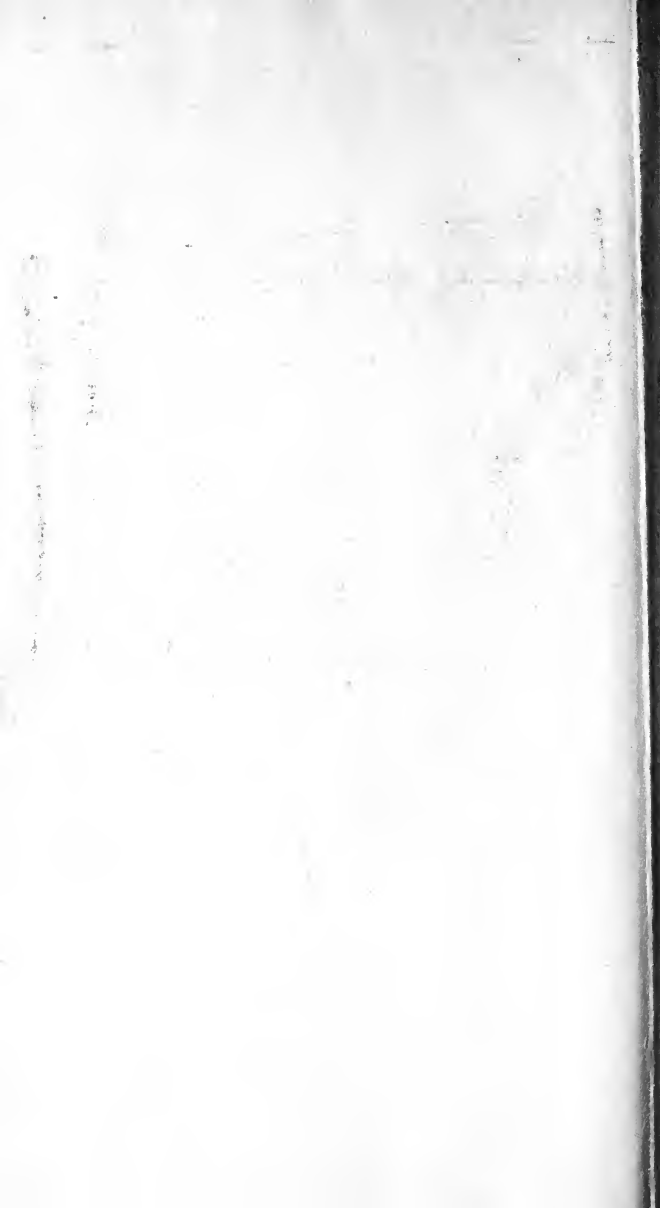
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