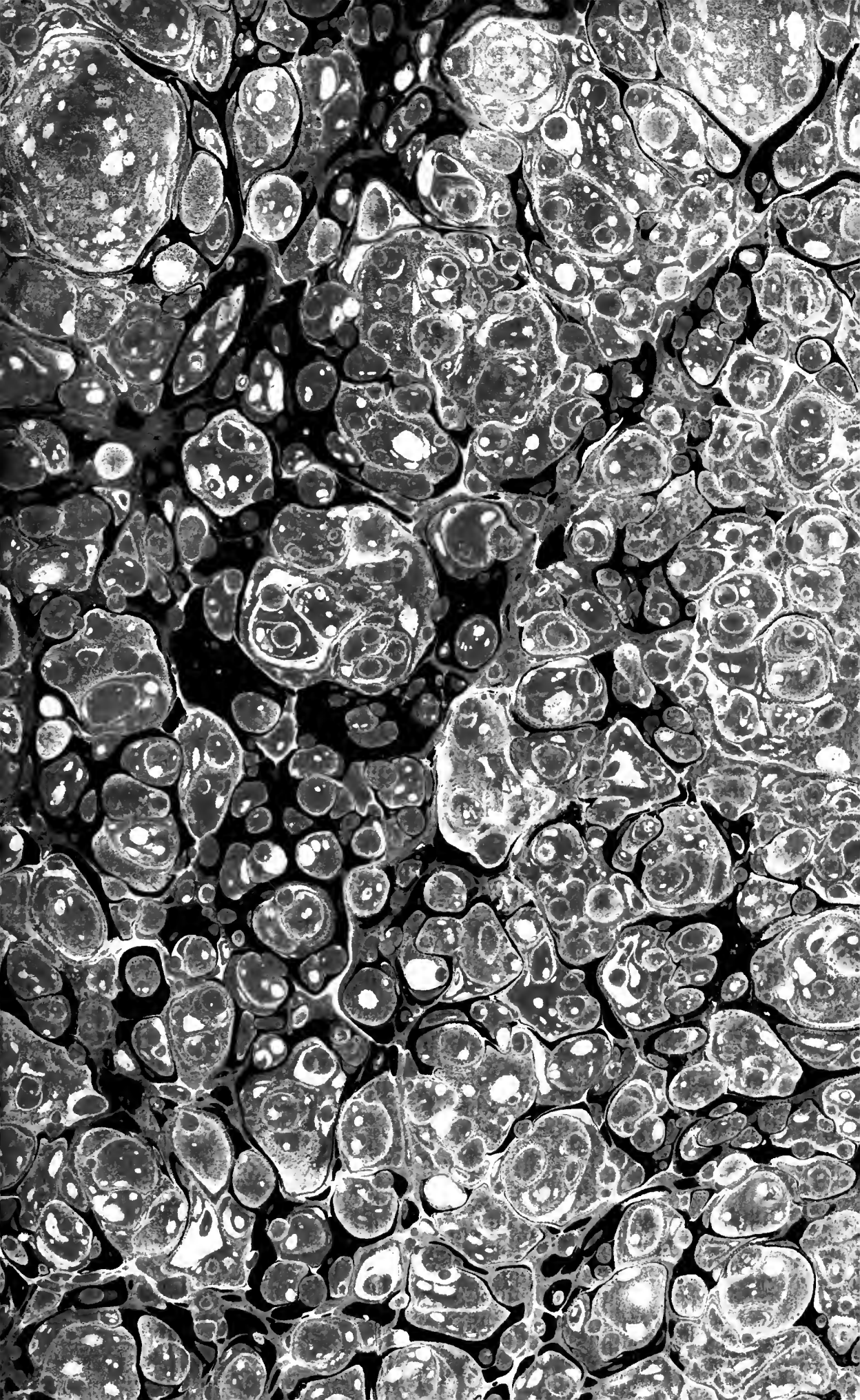




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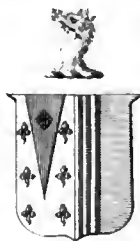




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RICHARD OWEN



CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

ÆT.

SV. LXI.

Richard Owen
Rev.

THE
WORKS
OF
RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

INCLUDING

SEVERAL PIECES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED:

WITH

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER,

BY HIS SON,

GEORGE OWEN CAMBRIDGE, M. A.

PREBENDARY OF ELY.

LONDON,

PRINTED BY LUKE HANSARD, GREAT TURNSTILE, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS:

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1803.



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- I. The PORTRAIT of the AUTHOR - - - to face the Title Page.
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- XV. VIEW OF TWICKENHAM MEADOWS, to face the Verses
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- XVI. DR. JOHNSON'S GHOST (with the descriptive leaf of that
print) appearing to Mr. BOSWELL, to face The Worlds
between signatures - - - - - 3 A and 3 B.

N. B. The Book to be beat *before* the Prints are inferted.

N. B.

IT was the intention of the Editor, in the choice of the PORTRAITS, to insert such only as had never before been published; this necessarily excluded many of the Author's literary friends, who are already at the head of their own works; but, in the two instances of Mr. Harris and Mr. Browne, this rule has been deviated from, at the express desire of their sons, the Earl of Malmesbury and Mr. Hawkins Browne, who each expressed their wish, that their Father's Portrait might appear among those of the Author's most intimate and valued friends; so flattering a testimony of their respect for him could not be declined. The Editor has also to acknowledge his obligation to the Bishop of Durham, for the use of a private plate of Lord Barrington.

ERRATA.

In pp. 21. 27. and 361. *the middle e in the name of Berkeley is accidentally omitted.*

Page

59. line 6, *for* or *read* and.
 131. In the note, *for* honore *read* honores.
 197. In the note, *for* prolific *read* prolific.
 231. In the note, *for* bed *read* bend.
 268. line 10, *for* yon *read* you.
 287. line 2, *for* modern *read* human.
 355. line 2, *for* meus *read* maux.
 In the last leaf of the Scribleriad, *for* page 244, *read* 238.

M E M O I R S

OF THE

A U T H O R.





M E M O I R S

OF THE

L I F E A N D C H A R A C T E R

OF THE

A U T H O R.

IN prefixing to this publication such particulars, as may best delineate the life, character, and talents of the Author, I am influenced by very powerful motives. The sollicitude I naturally feel at sending into the world this edition of my Father's works, makes me wish, as far as possible, to fulfil the duty of his editor, by endeavouring to gratify that curiosity so generally entertained, of enquiring into the prevailing sentiments and habits of those, who have been at all distinguished, or whose writings have attracted any share of public attention. At the same time I do not scruple to acknowledge, that I am still more strongly impelled to it, by the high gratification afforded to my feelings, in paying this last and only remaining tribute of duty and affection to the memory of a revered parent; and in recording, I trust for the benefit of others, those virtues, the recollection of which is indelibly impressed on my own mind.

To this undertaking I am further encouraged, by the reflection that so much of my own life has been past in the enjoyment of my father's society, and in the constant observation of his many estimable qualities, as enables me to assure the reader, that, whatever other attractions these memoirs may be thought to want, they will not be found deficient in those essential parts of Biography, fidelity and truth. In order, however, to give to this account a sanction of more unequivocal authority, than may perhaps be allowed to the affectionate interest and partial judgment of a son, I shall gladly avail myself of the voluntary testimonies, given by others to my father's virtues and talents, at different periods of his life; which coming chiefly from persons, distinguished for their accurate knowledge of the characters of mankind, and their skill in describing them, will, I hope, be considered as furnishing an additional weight to this relation, and render it more generally interesting.

RICHARD CAMBRIDGE was born in London the 14th of February, in the year 1717. He was descended from a family, that had been for several generations established in Gloucestershire: his father, being a younger brother, was bred to business as a Turkey merchant, and resided chiefly in London until the time of his death, which happened not long after the birth of his son, who, upon this event, was left to the care of his mother, and of her brother, Thomas Owen, Esq.

This gentleman had followed the profession of the law, but was, at that time, retired to Britwell Place in Buckinghamshire; and, as he had no children, he adopted his nephew as his future representative, undertaking the superintendance of his education, and receiving him at his house, during the vacations from school and the university.

My father was sent early to Eton, where, amongst his principal friends and associates, were Mr. Bryant, Mr. Gray, Mr. West, Mr. Aldworth Neville, Lord Sandwich, the Honourable Horace Walpole, Dr. Barnard (afterwards Master and Provost of Eton) Dr. Cooke (the late Dean of Ely) besides many others, who became known in the world as men of taste and learning, with most of whom he formed a friendship, which lasted through their respective lives.

Here also commenced that friendship with Mr. Henry Berkeley *, which, though dissolved at an early period by his death, was, during its continuance, of the most affectionate kind, and left on the mind of his surviving friend a tender remembrance, and poignant regret for his loss, which never were effaced.

To school exercises my father professed not to have paid laborious attention; and I have often heard him attribute his never
having

* Henry Berkeley, Esq. was the eldest son of Henry, third son of Charles second Earl of Berkeley. He was a young man of very superior and promising talents, who went early into the army, and was a Captain in the first regiment of foot guards, when he unfortunately lost his life at the battle of Fontenoy, in the year 1745. The reader will find a pleasing, and, I believe, a very correct delineation of the character of this my father's most favourite friend in early life, in a little poem entitled "Society", inserted in this volume. It was unfinished at the time of Mr. Berkeley's death, and, after that event, never was completed.

having received punishment to the good nature and forbearance of his master, Dr. George. But more, perhaps, was due, than he allowed or imagined, to an unusual quickness of parts, which enabled him to acquire, whatever he applied his mind to, without much pains or exertion.

His time, however, at Eton was far from being idly spent, for whilst he was ever foremost in the active sports suited to his age, he still found leisure to read several of the Greek and Roman historians; but as Character was always his favourite study, the ancient dramatic writers, and other poets, by whom the passions of men are most correctly delineated, were preferred by him: with the best of these he was familiar before he went to the university; and as he possessed a memory uncommonly retentive, what he had read at school he could readily refer to at any subsequent part of his life, and name almost the page and line where the passage might be found. He was also conversant with the best writers of the English drama; of our own Shakspeare he was a warm and judicious admirer, and had acted some of the principal parts in his and other of our best plays with singular success. His performance of Falstaff, and of Torismond in the Spanish Friar, were always mentioned by his schoolfellows as being particularly excellent, as also of Micio in the Adelpi of Terence. His chief associates in these theatrical exercises, were Mr. Neville, Mr. West, Dr. Barnard, Mr. Berkeley; and, in the Latin play, Mr. Bryant.

In

In the midst of his application to graver studies and these more lively exertions of genius, he manifested an early relish for the tranquil beauties of nature. The transparent stream of the Thames, and the picturesque scenes in the neighbourhood of Eton and Windsor, appear to have made the same impression upon his mind, as they did upon that of his schoolfellow Mr. Gray: and whilst in the contemplative fancy of the one, they produced the celebrated Ode on a distant View of Eton College, they formed in the active mind of the other, a taste for the varied combinations of wood, water, and lawn, which was exercised with great success, first at his seat in Gloucestershire, and afterwards in the meadows at Twickenham: these exhibit a pleasing memorial of his skill in landscape scenery, the relish for which he always professed to have acquired in the playing fields of Eton school*.

From Eton my father was removed to St. John's college in Oxford, where he entered as a gentleman-commoner in 1734. His studies at the university were carried on much in the same manner as at Eton. No day was passed without some acquisition

* These particulars of my father's juvenile character and pursuits have been collected from conversations upon the subject with Mr. Neville, Dr. Barnard, the late Dean of Ely, and other friends of his youth, now no more. It is pleasing to me to add, that since the above was written, every particular here stated, with many additional circumstances, have been confirmed to me by his only surviving schoolfellow, the amiable and venerable Jacob Bryant, Esq.: who says, that with the gayest spirits and most active disposition, his propriety of conduct was so uniform, that he not only never was punished for irregularity, but was regarded as a pattern of order and good behaviour, whilst his sweetness of temper and constant desire to accommodate himself to others gained him the love of all, from his head master, Dr. George, to the least boy in the school.

fiction of knowledge, either in literature, mechanics, the polite arts, or other useful improvements: yet without any appearance of severe study, or of his wishing to be thought a distinguished scholar.

During one of the Oxford vacations, he accepted from his schoolfellow, Mr. Horace Walpole, an invitation to King's College, Cambridge, where, after spending some time, they agreed to make the tour of Norfolk together, and conclude it by visiting Houghton, at the time when the Congress was held there. This was an annual meeting, chiefly composed of persons connected with Sir Robert Walpole in public life. The proposal was gladly accepted by my father, who omitted no opportunity that offered of seeing and conversing with eminent men; in this visit his curiosity was gratified by the sight of some of the most distinguished characters of the age. Amongst others, whom I have heard him mention to have seen there for the first time, was, Holles Duke of Newcastle, long the prime minister of George the Second:

When the marriage of the Prince of Wales engaged the poetical talents of each university, my father would willingly have declined a subject so little suited to his taste or style of composition, which was chiefly of the humorous cast; but, finding his college expected something from his pen, he composed the poem that is inserted in this volume; which was published with the other verses spoken at Oxford on this occasion.

As most of his Eton friends had gone to Cambridge, and as neither the society of the college to which he belonged, nor the

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ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE Esq.

F. R. S.

the mode of study followed there were particularly suited to his choice, he was desirous to leave Oxford before he was of sufficient standing for a degree, in the hope of rejoining at Lincoln's-Inn, some of the friends from whom he separated on leaving Eton; he accordingly became a member of that society in the year 1737.

It happened that his chambers were in the same staircase with those of Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq. who had acquired, by his works then published, a high reputation both for the sublime and playful kinds of poetry; and was not less celebrated for his wit and talents for conversation; which were so congenial to my father's taste, that they led to a friendship, which lasted through the life of Mr. Browne, and descended to his son, the present member for Bridgenorth.

By Mr. Browne he was introduced to many literary acquaintance; he also found at Lincoln's-Inn his schoolfellow Mr. Henry Bathurst, afterwards Lord Chancellor, and commenced his friendship with the Honourable Charles Yorke, Mr. Wray*, and Mr. Edwards†.

Amongst

* Daniel Wray, Esq. was educated at the Charter-house, and at Queen's College, Cambridge. He was for many years a deputy-teller of the Exchequer under Philip, second Earl of Hardwicke, with whom and other friends he was concerned in the Athenian Letters. He was a good scholar, equally conversant with classical and polite literature, and an eminent antiquary; nor was he less distinguished for the goodness of his heart than the excellence of his understanding. He purchased a house at Richmond about the time my father settled at Twickenham, and a constant intercourse was kept up between them until Mr. Wray's death in 1783.

† Thomas Edwards, Esq. was the son of a barrister, bred to the law, and a member of Lincoln's-Inn; but, being possessed of an independent fortune,

Amongst these friends his time was agreeably and profitably spent; but it not being his intention to be called to the Bar, his desire of improvement determined him to travel; for which, when every necessary arrangement was made, he was stopped by the hard frost of the year 1739-40, which detained him the whole winter in London, and his plan never was refused.

Early in the spring he made a visit to the house of George Trenchard, Esq*. at Woolveton in Dorsetshire, for whose second daughter he had formed a previous attachment. To this lady he now made his proposals, and the marriage took place in the beginning of the year 1741.

Whilst my father was visiting at Woolveton, he received the following poetic epistle from his friend Mr. Henry Berkeley,

tune, he never followed his profession, but gave himself chiefly to the cultivation of letters, particularly in the branches of poetry and criticism. The last seventeen years of his life were spent at his own seat of Turrieh, in the parish of Ellenborough, Bucks; he died January 3d, 1757, in the 58th year of his age. His writings were collected soon after his death, and consist of the *Canons of Criticism*, and the *trial of the letter Y*, which is a critical essay upon the orthography of the English language, written with sense and spirit; together with a collection of forty-nine sonnets.

* George Trenchard, Esq. then member for Poole, was descended from a very ancient family in Dorsetshire, and son of Sir John Trenchard, secretary of state to King William, and the confidential friend of that monarch, by whom he was commissioned to concert measures with his friends on this side the water, and ensure his favourable reception; for which purpose he made several voyages into Holland, and finally attended the king, when he came over to take possession of the government. A private engraving from an original picture of this gentleman, being offered to me by my uncle John Trenchard, Esq. I have considered it an acceptable addition to the portraits in this work.



S^R. JOHN TRENCHARD KN^T.
Secretary of State to King William the Third.
Engraved by C. Bealton, after an original Picture
in the Possession of William Trenchard Esq^r.

Published June 7 1703 by C. Bealton West End, Homestead



Berkeley, containing such sweet effusions of fancy, as justify the high terms in which my father always spoke, of the elegant and classical taste, of that amiable and accomplished young man.

“ September 14th, 1741.

“ Dear Dick,

“ Having, according to ancient and right laudable custom, nothing but nonsense to send you, I think you may as well take it out in verse as prose.

Intermissa Venus, &c.

“ Forbear, I said, thou trifler, Love,
 Forbear on me thy shafts to prove.
 Hence to thy mother! say that I
 Her cestus and thy bow defy;
 With cold indifference can survey
 Whate'er creates thy sov'reign sway,
 Pitt's matchless air, and Tatton's face,
 And blooming Wolfely's ev'ry grace.
 Let me advise, to Wool'ton haste,
 There thou may'st prove a welcome guest:
 Thou'lt find a conquest worthy thee,
 A youth yet unconfin'd and free,
 Though form'd for love, with ev'ry art
 To please the eye and charm the heart.
 For him thy keenest arrow chuse,
 And deep the thrilling smart infuse;

Loud let thy well-strung bow resound,
 Venus and Trenchard too shall bless the wound.
 My ruder soul unhurt remains,
 Nor hopes thy joys, nor dreads thy pains.
 Yet say, Eliza, why I mourn,
 When'er from thee unwilling torn?
 O thou my thoughts' eternal theme,
 My daily wish, my nightly dream,
 Why heaves my breast the tender sigh?
 Why cloud the gushing tears mine eye?
 See Venus laugh, Eliza chide;
 'Tis gone at once my rebel pride!
 My boasted resolution's gone,
 My liberty and reason flown,
 Too sure I feel th' unerring dart,
 And own love's empire in my heart."

This marriage, which originated in a mutual preference; laid the foundation of the most tender and affectionate attachment, that subsisted full sixty years..

Besides the beauty of her person, her cheerful temper, and pleasing manners, my mother; with a peculiar delicacy of form, was endued with an uncommon strength of constitution, which enabled her to be the constant companion of her husband in all his most active pursuits; their journies were always performed on horseback; and, when their children became of an age to join in these parties, they were always admitted into them.

Upon

Upon their marriage, my father settled at his family seat of Whitminster in Gloucestershire, near the banks of the Severn, seven miles below Gloucester. In this retirement he passed seven or eight years, in the enjoyment of such happiness as is not very often experienced, continually engaged in the acquisition of knowledge, or in some useful application of it.

The situation of the place was well adapted to the display of his taste, and the pursuit of those amusements that were most interesting to him. The house was situated on the banks of the little river Stroud, in the midst of the rich meadows that characterize the vale of Berkeley; my father's first object was to introduce the more distant landscape, and open to the view those beautiful and lofty hills which bound that extensive valley; and, by a judicious disposal of his buildings and plantations, he greatly embellished the place, and gave to the whole estate the appearance of a garden.

The stream, which ran through the grounds, he made navigable for boats, not only as far as his own property extended, but, by the permission of his neighbours, for a distance of near three miles, and thus obtained, for his private use, at a very inconsiderable expence, what was undertaken forty years afterwards upon a larger scale for the public by the Stroud-water Company; who first made this river navigable from the Severn to the town of Stroud, and then, following the course of the same stream, carried their canal through Sapperton Hill by a tunnel, and united it with the Thames at Letchlade.

By means of this navigation he was enabled to convey with ease the stone and other materials requisite for the various works and improvements carrying on upon his estate; he had also boats of pleasure suited to the size and nature of the river, by which he transported himself and his friends to others of a different construction, adapted to the navigation of the Severn. Such was his turn for mechanics, that it might be called the favourite of his various pursuits; and the structure of his boats afforded him an opportunity of shewing his practical knowledge in that branch of science.

His largest boat for the Severn was built upon the plan of those made use of in the Venetian state; the cabin of which was large enough to receive commodiously near thirty people, and was very handsomely fitted up. Amongst other articles of furniture, it contained in the pannels between the windows eight pictures, painted for the purpose by that eminent marine painter, Mr. Scott, representing every different sort of ship, vessel, and boat, then in use. These pictures are now valuable as specimens of the skill of that excellent artist, and as a pleasing record of the taste and spirit with which my father pursued every object to which he directed his mind, and the instruction that was always mingled with his amusements.

Another of his boats that attracted attention was a twelve-oared barge built after a plan of his own, which was found to move with considerably more ease and expedition than any other boat of the same description, though the rowers were
men

men unaccustomed to the water, being his own domestics, or the labourers employed in his various works*, who had no other instructions given them than what they received from their master.

But in this flotilla the boat most entitled to notice, from the singularity and the ingenuity of its construction, was a double-boat, which owed its origin to the flying prow, the inconvenience and danger of which it was designed to remedy, whilst it retained its most valuable properties, lightness and expedition. Lord Anson, having admired the structure and success of these boats, as used by the inhabitants of the Ladrone islands, a particular description of which is given in his voyage, was preparing to make trial of one in England, when my father ventured to suggest his doubts, whether a boat, whose safety depended upon the most exact equilibrium, would succeed in this uncertain climate, however well it might answer on the smooth sea, and under the steady breezes of the Pacific Ocean; proposing, at the same time, to construct a boat upon a plan somewhat similar, that might obviate those objections. The experiment, in both cases, was creditable to his knowledge of the subject. The flying prow was twice tried between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, and each time (as I have been informed) it was upset; after which it was hung up in the boat-house of the royal yard at Deptford, where it has ever since remained, and may now be seen; but the double-boat answered every purpose required, being

fo

* See a humorous description of them in his poem of ARCHIMAGE.

so swift that no other boat could overtake it, and so safe that it was scarcely possible for it to be overfet*.

It happened about the time when the improvements at Whitminster were completed, that Frederick the late Prince of Wales, accompanied by his Princess, his daughter the present Duchess of Brunwick, and a large party, made a visit to Lord Bathurst at Cirencester. During their stay at his seat, he signified to my father his intention of bringing their Royal Highnesses to see his place, and pass a day upon the water. They were accordingly received by him in his smaller boats, at the head of his own private navigation, and after landing to view the house and grounds, continued their passage to the Severn, where they were conducted to the Venetian barge, on board of which having taken their station in the most beautiful reach of the river, the whole party sat down to a well-served dinner, prepared in a boat fitted up as a kitchen, and previously placed there for that purpose. After taking as long a sail as the time would admit, they again returned by the same conveyance to the spot where they had embarked.

The

* The double-boat consisted of two distinct boats, fifty feet in length, and only eighteen inches wide, placed parallel to each other at the distance of twelve feet, and secured together by transverse beams, over which a slight platform or deck was placed. Thus constructed it was enabled to spread a much larger portion of canvass than any other boat that presented so small a resistance to the element in which it moved. It is remarkable that Captain Cook should, many years afterwards, find the ingenious inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands making use of boats upon a similar plan, and which experience had shewn them was preferable to the flying prow, or any other form that could be devised by a people unacquainted with the use of iron.

The Prince and Princess were always graciously pleased to speak of this as one of the pleafantest parties in which they had ever been engaged. His Royal Highness particularly noticed the skill and discipline of the boatmen, and the regularity and order with which every thing was arranged; saying he had frequently attempted the same on the Thames at Cliveden, but from some cause or other had never been equally successful.

The following letter from Lord Bathurst, written on this occasion, not only shews how well the party were pleased with their day, but contains also the most flattering testimony of the favourable light in which their host appeared to his royal visitors.

“ Dear Sir,

“ My royal guests are gone this afternoon, and they have charged me with their compliments to you. I do assure you they were highly pleased with you and your entertainment, and it proved, as I foresaw, the most agreeable day they had passed in their whole progress. Masham, who had never seen you before, had no inclination to the expedition, but after his return, was the most forward to acknowledge the satisfaction he had received; all agreed that a man so formed for a court, ought not to live hid in the country.

“ Let me know when I can see you, for I long to tell you how much

“ I am, Your's,

“ BATHURST.”

Cirencester,
Wednesday Night.

For

For the ordinary diversions of the field, to which country gentlemen usually devote so much of their time and talents, my father had no relish; but instead of the gun, he took up the exercise of shooting with the bow and arrow, in which he acquired such a degree of dexterity, as with a little further practice might have enabled him to enter the lists with William Tell, or the man recorded in the *Scribleriad*, who deprived Philip of the sight of one of his eyes with an arrow, which was addressed "To Philip's right Eye." The head of a duck, swimming in the river, was a favourite mark, which he seldom missed; he likewise shot many small birds perching on trees, and some of the larger sort he has brought down when upon the wing; until happening to see one of his arrows, that had accidentally dropped into a post, he was struck with the hazard he ran of injuring some fellow-creature, and from that time relinquished this amusement. But as shooting fish was not liable to any risk, he continued that diversion, with arrows made for the purpose by the Indians of America, and was almost as expert in the use of them. Whatever pursuit he engaged in he followed with uncommon ardour, and seldom desisted until he had reached the extent of the subject: this fondness for the bow, therefore, induced him to collect specimens of all the bows and arrows that could be met with in different parts of the world, and to make himself acquainted with

with the precise methods of using them.* He likewise procured whatever books he could find upon the subject of archery, particularly those which related to the laws and practice of the old English bowmen, as well as what remained respecting the use of those weapons among the ancients.

The various active amusements which at this period engaged a considerable portion of his time, appear rather to have strengthened, than abated his taste for intellectual pursuits; and his mind was as much devoted to literature, and as entirely at the service of the muses, as if they had been without a rival to divide his attention. In the midst of all these occupations he formed the plan, collected the materials, and wrote the whole of his mock-heroic poem, the *Scribleriad*; with very little communication, and certainly without any assistance. That he had made known his design to some of those particular friends, with whom he was in the habit of corresponding on literary subjects; that both the plan and the parts of the work that were finished were much relished and approved by them; and that they strongly urged him to proceed in the undertaking, appear by several letters he has preserved, alluding to the subject. From among these I am induced to offer one from Mr. Henry Berkeley; which is written from a camp in Flanders, in the midst of an active campaign, and not only contains the most pleasing and judicious com-

* This collection of bows and arrows he gave many years afterwards to Sir Ashton Lever, in whose museum they were placed, with several other articles presented by my father.

mendations of his friend's work, but exhibits likewise a very favourable specimen of his own correct taste.

Ghent, Nov. 11, 1744.

“ My dear Richard,

“ YESTERDAY I received your Scribleriad, and though I have not yet been able to bestow that attention upon it which it deserves, I have read it often enough to have that enthusiasm for it that you (I think falsely) accuse me of; in short, I like it prodigiously, and think your whole plan such as, handled with the same taste and spirit, will be as entertaining to all readers of genius and understanding, as to those only of book-learning; and for other readers who would write? Scriblerus's speech in the storm, the preparing and lighting the pile, in a word, the whole passage from verse 124 to 192, is worked up with every quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of poetry and humour.

‘And stood my own sad monument, a stone,’

puts me in mind of a passage in a poem called Sodoma, written by Saint Cyprian or Tertullian*, which I will transcribe:

----- Stetit ipsa Sepulcrum,
 Ipsaque imago sibi, formam sine corpore servans.
 Durat adhuc etenim nudà statione sub æthram,
 Nec pluvii dilapsa situ, nec diruta ventis:
 Quinetiam, si quis mutitaverit advena formam,
 Protinus ex sese fuggestu vulnera complet.

The sending Scriblerus to consult a fool is finely thought, and Albertus accounts for that manner of prophecy with great ad-

* This poem is found in the works of St. Cyprian, but considered as of very doubtful authority.

drefs. Your subject has greatly the advantage of the Dunciad and the Dispensary, though it rather yields to the *Trivia*; though I must dissent from you when you say that this last is proper for a writer of small parts and little industry, I confess it does not require, in a great degree, the true and sublime spirit of poetry, as neither does your subject, or any other which verges upon burlesque or ridicule, which delight the mind when agreeably handled, and adorned with all the second graces (if I may so call them) of poetry, but can hardly admit of the great sublime, which belongs more particularly to serious poems; but, in regard to *Trivia*, I have always thought that expressing the common accidents, and businets, and actions of life in elegant verse, was the most difficult matter in poetry, and required the greatest industry; what Horace means by,

Ut sibi quisvis speret idem

* * * * *

And let me tell you, that although I have either partiality or taste enough to admire all your compositions, there is nothing you seem more to excel in than this last species of writing, which likewise requires the most uncommon talents, and much judgment in particular, though it seems to be trifling and easy; nor do I mean at all to compliment you in saying, that you have an infinite fund of true humour, and an admirable faculty of taking hints from all occurrences, and improving upon them.

“ London is the great school where you may best cultivate this vein, and I could wish, whenever you go thither, you

would be always particularly diligent in it: don't think me an enthusiast if I say, that 'tis possible the time may come, when Swift or Addison himself shall be no longer regretted."

Such approbation of the work he was engaged in from Mr. Berkeley and other friends, whose judgment he highly valued, could not but be acceptable to my father, and encourage him to persevere in it; for though he was in general backward in seeking after, or accepting the aid of his friends in his literary productions, yet this reluctance did not arise from any undue confidence in his own powers, or too sanguine expectations of success: so far indeed was he from being vain or self-opinionated, that it was the observation of all who knew him, that he seldom assumed the credit he was fairly entitled to, for the talents he possessed, and thought humbly of the best of his performances, readily yielding his own opinion to that of others, whom he conceived to be in any respect superior to himself in knowledge or abilities.

Of this diffidence a striking instance is afforded by that which occurred relative to this poem. When finished it was put into the hands of a friend, on whose judgment he had great reliance, who returned it to him with a letter full of admiration of the poetry; but as he said little of the design and contrivance, or the criticism it contains on false taste and false science, which were the chief objects of the author's aim, and

on,

on which he had bestowed his principal attention, the verse being written with great ease and rapidity, he concluded that the work was deficient in those requisites he wished it to possess; and under this impression he actually threw it into a drawer, where it lay for some years, until he was strongly encouraged by many of his friends to publish it.

It is usually found that men who are thus constantly and busily employed at home in the alternate occupations of literature and a country life, gradually withdraw themselves from general society, and grow daily more fond of retirement: these habits of seclusion my father never was disposed to indulge. He thought it his duty, as much as he felt it his inclination, to encourage that love of intellectual improvement by rational society, which formed a conspicuous feature of his character; so that when he was most deeply engaged in his favourite pursuits, he never declined an opportunity of obtaining the conversation of those from whom he could expect to reap either amusement or instruction. His vicinity to Gloucester enabled him to profit by frequent communications upon literary and philosophical subjects with Dr. Atwell*, then a prebendary of that cathedral, and also by the conversation of the excellent Martin Benson, at that time bishop of the diocese. The more grave discourse

* Joseph Atwell, D. D. was a very learned and ingenious man: particularly conversant in subjects of experimental philosophy and natural history, as appears by his correspondence with my father. Many papers of this gentleman's are published in the Philosophical Transactions. His acquaintance among literary men was very extensive. He died at Gloucester in the year 1763.

of these gentlemen was often contrasted by the sprightliness and wit of Sir Charles Williams and Mr. Henry Fox, which he enjoyed at the house of his friend and near neighbour Lord Ducie: He was also very frequent in his visits to the first Lord Bathurst at Cirencester. To an early intimacy with his son, Mr. Henry Bathurst, my father owed his first introduction to this celebrated nobleman, by whom he was ever afterwards treated with the greatest kindness and friendship. In him was seen the plain unaffected behaviour of an English country gentleman, graced by the polished manners of a court; an extensive acquaintance with literature, united to a perfect knowledge of the world, and in a degree not often to be met with, the gaiety of youth tempered with the experience and sagacity of age. From the conversation of such men, the dullest could hardly fail to derive some improvement; but by a young man of my father's inquisitive and comprehensive turn of mind, considerable entertainment and information would naturally be acquired; for in whatever company he found himself, it was always his endeavour to pursue those topics, on which he conceived the persons he conversed with could speak to most advantage, and that which was worthy to be remembered he seldom forgot.

Besides this circle of friends near home, his social pleasures were increased by frequent journies to London, Eton, and other distant places, by which means he kept up his connexion with his school and college friends, who, in return, visited him in Gloucestershire. In their company he frequently



*Allen Bathurst Aet. 25.
Created an Earl 1772.*

*Engraved by C. Bestland, from a Picture in Enamel,
in the Possession of Earl Bathurst.*



quently made excursions into the neighbouring parts of Wales, the picturesque scenery of which was a constant source of amusement to him, though at that time comparatively little known or regarded. The beauties of the Wye he was particularly fond of shewing, and was so much captivated with the bold and romantic character of Piercefield, that he treated for the purchase of it, and was only induced to relinquish his intention from the love of society, which decided him in the choice of a residence nearer London. He however recommended it to Mr. Morris, and had some share in making those improvements which shewed the peculiar and striking features of the place to their proper advantage; and thus assisted in laying the foundation of that celebrity it has since acquired.

I have been somewhat more particular in the detail of the various active employments, which engaged his time and attention at this early period of life, that the reader may the better be enabled to understand and relish a lively and interesting picture drawn of him by the hand of a master, whose skill in the delineation of character is fully displayed in his dramatic writings, as well as in the other productions of his muse. The following epistle was the genuine offering of a warm and sincere friendship, founded upon a just view of my father's worth and talents, and is written with all that playfulness of fancy and good humour which eminently characterised the pen of Mr. Whitehead. It very happily describes the singular facility with which his friend embraced a variety
of

of different and apparently opposite pursuits at the same time.

Although this poem has already been published in the works of its author, it is no less entitled to a place in the memoirs of him to whom it is addressed, whose character and manner of life it so faithfully records.

TO RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

“ Dear Cambridge, teach your friend the art
 You use to gain the Muse’s heart,
 And make her so entirely yours,
 That at all seasons, and all hours,
 The anxious goddess ready stands
 To wait the motion of your hands.

It was of old a truth confess’d
 That poets must have needful rest,
 And every imp of Phœbus’ quire
 To philosophic shades retire,
 Amid those flowery scenes of ease
 To pick up sense and similes.
 Had Virgil been from coast to coast,
 Like his Æneas, tempest-toft,
 Or pass’d life’s fluctuating dream
 On Tyber’s or on Mincio’s stream,

He

He might have been expert in failing ;
 But Mævius ne'er had fear'd his railing,
 Nor great Augustus fav'd from fire
 The relics of a rambling squire.

Had Horace too, from day to day,
 Run post upon the Appian way,
 In restless journies to and from
 Brundisium, Capua, and Rome ;
 The bard had scarcely found a time
 To put that very road in rhyme ;
 And fav'd great critics much expence
 In lab'ring to mistake his sense.

Nay he, whose Greek is out of date
 Since Pope descended to translate,
 Tho' wand'ring still from place to place,
 At least lay by in stormy weather
 (Whate'er Perrault or Wootton says)
 To tack his rhapsodies together.

But you, reversing every rule
 Of ancient or of modern school,
 Nor hurt by noise, nor cramp'd by rhymes,
 Can all things do, and at all times.
 Your own Scriblerus never knew
 A more unsettled life than you,

Yet Pope in Twit'nam's peaceful grot
 Scarce ever more correctly thought.
 In whirligigs it is confest
 The middle line's a line of rest ;
 And, let the sides fly how they will,
 The central point must needs stands still.
 Perhaps your mind, like one of these,
 Beholds the tumult round at ease,
 And stands, as firm as rock in ocean,
 The center of perpetual motion.

That Cæsar did three things at once;
 Is known at school to every dunce ;
 But your more comprehensive mind
 Leaves piddling Cæsar far behind. . . .
 You spread the lawn, direct the flood,
 Cut vistas through, or plant a wood,
 Build China's barks for Severn's stream,
 Or form new plans for epic fame,
 And then in spite of wind or weather,
 You read, row, ride, and write together.
 But 'tis not your undoubted claim
 To naval or equestrian fame,
 Your nicer taste, or quicker parts,
 In rural or meechnic arts,

(Tho'

{Tho' each alone in humbler station
 Might raise both wealth and reputation)
 It is not these that I would have,
 Bear them, o' God's name, to your grave.
 But 'tis that unexhausted vein,
 That quick conception without pain,
 That something, for no words can shew it,
 Which without leisure makes a poet.

Sure Nature cast, indulgent dame,
 Some strange peculiar in your frame,
 From whose well-lodg'd prolific seeds
 This inexpressive power proceeds.

Or does Thalia court your arms,
 Because you seem to flight her charms,
 And, like her sister females, fly
 From our dull assiduity.
 If that's the case, I'll soon be free,
 I'll put on airs as well as she;
 And ev'n in this * poetic shade,
 Where erst with Pope and Gay she play'd,
 E'en here I'll tell her to her face,
 I've learn'd to scorn a forc'd embrace.
 In short, here ends her former reign;
 And if we e'er begin again

* Middleton Park, Oxfordshire.

It must be on another score—
I'll write like you, or write no more."

The friendship for Mr. Whitehead commenced about the time when this gentleman was appointed tutor to Lord Villiers, son of the Earl of Jersey, in the year 1744, and it naturally produced an intercourse with that family, to which my father was used to attribute the most agreeable events of his subsequent life. In the circle of Lord Jersey's family he became known to the Honourable Thomas Villiers, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, who was then recently returned from concluding the treaty of peace between the King of Prussia and the Empress. The preference Mr. Villiers and my father shewed for each other was very soon succeeded by a close and brotherlike friendship, which never experienced change or abatement. They passed much of their time together, and, as my father always resided at Mr. Villiers's house when in London, he was induced to visit that place more frequently.

At this gentleman's house he associated with the most distinguished men of that time, with many of whom he formed an intimacy productive of much pleasure, and from whose society he derived considerable advantage, when he afterwards settled in the neighbourhood of London, and mixed more in the world. Among this number were Lord Granville, Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Grenville, Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Pitt, and Lord Bath.

By



Thomas Villiers, Lord Hyndesborough

(1737)

Created Earl of Clarendon 1776.

*Engraved by G. Bostland, from a Picture by Hudson,
in the Possession of the Earl of Clarendon.*



By several of these friends he was strongly solicited to come into Parliament, and engage in public life. As he had a sincere love for his country, a clear insight into its real interests, and a great knowledge of political affairs, which he was desirous on all occasions to improve, he certainly was well qualified for so important a station, nor would he have declined it, if at any period of his life he had felt himself called upon by any very strong claim. He was remarkably exempt from those passions which usually incline men to exchange domestic enjoyments for the toils of public business. His love of fame was limited to a desire of being respected and beloved by those in whose society he wished to live; his natural disposition and talents were peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of polite literature, and the charms of familiar conversation; he therefore thought that, without any desertion of his duty, he might give way to the preference he entertained for private life. It was indeed his favourite maxim, that the pursuit of general knowledge, and the study of the liberal arts, by gentlemen of independent fortunes, who have no lucrative views, are of the greatest advantage to a country, and form the most marked distinction between an improved and a degenerate age; between a polished nation and a people wholly addicted to commerce or to arms.

His own sentiments upon the superior comforts of a private station, and the value he set upon that leisure which it affords, may be collected from various parts of his writings; but they are no where so distinctly stated as in the following letter, which he wrote about this period to his old

old friend and schoolfellow, Dr. Barnard, who was then settled upon a curacy in the country, where he considered his learning and talents as buried in obscurity; but from whence he was soon afterwards removed, and by degrees preferred to situations of dignity and affluence.

“ O! Tite liquid ego adjuero — I am very sorry to find you frequently express yourself not well satisfied with the manner in which your time passes, and I heartily wish I could say any thing acceptable on that head, or that even I had leisure or resolution to digest what I have to say in any method. Though I have little assurance of either, I shall however go on in my usual rhapsodical way, and I know you are always so good as to take up with whatever may fall from my pen in the progress of my letter, which never was in my thoughts in the beginning: in this I imitate Montagne as well as in my egotism; which latter is a thing I do not disapprove, as I think a man must speak of himself more knowingly, and, where vanity does not interfere, with more truth and certainty. I premise this, as I do not know how much I may play the egotist at present; for though our cases may be far from being alike, they are so in this respect at least, that they are different from the generality of the world in many points, and most eminently in these two, that though we are not without spirit, we have *no pursuit* (as I am persuaded you understand that expression I go on) and that though we are vigorous in quest of and in the enjoyment of pleasures, they are chiefly those of a mental or speculative kind, such as reading, conversation, prospects,

prospects, works of art, and all the pleasures of the imagination : from which resemblance I shall presume to judge of the operations of your mind from those of my own.

I believe the first thing we have to do is to enquire why we are at any time less happy than our neighbours, and this I take it is owing to refinement, or, in a plain word, nicety ; for instance, we cannot play at cards, because we reflect all the while, that in those hours, which are lost to us, we might have improved our minds by reading or our bodies by exercise ; and you may suggest to yourself many like cases, which, however, we are the more exempted from by having no pursuit, and it is for that reason, I presume, we have both declined it, a lucrative one I mean ; for those of another kind I shall mention hereafter. I dare say you are not a discontented man, and I would not have you think yourself so ; however, Horace's lines upon discontent may be some help to us. To be sure, if you were in some pursuit, you would not be troubled with any of those thoughts which you now complain of, but then how often would you wish yourself in that otium you now enjoy ; and put the case to yourself, and I dare say you will answer it with

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit .

* * * * *

Ille meas errare boves, ut cernis, et ipsum
Ludere, quæ vellem, calamo permisit agresti :

are lines that I often reflect on with tears in my eyes, through joy that they are applicable to me ; and it is with the utmost
gratitude

gratitude that I consider myself *now* in *youth* and *health*, in the enjoyment of that retirement which is the end proposed to crown the labours of thousands who are now toiling for it, and must never taste it with so strong a relish.

Now being brought together, the next thing is that we part, and having found how like we are to each other, it will be expedient to see how much we are unlike. Our different fortunes give *me* the opportunity of conversing with a greater variety of mankind, and the power of betaking myself to that converse when tired with retirement. *To you* that retirement is without the interruption which I often experience, sometimes from company, at other times from the necessary thought which must attend the care of a family, and a larger intercourse with the world; perhaps, were I in your case, I might not be able to bear with myself so long as your retirement enjoins, and those interruptions which I complain of may be necessary ingredients to my happiness, nay the very spurs to my pleasures in retirement; but let me assure you, I often wish for your otium to accomplish many undertakings which I am now afraid to engage in; and several there are for which I think even your leisure too short: do not then think too lightly of that state which another envies, and let me exhort you to throw off your indifference, when I desire you to rank yourself not only with the sect of the happier, but of the happiest. Let a man employ his hours alone ever so well, I'll allow it to be very hard upon him to be long with-

out company, and not to be cheered now and then with the human face divine; but this is not your case, and I dare say, if you was taken up in any abstruse studies, you would have much ado to find time for those neighbours you value. Your greatest misfortune is your audience, in which as you would not be likely to mend yourself much, if you had preferment in every county, I would advise you to alter your main end (which you otherwise rightly chose as the end of your profession) and turn your thoughts to writing, by which your audience will be enlarged from a country church to a whole nation, and you will have this recompence to your labours, that they will receive their reward from the best judges."

Among my father's literary friends there was none with whom he lived in greater habits of intimacy, whilst he resided in Gloucestershire, or by whom the leading points of his character appear to have been more distinctly appreciated, than Thomas Edwards, Esq. the admired author of the elegant sonnets in Doddsley's collection. Of these the one addressed to the subject of this memoir is so precisely descriptive of his prevailing sentiments, as well as of that total absence from vanity and ambition, which so peculiarly characterized him, that it deserves to be inserted; and it will perhaps be rendered more interesting to the reader, if that part of his correspondence with Mr. Edwards, which relates to it, be added, including a beautiful sonnet on his own

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family

family picture, as well as a criticism of my father's upon this species of writing, not unworthy of notice*.

THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ. TO R. O. CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

— “ I will even do as the news writers do, fill up my paper with indifferent verses for want of better stuff. They are upon our family picture, which you have seen, and were made during my late indisposition, when the reading of Spenser had given me something of a turn towards sonnet writing. The stanza indeed is neither Spenser's nor Milton's, but after the Italian fashion, which is more artificial; and I think more harmonious. But I shall make the porch too big for the house, and oblige you to cry out,

“ Cut off thy reflections and give us the tale.”

Here then it is, take it without farther ceremony.

SONNET.

When pensive on that portraiture I gaze
Where my four brothers round about me stand,

* Among other subjects, I find a correspondence relative to the mundic or shining mineral stone, which forms the principal ornament of Mr. Pope's grotto at Twickenham. Mr. Edwards having seen it used for a similar purpose at Whitminster, recommended it to Mr. Pope, and obtained my father's assistance in procuring it for him, from a cliff on the banks of the Severn. Mr. Edwards concludes one of his letters upon the subject by observing, that “ as this grotto, made by so celebrated a man, will be likely *virum volitare perora*, we shall be carried up to fame along with it like the fringe at the tail of a kite.”

And

And four fair sisters smile with graces bland,
 The goodly ornament of happier days ;
 And think how soon insatiate death, who preys
 On all, hath cropt the rest with ruthless hand ;
 While only I survive of all that band,
 Which one chaste bed did to my father raise :
 It seems that like a column left alone,
 The tottering remnant of some splendid fane,
 Scaped from the fury of the barbarous Gaul,
 And wasting Time, which has the rest o'erthrown ;
 Amidst our house's ruins I remain
 Single, unpropp'd, and nodding to my fall."

R. O. CAMBRIDGE, ESQ. TO THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ.

" I thank you for your sonnet, which I admire extremely; I must say I never saw simplicity supported with more dignity. You must have observed the *thin partitions* that are in all kinds of poetry. In the sublime, between that and nonsense or madness: in the pastoral, between simplicity and rusticity; in this manner of yours, between simplicity, and (what I don't know how to express but by) a nothingness or penury of thought and expression: and how easy it is to transgress these slight bounds many authors will shew. I am not sure whether I may take it for a rule, that he who comes nearest to transgressing all these bounds without doing it, will hit upon the true crisis. But this I know, that there are many things in Shakspeare universally admired as the finest, which, I think, are on the wrong side of the partition; and again, many which are

exploded as *bombast* or *trifling*, which, sometimes, I can fancy to be the utmost success of true genius. There is nothing so dangerous, and so doubtful of success as the sonnet. For the sublime, if it does not succeed, will have something glaring in it, that shall please many; but nothing in the sonnet can please but excellence. That, which you sent me, is, I think, the greatest master-piece of its kind, and I must beg you to omit no opportunity of pursuing this vein, and cultivating this particular species of writing; not only because I promise myself you will execute it so well, but because I despair of the like success from any other hand."

THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ. TO R. O. CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

"I am very much obliged to you for your favourable opinion of my sonnets, but I do not know whether I am or not for your exhortation, that I should go on and pursue that manner.

"In writing that which I sent you first, the thought struck me with so much force, as I lay one night sleepless, that, having a candle burning, I got out of bed and wrote down the greatest part of it immediately with a pencil; so that it was something like the inspiration which the poets dream of, and it is so much better than what I have else written, or can write, that I think it would be prudent in me to burn all the rest and attempt no more.

"However, I have long thought I owed you one among the rest of my friends, for *non omnibus dormio*, and therefore, notwithstanding

withstanding the prudence of the above-mentioned proposal,
I here send it you.

SONNET.

Cambridge, with whom my pilot and my guide,
Pleased I have traversed thy Sabrina's flood,
Both where she foams impetuous soil'd with mud,
And where she peaceful rolls her golden tide ;
Never, O never, let Ambition's pride,
(Too oft pretexted with our country's good)
And tinsel'd pomp, despised when understood,
Or thirst of wealth, thee from her banks divide :
Reflect how calmly, like her infant wave,
Flows the clear current of a private life :
See the wide public stream, by tempests tost,
Of every changing wind the sport or slave ;
Soil'd with corruption ; vex'd with party strife ;
Cover'd with wrecks of peace and honour lost."

About the year 1748, the death of Mr. Owen put his nephew in possession of that gentleman's property, which, though not very extensive, was an acceptable addition to the small income upon which he had hitherto lived ; and, by his uncle's desire, he added the name of Owen to his own. He was now enabled to cultivate, more at his ease, that very select society to which he had access ; he accordingly took a
house

house in London, near his friend Mr. Villiers, where he passed two winters, but found the air disagree with his own and my mother's health ; not choosing, however, to forego the pleasure of that more general intercourse, for which he had so much relish, he determined to alter his plan, and, quitting his seat in Gloucestershire, to settle himself in the neighbourhood of London, where he might at once enjoy the advantage of country air, and a constant communication with the world. It happened fortunately, that a villa on the banks of the Thames, immediately opposite to Richmond Hill, was then upon sale ; which, from its situation, seemed to be a residence particularly suited to him ; accordingly, in the year 1751, he made the purchase, and established himself at Twickenham ; an event which contributed essentially to the happiness of his future life, during a period of more than fifty years.

The situation of Twickenham meadows, and the pleasing appearance they now assume, are very generally known ; but it is a tribute of justice, due to his taste, to observe, that at the time when the place came into his hands, the river, with all the rich scenery on the opposite shore, was so entirely excluded from the house by high walls and terraces, and the grounds so crowded and disfigured by numerous avenues, and unmeaning masses of wood, that the aspect it bore was the very reverse of that gaiety and cheerfulness, which constitute its present character.

As soon as he was in possession, he lost no time in making the improvements he wished ; and as his good nature and be-

nevolence inclined him always to consider the pleasure he might afford to others, he was very attentive to the effect his alterations would have from the houses and grounds of his neighbours; but chiefly from Richmond Hill, whence he knew they would be seen and enjoyed by greater numbers, than from any other point of sight. On the good taste displayed on this occasion, he received many flattering compliments, particularly from the celebrated Mr. Browne.

At the time of making this purchase, he gave due consideration to the step he was taking, well aware that a large and beautiful villa in so frequented a neighbourhood, in the possession of one fond of society, and whose acquaintance was already very extensive, might lead to habits of expence beyond the limits of his income, and prove an occasion of future embarrassment: But he felt at the same time, what has since been fully proved, that he knew, and could trust himself; that he possessed a sufficient degree of self-command to incur only such expences as were suited to his station, and essential to his comfort, and to avoid those which originate in vanity or ostentation.

His mode of living at Twickenham was in the hospitable style of a country gentleman: his table was furnished in a plain but ample manner; his house was always open to his friends, and to those whom merit, talents, or knowledge entitled to his notice; and they were received by him with unvaried frankness and cordiality. When a select party was assembled to meet some literary character or ingenious traveller,

veller, from whom entertainment or information might be obtained, it was his care to suit the company to each other, and thus to avoid the interruptions, which frequently defeat the object of such meetings: If the conversation wandered, or got into unskilful hands, he had a most happy talent of bringing it back to the proper point, and of suppressing the superfluous talker*; which was always done with so much dexterity and such perfect good humour, that the person in question was generally the last in the company, who was sensible of any intention to take the conversation out of his hands.

As he never was the dupe of flattery, and always superior to that meanness, which leads men to sacrifice their time to unnecessary civilities or undue compliances from the fear of giving offence, he was freed from those intrusions of impertinence, of which Pope so bitterly complains†. His attentions were limited to those who had a just claim to them, and towards such he never was deficient. Though he sought the conversation of all, who could amuse or inform him, and received a great variety of persons of almost every rank and description at his house, he never gave them reason to imagine, they had a greater share of his regard, than they really possessed; by this uniform sincerity, and the constant care he took to avoid personalities, and severe reflections, he never made an enemy, or lost a friend.

* The reader will find a humorous description of such in the 56th Essay of the *WORLD*.

† All fly to Twit'nam, &c.

Pope's Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot.

In the choice of his acquaintance, neither titles or wealth were to him any recommendation; the qualities he looked for and regarded, were worth, talents, or accomplishments. It would not, indeed, be easy to say, whether his independent, but respectful behaviour to those of superior station, or his kindness and condescension to inferiors, was most remarkable; by the former he was generally esteemed and admired, and by the latter he was universally respected and beloved. To these, indeed, his manner was peculiarly acceptable and engaging; those little attentions which he delighted to pay, where he thought they would give pleasure, were shewn in a way almost peculiar to himself; and towards such as were connected with him he ever manifested a fatherly regard. His domestics were made happy in his service; they were seldom changed; and several, after age and infirmities had rendered them unequal to their duty, were still maintained in his house; which induced a lady, who was conversant with the northern parts of Europe, to observe, that his house resembled a Polish family, where all the dependents continue to live under the same roof.

From the time when my father settled at Twickenham, his name became known in the literary world as an author, for in the course of that year he published his *Scribleriad*. This work, which is a mock Heroic Poem, designed to ridicule and expose false taste and false science, could not be expected to attract the same share of public attention, as if the sub-

ject had been of a more popular nature, and the humour suited to readers of every description. This defect, however, if such it can be considered, is compensated by the wit and criticism it contains, which is of that durable kind, and founded on such just principles, that the poem may be read with equal pleasure, by men of judgment and learning, in all times. It was much noticed and admired, on its first appearance, by that class of readers, for whose use and entertainment it was chiefly written, and established the reputation of its author as a critic and a scholar*. Several of his smaller pieces were published soon after, which, being of a livelier cast and adapted to the subjects of the day, were more generally read, and brought their author into further notice and estimation; of these the most celebrated were, *The Elegy written in an Empty Assembly Room*, *the Fakeer*, and *the Borough Hunters*. But what most contributed to establish his reputation for humour, and a just insight into character, united with an extensive acquaintance with living manners, were his *Essays published in the World*; a periodical paper began

* The following is the character given of this poem, fifty years after its publication, by a distinguished scholar and critic of the present day.

“ *The Scribleriad* is a work of great fancy, just composition, and poetical elegance; but, above all, of mature judgment conspicuous throughout. It should be read as well for instruction as amusement. The Preface is entitled to much attention.—Note to the *SHADE OF POPE*, by the Author of the *PURSUITS OF*

LITERATURE.

began in the year 1752, and kept up with great spirit for four years. To an acquaintance with Mr. Moore, the conductor of the work, he was introduced by Lord Lyttelton, who was diligent to promote the success of this undertaking by interesting men of talents in its favour. Some of my father's intimate friends had already joined in the publication; and, finding Mr. Moore to be an amiable and deserving man, he gave him the promise of assistance whenever he was at a loss for an essay*; of this indulgence Moore frequently availed himself, nor did he ever apply in vain. Many of these papers, therefore, were written in great haste, and none of them with laboured attention. They were, however, much relished and admired, and as his conversation was found to partake of the same wit and humour that characterised his writings, his company became more generally sought after. In what light he

* This circumstance gave occasion to a bon mot that has already appeared in print. A note from Mr. Moore, requesting an essay, was put into my father's hands on a Sunday morning as he was going to church; my mother observing him rather inattentive during the sermon, whispered, "What are you thinking of?" he replied, "*Of the next World, my dear.*"

I cannot help mentioning another instance of the same species of pleasantry. In one of his rides late in life, he was met by His Majesty on the declivity of Richmond Hill, who, with his accustomed condescension, stopped and conversed with him; and observing, that "he did not ride so fast as he used to do", my father replied, "Sir, *I am going down hill.*"

was regarded by men of superior talents, will be seen by the following character, drawn of him in one of these essays by the late Earl of Chesterfield.

“ CANTABRIGIUS drinks nothing but water, and rides more
 “ miles in a year than the keenest sportsman, the former keeps
 “ his head clear, the latter his body in health ; it is not from
 “ himself that he runs, but to his acquaintance, a syno-
 “ nimous term for his friends. Internally safe he seeks no
 “ sanctuary from himself, no intoxication for his mind. His
 “ penetration makes him discover and divert himself with
 “ the follies of mankind, which his wit enables him to expose
 “ with the truest ridicule, though always without personal
 “ offence. Cheerful abroad because happy at home, and
 “ thus happy because virtuous.”

This character stands at the close of a paper written to expose the folly and ill effects of hard drinking; and Lord Chesterfield names my father, who was a water drinker, as a living example of one, who did not require the exhilarating aid of wine to enliven his wit or increase his vivacity.

How far that even and regular flow of spirits, with which he was blessed, was the effect of constitution, the consequence of temperance, or of an habitual activity; or whether it arose from an union of all the three, it may be difficult to
 determine;

determine ; but, from whatever cause it proceeded, there is no doubt that he possessed in a superior degree the rare and happy talent not only of regulating his conversation, but even his spirits, by the temper and feelings of the company he was in ; who always found him equally disposed to listen or to converse, to be grave or gay, humourous or instructive, as best accorded with their wishes and inclinations : by such behaviour in society it was, “ that his acquaintance soon became a synonymous term for his friends.”

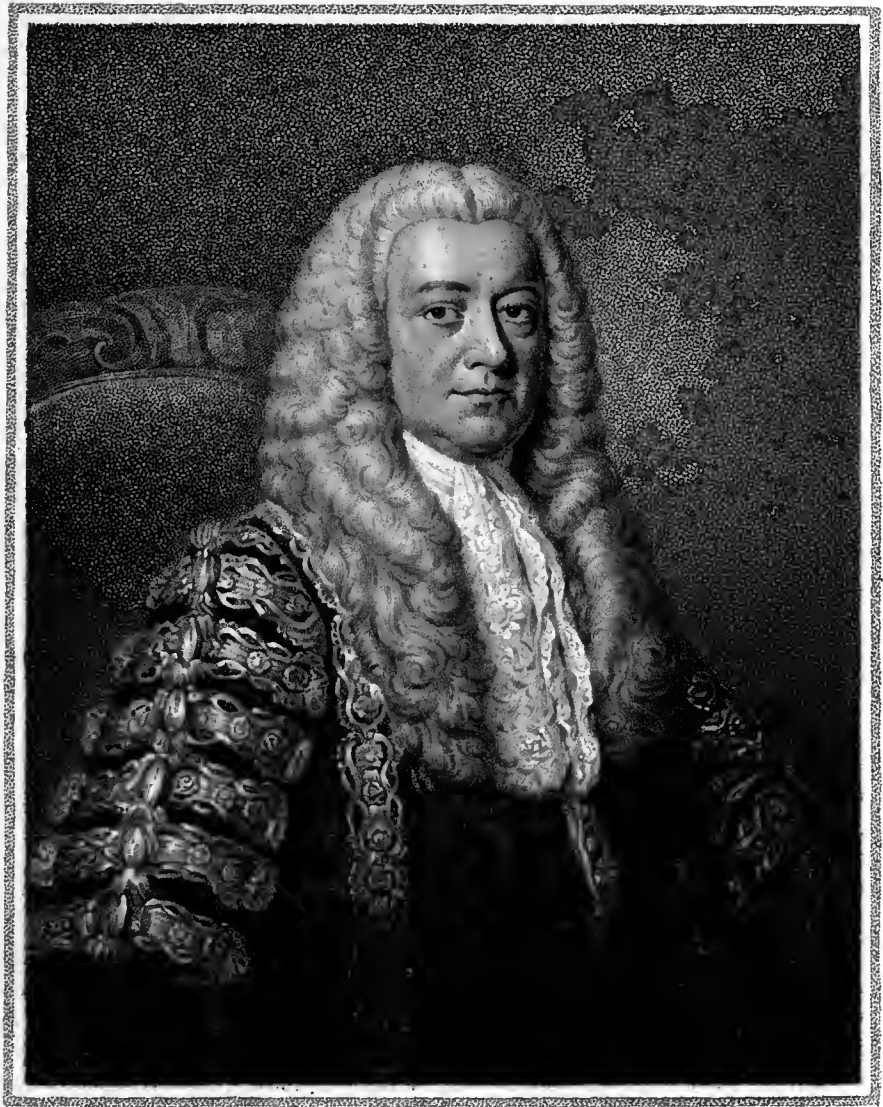
In what manner “ he diverted himself with the follies of mankind,” the reader will have an opportunity of judging by a perusal of his works. Certain it is, there will be found in them none of that “ personal offence” which almost all humourous and burlesque writers have allowed themselves, and without which the generality of authors seem falsely to imagine, that this species of writing becomes tame and insipid. That he was “ cheerful abroad because happy at home, and thus happy because virtuous,” is established by the universal testimony of his friends; which it must be the pride and pleasure of his family to confirm.

Besides men of professed wit and lively parts, like Lord Chesterfield, Lord Bath, Lord Egremont, and Mr. Soame Jenyns, who were solicitous for my father’s company on account of the powers of entertainment he brought with him, he was not less acceptable to men of the gravest characters
and

and most dignified stations; of these, the most eminent was Philip Earl of Hardwicke, at that time Lord Chancellor, to whose acquaintance he was first introduced through his intimacy with Lord Royston and Mr. Charles Yorke.

The character and talents of this nobleman are too well known to make it necessary to dwell upon them, or to point out the advantages, that must arise to one, who was ever diligent to improve his mind, from a familiar intercourse with so distinguished a lawyer, and so enlightened a statesman. I have often heard my father mention, with pleasure and gratitude, the valuable information he collected in conversations with the Chancellor upon constitutional subjects; and more especially upon the great political questions, which were at that time matters of eager discussion.

In this family commenced an acquaintance with Count Poniatowski. The restraints imposed by a foreign language upon that playfulness of conversation, in which my father delighted, made him in general unwilling to cultivate the society of foreigners; but he was so much pleased with the amiable manners of this young nobleman, that he lived with him in great intimacy during his stay in England; nor did the dignity to which this prince was unexpectedly raised soon after he quitted this country, or the troubles and misfortunes he encountered in the latter part of his life, ever efface from his mind the remembrance of their friendship. Of those



*Philip Earl of Hardwicke,
Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain,
Aet. 66.*

*Engraved by C. Beadland, from a Picture by W.^m Moore;
in the Possession of R. P. Carew Esq.*



Englishmen, who came to his court, he seldom failed to enquire after his old acquaintance. This will be seen by an extract of a letter to a common friend, written from Warsaw by the late Lord Mansfield, who says, “ Our conversation turned on our Twickenham friend, his Majesty expressed the greatest regard for him, and pleasure in being remembered by him: said, he was the only man, he had ever seen in his life, in equally good spirits at all times. He dwelt with much pleasure on many circumstances, which he called to mind, respecting their intercourse whilst he was in England. At the conclusion of our conversation, the King charged me very particularly to assure Mr. Cambridge of the continuance of his friendship and esteem, and that he wished the Vistula had on her banks as good a poet, and as honest a man, as the Thames.”

Besides men of eminence and talent, with whom my father associated, he possessed the friendship, and enjoyed the society of women of very superior merit and accomplishments. The softness of manners and sprightliness of fancy which characterise the sex, made him always very partial to their company, and his own easy and pleasant behaviour, and brilliant conversation, could not fail to render him a general favourite. Among the most distinguished of his female friends were, the Marchioness De Grey, the Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Catharine Talbot, the Duchess of Queensbury, Lady Egremont, Mrs. Montagu, and Mrs. Carter.

The

The arduous situation in which this country found itself at the commencement of the French war in 1756, turned the attention of every considerate man in the kingdom, to the dangers that threatened it from various quarters, and to the measures necessary to avert the impending storm. In the general alarm my father heartily partook, and as his active mind was naturally anxious to acquire early and correct intelligence of the events of that interesting period, he was happy, for that purpose, to avail himself of the familiar footing on which he lived with several men of the first stations and abilities, whose talents were called forth in parliament or in the cabinet.

It is well known, that the unsettled state of parties at this juncture weakened the national councils, and added considerably to the anxiety of the public mind, whilst it greatly interrupted the freedom of social intercourse amongst political men; but as my father was known to be perfectly independent in his principles, attached to no set of men or measures, beyond what was dictated by a sincere concern for the honour and prosperity of his country, he was received with equal cordiality by them all.

His intimacy with Lord Hardwicke's family promoted his friendship with Lord Anson, who had married a daughter of the chancellor, a lady of rare and distinguished accomplishments, whose society was much prized by all who knew her.

This



George, Lord Anson

*Engraved by C. Beckett from a Medal
by J. King.*



This nobleman was then at the head of the admiralty board *, where he presided, with the exception of a few months, through the whole of the war, which, however unpromising in its outset, proved in the event so glorious to the British arms, particularly in its naval successes.

At Lord Anson's table, which was filled with gentlemen of the navy, my father was sure to find society suited to his choice, and to receive the best information respecting that service, with the practical part of which few men, not regularly bred to the sea, have been so familiarly and correctly conversant. This circumstance naturally led to an intimacy with many of our most distinguished commanders, whose gallant actions, whilst they afforded him the satisfaction common to every Englishman, excited a deeper interest in his mind, from the personal esteem he entertained for those who concerted the measures, as well as for those by whose bravery they were carried into effect. But the concern he took in the naval opera-

* Dr. Barrow, in his admirable description of wit, has enumerated *acute nonsense*, as one of its branches. In this species of pleasantry my father was often very successful, and found it particularly convenient in getting rid of disagreeable subjects. It is mentioned in Lord Anson's Life, in the Biographia Britannica, that his enemies reported of him that he had ruined himself by play. This was often asserted by those who differed with him in politics. A lady of high rank in a large company attacked my father upon this subject, repeatedly declaring, that she knew his friend Lord Anson was a beggar—to which he, having in vain assured her, from his own conviction, that she was mistaken, replied, Madam, I can *prove* the contrary, to the satisfaction of this company; you all know the proverb, "set a beggar on horseback, and he will *ride* ——" Now, you have only to look at Lord Anson, when on his horse, to be convinced that he is *no beggar*, but an *excellent seaman*.

tions of that period, was not confined to the friends of Lord Anson; he was acquainted with almost every seaman of distinction; and Admiral Boscawen was his particular friend: the eminent services performed by him in the course of this war, which have immortalized his name in the annals of the British navy, afforded my father particular pleasure, which was heightened by his friendship and esteem for the excellent wife of this brave officer, who, in the tenderest anxiety for her husband's safety, never lost sight of what was due to his honour and fame.

Through his acquaintance with so many of the first naval characters, my father naturally acquired early intelligence of the voyages of discovery, that were set on foot after the peace of 1762, and became successively intimate with Captains Byron, Wallis, Carteret, Phipps, (afterwards Lord Mulgrave) Vancouver, and above all the illustrious circumnavigator Captain Cook. With most of these officers he communicated upon the objects of their respective voyages, previous to their departure, and some of them he afterwards assisted in preparing the accounts they gave to the public of their discoveries. He was likewise known to a great variety of other voyagers and travellers, who usually found themselves well repaid for the entertainment they afforded him, in the relation of their own adventures, by the additional lights he was able to throw upon the subjects they spoke of, from his own stock of information, or from the extensive and valuable collection of voyages and travels he possessed; and by such other
means



*The Rt. Hon^{ble} Edward Boscawen;
Admiral of the Blue;
(N. 49).*

*Engraved by C. Beadland, from a Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds,
in the Possession of Viscount Falmouth.*



means as were in his power he always endeavoured to render himself most serviceable to them*.

But of the various objects that claimed the public attention at this time, none appeared to my father of greater magnitude than the state of our Asiatic colonies. He was among the few, who saw in its true light the rapid extension of our possessions in India, and viewed with sufficient foresight the importance of such an acquisition of territory, both in a commercial and political view. Finding how little this subject was in general understood, partly from the distance of the country, and still more from the dissimilarity of its whole system of government, religion, and manners from our own, he conceived that it would be an interesting and useful undertaking to give a general history of the rise and progress of the British power in India.

This work was intended to commence with the establishment of the first European settlement in that country, and

* Of this attention to collect original papers, and the desire to make them useful to the public, a handsome testimony is given by Mr. Horace Walpole, who, actuated by the same liberal motives, printed at Strawberry-Hill, in the year 1758, "An Account of Russia as it was in the year 1710, by Charles Lord Whitworth." In the preface to this little book, Mr. Walpole, after stating that the manuscript was communicated to him by Mr. Cambridge, who had purchased it among a very curious set of books, collected by Monsieur Zolman, Secretary to the late Stephen Poyntz, Esq. adds, "This little library relates solely to Russian history and affairs, and contains, in many languages, every thing that perhaps has been written on that country. Mr. Cambridge's known benevolence, and his disposition to encourage every useful undertaking, has made him willing to throw open this magazine of curiosity to whoever is inclined to compile a history, or elucidate the transactions of an empire almost unknown even to its cotemporaries."

to be brought down to the period of its publication; but perceiving a general impatience for some authentic information relative to the events that had recently happened upon the coast of Coromandel, and thinking it important that the bold and artful attempts of France to wrest these possessions out of our hands, should be more generally known and attentively watched, he determined to postpone his original plan, and publish without delay such an account of the recent transactions in that part of India, as would be most instructive, and serve to confute the gross misrepresentations made by the French, relative to those affairs. Colonel Lawrence's narrative, and other authentic papers being offered to him for this purpose, he began with all expedition to arrange his materials in the best and most intelligible form, adding an introduction and preface of his own, with such maps and plates as were necessary to illustrate the subject; and in a very short time afterwards, the "History of the War upon the coast of Coromandel," made its appearance.

On the publication of this work in 1761, he resumed the intention of proceeding in his larger undertaking, having already obtained permission of the East India Company to have access to such of their papers as might be requisite. He had also a promise of Mr. Orme's papers; but that gentleman happening to return from India at this juncture, with an intention to publish himself the history which afterwards appeared, my father considered that his own work would now be in a great measure superfluous, and therefore relinquished the further prosecution of his plan.

I have

I have been induced to enter more particularly upon the subject of this publication, in order that the reason may be known, why it appeared in the form of a compilation rather than a well-digested history, and to shew that it was designed chiefly for a temporary purpose, to gratify the immediate curiosity of the public*. The work, however, was very favourably received, and proved highly interesting, not only in this country, where it was reprinted in a smaller size without the plates, but in Ireland and also in France, where a French translation, printed at Amsterdam, found a very general circulation, and was esteemed the fairest and most correct representation of the French proceedings in India †. In what light the book was regarded by those who had been in India, and who were more immediately connected with the transactions

* The later accounts of India make the republication of this work unnecessary. Those who wish to refer to it as a valuable repository of correct and authentic information, will find it in the most respectable libraries.

This edition of my father's works is made to correspond with the "War in India," on the larger paper.

† A pleasing and unexpected testimony was afforded my father a very few years before his death, of the estimation in which this work was held in France. M. Lally Toland, the son of M. Lally, who commanded the French force in India in the war of 1756, happening to meet my father at a friend's house, eagerly enquired if he was the author of a work relative to India, and being answered in the affirmative, sprung forward and embraced him with great emotion, apologizing for this liberty, by assuring him, that he was under more obligation to him than to any man living; for that his work had been of greater service than all the other documents he could procure, towards redeeming his father's honour and recovering his property; owing to the clear and intelligent detail it contained of the transactions on the coast of Coromandel, in which M. Lally bore so principal a share, and to the just representation it gave of the conduct of the French in that quarter.

actions there, will best be seen by the following letter from Luke Scrafton, Esq.

March 20th, 1761.

“ Dear Sir,

“ I HAVE read your book with vast pleasure, and own I could not have thought it possible for a man, who had never been in the country, to enter so deeply into the character of the natives.

“ The India gentlemen are much obliged to you for the polite and obliging mention you have made of them, but more for the faithful account you have given of a number of heroic actions which were unknown to the world; for I believe no history abounded with more, from the days of Leonidas and the Grecian heroes. I am amazed, when I read your introduction, to find it upon the same plan as my own, and yet we have not met in any one observation, and I now regret that I had not given my performance to have added to yours; but as your introduction calls for mine, at least for some account of the Bengal affairs, in my present disposition I am determined to publish my own; but I intend to enlarge my account of the Indian policy and government, and shall be very happy if you will favour me with your correction, before I venture to the press.

“ I have many new observations and reflections in my own mind, which I shall be glad you would assist me in reducing to order, and rendering it agreeable to the reader; and I

shall, if you will allow me, attend you from time to time at Twickenham and in town for that purpose ; for many reasons I think myself no longer under any restraint, with respect to publishing the Bengal affairs.

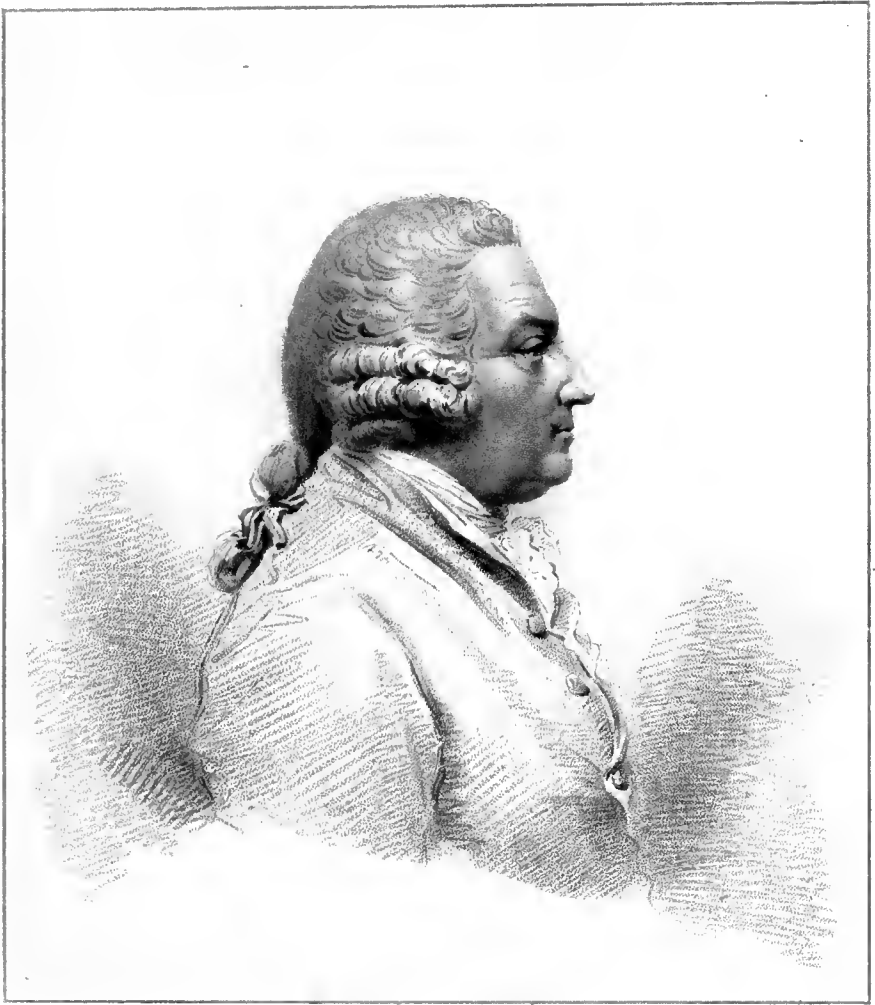
I am, dear Sir,
Your very obliged humble Servant,
LUKE SCRAFTON."

The increased interest which this publication induced my father to take in the affairs of India, and the intimate knowledge he had acquired relative to that subject, made it a favourite one with him for the remainder of his life, and led to an acquaintance with most men of experience who returned from thence, and from whom he learned whatever they had to communicate worthy of notice ; with many of these he preserved a lasting intimacy ; among such I may enumerate Lord Clive, General Carnac, Mr. Scrafton, Major Pearson, Mr. Varelst, General Caliaud, and, in particular, Mr. Hastings, whose vigorous and successful exertions, for the preservation of that extensive and valuable part of the British territory, over which he presided, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty and danger, engaged my father's respect and admiration, as much as his private virtues won upon his esteem and friendship.

About the year 1762, my father received a valuable acquisition to his social circle, in his much esteemed friend, the
amiable

amiable author of *Hermes*. Mr. Harris, by obtaining a seat in parliament, and soon after having a place, first at the Admiralty Board, and then at the Treasury, resided a considerable portion of the year in London, from whence he and his family passed much of their time at Twickenham. This easy and familiar intercourse was improved by the intimate friendship that grew up between the daughters of the two families, which strengthened with their years, and now subsists between them and my surviving sister; nor can I forbear to mention, the very marked respect and attention that was always paid to my father by the children of his old friend, the present Earl of Malmesbury and his sisters, to the very latest period.

In the journey of life it unavoidably happens that friends, who have at one period lived together in great intimacy, shall at another be separated by a variety of accidental causes, and when they chance to meet each other again, do not always appear the same that they were before; but of my father it was frequently remarked by his oldest acquaintance, that whatever separation took place, or under whatever circumstances they met him again, they always found him exactly what they had left him, holding the same opinions, engaged in the same pursuits, and equally glad to receive those who had ever entitled themselves to his esteem or notice. Of this consistency of character and sentiment I am induced to offer the following testimony, which occurs in a letter from an old and intimate friend, who, had formerly passed much of his time at Twickenham, which he used as his country house,
but



Drawn & engraved by W. Crans

James Harris Esq.
W. 60



but had now attained such a degree of eminence in the profession of the law, as left him no leisure for the enjoyment of his friends.

“ I was more pleased with my luck in finding you and Mrs. Cambridge, and your whole family so well, and visiting you in fine weather, than I can well express; it recalled to my mind, as I returned home, the many agreeable hours I have spent at Twickenham in former years, with various reflections on the uniform appearance of things there during the whole period, and the changes every where else. This you owe to social life mixed with philosophical retirement.”

Although my father was always disposed to draw society about him at his own house, where he had very frequent parties of select friends, he still kept up his communication with London; his easy distance from thence, and his habitual activity, enabling him to preserve his intercourse with it till very late in life. When not called to London by a fixed engagement, he was accustomed, being a very early riser, to reach town as soon as he expected to find any of his friends visible; to divide his morning as the various pursuits of his mind directed; and, in addition to the lighter topics of the day, he usually collected some solid and valuable acquisitions upon literary or other profitable subjects, and returned home with a mind recreated and improved.

After a day so spent, it was his constant practice and greatest pleasure to collect his family round him, and communicate to

them whatever he had met with either of amusement or more serious instruction. That he made my mother his companion on all occasions has been already noticed; this tenderness of affection extended to his children, whom he delighted in having about him, and with whom, while he retained the authority of a parent, he always lived upon the footing of a fond brother. From his society therefore they were never excluded, they partook of all that was interesting to him, his studies were carried on while they surrounded him, and his library was the common room of the family.

Towards the conclusion of the year 1773 my father experienced the loss of a very near neighbour and much esteemed friend, Andrew Stone, Esq. who had been sub-preceptor to His present Majesty, and was afterwards made Treasurer of the Household to the Queen. This honourable office he held to the time of his death, which took place, after a short illness, on the 17th of December, on which day my father had seen and conversed with him for some time. For this gentleman he entertained a very high esteem, and of his extensive knowledge, his temperate judgment, and his unshaken virtue, he ever spoke in the warmest terms, always considering himself instructed and improved by his conversation. Among the numerous friends with whom my father lived in habits of great intimacy at this time, and resorted to in his frequent visits to London, I must also name Dr. John Egerton, the late Bishop of Durham. Their friendship commenced at an early period, and was mutual in its warmth and duration.



Andrew Stone Esq.⁽¹⁾

(1774)

Engraved by C. Beadland, from a Model
by Gipsel.

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OF
CALIFORNIA

It was a fortunate circumstance that, added to the social advantages arising from its vicinity to London, his residence at Twickenham was rendered more interesting and agreeable to him as he advanced in life, by the accession of several of his old and intimate acquaintance who settled around him; besides Mr. Horace Walpole, Mr. Wray, and one or two other friends whom he found already established there, he had the addition of Lord Hardwicke, Sir Richard Lyttelton, Lord Camelford, Mr. Welbore Ellis, and some others, who, at different times, came to reside near him; and he had also another very valuable acquisition, when Lord North became his neighbour, soon after he was prime minister, in consequence of Lady North's appointment to the ranger-ship of Bushy Park. It is well known, that this nobleman was eminent for his social talents, and particularly for a vein of comic humour, that was exactly suited to my father's taste.

The time Lord North passed at Bushy was that of relaxation from public business; he then usually devoted some hours of the day to exercise on horseback, when my father was his almost constant companion; in these rides he was gratified by hearing early and correct intelligence of the important public events, that took place during the administration of this minister, as well as by those sallies of wit and pleasantry, wherein Lord North so much excelled*. Having frequently

* Among the many instances my memory affords me of the lively humour with which their conversation abounded, I am induced to offer the following:

quently noticed this familiar intercourse with persons high in ministerial office, I feel it a duty due to that disinterestedness and independence of character which marked every action of his whole life, to observe, that from none of them did he ever ask or receive for himself, or any of his family, the most trivial favour.

Another of his neighbours, whose unrivalled excellence in his profession had long excited my father's admiration, and led to an early intimacy between them, was Mr. Garrick; this was increased by their mutual relish for our great dramatic bard, and the quick insight they both possessed into character and manners.

It is natural to imagine, that in a society composed of the persons I have named, frequent effusions of wit and humour would circulate. On such occasions my father was never reluctant to bear his part. Of these lighter productions of his pen, intended only for the amusement of his particular friends, some will appear in the following collection,* but it will

lowing: As my father entered the room one morning, Lord North observed to him, that he had written a very handsome letter to his old friend and school-fellow, Dr. ———, giving him the Deanery of ———. and put it into his hands, which having read he replied, "Yes, the letter is very handsomely expressed, and all very true, but shews plainly how little you know of your business as a minister. It reminds me of a story of an Irish peasant, who, upon seeing a partridge that was shot, fall from a considerable height, picked it up, and running with it to the gentleman who had killed it, cried out, "Arrah, your honour need not have shot; *the fall would have killed him.*—The deanery was sufficient for one man, the *letter* should have been sent to the *unsuccessful* candidate."

* The pleasant and lively manner in which the author was used to repeat many of these poetical trifles, certainly added much to their value, and will not soon

will be remembered that in most vers de societé, the local and personal allusions they contain, often constitute the chief part of their merit, in the small circle they are intended for, and render them less interesting to readers, not acquainted with the circumstances to which they refer.

The following correspondence with Mr. Garrick, although it partakes in some degree of this description, may not be unacceptable. It took place on the breaking up of an agreeable party at Burleigh, the seat of the Earl of Exeter, where they had spent some days together.

Mr. Garrick, upon leaving the place, sent the following lines from the first stage of his journey.

GARRICK TO CAMBRIDGE.

When you bid me farewell, I was mute and was dull,
 A little too selfish, my heart was too full;
 I saw you quite happy, myself the reverse,
 You bid me farewell when I could not *fare worse*.
 I parted with thee, who, without spleen or satire,
 Delightest with me in the whimsies of nature.
 I left thee with Cecil, our right noble host —
 O Cambridge, the worth of such men thou well know'st.

With

soon be forgotten by his friends; to keep alive that pleasing remembrance is one inducement for their publication. The only motive he had in writing, or in repeating them, was, one always active in his mind, a desire to give pleasure; that same principle influenced him in the future disposal of them. He authorized his family to give to the world such as might add to the public stock of innocent amusement, and it is hoped the bias of partiality and affection has not perverted their judgment in the selection that has been made.

With Patoun too I left thee, and left thee with West,
 Who in painting will tell thee and do what is best.
 With the great planner Browne, who's himself the best plan,
 I envy his genius, yet doat on the man.
 Then be not surpris'd I was silent and surly,
 I left you with these, and I left you at *Burleigh*.

CAMBRIDGE'S ANSWER.

When Garrick and his lovely spouse
 Left Burleigh's hospitable house,
 A tear was dropt from every eye,
 From every bosom burst a sigh;
 Each look'd on each, but look'd in vain
 For consolation in their pain.
 Then I, who most of all regret ye,
 Sought for amusement in Baretti*;
 But Cecil† and his tutor Weston,
 With foil in hand and fencing vest on,
 Made such loud lunges o'er my head,
 I minded nothing that I read.
 West with Patoun, his ancient crony,
 To Raphael flies and Pordonone,
 And to prepare a soveraign varnish,
 That time shall neither crack nor tarnish,

West

* Baretti's Travels into Italy were then just published,

† Mr. Cecil, the present Marquis of Exeter.

West sends his gentle wife to stew well
 An ounce of gum in water gruel,
 And Raphael shines a perfect jewel. }
 Deprest his genius planner Browne
 In puns his feeling strives to drown;
 Our gen'rous host, intent for lack
 Of thee "to hang his heavens with black,"
 Prevented was by active herald
 Dispatch'd by Bristol and Fitzgerald.
 She, as most other ladies do,
 Took a short transitory view;
 Their eyes on glass not picture thrown,
 They see no painting but their own.
 No less in haste her brother Bristol,
 Came and was gone like flash of pistol.
 My wife, poor woman, much addicted
 To be with silent grief afflicted,
 What can her action represent
 But patience on a monument?
 At such a time, to each Aufrere;
 That happy yet unhappy pair,
 'Tis vain to offer consolation,
 They wish to practise resignation:
 And for the happier Pelhams*, Hymen
 Will tell you what they pass their time in.

It

* Mr. Pelham, the present Lord Yarborough, was recently married to Miss Aufrere.

It has been already noticed, that at Eton my father was an excellent actor. This taste he retained through life, but his great love of friendly and elegant society prevented his ever being a frequenter of theatrical entertainments; he was, however, a constant reader of dramatic writings, in various languages, and often to his family and particular friends read them aloud with admirable humour and effect. At Mr. Garrick's request, he was induced to write the two Epilogues which will be found in this volume. The one was spoken by Miss Pope for her benefit, and was the first she ever delivered; the other was for a daughter of the celebrated Mrs. Pritchard, on a like occasion.

Among the men of literary eminence, for whose learning and genius he entertained an high respect, the name of our great christian moralist, Dr. Johnson, must not be omitted; to an intercourse with him is owing a very pleasing and correct sketch of my father's character, taste, and pursuits, at a more advanced period of his life. It is written by Mr. Boswell, the faithful and minute biographer of Dr. Johnson; who, after relating, in his usual lively and entertaining manner, the particulars of a conversation that passed in one of the Doctor's visits at Twickenham, for a more correct account of which he had referred several years afterwards to my father, subjoins the following note:

“ I gratefully acknowledge this and other communications
 “ relative to Dr. Johnson from Mr. Cambridge; whom, if a
 “ beautiful

“ beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames, a few miles
 “ distant from London, a numerous and excellent library,
 “ which he accurately knows and reads, a choice collection
 “ of pictures which he understands and relishes, an easy for-
 “ tune, an amiable family, an extensive circle of friends and
 “ acquaintance distinguished by rank, fashion, and genius,
 “ a literary fame various and elegant, and still increasing,
 “ colloquial talents rarely to be found, and with all these
 “ means of happiness enjoying, when well advanced in years,
 “ health and vigour of body, serenity and animation of mind,
 “ do not entitle to be addressed “ FORTUNATE SENEX,”—
 “ I know not to whom in any age that expression could with
 “ propriety be used. Long may he live to hear and feel it!”

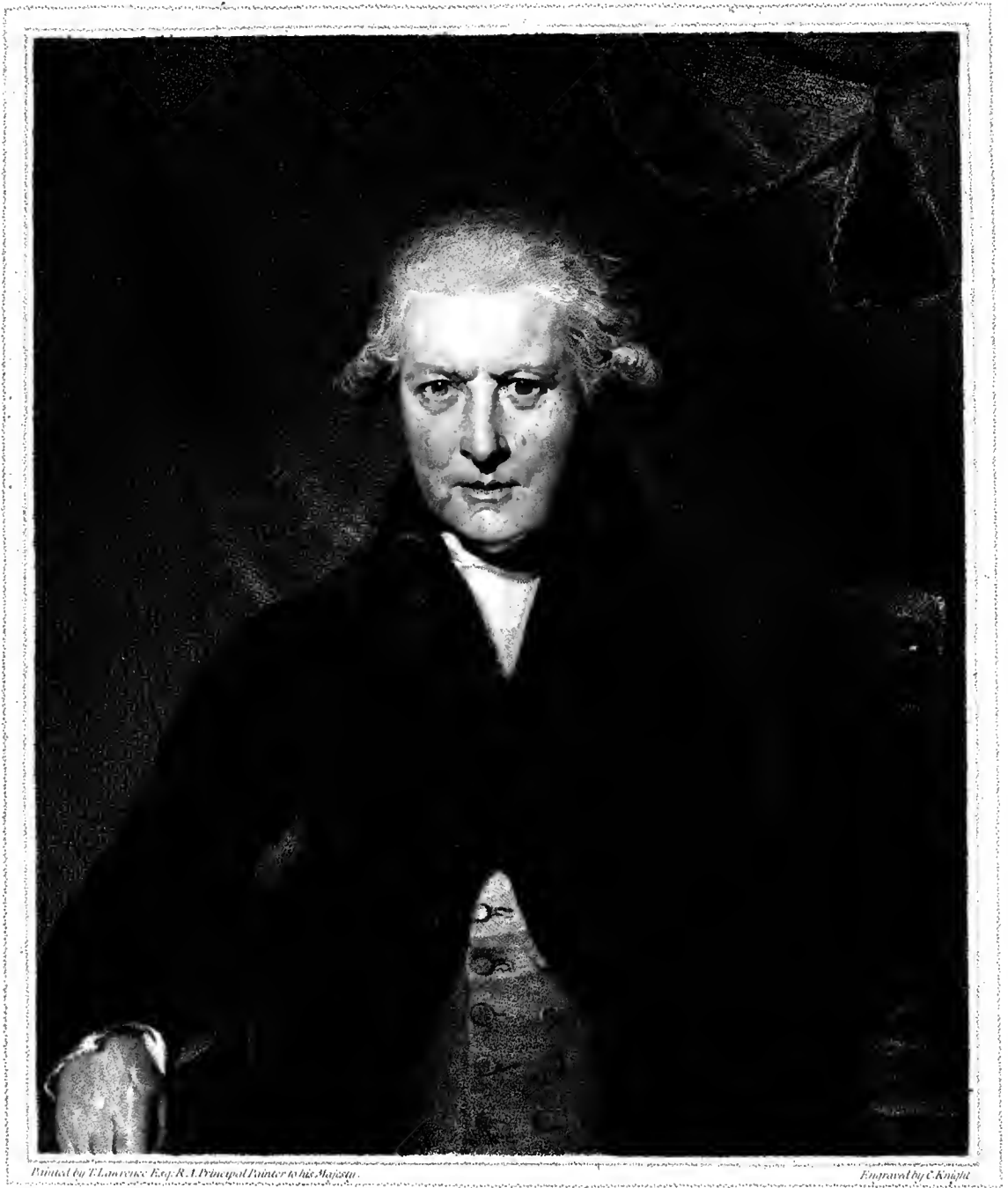
When this was written, the collection of pictures here
 alluded to was a source of considerable amusement to him.
 He had a general relish for all the fine arts, except music,
 of which he professed to have no knowledge; but paint-
 ing was decidedly his favourite; and in this he had a
 most correct and distinguishing taste. His chief atten-
 tion was directed to historical composition, and what-
 ever of that kind was excellent, he studied with minute
 attention, and criticised with admirable judgment. Early
 in life he had seen whatever pictures were of known
 excellence in this country. It is however worthy of remark,
 that, notwithstanding the spirit with which he engaged in
 every pursuit, he never allowed it to carry him beyond the
 strictest limits of moderation; the preference therefore he en-
 tertained for painting, did not induce him to forget those

prudential considerations which formed the basis of his conduct through life: the valuable and pleasing collection he became possessed of was formed by degrees, at a comparatively small expence.

His fondness for this art led him to an acquaintance with its most eminent professors, and such encouragement as it was in his power to give he never withheld; his house was always open to men of merit, whose success he was ever ready to promote; and, in judging and speaking of their performances, he exercised his usual candour. Sir Joshua Reynolds was among his intimate acquaintance; whose superior taste and execution he warmly admired, no less than his amiable manners, and extensive knowledge of all subjects, that can engage an elegant mind.

To various other artists he extended his friendly regard. The pictures, from whence the engravings of the author in the Frontispiece, and of the view of Twickenham meadows are taken, were each of them tributes of gratitude for personal kindnesses received in his house; the former from Ozias Humphry, Esq. the latter from Mr. Webber, the ingenious draftsman, who accompanied Captain Cook in his last voyage to the South Seas.

From many of the evils attendant on long life my father had hitherto continued happily exempt; but there are some, we know, that are the appointed companions of age, against whose approaches no precaution can afford security, and to the painful effects of which no philosophy can render us insensible. Of this number, the loss of friends is justly regarded



Painted by T. Lawrence Esq. R. A. Principal Painter to His Majesty.

Engraved by C. Knight.

WILLIAM VISCOUNT BARRINGTON *Æt: 75.*



as one of the most distressing. The year 1793 was marked by the breaking up of an old and cordial friendship, by the death of Lord Viscount Barrington. His Lordship was one of those who had early in life become attached to my father, and they were never separated for any length of time; when most deeply engaged in public business, he always found leisure for his friend's society at Twickenham, in which he took particular pleasure, and to enjoy which he was very frequent in his visits to that place. In the course of the same year my father sustained the loss of his old schoolfellow, and much esteemed friend, Mr. Aldworth Neville; whose amiable manners, and cheerfulness of temper made him universally beloved; between them was uniformly preserved that reciprocal affection which began almost in infancy, and continued for upwards of seventy years.

Although my father was now drawing into the shade of domestic retirement, the year 1798 gave rise to a very honourable and unexpected testimony of the high estimation in which his literary and social character still continued to be regarded by men of letters. It comes from the pen of the unknown but very ingenious author of the Pursuits of Literature, who, on the republication of that Work, in the seventh edition, sent a copy of it to Twickenham, through the hands of his bookseller, Mr. Becket, with an elegant address, written on the blank leaf facing the title page; of which the reader is here presented with a fac simile.

In the same year, a translation of the quotations in the prefaces and notes of the above Work being published, a

copy of that book was likewise transmitted through the same channel, with a second dedication not less elegant or complimentary*.

My father was considerably advanced in his eighty-third year before he was sensible, to any considerable degree, of the infirmities of age; but a difficulty of hearing, which had for some time gradually increased, now rendered conversation troublesome and frequently disappointing to him. Against this evil his books, for which his relish was not abated, had hitherto furnished an easy and acceptable resource; but, unfortunately, his sight also became so imperfect, that there were few books he could read with comfort to himself. His general health however remained the same, and his natural good spirits and cheerfulness of temper experienced no alteration. Having still the free use of his limbs, he continued to take his usual exercise, and to follow his customary habits of life, accepting of such amusement, as conversation would afford, from those friends who had the kindness to adapt their voices to his prevailing infirmity; and that he still retained a lively concern in all those great and interesting events, which were then taking place in Europe, may be seen in some of his latest productions. But as his deafness increased, he felt himself grow daily more unfit for the society of any but his own family, into whose care and protection he resigned himself with the most affectionate and endearing confidence, receiving those attentions, which it was the first pleasure of his children to pay him, not
as

* It may be proper to observe, that my father always remained wholly ignorant of the author of this distinguished work.



Celeberrimo simul et Amatissimo Viri
R. O. Cambridge Arm.
Poetae, Critico, Historico.
In Ingenio elegantiam,
Sermonis Nitorem,
Iudicii acumen, Doctrinae varietatem,
Inter Primos Notissimum,
Praemia hoc
auctor Sanctorum.

as a debt due to a fond and indulgent parent, but as a free and voluntary tribute of their affection. In the contemplation of these tokens of esteem and love, he seemed to experience a constant and unabating pleasure, which supplied, in no small degree, the want of other interesting ideas.

It is well known, that among the many painful and humiliating effects that attend the decline of life, and follow from a partial decay of the mental powers, we have often to lament the change it produces in the heart and affections; but from every consequence of this sort my father was most happily exempt. This I allow myself to say upon the authority of the medical gentleman*, of considerable eminence, by whose skill and friendly attentions he was assisted through the progressive stages of his slow decline; and who has repeatedly assured me, that, in the whole course of his extensive practice, he had never seen a similar instance of equanimity and un-deviating sweetness of temper.

During this gradual increase of feebleness, and with the discouraging prospect of still greater suffering, which he saw before him, his exemplary patience and constant care to spare the feelings of his family were eminently conspicuous; nor did the distressing infirmities, inseparably attendant on extreme debility, ever produce a murmur of complaint, or even a hasty or unguarded expression. It is somewhat singular, and may be regarded as a proof of an unusually strong frame, that no symptom of disease took place; all the organs of life continued to execute their respective

* David Dundas, Esq. of Richmond.

functions,

functions, until nature, being wholly exhausted, he expired, without a sigh, on the 17th of September, 1802, leaving a widow, two sons, and a daughter.

Of Lord Chesterfield, who, like my father, possessed his faculties to the close of life, it is recorded, that the last words he uttered “were strictly in character;” and the remark made by his physician Dr. Warren, upon that occasion was, that “his good breeding would only quit him “with his life*.” I shall hope for indulgence in applying the like observation to him, who is the subject of this memoir; and whose latest words were equally characteristic; expressing that fond attachment to his family, which had ever been his ruling passion. Having passed a considerable time in a sort of doze, from which it was thought he had hardly strength to revive, he awoke, and upon seeing me, feebly articulated “how do the dear people do? †” when I answered that they were well; with a smile upon his countenance, and with an increased energy of voice, he replied, “I thank God!” and then reposed his head upon the pillow, and spoke no more.

IN the preceding pages, frequent occasion has been taken to represent the favourable light in which, not only my father’s literary character, but also his moral and social qualities, were regarded by the world, during his life.

The event of his death, and the very patient and composed manner in which he sustained himself through its closing scenes, brought also from his friends many gratifying testimonies

* Life of Lord Chesterfield, Sect. vi.

† His usual mode of naming his wife and children.

monies of respect to his memory. Of these I am induced, with the kind permission of the writer, to offer one I received from a character deservedly high in the estimation of the world; who, in his sacred office, has zealously laboured to promote those principles, the practical influence of which was so strongly exemplified throughout the life of his departed friend.

Sundridge, Sept. 21, 1802.

“ Dear Sir,

“ MRS. PORTEUS and I feel much obliged to you, for giving us so early and so very comfortable an account of the last moments of your excellent father. He died as he lived, like a good man and a sincere Christian, and bequeathed to you and all his family, every consolation that could possibly alleviate so melancholy an event. The same good principles that made him happy in his life and in his death, will render you all contented and resigned under so severe a loss.

“ The character given of him in the public prints did not escape me: I read it with pleasure: it is written well, and what is still better, with perfect truth. For my own part, I have only to pray that *my* latter end may be like his.

“ Sincerely wishing you and all the good family as much composure as so recent a calamity will admit, I remain, dear Sir, (with Mrs. Porteus’s kind respects to you all)

“ Your very faithful servant,

“ B. LONDON.”

AFTER so ample a detail of my father’s life, and the many testimonies produced from others illustrative of his character,
 little

little more can be required to give the reader a just and complete idea of it.

At an early age he attentively examined the evidences of Christianity, and was fully satisfied of its truth. His was, in the truest sense, the religion of the heart, and he always felt that a constant conformity to its precepts was the strongest and best proof he could give of the sincerity of his faith. Of its prescribed forms and exterior duties, he was no less a strict observer; whatever were his engagements, he constantly passed his Sundays at home with his family, at the head of whom he never failed to attend the public service of the day, until prevented by a bodily infirmity, for some years before his death; but he still continued his practice of reading prayers to them every evening; a usage of more than sixty years; these were taken from our Liturgy, of which he was a great admirer.

When no longer able to partake of the Communion at church, he continued to receive it at home, on the festivals and other suitable occasions, to the latest period, and his manner of joining in this service, furnished an edifying example of the happy influence of a mind void of offence towards God and towards man.

His devotional exercises were always expressed in so solemn a manner, and with such unaffected piety, as shewed that his lips spoke the language of his heart; but his impressive tone of voice, when offering praise and thanksgiving, marked that to be the branch of worship most suited to his feelings; and in conformity with this sentiment, he frequently re-
marked,

marked, “ that in our petitions we are liable to be misled both
“ as to their object and motive; but in expressing our thank-
“ givings to the Deity we can never err, the least favoured
“ among us having received sufficient tokens of the
“ bounty of Providence, to excite emotions of the sincerest
“ gratitude.”

This principle of piety led him also to bear afflictions in the most exemplary manner. Whatever trials or deprivations he experienced through life, he always met with fortitude, and his demeanour under the losses which he was ordained to suffer in his own family, was such, that those only who saw him near, and knew how sacred he held the duty of submission to the Divine Will, and the self command this produced, could form any idea how poignantly they were felt.

In estimating his literary acquirements, he is to be regarded rather as an elegant, than a profound scholar. The liveliness of his parts was more adapted to quick discernment than deep thinking; he had therefore but little inclination for abstruse studies, or those researches which demand laborious investigation. In other branches of learning, his knowledge was so general and extensive, that it is not easy to say towards which he was most inclined. There were few works of the ancients of any reputation, with which he was not conversant, and on which he was not able to give a critical and judicious opinion; but those of most distinguished merit, especially among the Poets, he was accurately acquainted with, and they were to him a never-failing source of instruction and delight.

His expeditious manner of extracting from books all the useful matter they contained was very remarkable, and whatever his judgment selected, his memory was sure to retain; whilst all that was trifling and useless seemed to be instantly effaced from his mind; thus his reading was more profitable and extensive than that of most persons professedly devoted to study. In conversation, the quickness with which he caught allusions, could only be equalled by the rapidity with which he furnished them. In quotations he was particularly ready, not only from the Classics *, but from various other authors. These, however, were never pedantic or obtrusive, but usually illustrative of some critical remark, or so applied as to convey an original sense of his own, and that often very humorous and witty. The mottoes to his *Essays in the World* will exemplify this, particularly that to the paper upon turtle-eating.

He was fond of shewing the uniformity of human nature in all ages, by the ready application of passages in ancient writers to modern manners and the most recent events, of which frequent examples will be found in the parodies and imitations that are contained in this volume. He had a correct knowledge of most of the languages of the south of Europe, especially:

* Being employed by a friend to build him a boat, for a piece of water, in the most central part of England, he had the following apposite line from the *Odyssey* of Homer carved round the gunwale.

Ἐισόκε τούς ἀφικηαι ὅι ουκ ισασι θάλασσαν.

Od. κ' 121.

———— Journey, till thou hast found
A people who the sea know not. ———

COWPERS' OD. B. 11. L. 149.

especially Spanish, and understood them sufficiently to relish the works of their best authors; with many of which he was acquainted, that are but little known in the countries where they were written. But while he pursued instruction and entertainment in these various languages, his talents were employed chiefly in cultivating his native tongue, of which he was an accurate critic both in prose and verse.

His fondness for books served to increase rather than diminish his study of human nature. His insight into men was correct, judicious, and acute; he viewed with the eye of a philosopher the influence of the passions, not only in the great and leading points of human conduct, but in the trifling incidents of common life.

The follies of mankind excited his mirth rather than his spleen; but his vein of comic humour was ever regulated by that native benevolence, which would not allow him voluntarily to inflict the slightest pain. In conformity with this sentiment, it was usual with him to say, "The world has given me credit beyond what I deserve for the witty things I may have said; but I have infinitely more merit for those I have suppressed."

Few private men have led so active a life, or mixed with such various descriptions of people, without being involved in any personal difficulty or serious disagreement. This may be imputed to a firm and uniformly dignified deportment, joined to a calm and peaceable disposition, which made him always anxious, in the impressive language of Solomon, "to leave off contention before it be meddled with."

In his political, as well as all other opinions, he manifested that candour which arose from knowledge as well as temper; towards persons in power he was favourable in his judgment, from a just view of the difficulties they have to encounter, but on no occasion was he ever known to flatter private vice, or excuse a neglect of public duty. His life and principles were alike free from corruption; his purity and independence equally untainted.

He was always disposed to give his society to young men, first entering into the world, whom he saw desirous of profiting by his knowledge and experience, and who were sufficiently enlightened to enjoy his conversation; many of these friendships, formed with persons perhaps thirty years younger than himself, he preserved to the last, and shewed a fatherly interest in their welfare, giving them such advice as was highly useful, both for their public and private conduct. One of these friends, who has now been long in political life, and who, by the upright and able part he has acted, does equal honour to himself and service to his country, has often declared to me, that there is no part of his parliamentary conduct, he reflects upon with more pleasure, than the line he pursued in those great questions, upon which he most conferred with my father, and in which he most accorded with his sentiments.

SHOULD I, in this account of the life of a revered parent, be thought to have been too minute, I trust I may claim some indulgence to an anxious wish, that he should be remembered

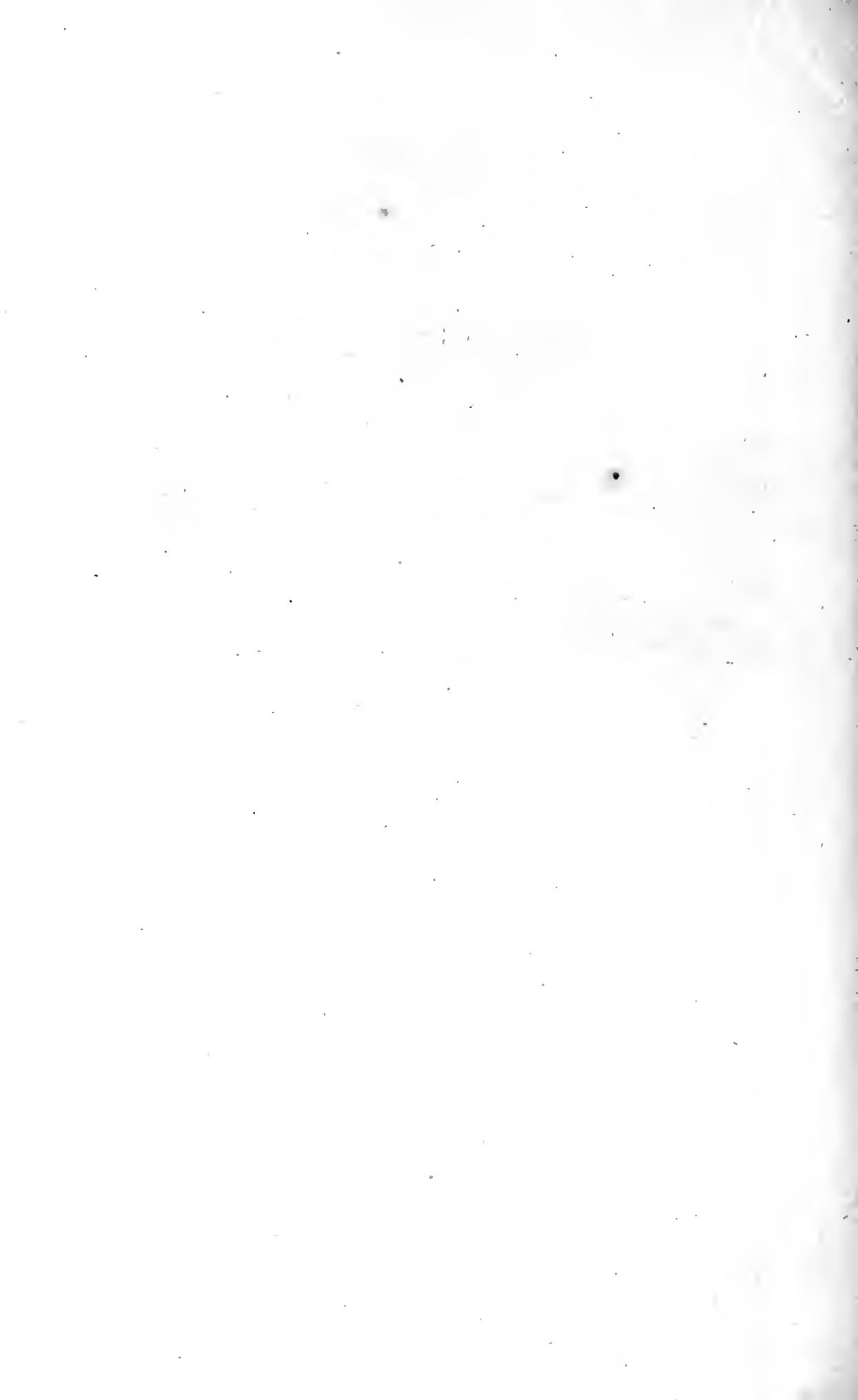
membered principally for those qualities, which, during his long life, gained him the esteem of his numerous friends, and which now do most honour to his memory.

Although the reader may have found in the preceding pages little to engage his attention by the recital of great events, to provoke emulation by the display of profound erudition, or to excite industry by the example of intense study, I still presume to hope, that these memoirs may have their use, by furnishing that class of men, to which my father belonged, men of easy and independent fortunes, who have a taste for the liberal arts, and a relish for the pleasures of polished life, with a practical example of one who succeeded to the utmost of his wishes in the attainment of rational happiness; from whose experience they may learn that the enjoyments of the world are not inconsistent either with religion or virtue, with philosophical retirement, or with domestic happiness; and that the favour of the great, the esteem of the learned, and the admiration of the witty, may be obtained, without any undue concessions, or any departure from those principles, which should govern a wise man and a good Christian.

GEORGE OWEN. CAMBRIDGE.

Twickenham Meadows,
June 1st, 1803.

THE
W O R K S
OF
R. O. CAMBRIDGE,
ESQ.



ON THE
MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES:

PUBLISHED AMONG
THE OXFORD CONGRATULATORY VERSES,

1736.

I.

FAST by the banks of Isis silver-stream'd,
In those sweet vales (who knows not those sweet vales ?)
From whence are kenn'd Oxonia's tow'rs far-fam'd,
Whilom I walk'd to catch the noon-tide gales:
The murm'ring stream, so gently gliding on,
And awful solitude, did thought inspire;
Verseless myself I conn'd not blithsom song;
No lute had I, nor harp, nor tuneful lyre;
Thoughtful, adown I laid me by the stream,
That thought brought with it sleep, sleep brought with it a dream.

B

II. The

II.

The scene erst fair to fairer still did yield,
 Such scenes did never waking eye behold ;
 Nor Enna was so gay, nor Tempe's field,
 Nor yet Elyfium's fabled meads of old.
 In admiration lost, I raptur'd gaz'd,
 When, to the found of dulcet symphonies,
 A dome, by heav'nly workmanship uprais'd,
 Forth like a vapour from the earth did rise ;
 No brick nor marble did compose the wall,
 'Transparent 'twas throughout, for it was crystal all.

III.

Forthwith two folding-doors disclosing wide
 Discover'd to the eye a gorgeous throne,
 A venerable Pers'nage on each side ;
 Majestic this, that soft and beauteous shone :
 Upheld by turtles sat this happy Pair,
 Eternal Peace and loves did sport around ;
 Flutt'ring above did Hymen joyous bear
 The links in which their mutual hearts were bound,
 Betok'ning long they'd worn this easy chain,
 Betok'ning thus they'd long, O ! very long remain.

IV. On

IV.

On either fide the throne a glorious band
 Of Pers'nages were rang'd : in the first place
 And nearest to the King, did Wisdom stand,
 And Honour, unacquainted to the Base ;
 Next Justice, never known to err though blind ;
 Vengeance and Clemency on either fide ;
 And Pow'r, his eyes on Justice still inclin'd ;
 And Peace, spurning Ambition, Death, and Pride :
 Well is, I weet, the King who's thus upheld,
 Well is the Land whose sceptre such a King doth wield.

V.

Nor did there on the other fide, I ween,
 Forms though more soft, less heav'nly appear ;
 Conjugal Love and Concord still were seen,
 Becoming Meekness and Submission near ;
 Next Truth, a window in her naked breast,
 Modesty and Prudence ever judging right,
 Piety, adding lustre to the rest,
 And heav'n-born Charity appear'd in fight ;
 Blest is the Maid whose paths these virtues guide,
 Happy ! thrice happy He possess'd of such a Bride !

VI.

While on this venerable Pair I gaz'd
 Enter'd a band of Youth, joyous and gay,
 One 'bove the rest most worthy to be prais'd,
 Who follow'd still where Virtue led the way,
 Oft-times he tow'rd the waters cast his eye,
 Which big with Hope and Expectation seem'd,
 Nor long ere he a vessel did descry,
 Which fraught with all his wishes tow'rd him stemm'd,
 An heav'nly Maiden on the deck was plac'd,
 With ev'ry virtue blest, with ev'ry beauty grac'd.

VII.

White were her robes, which so divinely shin'd
 As snow and gold together had been wove,
 Expressive emblem of the purest mind,
 Expressive emblem of the chastest love;
 Alternate on the Damsel and the Youth
 A band of loves pour'd most propitious darts,
 Which tipt with Pleasure, Constancy, and Truth,
 Found free admission to their inmost hearts;
 Swift flew the Youth, with eager haste convey'd,
 To his own happy shore, the much-lov'd, loving Maid.

VIII. And

FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES

VIII.

And now advance in hospitable guise
The Royal Pair ; with welcome salutation
They greet the Maid ; joy sparkles in her eyes,
Promise of future blessings on the Nation :
Nor now did Hymen unemploy'd appear,
Their hearts in chains of adamant he bound,
Loud shouts of mirth and joy invade the ear,
Each echo pleas'd repeats the blithsome sound ;
I, sleeping as I lay, in rapture cry'd
Long live the happy Prince ! long live the beautiful Bride !

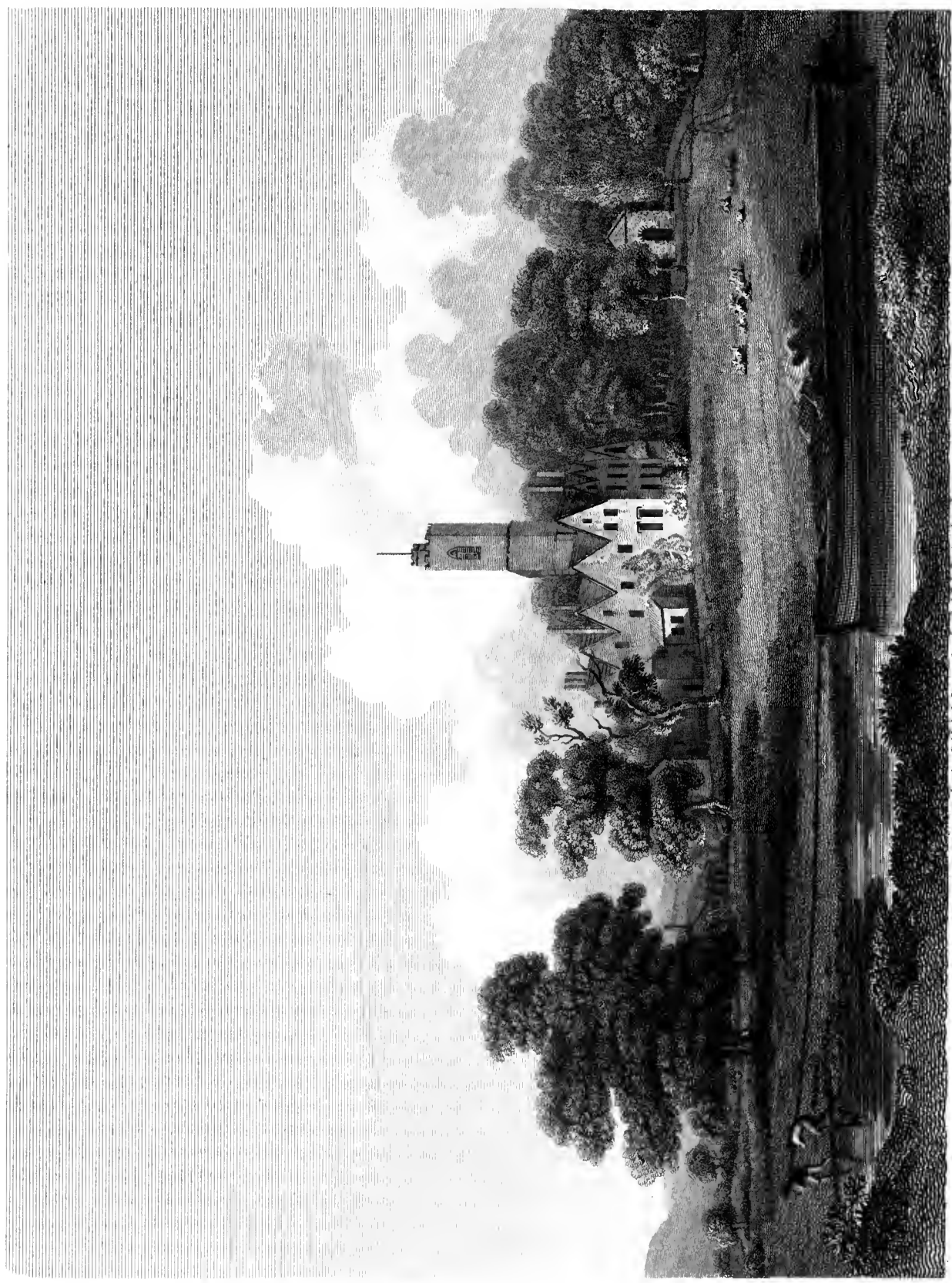
IX.

In flowing robes and squared caps advance,
Pallas their guide, her ever-favour'd band ;
As they approach they join in mystic dance,
Large scrolls of paper waving in their hand ;
Nearer they come, I heard them sweetly sing,
But louder now approach the peals of joy,
The glad sounds which from each quarter ring,
Dispel my slumbers, and my trance destroy,
Waking, I heard the shouts on ev'ry side
Proclaim AUGUSTA fair the happy FREDERICK'S Bride !

The first part of the
 volume is devoted to
 the history of the
 country from its
 discovery to the
 present time. The
 author has made
 a very extensive
 use of the original
 sources, and has
 given a very
 full and accurate
 account of the
 progress of the
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 second part of the
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 of the country, and
 the third part to
 the history of the
 people. The author
 has made a very
 extensive use of the
 original sources, and
 has given a very
 full and accurate
 account of the
 progress of the
 country.





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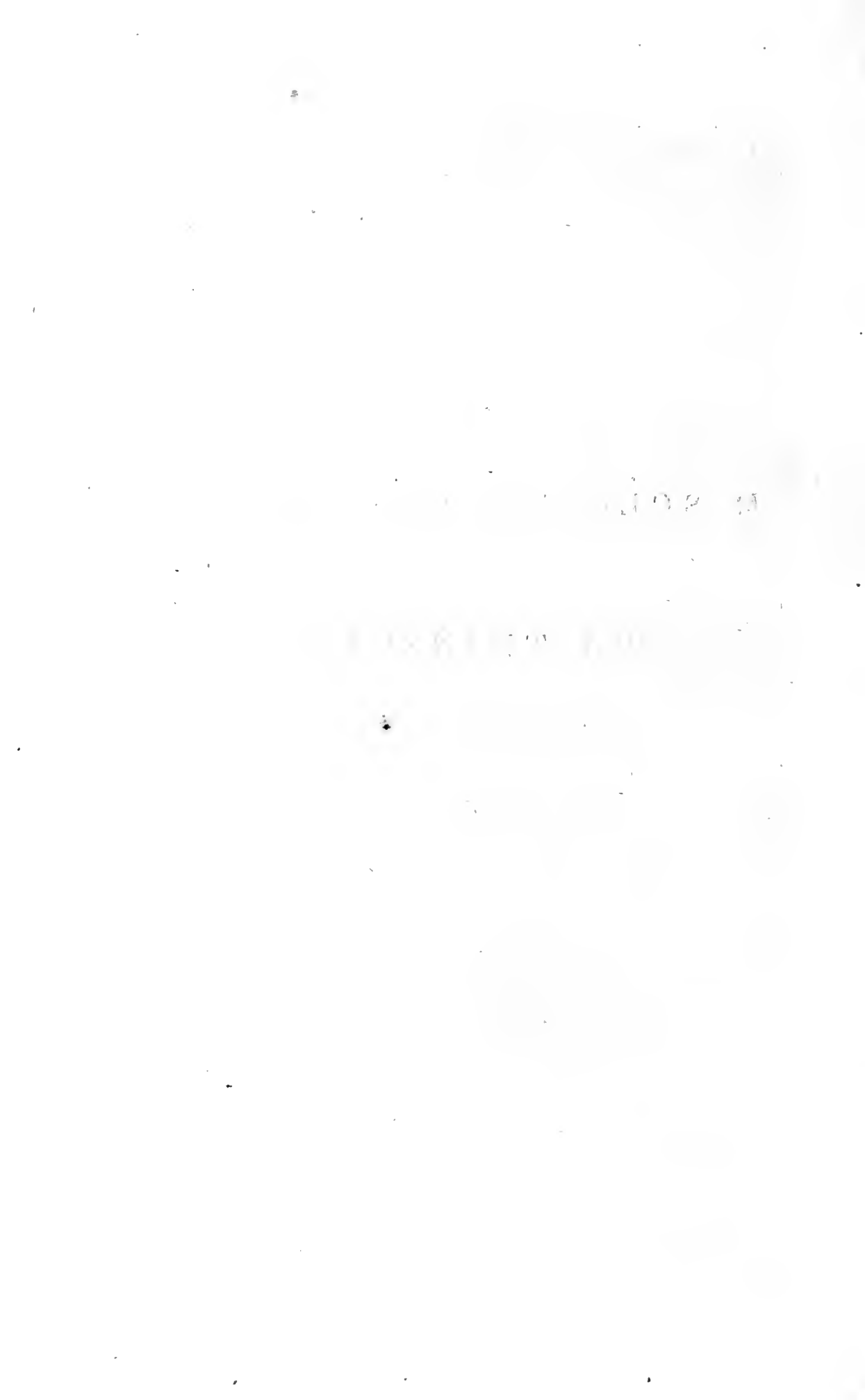
WELTMINSTER HOUSE.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES,

WRITTEN AT

WHITMINSTER,

FROM 1742 to 1750.



LEARNING:

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

DICK AND NED.

(The AUTHOR, and Dr. EDWARD BARNARD, afterwards Provost of Eton.)

THE day was fullen, bleak, and wet,
When Dick and Ned together met
To waste it in a friendly chat,
And much they talk'd of this and that ;
Till many a question wisely stated,
And many a knotty point debated,
From topic still to topic turning,
They fall at length on Books and Learning :
Then each with eagerness displays
His eloquence, to give them praise.
Far in their eulogy they launch,
And scan them o'er in ev'ry branch ;
Thus, th' excellencies making known
Of Learning, slyly show their own.

Here Dick (who often takes a pride
 To argue on the weaker side)
 Cries, Softly, Ned, this talk of learning
 May hold with men in books discerning ;
 Who boast of what they call a taste,
 But for all else we run too fast ;
 For lay but prejudice aside,
 And let the cause be fairly try'd,
 What is the worth of any thing,
 But for the happiness 'twill bring ?
 And that, none ever would dispute,
 Is only found in the pursuit ;
 For if you once run down your game,
 You frustrate and destroy your aim :
 He, without doubt, pray mark me, Ned,
 Has most to read, who least has read ;
 And him we needs must happiest find,
 Whose greatest pleasure is behind.—
 Ned, who was now 'twixt sleep and wake,
 Stir'd by this argument to speak,
 Full aptly cry'd, With half an eye
 Your far-fetcht sophistry I spy ;
 Which, ne'er so subtly disputed,
 By two plain words shall be confuted :
 To give your reasoning due digestion,
 I first affirm you beg the question.

Learning 's a game, which, who attains,
 A great and worthy pleasure gains ;
 Not light and tranſient like the chace,
 But ſtable with unfading grace.
 There are, indeed, who are ſo idle,
 They leave all emprize in the middle ;
 Nor for reflection read or comment,
 But juſt to kill the preſent moment :
 Theſe hunt romances, tales, and hiſt'ries,
 As men purſue a common miſtreſs,
 Who when once caught but moves their loathing,
 And well if ſhe 's not worſe than nothing ;
 But thoſe of ſteady, ſerious life,
 Know there 's no pleaſure like a wife ;
 And ſuch the wife true learning find
 A laſting help-mate to their mind.—
 Good ſir, quoth Dick, and made a leg,
 I ſay 'tis you the queſtion beg.
 Your families of wife and miſtreſs
 Will ſerve your argument to diſtreſs.
 If knowledge never was attain'd,
 Which ſages always have maintain'd,
 Then knowledge cannot be a wife ;
 And you yourſelf conclude the triſe.
 You no leſs fallacy advance
 'Gainſt tales, and fables, and romance ;

For I shall prove t'ye in the sequel,
 That reading of all kinds is equal ;
 And none can serve a better end,
 Than cheerfully our time to spend.
 Nor is't of moment, gay, or serious,
 But, as the readers minds are various,
 Each please himself. You contradict
 Philosophers of every sect,
 Unless with them you will maintain
 All human learning to be vain.
 This, Socrates affirm'd of old,
 And this our wisest moderns hold.
 Therefore, if you have prov'd romances,
 And such like, vain and idle fancies,
 They've said the same of all the knowledge
 I'th' sage and philosophic college.—
 Ned was by this a little nettled:
 Quoth he, This thing shall soon be settled ;
 With your own arguments disputed,
 And you with your own weapons routed.
 You hold the pleasure to consist
 In the pursuit; this must exist
 For ever you have eke maintain'd,
 Asserting knowledge can't be gain'd ;
 By this you fairly overthrow
 Your first position; for, if so,

How

How can it ever be agreed
 Who least has read has most to read?
 If ten miles upwards you could run,
 Would you be nearer to the sun?
 Or daily from the sea should drink,
 Say would you ever find it shrink?
 Men most delighted are, the fact is,
 As they more skilful grow by practice;
 This true in all we have concern in,
 Much more is found to hold in learning.
 Who various sciences has read,
 Has made a store-house of his head;
 And with him ever bears within
 A large and plenteous magazine,
 Whence he's secure to draw at leisure
 All sorts of precious hoarded treasure:
 Rich in ideas, ne'er shall he
 A prey become to poverty;
 And roaming free, his active mind
 Can ne'er be fetter'd or confin'd;
 Nor of dull solitude complain,
 His thoughts, a cheerful social train:
 For books of the superior kind
 With just ideas fill the mind,
 Nourish its growing youth, confirm
 Its manhood: prop its age infirm:

Learning,

Learning, our ev'ry step attends,
 The best of pilots and of friends;
 Assists our various ills to bear,
 In fortunes adverse waves to steer;
 How best in calmer hours to fail,
 And how improve the prosp'rous gale.—
 Alas! quoth Dick, mere puff and froth this is,
 Which you advance for your hypothesis:
 At best a well-laid theory;
 No substance or reality;
 Nor found with practice to agree. }
 Your scheme would be more true and ample,
 If well supported by example.
 But these all make against your system,
 And therefore wisely you suppress 'em;
 Not all your books can raise the mind
 Above the weakness of mankind.
 Zeno, of stoic reading vain,
 Affirm'd there was no harm in pain.
 Pyrrho would vaunt (but then he'd lie)
 Indifference or to live or die.
 Carneades oft spent his breath
 To inspire the bold contempt of death;
 And once his wisdom did affect
 So far to ape the stoic sect,
 He thought he felt an inclination
 To die, because it was the fashion.

Hearing

Hearing Antipater (a wife one!)
 Had kill'd himself by drinking poison,
 He crys, resolv'd to do the same,
 Give me----but what, forbears to name;
 Then, baulking his expecting friends,
 In mere mull'd wine this poison ends.
 Not all his learning and wife reading,
 Could Zeno's pupil keep from hecding
 The rig'rous twinges of the stone,
 Or but suppress one single groan;
 Forc'd to own pain at length an evil,
 And give his doctrine to the devil.
 Thus these philosophers and leaders
 Of various sects (profoundest readers)
 From all their books could ne'er attain,
 Death to contemn, or smile at pain;
 And much less reap'd they joy or pleasure,
 Their volumes yielding no such treasure.—
 Ned, who now heartily was vext,
 Began to fickle for his text;
 Fairly, quoth he, examples cite,
 We soon shall set this matter right;
 But those you bring, tho' slyly pickt out,
 And with all art and cunning trickt out,
 'Tis plain to see you falsely vent 'em,
 And speciously misrepresent 'em.

Tho'

Tho' Dionysius did wince,
His master ne'er was known to flinch;
His other pupil, Posidonius,
Alone would prove your scheme erroneous.
When Pompey, who on purpose came
So far to hear this sage declaim,
Finding him on his sick bed laid,
And with severest pains assay'd,
Would fain have gone without his errant;
The steady stoic would not hear on't;
Began, and bravely held it out,
Amidst the torments of the gout;
Nor could avail th' acutest pang,
To stop or discompose th' harangue.
Could Epictetus, with such bravery,
Or Æsop, bear their painful slavery;
Unless by Learning's hand supported,
And that relief which Books afforded;
Whilst all their votaries have taught
That freedom dwells but in the thought.
Hence did Philoxenus desire
From the rich banquet to retire;
Chose rather back to gaol be hurried,
Than there with royal dulness worried:
His thoughts expatiating free
And undisturb'd with poetry;

Made

Made bread and water more delicious
 Than choicest feasts of Dionysius ;
 Proving no pain or thraldom worse is
 Than slavishly to hear bad verses.—
 Quoth Dick, 'Tis difficult to know
 The truth of facts so long ago.
 Writers enhance their hero's glory,
 The better to set off their story ;
 And throw a varnish and a gloss over
 Th' acts of their favourite philosopher.
 You, of Philoxenus, advance
 Mere folly, pride, and arrogance ;
 His reading made him no great winner,
 That lost so foolishly his dinner.
 Which is the wiser part d'ye think,
 T'approve, and smile, and eat, and drink ;
 Or sourly criticisms mutter,
 And quarrel with your bread and butter ?
 But if we find from books arise
 This squeamish taste, more nice than wise,
 'Tis happier sure, and wiser yet,
 Ne'er to have learnt the alphabet :
 Yet tho' I scruple not to grant
 'Twas Learning made him arrogant,
 I still must strenuously maintain
 Indifference to death or pain

Proceeds from natural disposition,
 More than from bookish acquisition.
 Examples of your suffering faces
 We find not five in fifteen ages.
 Such volunteers in pain abound,
 In parts where Books were never found.
 To prove my words, if 'tis your hap
 To have pictures in't, consult your map;
 There, Ned, a Brahmin may you see
 Ty'd by the heels to post or tree;
 From whence he reaches downward to make
 A fire to roast his breast and stomach;
 And this he ne'er abates or puts out,
 Tho' it should burn his very guts out!
 Yet this from Learning can't proceed,
 For none of these can write or read.
 Nor is the next a man of Letters,
 Who's gall'd by those enormous fetters;
 Nor yet is he a better Scholar,
 Who groans beneath that iron collar.
 Dan Prior's muse a case records,
 And sweetly too, so take his words:
 At Tonquin, if a prince should dye,
 (As Jesuits write, who never lye,
 The wife, and counsellor, and priest,
 Who serv'd him most and lov'd him best,

Prepare and light his funeral fire,
 And cheerful on the pile expire.
 In Europe 'twould be hard to find,
 In each degree, one half so kind.
 But why on European ground
 Is no such instance to be found?
 Say, does our learning or our reading
 Fall so far short of Tonquin breeding?
 But, as I said before, a case,
 So far remov'd by time and place,
 Is seldom faithfully related,
 Or, in most points, exaggerated.
 Let us by modern facts be try'd,
 And not our ears, but eyes decide.
 Consider but your nearest neighbour,
 Mark well his ceaseless toil and labour;
 Or fellow students at the College,
 Who drudge both night and day for knowledge;
 Are they for ten years poring better
 Than if they'd never known a letter?
 This thumbs philosophers that teach
 To be content is to be rich;
 And finds, he thinks, with greatest rapture,
 These riches grow with ev'ry chapter;
 But sour'd his heart, you'll find it heaving
 To college rents and future living:

This reads the Stoics, and from them
Learns all misfortunes to contemn.
But a bare nose, or finger's bleeding,
Shall countervail his ten years reading.
Do not most men more selfish grow,
And more reserv'd, the more they know ?
And when they come to study less,
To promote others happiness,
They must, 'tis by experience shown,
Of consequence impair their own.
When Umbrio, fixt upon the skies
In absence, turns his musing eyes,
And never condescends t' afford,
But in a learn'd dispute, a word ;
Can I persuade myself, that he
Is happier than his company ?
Were it not better for a while
To lay his wisdom by, and smile,
And join with them to laugh and chat,
Altho' he cannot tell at what ?
Yet he'll indulge these fullen fits,
And keep his mirth for brother wits :
Then let us follow him to these,
And see if he be more at ease.
No ; soon again his pleasure fails,
He frowns, he yawns, he bites his nails ;

And

And fhews by difcontented looks,
 He wants to leave 'em for his books.
 Purfue him to his country feat;
 Is there his happinefs complete?
 With endlefs volumes fill'd the room,
 Muft needs difpel that fullen gloom:
 In vain. Ere he an hour has fat,
 Difliking this, and tir'd with that,
 Some modern book augments his fpleen,
 Which th' Ancients can't take off again.
 Impatient from himfelf to fly,
 Shall he the field amusements try?
 No; thofe a philofophic mind
 Too barren pleasures needs muft find.
 Then fhall he try his hours to fpend
 In chat with neighbouring country friend?
 Lo! there his joys as vainly plac'd;
 One knowledge wants, and one a tafte,
 This too referv'd, that too affected,
 Envy'd by this, by that fufpected:
 Poor Umbrio meets, at ev'ry turning,
 Some fad reverfe intail'd on learning;
 And, tir'd o' th' country, back amain
 Drives to be tir'd of town again.
 Obferve again, th' unletter'd brow
 No frowns contract, no wrinkles plow;

See Bubo's front serenely sleek ;
Chagrin ne'er wastes Aphronius' cheek ;
Simplicius with eternal smile ;
And Dullman ever found tranquil ;
Prig with self-approbation blest ;
While nought disturbs Afello's rest.—
Quoth Ned, I can no longer bear
Such overt falsities to hear ;
Of arguments there is no end,
When with a sophist you contend ;
Thy proofs all falsely are asserted,
Or else most wilfully perverted :
In this, as well as other countries,
Men drown and hang themselves upon trees ;
Or, too displeas'd with this to bear it,
Leap into t'other world from garret.
Yet none in grave discourse, e'er thought
Such fit examples to be brought ;
'Cause these from madness must proceed,
And those from poverty and need.
The fages I produced, ne'er fought
Their end or pain : their volumes taught
Neither to hasten death nor shun it,
But with indifference look upon it ;
Nor ills to court nor yet to fear,
Whate'er Fate gave resign'd to bear :

From

From whence I proved beyond dispute,
 That Learning bears the choicest fruit ;
 And plenteous harvests ever yields
 To those who duly till her fields.
 But you deny the truth, averring
 Her soil not only cold but barren ;
 And the spontaneous idle weed
 The cultivated crop t' exceed.
 Now turn we to your happy Clan,
 And their delights and pleasures scan ;
 See them returning from the field,
 Their joys are o'er ; the fox is kill'd ;
 How shall they pass the tedious night,
 Till sport return with morning light ?
 From whence procure them recreation,
 Nor fought from books or conversation ?
 The bottle, lo ! their sole resort,
 Oppressive thought they drown in port ;
 Or, with dear dice or cards beguile,
 And shield them from themselves awhile.
 Our gallants now to town repair ;
 What endless pleasures wait 'em there !
 One half the day in sleep is past,
 They study how the rest to waste ;
 Till drum or playhouse shall invite
 To crown with happiness the night.

The

The drefs, the valet, and the glafs,
 Help two long irkfome hours to pafs :
 The dinner ferves them to complain
 Of taverns, waiters, cooks, champagne.
 With joy they hear the houfe is full :
 The play begins ; 'tis grave, 'tis dull.
 And two more hours their cruel fate
 Ordains their happinefs muft wait.
 Their patience now the drum rewards
 With whifpers, wax-lights, bows, and cards.
 Now, while at whift they take their feat,
 Go ask them, are their joys complete !
 Or wait they for fome favourite vice ;
 Their girl, their bottle, or their dice ?
 Say, would you for a pattern chufe
 Dullman, whose paffion is the news ?
 Ne'er could the freedom of his mind
 In prifon'd volumes be confin'd ;
 In loofer fheets is all his lore,
 Free as the Sybil's leaves of yore.
 He ne'er could on one fcience fix,
 So fell perforce on politics ;
 In thefe he can defcant as well
 As any modern Machiavel :
 Here little progrefs will enable
 T' attack the deepeft at the table.

Great

Great is, I grant you, his delight,
 When reading a retreat or fight,
 Or fally or surprife, by the French meant
 To storm the enemies entrenchment :
 Or ships engaging with the Spaniard ;
 Or loss of mast by storm, or mainyard ;
 Or cargo sunk, or crew all drowneded * ;
 Or spurious babe in Wapping found dead.
 Or how the stubborn Dutch go on flow ;
 Or robb'ry on Blackheath or Hounslow.
 But should they e'er restrain the press,
 How great were Dullman's dire distress ?
 And should all Europe be at peace,
 His pleasure totally must cease.
 Let us from these now turn our eyes
 Upon the man that's learn'd and wise :
 You see him, from his early youth,
 Taught the pursuits of heav'nly Truth :
 In ev'ry season, ev'ry place,
 He follows still the pleasing chace ;
 The nearer to the glorious prize,
 It shines the brighter in his eyes :
 And not alone in Books is found,
 But ev'ry object all around.

* So Dullman spells it.

E

He

He not the least of these disdain,
Or finds ungrateful to his pains.
But like the bee, from ev'ry flower
And ev'ry weed, with artful power
Collects alone the choicest juice,
And lays in store for future use.
Thus all things to improvement turning,
Still grows his pleasure with his Learning.

SOCIETY ;

ADDRESSED TO HENRY BERKLEY, ESQ.

This Poem was intended to delineate the character of Mr. BERKLEY, but being unfinished at the time of his death, the Author never could prevail upon himself to complete it.

SOCIETY ! Our being's noblest end !
 To thee, with claims unequal, all pretend :
 From angels or the heav'n-instructed man,
 To the wild Tartar's unconnected clan :
 From the vast elephant, or savage bear,
 To abject reptiles, and those insects spare
 That wing invisibly the crouded air. }

Select are thy delights, serene thy joys ;
 How falsely fought in numbers and in noise !
 Too sober for th' ambitious or the vain ;
 Too delicate for folly's tasteless train.
 These, while they seek thee in the tents of flame,
 Bring foul dishonour on thy sacred name ;
 Who think to find thee in the harlot's bow'r,
 Or loud with Waffel in the midnight hour.

Misjudge not then the philofophic mind,
 Deaf to thy call, to thy endearments blind :
 Since not thyself the wife, retir'd, difclaim,
 But that vain phantom which usurps thy name.

Is there a man whom conscious worth inspires ;
 Whom wisdom touches with her faintest fires ;
 Whose nicer sense could brook the drunkard's cries,
 The gamester glorious in his shameful prize ;
 The dull recital of the sportsman hear,
 Or bigot roar of noisy faction bear ?

O! should my soul her choicest wish declare,
 And form to bounteous heav'n her ardent prayer,
 Nor numerous vassals that obsequious wait
 In fervile crouds, to swell the pomp of state ;
 Nor wealth nor pow'r, nor would she fame require,
 One perfect Friend should bound her full desire ;
 Learn'd though polite, though noble free from pride,
 Virtue his guard, and honour be his guide :
 Not so severely rigid to refrain
 Mirth's genial friends, and laughter's jocund train ;
 But free to speak with temper or with fire
 What Pallas dictates, or the Nine inspire ;
 Let no attainment seem too great an height
 For his aspiring mind's ambitious flight :

No

No useful arts, tho' vulgar or minute,
 Beneath his pains, unworthy his pursuit.
 May zeal direct those pains to noblest ends,
 Zeal for his God, his country, and his friends;
 Exalted genius animate his soul,
 And sense, the stable basis of the whole.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

TOBACCO ;

A TALE.

ADDRESSED TO J. H. BROWNE, ESQ.

Author of the "PIPE OF TOBACCO, in Imitation of six several Authors."

THE folks of old were not so nice
 But that they'd ask and take advice.
 'Twas then the Pythian's prudent voice
 Directed Tully in his choice.
 Consult your genius, said the maid ;
 No more ; the humble youth obey'd.
 This rule so short, so just, so plain,
 Our lively moderns all disdain ;
 And scorn to have their flights controul'd
 By any Pythians new or old ;
 Nor ask what may their genius fit,
 But all, forfooth, must aim at wit.

When first that fragrant leaf came o'er
 To bless our barren northern shore,

Which your immortal verses raise
 A rival to the Poet's bays,
 A squire of Suffex gave command
 To plant it in his marshy land :
 His anxious friends and neighbours join
 To drive him from this strange design.—
 Tobacco, says a skilful farmer,
 Requires a dryer clime and warmer ;
 The wat'ry coldness of your soil
 Will frustrate all the planter's toil ;
 Yet not ungrateful shall the clay
 With beans a plenteous crop repay.—

Let peasant hinds, replies the squire,
 Whose grov'ling souls can rise no higher,
 Drudge on, content with piddling gain
 From vulgar means, and common grain ;
 But I will make this Northern Isle
 With India's boasted harvest smile,
 And shew how needless 'tis to roam
 For what we may produce at home. —

He said, and wide as his command,
 Tobacco filled the hungry land ;
 The restive marl obstructs the shoot,
 And checks the plant, and kills the root.

Yearly

Yearly his project he repeated,
Yearly he saw his hopes defeated.
Till all, at length, his fate deplore,
And find him begging at their door.

Thus may'st thou see, discerning Browne,
A fauntering croud infest the town;
Whom providential Nature made
To thrive in physic, law, or trade.
What she directs, perverse they quit,
And strive to force spontaneous wit;
Mispending their time, misplace their toil,
To cultivate a barren foil;
And find no art or force can breed,
What in your garden grows a *Weed*.

ARCHIMAGE;

A POEM,

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SPENCER,

AND DESCRIPTIVE OF THE AUTHOR AND FOUR OF HIS BOAT'S CREW.

I.

A beauteous Maid^a was walking on the plaine,
Nigh where Sabrina rolls her yellow tyde,
(Who now uplifts her fretted waves amaine,
And now serenely doth like 'Thamis glyde ;)
Her palfrey to a distant tree was tied ;
Delighted with the stream, of nought afraid,
She walk'd ; a dwarf attended on her side,
Who bore a shield, on which there was displayd
Alofte on azure field a deadlie Trenchant^b blade.

^a Miss Trenchard, afterwards married to Jocelyn Pickard Esq.

^b The Crest of the Trenchard family.

F

II. Happie

II.

Happie the Knight, yea happieft he the Knight,
 By fates ordain'd that envied fhield to beare,
 The deareft gift of honour'd Lady bright,
 To whom ſhe worthy deems that pledge to weare,
 His fure protection in the doubtful warre;
 And ever ſhall ſuch good the gifte attend,
 That whoſo beareth it ſhall nothing feare,
 But on his Lady's virtues ſtill depend,
 Truſting in her his Saint, his Patroneſſe and Friend.

III.

Her looſely walking on the lonely ſhore
 Espied Archimage^c that wizzard vile;
 And now the ſubtile fiend had got his lore;
 For whilom oft, with many an artful wile,
 And foothing words full fraught with hidden guile
 Her virtuous wiſdom did the Mage affail;
 Nath'leſs unmoved remain'd ſhe all the while,
 Ne would give ear to his falſe glozing tale,
 So that in no wiſe he againſt her mote prevail.

^c The Author.

IV.

Forthy to overt force now turns his mind,
 And impious ravishment the ruffian fell ;
 For equal he to lawless force inclin'd,
 Or secret working of the magick spell,
 And every mystick charme he knew full well :
 Als could he from the vaste and hoarie deep
 Summon th' obedient fonnnes of night and hell,
 As if th' infernal keys himself did keep ;
 Ne e'er in mischief's tasks allow his eye-lids sleep.

V.

Forthwith two hellish imps he calls amaine,
 Ycleped Giant Strength and Lawless Might ;
 Each to array he turns his working braine
 In garb and semblance fair of gentle Knight ;
 So with a two-edged weapon he mote fight.
 Thereto he Courtesie the one did call,
 The other counterfeit Persuasion hight ;
 So if to nought his specious arts did fall,
 By ruffian force he mote be sure to work her thrall.

VI.

And now the bold Inchaunter caus'd be brought,
 Of strange and curious worke, a rich machine^d;
 Which by his skille right cunninglie was wrought,
 So that it's paragonne mote not be feene ;
 (Full powerful is the magick art, I weene.)
 Ne drawn by dragons was this sumptuous Carre,
 Ne by dread lions on the level greene,
 Ne yet by yoked fwans along the air ;
 As wizards oft, we read, convey the ravish'd fair.

VII.

But with his wond'rous and all-powerful breath,
 And the bare motion of his felon hond^e,
 To whate'er parts he lifts he travelleth,
 And flies with ease to many a distant lond ;
 For of his prey he now possess'd doth stand.
 Als his behests four wizards^f sage obey,
 Each waving in his hand a powerful wand^g ;
 Mightie themselves ; but mightier he than they ;
 Ne mote they his commands at any time gainsay.

^d His double Boat. ^e Guiding the Helm. ^f The Boat's Crew. ^g The Oar.

VIII. In

VIII.

In the first rank a wily Mage^a did sit,
 Long vers'd in fraud, and exercis'd in ill;
 Ne scrupled e'er t' employ his wicked wit,
 His master's dev'lish mandates to fulfill;
 And with malicious spite he turned stille
 'Gainst Elfinne Knights, and wrought them mickle woe;
 Als wou'd the blood of holy beadfinen' spill,
 Whose hairy scalps he hanged in a row
 Around his cave; sad sight to Christian eyes I trow!

IX.

These would he with a deadlie engine fell
 Harrow and claw, his foul heart to aggrate,
 And wreak his malice, strange it is to tell,
 On object senseless and inanimate;
 As though it were his living foeman's pate.
 Als wou'd he rub a magic ointment est
 O'er heads of luckless knights, such was his hate;
 Which of their curled tresses them bereft,
 That nought but naked scorne and baldness vile was left.

^a A servant of the Author.
 in the family, and dress'd his wigs

¹ He shaved a Clergyman then resident

X.

Next fate a monstrous and mishapen wight,*
 His nether parts unfeemlie to beholde;
 All from his waiste discovering to the fight
 A fishe's tail; with many a circling folde,
 Which from the fea he mote not long witholde;
 Als in his hideous and Cyclopean front¹
 One single eye-ball (ghastlie feature!) roll'd,
 Which fill'd with horror whofo look't upon 't,
 And fea and land alike were this foule wizard's wont.

XI.

But chief frequented he rough Neptune's reign,
 Where with his dread Inchaunments cast about,
 He'd call the fishe up from the wat'ry plain,
 Shad, falmon, turbot, sturgeon, sole and trout;
 Ne 'scap'd the smaller fric, ne larger rout;
 But all who in his magick circles caught,
 Ne great ne small mote ever thence get out;
 Such power alafs! have fell InchaunTERS got,
 Ne aught can them resist, ne can escape them aught.

* A Fisherman. ¹ He had lost an eye.

XII. Yet

XII.

Yet not for appetite or hunger keen,
 Or for the end of luscious luxurie,
 Did he thus labour day and night, I ween,
 And those delicious creatures doom to die,
 But barely to aggrate his crueltie.
 For aye such joy in mischief would he take,
 That oft he 'd run and flounce and wade and flie.
 Like goose unwieldie or like waddling drake,
 And thus pursue his prey still flound'ring through the lake.

XIII.

Ne would he e'er exchange these 'steemed cates
 For life-supporting bread, or wholesome food,
 Ne fill his body ere with strength'ning meats,
 But ev'ry thing eschewing that is good,
 Nought ate or drank which mote not evil brood:
 Hot and rebellious liquors were his meal,
 Which caus'd foul workings in his fev'rish blood;
 'Bove all things else he Wassel priz'd and ale;
 For Tritonne, when in drinke, begotte him on a Whale.

XIV. The

XIV.

The next a foul and filthy Wizard^m was ;
 His skin like hydes of leather did appear ;
 A griezlie beard grew matted o'er his face ;
 Hard wax distilled from his eyes fo blear,
 And on his back grew stiffe and brieflie hair ;
 Which like th' enraged porcupine he'd dart
 'Gainst skinne of such as him provoked ere ;
 And ever glad to do them shame and smart,
 Left them all slash'd and gored and pink'd in every part.

XV.

From noblest auncestors his birth he'd boast,
 E'en from the mightie Crispin's royal bed ;
 Tho' he in fortune's ruder waves was tost,
 And by the potent Archimage was led ;
 Nay, once by mightier force imprifonnedⁿ,
 Altho' himself a great Inchaunter was ;
 Untill released thro' grace and bountihed
 Of good and gentle Knight of Crispin's race,
 From barres of hardest steel, and walles of triple braffe.

^m A Shoemaker. ⁿ Had been arrested for debt.

XVI.

Yet by fuperior force not overmatch'd,
 Well knew he how to deal the fecret fpell :
 Thereto the fteps of wand'ring Knights he watch'd,
 And with fmooth words decoy'd them to his cell * ;
 Where in a chair enchanted, ftrange to tell,
 The Knights he placed ; when thrufting all amaine
 I' the ftocks † their tender feet, the traytor fell
 Leaves them, regardless of their bitter paine ;
 There may they weep and wail, and ftoim and rave in vaine.

XVII.

Next the moft dread Magician ‡ of the crew,
 Save the all-powerful Archimage alone,
 Of ftrange and hideous forme, and fable hue,
 Fire from his mouth and livid eye-balls fhone,
 Would melt harde flints and moft obdurate ftone.
 Thick clouds of finoke ftill iffued from his nofe,
 Which he in danger bath about him throwne ;
 His iron nailes the length of fingers rofe,
 Ne braffe, ne hardeft fteele, mote his sharpe teeth oppofe.

* His Shop. † Ready-made Shoes. ‡ A Blackfmith and Farrier.

XVIII.

He was to weet a craftie subtle Mage,
 Great Vulcan's sonne, and from his Sire full well
 Had learn'd the winds rude force and mightier rage
 Of fire, which oft he'd fetch with many a spell,
 And bold Promethean arts, from lowest hell.
 In a vaste cave did this Inchaunter wonne,
 Full of things foul to see and fadde to tell;
 With many a rotten sculle and bleached bone,
 And many a mangled lymb was the dread pavement frowne.

XIX.

Als on the portals of his friendless gate
 He fixed has, and hanged up on highe
 The boastfull tokens of his vengefull hate,
 And spoils of his lamented victorie,
 Extorting tears from every tender eye;
 When luckless Knights by him dismounted are,
 He fraitway to the helpless feed doth flie;
 Soon from his tender foot the sole doth teare,
 And home the mournful trophie of his conquest beare.

* His Forge.

XX. Nor

XX.

Nor so he lets escape the haplesse feede,
 But daie by daie doth racke him more and more ;
 Now strikes his tender necke till it doth bleede,
 And his fleek skyn becomes all cover'd o'er
 With the foule stains of bloode and clotted gore ;
 Als with hotte pyncers dothe he feare his tongue,
 And with sharpe nails his feet he pricketh fore ;
 Which makes him frette, as tho' by gadflie stunge,
 Whilst his gall'd hoofe still smarts, in magick circle wrunge.

XXI.

Als hath the Wizard with paternal art,^{*}
 And massie beams of ir'n, a castle wrought,
 So surelie firme and barr'd in ev'ry part,
 That never thence, I ween, escaped aught ;
 With many a Knight and woeful Squire was fraught
 This dolorous dungeon fad, who thither came
 By magick touch, and vile inchauntments brought
 Of harpies fell, who take their obscene name[†]
 Deriv'd from loathed part of scorne, and public shame.

* He assisted in building Glo'ster Gaol. † Bum Bailiff.

XXII.

Whilom the wretche against his maſter dar'd
 In bold rebellion liſt his traitor hand,
 And for his ſteeds his treas'nous charms prepar'd ;
 But Archimage his purpoſe had foreſcann'd,
 And him in terror to that lawleſs band
 Condemned aye to ſweat and toil amain ;
 Now in the waves, now on the burning ſand,
 From ſcorching flames to the chill wave again ;
 Thus aye him tort'ring with varietie of pain.

XXIII.

Such was this dev'liſh and unholie crew ;
 But far above them all was ARCHIMAGE ;
 More artful tricks and ſubtile wyles he knew ;
 More high, more potent, more rever'd, more ſage ;
 Ne one like him could read the magick page :
 Ne could the powers of all combin'd avail
 'Gainſt his bare breath ; ſo potent was it's rage,
 That oft with that alone he would affail
 The greateſt deeds, nor ere in ought was known to fail.

XXIV. Als

XXIV.

Als was he balde behinde, and polled o'er,
 And once escap'd none caught him e'er, I trowe :
 One fingle lock^m of hair he has before,
 Such whilom on Time's aged fronte dothe grow ;
 (For he like Time ranne ever to and fro,
 Following the bente of his impetuous minde)
 This must you catch, ere he beginne to go,
 For if once gone he flieth like the winde,
 Ne ere abateth speed, ne looketh ere behinde.

XXV.

Erst by his charmes a wond'rous bow^m he brought
 Ev'n from the distante coasts of utmost Inde ;
 With dread and powerful magick was it wrought ;
 And feather'd arrows, swifter than the winde,
 Which never erred from the marke design'd :
 These as the tim'rous fowl from far descricie,
 (Sore dread, I ween, to all the feather'd kinde)
 Dismay'd, dispers'd, and cowering low, they flie,
 Tho' oft transfix'd their lives they leave ith' loftie skie.

^m He wore a toupee of his own hair, comb'd over his wig.

ⁿ Alluding to his expert use of the Bow and Arrow.

XXVI.

Nature to him her dark breast doth disclose,
 His pierceant eye looks thro' the shades of night ;
 And all beneath the earth and sea he knows,
 Ne ought is hidden from his searching sight:
 Est rare and secret things he brings to light ;
 And Earth's deep womb ransacking with his art,
 An house * hath built with various beauties dight,
 (Not found, I ween, in ev'ry common mart,)
 Gold glitters all around, and shines in ev'ry part.

XXVII.

Als on the confines of his drear domaine
 A loftie Tower^r rears it's tremendous height ;
 From off whose goodlie battlements are seen
 Extensive scenes of wonder and delight :
 But in a gulph^z are her foundations pight ;
 Which, tho' conceal'd with verdure fair, doth gape,
 Unseen, both night and day, for living wight :
 And ill betide that caiffie, whose mishappe
 Dothe lead him to the pitte, whence he can ne'er escape.

* A Grotto, ornamented with Mundie, Spars, &c. ^r The Parish
 Church, situated near his house. ^z The Church-yard.

XXVIII. So

XXVIII.

So wills that darke and fable-ftoled Mage,
 Who in thofe walles his art dothe exercife ;
 Ne ought with him availeth fexe or age ;
 Ne hoary elde, ne tender infant's cries
 Can melt his iron heart in any wife :
 Als by his power and virtue magicalle,
 A wond'rous yoke about their neckes he ties,
 Which eft their tender skinnes doth frette and galle,
 All filkenne as it feems, with fore and endleffe thralle.

XXIX.

So furelie firme he ties this Gordian Knotte,
 As ev'n exceeds his own art to untie ;
 And fo ill-fuited deals to each their lotte,
 Ufing his wicked arts fo wantonlie,
 His cruel fport doth caufe great miferie :
 Each ill-pair'd Couple tugge the magick chaine,
 And their reluctant neckes together plie,
 And ftill for freedom praie and ftrove amaine ;
 He fits and laughs to fcorne their labour, all in vaine..

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 350

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AN

APOLOGY

FOR WRITING VERSE;

ADDRESSED

TO THE HONOURABLE CHARLES YORKE.

(Written in the Year 1745.)

THO' all the cenfuring World upbraid,
That thus I ply this idle trade,
That, ftrangely fingular, I leave
What they call ufeful, great, or grave,
To follow Phoebus and the Mufes;
Yet you, my CHARLES, could find excufes,
And back your reasons with example,
To make th' apology more ample:
Or, if the Bard fhould bring a fit one,
Found or in ancient Greece or Britain,
With pleafure wou'd the Tale attend,
That ferves to vindicate your friend.

H

A Cafe

A Cafe I'll send you from a book,*
 A cafe in point, tho' not in Coke.—
 When Philip's warlike preparations
 Spread terror round the neighbouring nations,
 All prompted by their sev'ral fears,
 Provide their bucklers, fwords, and spears ;
 Obedient to the Mafon's call,
 They roll the ftones and raife the wall,
 And work as patriot ardour fired 'em ;
 The very women too beftir'd 'em ;
 For Corinth's lufly dames we're told
 Were mettled combatants of old :
 Mean while Diogenes alone
 At eafe furveys the bufy town,
 And stalks with philofophic pace,
 Contemplating each earnest face ;
 At length the Cynic grafp'd his club,
 And fell in warlike mood to drub
 That peaceful domicil his tub ;
 As if he meant t' avenge the quarrel
 Of Greece on th' outside of his barrel ;
 Or humble Philip's pride by jerking
 The fides of fympathetic firkin.
 And now the Sage began to roll
 His paffive veffel like a bowl ;

* Rabelais, "Prologue to Book 3d."

When thus a stander-by, "Pray neighbour,
 Why dost thou thy poor tub belabour?
 Why thus mispend thy time and wit
 But to torment thyself and it?"—
 "And art thou at this busy season
 At loss to find th' apparent reason?"
 The Sage replies: "sure you might chide well,
 If I alone should now stand idle;
 When all with me embark'd together,
 This dark suspicious low'ring weather,
 Are striving hard to keep afloat
 The common weal, our leaky boat:
 While at the pump or oar they tug hard,
 Shall I appear the only sluggard?
 What tho' my talents not avail
 To guide the helm or hand the fail,
 Yet shall it ne'er be said, that I
 Thro' sloth or indolence lay by."—
 He said, and strait resum'd his task,
 And bounc'd and thwack'd the trundling cask.

Thus I, who midst this restless crowd
 Capricious nature has allow'd
 Such parts and talents, as might serve
 To help some wretched wit to starve,
 With pleasure see my busy friends,
 Earnest alike for various ends;

While these the means of peace prepare ;
These arming 'gainst the chance of war ;
Alike all anxious for their fate,
And lab'ring to preterve the state.
Yet I, t' amuse the vacant hour,
Careless of honours, wealth, or power,
Civic or military fame ;
Nor hoping praise nor fearing flame,
Still ply like him my idle game.

TO

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq.

(IN ANSWER TO AN EPISTLE TO THE AUTHOR, INSERTED IN HIS LIFE.)

CEASE, WHITEHEAD, to lavish on others the fame
 Which you better deserve, and unenvied may claim :
 The Muses, your Bankers, all honour your hand,
 When you draw for a Rhime you 're paid on demand,
 All in specie, all gold, current coin of the land. }
 On my poor shallow Bank the call scarce is begun,
 Ere my Muse pays in silver to ward off the run.

What Dæmon possess'd me, when first for my crimes
 I sat down to blot paper with dissonant rhimes !
 Storms blacken'd and thunder affrighted the night :
 The raven and screech owl forbad me to write.

Had I never engag'd in this idle employ,
 My heart vacant of care, and o'erflowing with joy,
 I had laugh'd at all those, who to business are martyrs,
 Like a resident canon or captain in quarters ;
 Dissolving in indolence, thoughtlessly gay,
 I had slept all the night, and done nothing all day ;

Contented

Contented from drum to assembly to dance,
 As invited by card, situation, or chance ;
 Bow'd, faunter'd, and gap'd, a mere Man of the Town,
 And ask'd others their health, and not injur'd my own.
 But e'er since the first moment this phrenzy possess'd
 And disturb'd with wild vapours the calm of my breast ;
 Day * and night have I toil'd, like a slave in the mines,
 Retouching, transposing, new moulding my lines.
 Then, how nauseously sounds the addition of *Poet*,
 What pain to be markt, and how awkward to know it !
 Oft he hears, when he's stuck in the midst of a crowd,
 Some whisper his name, some repeat it aloud,
 Or stare in his face to examine each feature,
 For a poet to them is a strange kind of creature.
 Fops, Belles, Beaux-esprits flock round him, and court all
 His acquaintance to visit,—his friendship no mortal.
 Wits sneer, the fools laugh, friends as usual *must* blame ;
Cardelio condemns, in the midst of his game :
 The learn'd shake their heads, the unletter'd abuse,
 The dull rogues thank their God they're not plagu'd with a Muse.
 —My Ambition is chill'd with this dreadful review,
 And I bid all poetic delusions adieu.

* The Reader will see, that this is an ironical allusion, to that part of Mr. Whitehead's Epistle, where he describes the remarkable facility with which the Author always compos'd.

TO
LORD BATHURST.

IMITATION OF HORACE,

LIB. 2. ODE 15.

ALREADY your extensive Down
O'er all the neighb'ring land has grown,
And laid whole Forests waste :
And now we see th' encroaching Lake
Almost as large a compass take :
And all to found a Taste.

Misguided

J A M pauca aratro jugera regiæ
Moles relinquent : undique latiùs
Extenta visentur Lucrino
Stagna lacu : platanusque cœlebs
Evincet ulmos : tum violaria, et
Myrtus, et omnis copia narium,

5

Spargent

Misguided Emulation now
 The fertile empire of the plough
 To barren shew devotes ;
 Or vainly strives some marsh to drain,
 To counterfeit thy wholesome plain,
 Or richest meadow floats.

Now flow'rs dispos'd in various groupes,
 Dislodge those honours of your soups,
 The tasteful rich Legumes :
 And, rais'd in mounts, or sunk in wells,
 From artless tufts, or labour'd shells,
 Dispense their strong perfumes.

How would your friend Sir Godfrey* fret !
 And Pope, in plaintive strains, regret
 The days of his Queen Anne ?
 Before you sunk the first Ha-ha ;
 And ruling all by Forest-Law,
 This wasting Taste began.

* Sir Godfrey Kneller.

The

Spargent olivetis odorem
 Fertilibus domino priori.
 Tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos
 Excludet ictus. Non ita Romuli
 Præscriptum, et intonsi Catonis
 Auspiciis, veterumque normâ.

10

Privatus

The Monarch, worthy Britain's crown,
 Sought not in private fields renown :
 And none by her example,
 Did castles for their porter rear,
 A Chinese pagode for their deer,
 Or for their horse a temple.

The turf her humble subjects made
 Their lowly seat, beneath the shade
 Of beeches, oaks, or birches :
 And to their pious Queen they gave
 Whate'er their patriot thrift could save,
 For building fifty churches.

Privatus illis census erat brevis,
 Commune magnum : nulla decempedis
 Metata privatis opacam 15
 Porticus excipiebat Arcton.
 Nec fortuitum spernere cespitem
 Leges sinebant ; oppida publico
 Sumptu jubentes, et Deorum
 Templa novo decorare saxo. 20

THE
DANGER OF WRITING VERSE;
A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A YOUNG POET AND HIS FRIEND.

ADDRESSED TO

SIR CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS, KNT.

Occasioned by his satirical Ode upon Mr. Hufsey's Marriage with the Duchefs of Manchester;
which gave fo much personal Offence.

*Quem tu, Melpomene, femel
Nascentem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor Isthmius
Clarabit pugilem; non equus impiger
Curru ducet Achaico
Victorem; neque res bellica Deliis
Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
Ostendet Capitolio.* Hor. Od. iii.

FRIEND.

THE Man at whose birth Melpomene smil'd,
Who fancies forfooth he's Apollo's own child,
In the country indulges an indolent ease,
And will make neither Sportsman nor Justice of Peace.

POET.

Will our Poet succeed any better in town?
Is he likely to rise by the Sword or the Gown?

FRIEND.

Lackaday-fir, the Muse has so addled his pate,
That he finds himself fit for no post in the state.

POET.

But Horace, your friend, though his sons you abuse,
Shews the dignity, value, or charms of the Muse:

FRIEND.

'Tis true, fir, but there he has chose to conceal,
What I, for the sake of young Bards, shall reveal:
Then know, this profession but tends to expose
To the fear of your friends, the revenge of your foes.
Will the man, by your Verses once injur'd, forgive,
Tho' the cause of his pain shou'd no longer survive?
All your friends tho' unhurt, you observe, are perplext
With a jealous concern, lest their turn should be next.

POET.

But, good fir, what need that the Bard must abuse?
Let him sport with an innocent Pastoral Muse:

FRIEND.

I grant, and the World will allow there's no *need*;
You may chuse what you'll write, but they'll chuse what
they read;

And, dear ignorant Friend, to make short of the matter,
 There's nothing will please 'em but personal satire:
 Nor fancy the world will e'er call for your rhimes,
 Unless they believe 'em a touch on the times;
 Of this truth artful Pope may an instance afford,
 Who nam'd his late Work from the Year of our Lord.
 This Horace confess: for that Poet divine,
 Who at first wrote his Odes to his mistress and wine,
 Soon with Character fill'd the satirical page,
 And adapted his Muse to the taste of the age.
 But satire's a thing, that 'tis dang'rous to deal in,
 For tho' many want taste, yet there's none but has *feeling*.
 This duly consider'd, the Poet disclaim,
 Nor let Horace inveigle your fancy with fame;
 For the reason why he can unenvied divert us,
 Is because we are sure he's unable to hurt us;
 His Characters touch not the Moderns; and no man
 Sees himself or his nation expos'd in a Roman:
 Yet were he alive, I should think it, tho' loth,
 My duty to give this advice to you both.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

LORD DUCIE AND HIS HORSE.

(Written in the Year 1748.)

DUCIE.

O the dull lazy dog, how untimely he fails,
When in view we've the Prince and the Princess of Wales!
Is this a fit time, you ungrateful, to flinch?

HORSE.

You may whip me and spur me; I'll not stir an inch.
I wish I'd been Cambridge's, then I had seen
Hay and oats for my dinner and tasted a bean,
Which your Pythagorick decrees have forbid;
And that makes me so faint, I'ant fit to be rid.

DUCIE. I'll

DUCIE.

I'll convince you how foolish the outcry which you make ;
 What signify Oats if you 're rid of your stomach ?
 Without scruple, I grant, when extravagant Vefie*
 Gave his horse Hay and Oats, you were justly uneasy.
 But with Cambridge's horses 'tis quite a new case ;
 They are trying to make you displeas'd with your place ;
 'Tis the way of all servants ; but pray, do they say
 How many long miles they are rid in a day ?
 How oft the poor devils are gallopt to Villiers ?
 I'll warrant they often have envied my Thillers †.
 Did you e'er know me out when pronouncing the doom
 Prophetic of Cambridge's annual groom ?
 Now if he kills a groom once a twelvemonth, or more,
 Of horses at least he must kill half a score.
 He cares little for 'em, and feels no more pain,
 If in harvest it pours down whole buckets of rain ;
 While I and my servants are toiling all day,
 In the heat of the sun to roast you your hay.
 With his good friend the World on the water he goes,
 And calls off his hands to his barges and shows.
 But you want to change for his place, you 're so cunning ;
 Did he ever build you a stable to run in ?

* Lord Ducie's Steward.

† The horse that goes between the shafts.

Have you seen in his fields such a house as your own,
 With one pillar of brick and another of stone?

No, no, sir, he builds you your buildings of taste:
 And so all his fortune is running to waste.

Am I ever profuse in wigs, waistcoats, or coats,
 In castles or porticos, bridges or boats?

HORSE.

What's all this to me, if I never eat Oats?

THE
 AUTHOR
 TO THE
 SCRIBLERIAD.

IM. HOR. EPIS. 20.

WELL then, for all that I have said,
 You keep your eyes on Tully's head *.
 Has pride with such impatience fill'd you,
 You pine till Doddsley clothe and gild you ;
 As foppish minors court their taylor,
 And hate their guardian as their gaoler.
 'Tis so, you an't content, you say
 With Barnard, Whitehead, Yorke, and Wray.

No

VERTUMNUM Janumque, liber, spectare videris :
 Scilicet ut prostes Sofiorum pumice mundus,
 Odisti claves, et grata figilla pudico :
 Paucis offendi gemis, et communia laudas,
 Non ita nutritus : fuge quò descendere gestis :
 Non erit emissò reditus tibi. Quid miser egi ?
 Quid volui ? dices, ubi quis te læserit : et fcis

5

* The head of Cicero over Mr. Doddsley's door.

In

No more you 'll visit squeamish Wits,
 So often in their absent fits :
 No more be read alone to Browne ;
 But go at once upon the Town.
 Go then, you 'll never think me wise,
 Till Wits begin to criticise,
 And doom you to the trunks or pies. }
 Or, if it happens for a while,
 Your novelty should make 'em finite,
 Soon will you think of my advice,
 When the cloy'd reader grows so nice :
 For something new he throws you by,
 Where you o'erwhelm'd forgot must lye ;
 Where daily pamphlets shall confound you,
 And Night Thoughts ever growing round you.

But while their favour you maintain,
 (For 'tis as short liv'd as 'tis vain)

Thus

In breve te cogi, plenus càm languet amator.
 Quod si non odio peccantis desipit augur,
 Carus eris Romæ, donec te deferat ætas.
 Contrectatus ubi manibus fordescere vulgi
 Cæperis ; aut tineas pasces taciturnus inertes ;
 Aut fugies Uticam ; aut vincetus mittêris Ilerdam.
 Ridebit monitor non exauditus, ut ille,

10

K

Qui

Thus much of me you may declare,
 That tho' I live in Country air,
 And with a snug retirement blest,
 Yet oft, impatient of my nest,
 I spread my broad and ample wing,
 And in the midst of action spring.
 A great admirer of great men,
 And much by them admir'd again.
 My body light, my figure slim,
 My mind dispos'd to mirth and whim :
 Then on my Family hold forth,
 Less fam'd for Quality than Worth.
 But let not all these points divert you
 From speaking largely of my Virtue.
 Should any one desire to hear a
 Precise description of your Æra,

Tell

Qui malè parentem in rupes protrufit afellum	15
Iratus : Quis enim invitum fervare laboret ?	
Hoc quoque te manet, ut pueros elementa docentem	
Ocupet extremis in vicis balba fenectus.	
Cum tibi Sol tepidus plures admoverit aures ;	
Me libertino natum patre et in tenui re	20
Majores pennas nido extendiffe loqueris :	
	Ut

Tell 'em that you was on the anvil,
 When Bath came into pow'r with Granville.
 When they came in you were about,
 And not quite done when they went out*.

* Their Administration lasted only three days.

Ut quantum generi demas, virtutibus addas.
 Me primis urbis belli placuisse domique ;
 Corporis exigui, præcanum, folibus aptum,
 Irasci celerem, tamen ut placabilis essem.
 Forte meum si quis te percunctabitur ævum ;
 Me quater undenos sciat implevisse Decembres ;
 Collegam Lepidum quo duxit Lollius anno.







THE
SCRIBLERIAD:

AN
HEROIC POEM,

IN
SIX BOOKS.

EXPLANATION OF THE FRONTISPIECE.

THE Satyr in the Frontispiece represents Comic Poetry, who having overthrown the Sphynx, or False Science, ignominiously leads her in triumph, and makes sport with those Problems and Ænigmas, with which she tortured and distracted the minds of men.

By the Fable of the Sphynx may be understood Pedantry, or that learned Arrogance, which, by the affectation of Mystery and Riddles, imposes on the understandings of mankind.

THE

P R E F A C E.

THOUGH an Author persuades himself that his work will fully explain itself to all who read it with attention, and have the patience to observe how some parts reflect light on others, and all conduce to illustrate the whole; yet I have not the vanity to flatter myself that the generality of readers will give that attention to a Poet on his first appearance in print, which is absolutely necessary for the thorough understanding this Poem. Therefore I have yielded to the instances of some, who advise me to publish a few prefatory lines for the satisfaction of those who read rather for amusement, than for the critical consideration of such compositions.

Let us first consider the true Idea of a work of this nature.

A Mock-Heroic poem should, in as many respects as possible, imitate the True Heroic. The more particulars it copies from them, the more perfect it will be. By the same rule it should admit as few things as possible, which are not of the cast and colour of the ancient Heroic poems. The more of these it admits, the more imperfect will it be. It should, throughout, be serious, because the originals are serious; therefore the author should never be seen to laugh, but constantly wear that grave irony which Cervantes only has inviolably preserved. An author may be very deficient in the observation of these rules, and yet he may write a
very

very pleasing, though it cannot be called a perfect Mock-Heroic poem. It will please many readers, though it have no other support than here and there a Parody of some known passages of an esteemed Author.

The Athenians were so fond of Parody, that they eagerly applauded it, without examining with what propriety or connection it was introduced. Aristophanes shews no sort of regard to either in his ridicule of Euripides; but brings in the characters as well as verses of his tragedies, in many of his plays, though they have no connection with the plot of the play, nor any relation to the scene in which they are introduced. This love of Parody is accounted for by an excellent French critic, from a certain malignity in mankind, which prompts them to laugh at what they most esteem, thinking they, in some measure, repay themselves for that involuntary tribute which is exacted from them by merit.

I shall be very much misunderstood if it be thought that I desire to detract from the abundant merit of the *Lutrin*, *Dispensary*, *Rape of the Lock*, and *Dunciad*. They have each a thousand beauties which I do not pretend to; but I have always thought that they did not come up to the true idea of a Mock-Heroic poem.

I take for granted, nobody believes that the primary Design of either of these Poets was to write a Mock-Heroic.

Boileau being struck with the absurd disputes of certain contending ecclesiastics, resolved to make them the subject of his ridicule; and *afterwards* pitched upon the imitation of the Heroic as a vehicle for his Satire. The comic humour of Garth was strongly excited by the factious divisions in his own profession, and would probably have vented itself in prose, but that the admired
performance

performance of Boileau invited his imitation. And Pope wrote his first essay of this kind to put an end, by ridicule, to a quarrel between two families; and his second from a just indignation against his libellers, and not from any formed design to write a true Mock-Heroic Poem. When first I read these Poems, I perceived that they had all some great defect, and though the more I read them the stronger I felt this defect, and always conceived that something might be written more perfect in this kind, yet I never discovered what it was until I came to know that Don Quixote was a work which would give as much satisfaction in a critical examination as most of the compositions of the ancients. I then found that *propriety* was the fundamental excellence of that work. That all the marvellous was reconcilable to probability, as the author led his hero into that species of absurdity only, which it was natural for an imagination, heated with the continual reading of books of chivalry, to fall into. That the want of attention to this, was the fundamental defect of these poems. For with what *propriety* do churchmen, physicians, beaux and belles, or bookfellers, address themselves to the Heathen Gods; offer sacrifices, consult oracles, or talk the language of Homer and the heroes of Antiquity? With the same *impropriety* do these authors frequently leave their subject, and the very colour of the heroic, to describe some modern character, introduce personal satire or epigrammatic wit. The Poems I admire, and in many places for their very faults: and the Authors I vindicate, as the attempt of the Mock-Heroic was only their secondary view.

Whoever examines Swift's Battle of the Books, will give it the preference in this particular; for he will find throughout that little piece, no one episode or allusion introduced for its own sake,

but every part will appear consistent with, and written only to strengthen and support, the whole.

The imitation of the ancients was my chief, and at that time, only design, as appears from what I have said above. These thoughts, together with the remembrance of the classics, were fresh in my mind, when Pope first published the Memoirs of Scriblerus; an admirable design, undertaken by many of the greatest wits of the last age, but dropt in the very beginning; and the little we have is executed very unequally. Yet, such as it was, it furnished me with an hint for a subject, and principally with an Hero, who having the manners of the ancients industriously inculcated from his cradle by the enthusiasm of his father, must always with propriety think, act, and speak like them. I considered that taking up a character which had been already explained, would be a great advantage in an Epic Poem, which as it should always hasten into the midst of things, would not admit of such an explanation of a new character in the beginning of it, as is, without any offence to the nature of that work, at large described in the first chapter of Don Quixote; and makes the whole first canto of Hudibras. I had also the satisfaction of complying with a fundamental rule of Horace, who is too found a critic to deliver with importance an advice which he had not proved to be of moment.

Difficile est proprie communia dicere : tuque

Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in adus

Quam si proferres ignota indiâque primus.

New subjects are not easily explain'd,

And you had better chuse a well-known theme,

Than trust to an invention of your own.

ROSCOMMON.

In

In the lines immediately following he cautions against a servile imitation, which I had no reason to fear, as I undertook to continue their design by taking up Scriblerus where they left him, and consequently cannot interfere with any one action which they have described: and I have taken care, in order to keep it still more separate from theirs, to make no allusions to the Memoirs, of any consequence, but merely such as give a handle to quote them in the notes, and thereby, as it were accidentally, refer the reader to them (for when I printed the first book, I had no thought of writing this Preface) as I chose rather that he should get an idea of this enthusiastic character from a work already printed, than to repeat the description and clog my book with it. So that, but for these reasons, which I do not think of any great force, I might as well have had a new character of my own invention, with a new name: But what advantage would have resulted from that? And what objection to the character and name of Scriblerus? Do not all these idle travels, all these frivolous investigations and useless pursuits end in *scribbling*, to the unreasonable increase of that wordy lumber, which provokes the humourous Fajardo to cry out, *O! Jupiter, if thou hast any compassion for poor mortals, send us, once in a century, an army of Goths and Vandals to redress the calamity of this inundation of authors.* May we not suppose that these books, so formidable in their bulk and number, must strike a damp on all beginners in literature, who supposing that a man cannot be stiled a scholar till he has laboured through all those volumes, chuse rather to decline all pretensions to that name, than to enter upon so serious an engagement? Is it not therefore, in some degree, laudable to endeavour to stop the progress of this evil, and by shewing the vanity and uselessness of many studies, reduce them

to a less formidable appearance, and invite our youth to application, by letting them see that a less degree of it than they apprehend, judiciously directed, and a very few books indeed, well recommended, will give them all the real information which they are to expect from human science.

This naturally leads me to speak of my Design. I have already said that my original view was to write a Mock-Heroic Poem; but I should have thought my time most triflingly employed, had I set out with that intention only. But I no longer hesitated, when I found that I could, consistently with the Character of my Hero and Manners of the Poem, comprehend the whole compass of false science, without omitting any thing that could possibly be brought into action. As the press has groaned more of late with the wranglings of theologians and metaphysicians than any other kind of writing, the omission of them may appear a defect, but it would have been extremely injudicious to have attempted any thing so little of the colour of heroic poetry. This will appear from the slight touches upon the quibbles in law and casuistry, towards the end of the Sixth Book, which have so little of the epic cast, that I fear they are distinguishable to a fault: yet I let them stand, being willing to fill the measure of absurdity, and omit nothing that can possibly have a place to complete the plan.

Having considered the Nature of the Poem, and the Design or Moral Intention of it, I come next to the Character of the Hero. In this I had an advantage which I had not in the two former. I mean a perfect model to copy by, and the steps of a great master to tread in, who frequently walks on the brink of improbability, yet you can never discover that his head turns, or his foot slides.

Such

Such a guide is CERVANTES : and from diligently studying him we learn, that things, at first sight most apparently improbable, may be reconciled to belief by the circumstances of time, place, and accidents : by which the *marvellous*, so excellent in all kinds of fiction, particularly the poetical, may be produced without giving into the romantic. This gives a ludicrous fiction, founded on the character of an enthusiast, an advantage over the serious Epic : for there the marvellous never appears without a most glaring offence to truth ; whereas in the former, the reader is as much astonished as at the most incredible falsity, till he has time to reflect on the heated imagination of the Hero, which reconciles all to probability. Numberless instances of this will occur to the reader from Don Quixote. I will illustrate it with one from the *Scribleriad*.

Credulity is one strong characteristic of our Hero ; therefore without using any of the arts above-mentioned, I send him at once to search for the Petrified City. A story which meets with universal belief among the Africans, and I could instance several Europeans whose faith in this particular has cost them some pains and expence. This, therefore, is straining no point. But Albertus, who is one that loves a joke (for that is the obvious meaning of Momus in Albertus's shape) advises him to consult a natural fool. He readily complies. Thus far his behaviour has nothing extraordinary, being influenced by the custom of the country. For however ridiculous such conduct may seem here, at Cairo it was only *insanire solemnia*, to be as mad as they : for there every body holds these naturals in veneration, and catches what drops from their mouths with equal enthusiasm. But he must not only venerate, he must have a satisfactory
answer

answer and direction for his future life from a madman. This can only be produced by self-delusion, for an idiot cannot be taught to act in confederacy. The self-delusion is not difficult, but the timing it exactly at the consultation is a nicety. For this purpose Scriblerus is made to pass a restless night without sleep, then to weary himself by searching for his prophet an whole day, then to be stunned with a blow (which at the same time serves to characterize the idiot in the love of mischief natural to such) and moreover to be stupified by drinking opium unawares; the known effects of which upon a brain already full of a favourite project, which we may suppose his adviser Albertus took care to prepare him with, will account for the manner in which he relates this adventure to his friends. I cite this as an instance of reconciling the marvellous to probability by the circumspection and art of the author. I shall now mention some other methods I have taken of introducing this great requisite in Heroic Poetry. It is a known maxim that a man hazards his character of veracity more by telling improbable truths than probable lies; which proves that such improbable truths do always appear the marvellous to those who have not been used to think on the subject.

Doubtless the rowing under water appears so strongly the marvellous, that upon first view it will be thought impossible. Yet this has certainly been executed, and nothing is more easy to perform for a small space of time. Therefore not the impracticability but the usefulness of the invention is the object of ridicule.

Another method of introducing the marvellous is by reserving for the end of the book the most consummate absurdities of enthusiastic faith, then, by an artful rapidity of description, to hurry on

the reader, and make his imagination keep company with the credulous zealots, and then at once to conclude unexpectedly, leaving the impression of the marvellous strong on the mind without those circumstances which, in the first mentioned case, at the same time that they reconcile it to probability, greatly weaken the force and effect of it.

The commentators on Homer apologize for the glaring falsehoods which Ulysses relates, by shewing they are told to the Phæacians a credulous people: Scriblerus tells his to Pilgrims, the most ready of all men to swallow lies. Therefore all the marvellous in his narration is doubly accounted for, by the love of hearing it in them, and the love of telling it so strongly the characteristic of the Hero.

I engage with more cheerfulness to explain the Character of my Hero, because I would not have it so much misunderstood, as it must be by those who take their idea of it from the Memoirs. I was always surprized that Mr. Pope should make his Scriblerus so complicated a character as he represents him in the last chapter of the Memoirs, attributing to him things quite incompatible. Nay, such is his lust of loading this character, that he declares Gulliver's Travels to be the travels of Scriblerus; and this without any other pretence than that Swift had once designed to write the travels of Scriblerus. What reasons induced him to change this work of humour to a particular gratification of his spleen, it is not to the present purpose to make known: but this is certain, that when he made so total an alteration in his design, he took care not to give one feature of Scriblerus to his Gulliver.

Let us therefore forget all impressions made on us by the two last chapters of the Memoirs, and examine what his character is in the
Scribleriad.

Scribleriad. If we trace him book by book, we shall find him, in the first, an enthusiastic admirer of the ancients, desirous to imitate their heroes in action, and their writers in sentiment; and in this his extravagance does not exceed that of * Pomponius Lætus, Belurger, and many others. He there appears in the light of an antiquary, as is shewn by the collection which composes the pile. Next of a pedant, by his speech on the food of different nations, wherein he prides himself in shewing what Pope calls

————— *all such reading as was never read.*

The same character still appears in his speeches on dreams, and on oracles. After this he is seen in no other throughout the whole work than that of an Alchymist.

For three whole books he is a mere spectator and admirer of the follies of others. In the second, his rashness and injudicious curiosity are set forth in his voyage to see an Earthquake: but when he arrives at the Poetic Land, it appears to be so little to his taste that he flies from it immediately. In the next country he comes to, he shews no genius himself for the arts of the place, of which he contents himself to be an humble admirer. He projects nothing mechanical, and only presides over such games as his companions had learned from the queen. Thus are various absurd
arts

* *Pomponius Lætus* lived in the 15th century, he was a great scholar, and esteemed historian, yet such was his infatuation to the ancient *Romans*, that he changed his name from *Peter* to *Pomponius*, renounced the Christian religion, paid divine honours to *Romulus*, affected other pagan ceremonies, &c. &c. *Romanæ autem vetustatis tantus erat admirator, ut cum e salario discipulorum agellum & domunculum in Quirinali sibi parasset in ea natalem urbis coleret & Romulum. Idem quoties marmor aliquod effoderetur ex urbis ruinis illacrymabatur, ac causam rogatus, addebat, Admonitu meliorum temporum ploro.* Vossius de Historicis Latinis.

arts introduced, necessary to the completion of the plan, without either clogging the Hero's character, or losing sight of him during the whole action. And thus it is evident that Scriblerus appears only as an Antiquary, Pedant, and Alchymist. The two first characters are almost inseparable, and the last cannot be said to be incompatible with them.

Before I leave the character of the Hero, I must make one remark. The Exordium of the Scribleriad proposes only to lead an Hero, whose curiosity has already carried him into many perilous adventures, through new attempts equally difficult and hazardous. The Reader will from hence conclude that here is a very defective imitation of an Heroic plan. That both the Iliad and Odyssy have one great design in view; and that Virgil's correct muse proposes at first the Trojans settling in Italy, and before the work is advanced three hundred lines, introduces Jupiter giving a solemn promise of their success. But this will be found a necessary omission in the exordium, and there will appear no such defect in the plan, in which a most important event is brought to pass, no less than the planting a considerable Colony of antiquaries, who are as effectually founded as if Jupiter had granted them a Charter in the first book. And it must be observed, that by bringing this about indirectly and unexpectedly, there is avoided a great impropriety. For it being the peculiar character of Scriblerus and all his associates, to devise for themselves schemes altogether fruitless and impracticable, it would be the utmost breach of consistency to let them succeed in any thing they had proposed.

Here I suppose some Critics will cry out, Why then is he made to succeed in the art of making gold? This fundamental

maxim of shewing all the Hero's pursuits vain and fruitless is overthrown by the successful ending of the Poem. To such I can only recommend to reconsider the end of the poem, and by laying several passages together to observe how they explain one another. It is first to be noted that the lead is not said to have obtained any other property of gold than colour, which is very far from a fundamental alteration. The zealous Alchymists, and not the Poet, insinuate that the work is accomplished. At the same time Scriblerus cuts the throat of a Cow and undertakes to bring her to life again, so that you have nothing but the bare word of one opinionated visionary for the latter, which you know to be impossible, and that of several such as himself for the former, which may be proved by demonstration to be so. Does this look like success? Supposing it had that appearance, is it not all destroyed by his last speech, wherein he discovers a presentiment that their hopes will be defeated by two great vices: Their own folly and impiety in giving the honour of this success to a Mortal, and paying him divine rites, which at the same time raises in him a vice (vanity) which he has been particularly warned against as destructive of his success.

The singular propriety which attends this plan of having an hero whose manners are conformable to the manners of the poem, made me cautious how I introduced any character who might not think and talk in the same strain: I considered yet farther, that as the work for the most part was a criticism upon false and useless philosophy, it would be a propriety to use similes and allusions taken from the absurd or trifling parts of natural history and philosophy. And as I endeavoured to reject every thing that was not consonant with this design, so I thought it would tend to the perfection of the

work to bring in every thing that was. The observation of these two rules has, I fear, two very bad effects. It excludes some things, that might have been entertaining, and it admits some that are not so: and this is the reason why I said above, that I admire some of our Mock-Heroics for their very faults.

Such ornaments as were not foreign to my design I have introduced as often as I found a place for them. Of this kind are such particulars in art or nature as are not commonly known. Thus I have taken an occasion, in describing the Cave of Rumour, to give an exact representation of the famous *Latomia*, and of a no less surprizing phenomenon in nature, by giving the Surinam Toad for one of the prizes. I have also observed a strict accuracy in the description of any thing philosophical or mechanical: "Thus the account of the *Plica-Polonica* in the 3d Book, and the artificial wings in the 4th, are both taken from the Philosophical Transactions."

It would have seemed pedantic as well as tedious to have been too minutely accurate in some particulars. One instance may serve to shew how I have in general avoided it. The Minarets of Cairo differ from the general shape of the Minarets, and are difficult to describe, as not being of a mathematical figure; therefore, though they are the Minarets I speak of in the text, I chose in the note to describe the more general form.

It may be proper to add a few hints for such readers as are not very conversant with burlesque writings. In the versification they will find now and then a mock dignity and solemnity affected, the emptiness of which may be past over undiscovered by an hasty reader, but will appear to a very slight examination. There is not a more impertinent fault in modern poetry than the frequency of

moral reflections, which are generally delivered in metaphor, a figure used with so little accuracy, that you seldom find an author carry it through six lines without changing it more than once, and that in a much more glaring way than I have done in those lines which are written on purpose to ridicule these moral reflections and change of metaphor. I mean the Apostrophe in the 3d B. line 290. This is endeavoured to be explained in note on l. 201 of B. 4. as far as could be done, without the breach of that Irony which is observed as strictly in the notes as in the text, and which is the cause of the demand for this preface. To such as are little acquainted with Irony, I must recommend to remember that they are to expect it frequently, and may often be misled by it if they are off their guard. They will find this figure strongest in the following notes. * B. 2. line 123. B. 3. line 11. 25. 37. 103. B. 4. line 68. 181. 189. 201. 230.

By Irony is generally understood the saying one thing and meaning another. Then how shall it be known whether a burlesque writer means the thing he says, or the contrary? This is

* This is intended as a censure on those who pay an undistinguishing veneration to great names, and persuade themselves to admire weak and idle passages in their favourite author, which they would treat with the utmost contempt if they found them any where else. The satire is levelled against these learned men, as they are called, and not against Plato, whom I would gladly vindicate from the imputation of the romantic, by supposing the passage written in compliance to the popular religion.

Some old commentators on Virgil, whose notion Ruæus rejects, have imagined that the laurel which grew over the altar in the 2. B. of the *Æneid* was an artificial tree, whose body, branches and leaves were gold; with fruits of precious stones. This notion however shews that such artificial trees were exhibited at their sacrifices and religious mysteries, and whatever made a part of the scenery in the mysteries was always transplanted by the writers into their Elysium,

only

only to be found by attention and a comparison of passages. Let us endeavour to see this by an instance. Scriblerus is promised the grand Elixir, it is frequently insinuated that he is to possess this secret of transmuting metals and prolonging life, and the work concludes without explaining directly that he is disappointed in his expectations. But will it not appear that these expectations are ironically given, when we find all preceding ones to have been so? For of all the many prophecies delivered to him, the only one fulfilled is that of his being reduced to a state of beggary in his pursuit of alchymy.

The Goose and Goslings will seem more vulgar to the unlearned than to the learned reader, and so must the Wig in the first Book, to all who do not know that these are written with the view of imitating two passages in Virgil. Thus there are also many lines which must appear very strange to those who do not recollect such passages of the ancients as they allude to.

The goose and goslings are, in imitation of Virgil, called

— — — — — *a strange portent.*

Scriblerus, B. VI. asks the name of a town which it is evident he knew, a thing very common in Homer.

Thus Scriblerus,

— — — — — *Ah! seek not now to know
A series of unutterable woe,*

in imitation of these lines of Pope's Homer,

*Prepare then, said Telemachus, to know
A Tale from falshood free, not free from woe,*

when there is not much woe in either of their tales.

To complete the design of mock gravity, the Author and Editors are represented full as great enthusiasts as the Hero; therefore,

fore, as all things are supposed to appear to them in the same light as they do to him, there are several things which they could not explain without laying aside their assumed character. An instance of this may serve to explain a passage which cannot be understood, but by those who have seen the deserts at fashionable entertainments, at which there are generally mixed with the real fruit, several fruits made of sugar paste, and coloured to a very near resemblance; in each of these are enclosed two French verses, importing some quaint conceit on Love. This could not be told in the notes, because, as the author has supposed it to be a real nut, the editors should not discover it to be artificial.

The having written so much in assumed characters, made it, in a manner, necessary for me to write something in my own, to which I shall not scruple to put my name, as I flatter myself I have shewn throughout my Book, that the Follies of mankind provoke my Laughter and not my Spleen; and so long as they have this effect on me, I cannot have any great quarrel against them. It may plainly be perceived, that I have industriously kept clear of much strong satire which naturally presented itself in a work of this nature, and particularly of personal reflections.

QUOD VITIUM PROCVL ABFORE CHARTIS,
ATQUE ANIMO PRIUS, UT SI QUID PROMITTERE DE ME
POSSUM ALIUD, VERE PROMITTO.

Horace.

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE.

THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK I.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet, in proposing his Subject, discovers SATURN, or TIME, to be an enemy to his Hero. Then briefly touching the cause of his enmity, hastens into the midst of things, and presents SCRIBLERUS with his Associates traversing the vast deserts of Africa, in quest of the Petrified City. SATURN, perceiving he has now an opportunity of consummate revenge, by depriving the Hero of his Life, and, what is far more dear to him, his Fame; prevails on ÆOLUS to raise, by a whirlwind, a Storm of sand over his head, and to bury him and his companions at once in oblivion. SCRIBLERUS's speech; he discovers the utmost magnanimity; and scorning so base a death, by an unparalleled presence of mind, erects a structure of all his rarities, and setting fire to it, prepares to throw himself amidst the flames. The god, taking the sacrifice of so large a collection as a full submission, consents to spare his life; but, to frustrate his present expectations, directs the cloud of dust to fall on the Petrified City, which is thereby buried. SCRIBLERUS, unable to survive the loss of his treasures, is prevented from prosecuting his design of burning himself by a miracle, wrought by the interposition of the god MOMUS. After a fruitless search of six days more, his companions press him to return. SCRIBLERUS's speech to them: he persists in his resolution of continuing the search, till he is dissuaded from it by ALBERTUS, who relates to him a fictitious dream. SCRIBLERUS pronounces an Eulogy on prophetic Dreams. He recounts his own dream; and laments the scarcity and uncertainty of all other modern Oracles. ALBERTUS advises him to consult a Morosoph, whom he describes.

THE
S C R I B L E R I A D.

BOOK THE FIRST.

THE much-enduring man, whose curious soul
Bore him, with ceaseless toil, from pole to pole,
Infatiate, endless knowledge to obtain,
Thro' woes by land, thro' dangers on the main,
New woes, new dangers destin'd to engage, 5
By wrathful SATURN'S unrelenting rage,
I sing. CALLIOPE, the cause relate,
Whence sprung the jealous god's immortal hate.
Long had his scythe, with unresisted sway,
Spread wide his conquests: All around him lay 10
The boastful victims that proclaim'd him great,
And earth-born splendor perish'd at his feet;
When, like the Titans, the Scriblerian line
Oppos'd, with mortal arms, his pow'r divine;

N

From

From dark oblivion snatch'd the mould'ring spoil, 15
 Work'd as he work'd, and baffled force with toil.
 Hence first the god's severe resentment flow'd,
 Till ripen'd vengeance in his bosom glow'd.

SCRIBLERUS now had left the fruitful NILE :
 (At once the nurse and parent of the soil.) 20
 Say, goddess, say, what urgent cause demands
 His dang'rous travel o'er the pathless sands.

In one dread night, a petrifying blast,
 Portentous, o'er astonish'd AFRICK past ;
 Whose fury, spent on one devoted town, 25
 Transform'd the whole, with Gorgon force, to stone.
 Each softer substance, in that direful hour,
 Ev'n life, confess'd the cold petrific pow'r.
 While yet she plies the dance, the buxom maid
 Feels the chill pangs her stiffen'd limbs invade : 30
 Thro' the warm veins of boiling youth they spread,
 And fix the bridegroom in the genial bed.

Big

Line 17. *Hence first the god's, &c.*] The wrath of Saturn against Scriblerus and his allies, is here declared to have the same foundation with his resentment recorded in the following epigram :

*Pox on't, quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,
 Whatever I forget, you learn.*

Line 20. *At once the nurse and parent of the soil.*] The ancients believed all that part of Egypt which is called Delta, to have been, originally, a bog ; and that the soil was made (as it is now fertilized) by the inundations of the Nile.

Line 23. *A petrifying blast.*] See Biographia Britannica, under the article Digby, page 1711. See also Shaw's Travels, last edition, artic. Ras. Sem.

[Mr. Cambridge, by means of Dr. Pocock, interrogated three African ambassadors, who all concurred in the firm belief of a petrified city.] *E.*

Big with this scene, which all his foul possess'd,
 Nine days SCRIBLERUS trod the dreary waste.
 When SATURN thus: Behold, this hour demands 35
 The long-stor'd vengeance from my tardy hands.
 How oft have MARS and VULCAN swept away
 The pride of nations in one wrathful day?
 Inferior pow'rs! shall I, their elder, bear
 With this rebellious race a ling'ring war? 40
 Or, by one vig'rous and decisive blow,
 At once their triumphs and their hopes o'erthrow?
 Now, fixt in wrath, the founding vault he gains
 Where ÆOLUS his airy sway maintains.
 When thus: Dread monarch of this drear abode, 45
 Hear my request, assist a suppliant god.
 If, by my friendly aid, the mould'ring tow'r
 Totters, at length, a victim to thy pow'r:
 If e'er my influence to thy force was join'd,
 O! calm the pangs of my long-suff'ring mind. 50
 Torn from my arms, a daring traitor bears
 The labors of a thousand anxious years.
 Loaded with these, his sacrilegious bands,
 From eldest EGYPT, trace the LIBYAN sands.
 Hasten, then, the friendly office to perform: 55
 Call all thy winds, and swell th' impetuous storm.
 Roll the dry desert o'er yon impious host,
 Till, with their hopes, their memory be lost.

So spake the god. Th' aërial king comply'd,
 And, with his sceptre, struck the mountain's side. 60
 Loud thunders the rent rock; and from within,
 Out rush, resistless, with impetuous din,
 The hoarse rude winds; and sweeping o'er the land;
 In circling eddies whirl th' uplifted sand.
 The dusty clouds in curling volumes rise; 65
 And the loose mountain seems to threat the skies.
 Th' astonish'd band behold, with ghastly fear,
 Their fleeting grave suspended in the air.
 Thus they unmanly, while the dauntless chief
 Betray'd no passion but indignant grief; 70
 Which thus broke forth: How blest'd the man whose name
 From glorious death assumes its brightest fame.
 O! had kind fate ordain'd me to expire,
 Like great EMPEDOCLES in ÆTNA's fire!

Had

Line 68. *Their fleeting grave suspended in the air.]*

————— *Pars plurima terræ
Tollitur, & nunquam resoluta vertice pendet.*

LUCAN. l. 9.

The whirling dust, like waves in eddies wrought,
 Rising aloft, to the mid-heav'n is caught;
 There hangs a fullen cloud; nor falls again;
 Nor breaks like gentle vapours into rain, &c.

ROWE.

Line 71. See the speeches of Ulysses and Æneas. Oddyss. B. v. ÆNEID, B. i.

Line 74. ————— *Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem, frigidus Ætnam
Influit.* —————

HORACE.

Had I partook immortal PLINY'S doom ; 75
 (Had fam'd VESUVIO'S ashes been my tomb :)
 Or shar'd the fate of yon portentous town,
 And stood, my own sad monument, a stone ;
 Wide o'er the world my spreading fame had rung ;
 By ev'ry muse in ev'ry region sung. 80
 " * A shameful fate now hides my hapless head,
 " Un-wept, un-noted, and for ever dead.
 Yet—for I scorn the base ignoble death,
 Nor will I to vile dust resign my breath,
 —Be something done, worthy each moment past, 85
 And O! not unbecoming of the last.
 Let the brave phœnix my example be,
 (That phœnix, now alas ! I ne'er must see)
 His pile magnific the great thought inspire,
 And my choice treasures light the glorious pyre: 90
 Then will I rise amid the circling flame,
 In death a rival to CALANUS' fame.

No

Line 75. The death of Pliny, the natural historian, is finely described by his nephew, Pliny the younger, in his epistle to Tacitus. *Jam navibus cinis incidemat, jam pumices & fracti igne lapides.*——*Gubernatori ut retro flecteret, monenti fortes, inquit, fortuna juvat.*——*Deinde flammæ, flammæque prænuncius, odor sulphuris, alios in fugam vertunt, excitant illum.*——*Concidit crassiore caligine spiritu obstructo.* Lib. vi. Epist. 16.

* Two lines from the speech of Ulysses in Pope's *Odyssey*, B. v. l. 401.

Line 92. *A rival to Calanus.*] Calanus, the Indian Philosopher, was so much beloved by Alexander, that he honoured his death with a funeral pomp, worthy
 his

No more shall GREECE or ROME their heroes boast,
But all their pride in envy shall be lost.

He said. His friends in pyral order laid 95
Six ample coffins of the royal dead :
The tree which bears imperial PHAROAH'S name,
By age uninjur'd form'd their lasting frame.
On these, two mighty crocodiles were plac'd ;
O'er which an huge unmeasur'd skin was cast : 100
This spoil the hippopotamus bestow'd :
Scarce four stout youths support the pond'rous load.
On the broad skin the sage with pious pains
Dispos'd the six great monarchs dear remains ;
SESOSTRIS, PHERON, and his virtuous dame, 105 }
CHEOPS, PSAMMETICHUS, immortal name !
And CLEOPATRA'S all-accomplish'd frame.
This done, two camels from the troop he flays,
And the pil'd fat around the mummie lays.

Next

his own magnificence : he drew out his army, and ordered perfumes to be thrown on the pile, where Calanus placed himself richly cloathed, and did not stir, nor shew any sign of pain, when the flames encompassed him.

Line 97. *The tree which bears imperial Pharoah's name.*] This tree is by some called Pharoah's Fig, by others Sycamore, from *συκος*. The wood is so remarkably durable, that many coffins, which are undoubtedly upwards of 2000 years old, are to be seen at this day without any sign of rottenness.

Line 105. *Pheron and his virtuous dame.*] See Herodotus.

Next, ravish'd from the sacred catacomb, 110
 He draws the IBIS from his conic tomb.
 Fossils he plac'd and gawdy shells around ;
 The shield, his cradle once, the structure crown'd.
 High on the corners of the ample base
 EGYPTIAN sculpture claims an honour'd place. 115
 Here bold OSIRIS' awful form ! appears :
 Great ISIS there the hallow'd fistrum bears.
 HARPOCRATES, the worship of the wife :
 And proud CANOPUS, conscious of the prize,
 The vanquish'd rival of his pow'r defies. 120
 The structure now compleat, the anxious chief
 Brings forth the dry PAPHYRUS' sacred leaf :
 A sigh from his unwilling bosom broke ;
 Then thus, collected in himself, he spoke :

Line 110. *Next, ravish'd from the sacred catacomb,
 He draws the Ibis from his conic tomb.*]

One of the catacombs was entirely set apart for the sepulchre of the Ibis. They were called the holy birds, and had in great veneration. Being supposed to destroy the winged serpents in their way to Egypt, (meeting them in the desert,) which would otherwise have infested the land. They were embalmed in earthen vessels of a conic figure.

Line 113. *The Shield, his Cradle.*] See Mem. of Scriblerus.

Line 119. *And proud Canopus conscious of the prize.*] The worshippers of fire boasted that their god was able to destroy the idols of all other nations. A subtle priest obtained the prize for Canopus by this stratagem. He filled his divinity with water, and stopped with wax several small holes which he had bored in him. The wax soon melted, and gave passage to the water, which extinguished the flames.

Illustrious

Illustrious souls of MUNSTER and of GREECE ! 125
 Tho' here at once my hopes and suff'rings cease ;
 Nor shall I, like my ancestors at home,
 My country polish with the labour'd tome ;
 Nor by my travel (as the SAMIAN sage
 Enlighten'd GREECE) instruct the present age ; 130
 Revive the long-lost arts of ancient war,
 The deathful scorpion, and the feythe-girt car ;
 Or share, with NUMA, civic fame, and found
 Old PLATO'S patriot laws on modern ground :
 These deep-laid schemes tho' SATURN'S wrath o'erthrow, 135
 (His anger rising as my honours grow)
 Virtue shall yet her sure reward receive,
 And one great deed my dying fame retrieve.
 Then, thrice invoking each auspicious name,
 Thro' the light reed he spreads the wafting flame ; 140
 The melted gums, in fragrant volumes rise,
 And waft a various incense to the skies ;
 The unctuous fewel feeds the greedy fire,
 And one bright flame enwraps the blazing pyre.
 Joy touch'd the victor god's relenting mind, 145
 Who thus address'd the monarch of the wind :
 To thee, indulgent deity, I owe
 This full submission of the stubborn foe.

Line 125. *Illustrious souls of Munster and of Greece !*] Scriblerus's father was of Munster. See *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, the beginning.

See

See what vast tribute one important hour
 Brings to my throne, and subjects to my pow'r. 150
 Enough. This ample sacrifice alone
 The thefts and crimes of ages shall atone.
 Yet tho' I deign his abject life to spare,
 Think not the wretch my further grace shall share.
 Nor shall his rebel soul, insulting, boast 155
 Successful toils where armies have been lost.—
 O'er the proud town, his vain pursuit, shall fall
 Yon hov'ring mafs, and hide her long-sought wall ;
 That no remembrance, but an empty name,
 Be left to vindicate her doubtful fame. 160

He said. Already the tumultuous band,
 With prompt obedience, hear their king's command,
 Forbear the conflict, and to EURUS yield
 The long-contested honors of the field.

Sudden

Line 160. *Her doubtful fame.*] Some critics have thought our author here uses the same art for which Eustathius so greatly commends Homer in his prophecy of the Phæacians; where he says,

—————' mound on mound,
 ' Shall bury these proud tow'rs beneath the ground.

ODYSS. I. 8.

'The poet, says he, invents this fiction, to prevent posterity from searching after this Island of the Phæacians, and to preserve his story from detection of falsification; after the same manner as he introduces Neptune and the rivers of Troy, bearing away the wall which the Greeks had raised as a fortification before the navy.' But our poet wanteth no such art, there being many at this day ready to assert the truth of the catastrophe of that unfortunate city, which Dr. Shaw has in vain attempted to discredit in the Appendix to his Travels.

Sudden the loaded atmosphere was clear'd, 165
 The glad horizon and bright day appear'd.
 Freed from the horrors of impending fate,
 Each raptur'd friend salutes his rescu'd mate:
 But not such transports touch'd Scriblerus' breast,
 His glorious purpose all his soul possess'd. 170
 In vain to deprecate the rash design,
 With tears his friends their fond entreaties join.
 Alas! he cries, what boots it now to live?
 Since I my perish'd treasures must survive.
 Cut from my hopes, by this devouring fire, 175
 While yet I may, O! let me mount the pyre.
 Again should wild tornados bring despair,
 When hov'ring death shall threaten from the air,
 This pile confun'd, remains there ought to save
 My body from an ignominious grave? 180
 Let vulgar souls for doubtful life contend;
 Be mine the boast of an heroic end.
 This MOMUS heard; and, from OLYMPUS' height,
 To distant LIBYA wing'd his rapid flight.
 Sudden he joins the rash SCRIBLERUS' side, 185
 While good ALBERTUS' form the god belied.

Infant,

Line 186. *While good Albertus' form the god belied.*] He was son to Albertus mentioned in the Memoirs, and consequently first cousin to Scriblerus; see the character of the father: 'Albertus was a discreet man, sober in his opinions, clear of pedantry, and knowing enough both in books, and in the world, to preserve

Infant, behold! the guardian-pow'r commands
 A spark to issue from the blazing brands;
 Which fell, directed, on the sage's head,
 And sudden flames around his temples spread. 190
 The subtle god the destin'd moment watch'd:
 Swift from his head the hairy texture snatch'd,
 And, unperceiv'd, amidst the croud's amaze,
 A soaring rocket in the cawl conveys.
 The latent fraud, portentous, cuts the air, 195
 And bears, thro' distant skies, the blazing hair.
 When thus the god, in sage ALBERTUS' voice:
 Behold this wond'rous omen, and rejoice.
 Lo! great Scriblerus, what the fates unfold;
 At length convinc'd, thy rash attempt with-hold. 200
 The gods declare that thy illustrious head
 Such effluent glory shall around thee shed,
 As, wide dispensing its eternal rays,
 Shall fill th' enlighten'd nations with amaze.

The

'preserve a due regard for whatever was useful or excellent, whether ancient or
 'modern: if he had not always the authority, he had at least the art, to divert
 'Cornelius from many extravagancies.' Mem. Scrib. chap. vi.

Line 196. *And bears, thro' distant skies, the blazing hair.*] In the same manner
 Anchises [Æn. B. ii.] is prevented from perishing in the flames of Troy, by a me-
 teorous appearance which they observe directing its passage towards Mount Ida.

Signantemque vias —————

Their first discovery of this omen, is from the head of Ascanius.

*Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli
 Fundere lumen apex.*

The yielding chief observes the heav'n-mark'd road, 205
Accepts the omen, and obeys the god.

Six anxious days they trace the dreary plains
With fruitless search; so SATURN'S wrath ordains.
His murm'ring friends the scant provision mourn,
And urge th' unwilling hero to return. 210
But stern resentment fires his glowing breast;
While thus his wrath th' indignant fage express'd.

O dastard slaves, from glory's field to fly,
And basely tremble ere the danger's nigh!
Can you, full-feasted, mutter discontent, 215
Ignobly faint ere half your stores are spent?
Return, unworthy of the gen'rous toil,
Back to the sluggish borders of the NILE.
Faithful ALBERTUS shall alone partake
Those dear-bought honours which your fears forsake: 220
Cowards, reflect on CATO'S steadier host,
Unmov'd and dauntless on this dreary coast;
Like them, in all our travel, have we found
Asps in the well, or serpents in the ground!

Have

Line 213. *O dastard slaves, &c.*] In this speech the hero discovers a most amazing greatness of soul, joined with wonderful art. Cæsar, in a parallel case, told his fearful soldiers, he would march accompanied only with his tenth legion: and Alexander, with less art, though more rashness, said, he would go alone. *Solus ire perseverabo, ite reduces domos. Ite, deserto rege, evantes. Ego hic a vobis desperata victoria, aut honesta morti, locum inveniam.* Q. Curt. ix. 2.

Line 221. ————— *Cato's steadier host.*] LUCAN. l. ix.

Have we th' invading basiliſk to fear? 225

Or winged poiſons darting through the air?

Yet not theſe perils ſhook their firmer ſouls;

While your reſolves a diſtant fear controuls:

Damp't with the proſpect of a future dearth,

Nor dare ye truſt the all-ſuſtaining earth. 230

Nigh to theſe plains, a nation ſeek their food,

High in the branches of the lofty wood;

From the green boughs they crop the recent ſprout,

And feed luxurious on the tender ſhoot.

Southward the hard RHIZOPHAGI prepare, 235

With marſhy roots, their coarſe yet wholeſome fare.

From ſlimy NILE the rank unfav'ry reed,

A pounded maſs, in artleſs loaves they knead:

And in the ſun-beams bake the bulbous bread. }

The fierce Biſaltæ milk the nurſing mare, 240

Mix her rich blood, and ſwill the luſcious fare:

And

Line 231. This nation, called the Ulophagi, is deſcribed by Diodorus Siculus, l. iii. c. 24.

Line 235. Diodorus Siculus, l. iii. c. 23.

Line 240. *Biſaltæ quo more ſolent acerque Gelonus
Cum fugit in Rhodopen, atque in deſerta Getarum,
Et lac concretum cum ſanguine potat equino.*

Virg. Georg. lib. iii. lin. 461.

————— When for drink and food
They mix their cruddled milk with horſe's blood.

DRYDEN.

And the foul CYNOCEPHALUS sustains,
With her drain'd udder, the MEDIMNIAN swains.

Strange to relate! near fam'd HYDASPES' flood,
For their support they rear the pois'nous brood; 245 }
The viper, toad, and scorpion, are their food.

Nay, ev'n in these uncultivated plains,
The swarming locust feeds the hungry swains.
Far-length'ning fires extend along the coast,
And intercept the close-embattled host. 250
Firm and compact, the troops in deep array,
Urg'd from behind, pursue their deathful way.
The swains with falt their future feast prepare,
And one boon hour supplies the wasting year.

And doubt we now our journey to extend, 255
While yet our beasts beneath their burthens bend?
Whose

Line 246. The prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad;
Which makes him have so strong a breath,
Each night he sinks a queen to death.

HUDIBRAS.

Line 248. *The swarming locust.*] Diodorus relates many particulars of these Acridophagi, l.iii. c. 29. Dr. Shaw, speaking of these locusts in his Travels, page 257, says, 'Those which I saw were much bigger than our grasshoppers. 'It was surprizing to observe, that no sooner were any of them hatched, than 'they collected themselves into a body of about two hundred yards square; 'which marching forward, climbed over trees and houses, and eat up every 'plant in their way. The inhabitants placing in a row great quantities of heath 'strubble, &c. set them on fire upon the approach of the locusts. But all this was 'to no purpose, for the fires were quickly put out by infinite swarms succeeding 'one another: whilst the front seemed regardless of danger, and the rear pressed 'on so close, that a retreat was impossible.'

Whose flesh alone might all our wants supply,
 And give not only life, but luxury.
 Faint with the distant chase, the TARTAR drains
 Reviving cordials from his courser's veins! 260

The hungry trav'ler in the dreary waste
 From the slain camel shares a rich repast:
 While parch'd with thirst, he hails the plenteous well,
 Found in the stomach's deep capacious cell:
 Ev'n their tough skins an hard support might yield; 265
 And soldiers oft have eat the stubborn shield.

Thus far the sage. When viewing all around
 Their wearied eyes in sleep's soft fetters bound,
 Stretch'd on the sand, he leaves the slumb'ring crew,
 Himself indignant to his tent withdrew. 270

Rous'd with the dawn, the good ALBERTUS bent
 His careful footsteps to the sage's tent.
 Earnest he seem'd, with meditated art,
 Some deep important counsel to impart.
 When thus: This night when sleep had clos'd mine eyes, 275
 I saw a band of glorious forms arise:
 The great ALBERTUS, author of my line,
 And all that boast affinity to thine:

The

Line 266. *And soldiers oft have eat the stubborn shield.*]

Postremo ad id ventum inopiæ est, ut lora detractisque scutis pelles, mandere conarentur. Liv. lib. xxiii.

The princely SCALIGERS, illustrious name!
 SCRIBONIUS, and profound BOMBASTUS, came; 280
 When thus thy fire: O! foremost to attend
 The glorious labours of thy daring friend,
 Be thine the task th' unwelcome news to bear:
 Friendship can smooth the front of rude despair.
 Yet ever must my son despair to see 285
 Yon city, buried by the god's decree:
 Mountains of sand her loftiest turrets hide,
 And swell the loaded plain on ev'ry side;
 As vain thy search for HERACLEA'S grave,
 Or SODOM sunk beneath th' ASPHALTIC wave. 290
 He said. I listen'd further yet to hear,
 When warlike sounds alarm'd my startled ear.

I saw

Line 279. *The princely Scaligers.*] Julius Cæsar Scaliger was a most famous critic, poet, physician, and philosopher, who was much admired in the sixteenth century: he was born in Italy, brought up in Germany, and afterwards lived in France till his death. He descended from the princes De la Scala, who were lords of Verona, and of divers other places in Italy.

Line 280. *Scribonius.*] Cornelius Scribonius, called also Grapheus, but his name in the language of his country, was Schryver, was born at Alost, in Flanders, in 1482. He made an abridgment of the History of Olaus Magnus, of the northern nations. He was remarkable for his knowledge in antiquities.

Line 280. Paracelsus Bombastus.

Line 289. *As vain thy search for Heraclea's grave.*] The late discovery of Heraclea here laid down as impossible, and the inestimable treasures daily brought from thence, must doubtless animate the curious, and teach them this useful and important lesson: That nothing is to be despaired of by a true virtuoso.

I saw impetuous SCALIGER advance :
 The rest around him form'd the PYRRHIC dance ;
 They clash their javelins, ring their clanging shields, 295
 Till sleep unwilling to the tumult yields.
 Thus he, dissembling. The fond chief replies,
 (While filial raptures in his soul arise,)
 Well may'st thou grieve the glorious vision gone,
 Tho' much, alas ! th' indulgent shades have shewn. 300
 O let me still, on this revolving day,
 A grateful tribute to their mem'ry pay :
 And to the genius of the horny gate,
 Whose friendly pow'r reveals our certain fate.
 Oft, by abstruse mysterious types, are told 305
 Those shadow'd truths instructive dreams unfold.
 When MEDIA's sleeping monarch saw the maid
 A wond'rous deluge o'er his empire spread ;

How

Line 303. *And to the genius of the horny gate.]* VIRG. lib. vi.

*Sunt geminae somni portæ: quarum altera fertur
 Cornea: quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris.*

Two gates the silent house of sleep adorn :
 Of polish'd iv'ry this, that of transparent horn :
 True visions thro' transparent horn arise ;
 Thro' polish'd iv'ry pass deluding lyes. DRYDEN.

Suetonius represents Augustus as a great observer both of his own and other people's dreams ; and, that he most frequently directed his actions pursuant to their admonitions. That during the spring, his dreams were fearful, extravagant, and vain ; the rest of the year, less frequent, but the visions he then saw, more to be depended on. Suet. in vitâ Augusti.

How plain that emblem pointed him the place
From whence should issue his severe disgrace! 310

OLYMPIA'S pregnant womb when PHILIP seal'd,
The mystic dream young AMMON'S soul reveal'd.
Stamp'd on the wax the victor lion shew'd
The warlike genius of the embryo god.

Thus has a figur'd omen, dark, and deep, 315
To me been painted by the pow'rs of sleep.

The fav'rite bird of PALLAS I beheld
Search, with unwearied wing, the new-reap'd field:

Fatigued, at length, a lurking mouse he spies,
And eager, to the long-fought quarry flies; 320

Thither, by chance, the reaper bent his way,
And, with a wheat sheaf, whelm'd the trembling prey.

Th' ATHENIAN bird his frustrate labor mourn'd,
Flew from my sight, but soon again return'd,

When, wond'rous to relate, he thus began, 325
(An owl in figure, but in voice a man;)

I come,

Line 311. *Olympia's pregnant womb when Philip seal'd.*] Philip of Macedon, sometime after he was married, dreamed that he feald up his wife's belly with a seal, whose impresson, as he fancied, was the figure of a lion. Some interpreted this as a warning to Philip to look narrowly to his wife; but Aristander of Telmessus, considering how unufual it was to seal up any thing that was empty, assured him, that the queen was with child of a boy, who would one day prove as stout and courageous as a lion.' Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

Line 326. *An owl in figure, but in voice a man.*] See Odyss. B. xix. l. 641.

In form an eagle, but in voice a man.

I come, no vulgar vision of the night,
 The gods direct my emblematic flight,
 In my sage form thy rev'rend self appears :
 Thy vain pursuit the vanish'd mouse declares. 330
 This said, the feather'd omen seeks the skies :
 And, instant, downy sleep forsook my eyes.
 I deem'd the phantom by the * god design'd,
 To shake the steady purpose of my mind.
 Now have thy words my vain suspicion eas'd, 335
 Confirm'd my soul, and ev'ry doubt appeas'd.
 But whither next the heav'n-taught course to steer,
 Nor omens point, nor friendly shades declare.
 And now, alas ! in these unhallow'd days,
 No learned priest the sacrifice displays : 340
 Inspects

* Saturn.

Line 337. *But whither next, &c.*] The German critics have totally misunderstood this passage, in imagining that Scriblerus should be here at a loss for a subject worthy his curiosity. It is his religion only that makes him thus doubtful, being unwilling to engage in any fresh enterprize without some sign from heaven to approve, or oracle to direct the undertaking. This will be manifest on the perusal of the poem, whereby it will appear, that he has been already given to expect an oracle in this very country.

—————To Egypt's sacred coast repair,
 There shall a *surer oracle* declare
 Thy destin'd course————— B. 4.

What else should prevent his prosecuting the original intention of a voyage to Jamaica to see an earthquake. See the beginning of his Narration, B. ii. And also Mem. of Scrib.

Line 339. *And now, alas, &c.*] Thus Lucan himself complains, lib. v. Pharsal.

Inspects the victim with prophetic eyes,
 Or reads the vagrant lessons of the skies.
 Nor sacred oracles afford their aid;
 Dumb is the PYTHIAN and CUMÆAN maid.
 O! had we liv'd in that auspicious age, 345
 When roam'd the TROJAN chief and GRECIAN sage,
 Some friendly HELENUS we then had found,
 Or ANIUS, skill'd each omen to expound.
 Perhaps to hell's dark mansions we had gone,
 And fam'd Tiresias had our fortunes shown. 350
 Now nought remains our dubious course to guide,
 Since the VIRGILIAN lots in vain were try'd.

Then

*Non ullo sæcula dono
 Nostra carent majore deùm quam Delphica sedes
 Quod siluit.*

Of all the wants with which this age is curst,
 The Delphic silence surely is the worst. ROWE'S *Lucan.*

Line 352. *Since the Virgilian lots in vain were try'd.*] This is a species of modern divination, performed by opening the works of Virgil, and remarking the lines which shall be covered with your thumb, the instant the leaves are open'd; which, if they can be interpreted, in any respect to relate to you, are accounted prophetic. King Charles the first is said to have tryed this method of learning his fate, and to have found the oracle but too certain. We have subjoined the lines, (and the English as it is printed in Dryden's Miscellanies, Vol. 6,) notwithstanding, we do not give credit to the account, for that we believe if the Sortes Virgilianæ would have given, to any one, a prospect of their future fate, our hero, Martinus Scriblerus, would not have had reason to complain, as he doth, of having consulted them in vain.

King CHARLES'S.

*At bello audacis populi vexatus & armis
 Finibus extorris, complexu avulsus Iuli,*

Auxilium

Then say, my friend, what counsel canst thou find,
To fix the purpose of my wav'ring mind ?

ALBERTUS then : Alas ! too just thy grief ! 355
O might my heart suggest the wish'd relief !

The sage MAHOMETANS have ever paid
Distinguished honours to the fool and mad :
And wisely they. For oft, when reason wings
Her flight, superior to terrestrial things, 360
The thoughts beyond the stary mansions rove,
Blest with the converse of the gods above ;

And

*Auxilium imploret, videatque indigna suorum
Funera ; nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquæ
Tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur ;
Sed cadat ante dicm ; mediisque inhumatus arenâ.*

VIRG. lib. 4. l. 615.

But vex'd with rebels, and a stubborn race,
His country banish'd, and his sons' embrace,
Some foreign prince for fruitless succours try,
And see his friends ingloriously die.
Nor, when he shall to faithless terms submit,
His throne enjoy, nor comfortable light ;
But, immature, a shameful death receive,
And on the ground th' unbury'd body leave.

Line 357. 'The Mahometans have a certain veneration for fools and mad
' people, as thinking them actuated by a divine spirit, and look on them as a sort
' of saints. They call them here (speaking of Cairo) Sheiks. Some of these go
' about their cities entirely naked ; and in Cairo they have a large mosque, with
' buildings adjoining, and great revenues to maintain such persons.' *Description
of the East.* Vol. i. p. 193.

Line 362. *Blest with the converse of the gods above.*]

————— *Fruiturque decorum*
Colloquio ————— VIRG.

And thence to mortals' less exalted sense,
Instructive truths, oracular, dispense.

At CAIRO fojourns a phrenetic sage, 365
Inspir'd with all this theomantic rage.

I mark'd where'er the Morosoph appear'd,
(By crowds furrounded, and by all rever'd,)

How young and old, virgins and matrons kiss'd
The footsteps of the blest gymnosophist. 370

The eager bride touch'd each propitious part
That best prolific virtue might impart.

Whilst

Line 363. *And thence to mortals, &c.] Furor iste quem divinum vocatis, ut quæ sapiens non videat, ea videat insanus, & is qui humanos sensus amiserit, divinos assecutus sit.* Cicerò de Divinatione, lib. ii. c. 34.

Line 367. *Morosoph.]* This word, so admirably expressive of that species of wisdom described in the foregoing lines, was coined by Rabelais. See his Works, book iii. chap. 46.

Line 370. *The blest gymnosophist.]* The gymnosophists were Indian philosophers, who went naked; from whence their name.

Line 371. *The eager bride.]* According to Thevenot, the touch of these fancies was sovereign in case of barrenness in women. But we have chosen to transcribe the account from the *Description of the East*. "I saw in Rosetto two of those naked fancies, who are commonly natural fools, and are had in great veneration in Egypt: one was a lusty, elderly man; the other a youth about eighteen years old. As the latter went along the street, I observed the people kissed his hand. I was also told, that on Fridays, when the women go to the burial-places, they frequently sit at the entrance of them; and that they not only kiss their hands, but shew them the same respect that was paid to a certain heathen idol, and seem to expect the same kind of advantage from it. I myself saw one of these fancies sitting at a mosque door in the high road, without the gates of Cairo, with a woman on each side of him, at the same time the caravan was going to Mecca, and a multitude of people passing by, who are so accustomed to such sights, that they took no notice of it." Vol. i. page 14.

Whilst on the sacred raptures of his tongue

The list'ning multitudes, astonish'd, hung.

Then haste we back to CAIRO, I advise,

375

And let the fool give counsel to the wife.

An hope-born smile the Chief's assent express'd,

And drove despair, sad inmate, from his breast.

Fir'd with the wish'd return, the wearied band

With shouts of joy receive the glad command :

380

Already flighting the diminish'd toil

Of scorching SIRIUS, and the faithless foil.

THE
SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

THE Second Book leads the imagination, at once, from the barren desert to the most fruitful spot in the world, the ancient ARSINOË, now FAIUME. Here SCRIBLERUS meets a company of Pilgrims, formerly his father's friends, who desire him to relate his whole adventures to them. He begins his Narration. Gives an account of his waiting three years in vain at NAPLES to see the Eruption of VESUVIUS. Purposes going to JAMAICA in hopes of seeing an Earthquake. Sails with his friends, is driven by contrary winds below the CAPE OF GOOD HOPE. Arrives at a most delightful country; which is described: but suddenly flies from it, moved by a fatal misinterpretation of an Oracle. SCRIBLERUS, continuing his Narration, describes a wonderful coast, the surprising appearance of which strikes a damp on his companions. DEIDEMON and THAUMASTES are chosen by lot to reconnoitre the country. At their return, they give a very imperfect account of their adventures, being stupified by excessive fear. SCRIBLERUS sets out alone on a farther Discovery.

THE
S C R I B L E R I A D.

BOOK THE SECOND.

AND now, ten days in tedious travel past,
At length they quit th' inhospitable waste.
As ZEMBLA's sons, benighted half the year,
Exult when first the cheering rays appear,
From the deep gloom when long-lost scenes arise, 5
And earth and gayer heav'n salute their eyes:
Such joys diffus'd ARSINOË's fertile plain,
Such rapture seiz'd the late dejected train.
From the tall hills, with transport they command
The vast extent of that wide-water'd land: 10
Where the same course sev'n copious rivers take,
And, MÆRIS, fill thy deep capacious lake.

They

Line 7. *Such joys diffus'd Arsinoë's fertile plain.*] The country round the ancient Arsinoë, (where now stands Faiume,) is described by Strabo to have been the most beautiful spot in all Egypt.

They leave the spacious lab'rinth's ruin'd state,
 And, cheerful, enter proud FLAUME's gate :
 When, lo! to meet them came a solemn band, 15
 The pilgrim's staff each bearing in his hand ;
 Their hats with scallops grac'd ; the FLEMISH green,
 In numerous crosses, on their robes was seen.
 Who thus: Hail, great SCRIBLERUS, nor disdain
 A friendly welcome to this reverend train. 20
 By adverse fates and ceaseless tempests tost
 From sad JUDEA's desolated coast,
 To ALEXANDRIA's port our course we steer'd,
 And there the hallow'd footsteps we rever'd
 Of princes, prelates, faints, and martyrs dead, 25
 Who greatly triumph'd, or who bravely bled.
 There first with joy we heard thy spreading fame ;
 And thence to welcome thy return we came.
 But, generous sage, sincere and free declare,
 Are you, of manly growth, SCRIBLERUS' heir ? 30
For

Line 17. The pilgrims wore scallops in their hats, and distinguished their several nations by the colours of the crosses which they wore on their habits.

Line 29. *But, gen'rous youth, sincere and free declare,
 Are you, of manly growth, his royal heir?
 For sure Ulysses in your look appears.*

*To prove a genuine birth (the prince replies)
 On female truth assenting faith relies ;
 Thus manifest of right, I build my claim,
 Sure-founded on a fair maternal fame.*

POPE'S Odyss. Book I.

For sure his features in your look appear,
And in the son the father we revere.

Oft have I heard from my chaste mother's tongue,
That from the great CORNELIUS' loins I sprung,
The sage replies : but O ! what mortal knows 35
Th' undoubted fire to whom his birth he owes ?
O ! might I now, tho' born of meaner race,
With him the mazy paths of wisdom trace,
With him unfold the metaphysick store,
And science, thro' each dark recess, explore— 40

But

Line 33 & *infra*.] This speech discovers several admirable qualities in our Hero. His scrupulous regard for truth, in not positively affirming a thing for certain, wherein there was a possibility of his being mistaken. His dutiful affection and filial piety in giving credit to his mother in an affair of which he could not be so well informed as from her own mouth. Lastly, his judgment in chusing for an example the answer of the good Telemachus in the *Odyss.* B. 1. to the same question.

Μήτηρ μὲν τ' ἐμέ φησι τε ἔμμεναι, αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε
Οὐκ οἶδ', ἐ γὰρ πῶ τις ἐὼν γόνον αὐτὸς ἀνέγνω.

The whole passage is thus translated by Hobbes :

*But say, are you indeed, that are so grown,
His son ? your heads and eyes are like (I mark)
For we were well to one another known,
But 'twas before he did to Troy embark
With other princes of the Argive youth,
But never saw him since. That I'm his son
(Said he) my mother says. But who in truth
Knoweth who 'twas that got him ? I think none.*

It may not be alien to the office of a true critic to observe, that when Ariftophanes was called upon to prove his right to the freedom of Athens, he quoted these lines : *Μήτηρ μὲν τε με φησι*, &c. His judges were pleased with the application, and admitted him a citizen.

But fate pronounc'd th' irrevocable doom,
 And death has sunk him in the silent tomb.
 Behold me now, deserted and forlorn,
 The sport of fortune and her abject scorn:
 Weary'd with woes, and old in travel grown,— 45
 Still flatt'ring hope reserv'd yon wond'rous town—
 Thither we journey'd; but the gods ordain
 Our search successless and our labour vain.

Then they: With sympathetic grief we moan
 Thy fate, alas! so sad, so like our own. 50
 Yet say, SCRIBLERUS, since thy daring foul,
 Superior still to fortune's vain controul,
 Has many a glorious enterprize atchiev'd,
 New arts invented and lost arts retriev'd;
 Say, shall thy friends thy various labours hear, 55
 And thy sage conduct glad their longing ear?

SCRIBLERUS then: Ah! seek not now to know
 A series of unutterable woe.
 For, lo! to THETIS' bed the god of day,
 Thro' western skies, precipitates his way. 60
 Give we to feast and sleep the peaceful night—
 To distant CAIRO, with the morning light,
 Our course we speed: but if so great desire
 To hear our fates your friendly breasts inspire,
 As on the peaceful bosom of the NILE, 65
 We fail, the tedious passage to beguile,

*

Your

Your fond request, tho' hard, shall be obey'd,
And every debt to sacred friendship paid.

Soon as the sun th' enlightened vault ascends,
Th' impatient chief embarks his ready friends. 70

Now all in silence eyed the godlike man,
Who thus with tears th' eventful tale began.

From native ALBION, a selected band,
We spread the sail and reach th' AUSONIAN strand:
The sacred flame which PLINY'S breast inspir'd, 75
Urg'd our resolves, and every bosom fir'd:

But our dull stars th' expected boon delay,
And three slow years steal unimprov'd away.
Tho' heaving fire VESUVIO'S womb distends,
No bursting deluge o'er the plain descends. 80

—O! curst impatience! O! severe disgrace!
Scarce had we left, unwilling left, the place,
When forth the flames, with wild explosion, broke,
The lab'ring mountain to its basis shook:

A molten deluge cover'd all the ground, 85
And ashes fill'd the hemisphere around,

Unmov'd, tho' baffled, we renew our toil,
And seek, JAMAICA, thy unstable soil.

Where

Line 88. *And seek, Jamaica.*] “ It has been my good fortune to have seen
“ all the grand phenomena of nature, except an earthquake, which I waited for
“ in Naples three years in vain; and now I impatiently expect a passage to
“ Jamaica for that benefit.” *Memoirs of Scriblerus.*

Where mountains rock, where yawning caverns roar,
 And bellowing gulphs fulphureous torrents pour ; 90
 Majestic scene ! whose awful glories fire
 Our drooping souls, and kindle new desire.
 With prosp'rous gales, we reach MADEIRA'S height,
 And load delicious wines, a welcome freight.
 Thence, o'er the bosom of the boundless sea, 95
 Twice ten days blest pursue th' unruffled way ;
 When lo ! deep clouds, with fable horrors rise,
 And, low'ring, menace from the western skies ;
 Impetuous winds old ocean's face deform,
 The vessel drives before the swelling storm ; 100
 Six long tempestuous weeks, by * CORUS tost,
 And borne far distant from the wish'd-for coast.
 Now as beneath the fultry line we run,
 We bear unshaded the meridian sun .
 Now far beyond the tropick as we stray, 105
 Mourn the weak influence of th' obliquer-ray.
 Twice had the changeful moon full orb'd her light
 Display'd ; twice yielded to the shades of night ;
When

* The N.W. Wind.

[Line 90. *And bellowing gulphs.*] In Don Antonio Ulloa's account of a voyage lately made by some Spaniards who went to measure a degree of the earth (in which is a very curious description of earthquakes) we are told, that for some days before any great eruption, noises are heard resembling the lowing of cattle, and the discharge of artillery.

When lo ! at once the boift'rous winds fubfide,
At once abates the refllefs rolling tide.

110

Soft ZEPHYR rifing o'er the wat'ry plain,
Fans with his gentle wing the level main ;
When now AURORA, with auspicious light,
Reveals a beauteous harbour to the fight.

Bewitching fcenes encompafs us around,
And the whole region feems enchanted ground.

115

Gold buds and branches on the radiant trees,
And melting mufick floats on ev'ry breeze.

From flowers, unfading thro' the varied year,
Incenfe and ambergris perfume the air ;

120

Eternal verdure clothes the cloud-topt hills,

In tuneful meafure fall the tinkling rills ;

Rubies and em'rals load the teeming groves,

Where vocal phœnixes record their loves.

The boars their fides in cryftal fountains lave,

125

The painted panther fwims the briny wave.

In

Line 115. *Bewitching fcenes.*] See Spectator, No. 63 ; and alfo 58, 59, 60, in which papers acrofticks, anagrams, lipogrammatifts, &c. &c. are defcribed and treated of at large by Mr. Addifon.

Line 123. *Rubies and em'rals.*] The defcription of this country bears fo near a refemblance to that given by Socrates in the Phædo of Plato, that we doubt not but the learned reader will find a great pleafure in the comparifon : ἐν δὲ ταύτῃ ἔση τοιαύτη ἀνάλογον τὰ φύόμενα φύεσθαι, δένδρα τε, καὶ ἄνθη καὶ τὰς καρπύς. καὶ αὖ τὰ ὄρη ὡσαύτως καὶ τὰς λίθους ἔχειν ἀνὰ τὸν αὐτοῦ λόγον τὴν τελειότητα καὶ τὴν διαφάνειαν, καὶ τὰ χρώματα καλλίω. ὡς καὶ τὰ ἐνθάδε λιθίδια εἶναι ταῦτα τὰ ἀγαπώμενα, μορια, σάρδια τε καὶ ἰάσπιδας, καὶ σμαράγδους, καὶ πάντα τὰ τοιαῦτα. Phæd. § 59.

R

In myrtle groves the wanton dolphins play ;
 While sea-calves o'er th' enamelled meadows stray.
 Around our ships the warbling mermaids glide,
 And with their musick sooth the swelling tide. 130
 Th' enchanting scene my ravish'd crew possess,
 And calentures had seiz'd on ev'ry breast ;
 This I perceiv'd, and sudden gave command
 To drive the vessel on the oozy strand.
 Ere yet they touch'd the shore, th' impatient crew 135
 O'er the high decks with heedless rapture flew.
 And wand'ring onward, with amazement, found
 A well-spread table on the verdant ground.
 On beds of fragrant roses we recline,
 And quaff full bowls of unexhausted wine. 140
 Indulge with various meats unfated taste,
 And, thoughtless, revel in the rich repast.
 When issuing from the woods on either hand,
 In martial guise advanc'd a num'rous band.

In

Line 144. *In martial guise advanc'd a num'rous band.*] We learn from the author's description of these islanders, that they were very fond of pageantry and show. They entirely addicted themselves to the study and profession of poetry in all its branches. Though we may observe that every individual ranged himself in his particular class, and never acted out of his own sphere. That on all solemn occasions the several orders distinguished themselves by their habits, and the symbols which they bore : and their disposition and attitudes in the procession emblematically represented that species of poetry which they particularly professed, and from which they derived their name. As, a writer of acrosticks was called an Acrostick, of anagrams an Anagram, and the like. Somewhat in this manner were all the ancient poets represented for the entertainment of Leo the tenth, as we find them described by Strada in his Prolusions.

In martial guise they march'd: ill-judging fear 145

Misdeem'd the pomp inhospitable war,

Unmindful of ASCANIUS' harmless train,

And bloodless battles on SICILIA's plain.

Hence my rash hand, by fatal fury led,

Drew show'rs of woes on each devoted head. 150

Firm and compact in three fair columns wove,

O'er the smooth plain, the bold Acrosticks move;

High o'er the rest the tow'ring leaders rise

With limbs gigantick and superior size.

They lead the van, unmov'd in the career, 155

And Bout-rimeès bring up the lagging rear.

Not thus the looser Chronograms prepare,

Careless their troops, undisciplin'd to war;

With

Line 147. Scriblerus here taxes himself with his heedlessness in not recollecting that famous description of Ascanius's mock army in the 5th B. of Virgil. This forgetfulness is the more surprising, because he could not but know how fond all nations have been of this kind of pageantry, by which some at this day represent their manufactures, and others even the mysteries of their religion.

*Hunc morem cursus, atq; hæc certamina primus
Ascanius, longam muris cum cingeret Albam,
Rettulit, & præcos docuit celebrare Latinos:
Albani docueri suos, tum maxima porro
Acceptit Roma*—————

Æn. 5.

Line 152. *The bold Acrosticks.]*

—————*chuse for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostick land;
There thou may'st wings display, and altars raise.*

DRYDEN'S Mac Flecko.

With ranks irregular, confus'd, they stand;
The chieftains mingling with the vulgar band. 160

But with still more disorder'd march, advance
(Nor march it seem'd, but wild fantastick dance).

The uncouth Anagrams, distorted train;
Shifting, in double mazes, o'er the plain.

From different nations next the Centos crowd; 165.
With borrow'd, patcht, and motley ensigns proud.

Not for the fame of warlike deeds they toil,
But their sole end the plunder and the spoil.

Next

Line 165. *From different nations.*] A cento primarily signifies a cloak made of patches. In poetry it denotes a work wholly composed of verses, or passages promiscuously taken from other authors: (only disposed in a new form or order) so as to compose a new work and a new meaning. Ausonius has laid down the rules to be observed in composing centos. The pieces, he says, may be taken either from the same poet, or from several; and the verses may be either taken entire, or divided in two; one half to be connected with another half taken elsewhere: but two verses are never to be taken together. Agreeable to these rules, he has made a pleasant nuptial cento from Virgil. *Opusculum* (says he) *de inconnexis unum de alieno nostrum.*

The empress Eudoxia wrote the Life of Jesus Christ in centos, taken in this manner from Homer. Proba Falconia did the like from Virgil. The same did Alex. Rofs and Stephen de Pleurre, from whom we cite the following adoration of the magi.

Tum reges _____

- 7 Æ. 98 *Externi veniunt x quæ cuiq; est copia lati* 5 Æ. 100.
11 Æ. 333 *Munera portantes x molles sua tura fabai.* 1 G. 57.
3 Æ. 464 *Donu dehinc auro gravia x myrrhaque madentes,* 12 Æ. 100.
9 Æ. 659 *Agnovere deum regem x regumque parentem* 6 Æ. 548.
1 G. 418 *Mutavere vias x perfectis ordine votis* 10 Æ. 548.

Next, an uncertain and ambiguous train
 Now forward march, then countermarch again. 170
 The van now first in order, duly leads;
 And now the rear the changeful squadron heads.
 Thus onward, AMPHISBÆNA springs to meet
 Her foe; nor turns her in the quick retreat.
 To join these squadrons, o'er the champaign came 175
 A num'rous race of no ignoble name;
 The mighty CRAMBO leads th' intrepid van:
 The rest a forward loud industrious clan.
 RIDDLE, and REBUS, RIDDLE's dearest son;
 And false CONUNDRUM, and insidious PUN; 180
 EUSTIAN, who scarcely deigns to tread the ground;
 And RONDEAU, wheeling in repeated round.
 Here the RHOPALICS in a wedge are drawn,
 There the proud MACARONIANS scour the lawn.

Here:

Line 169. *Next, an uncertain.*] Reciprocal verses (called also retrograde and recurrent) give the same words whether read backwards or forwards.

Signa te signa temere me tangis et angis.

The amphispæna is a serpent said to have two heads, one at each end, and to go indifferently with either end foremost.

The amphispæna double arm'd appears;

At either end a threat'ning head she rears. Row's Lucan, B. 9.

Line 183. Rhopalic verses begin with a monosyllable, and continue in words, growing gradually longer to the last, which must be the longest of all.

Rem regem regimen regionem religionem.

They had their name from *ροπαλον*, a club, which like them begins with a slender tip, and grows bigger and bigger to the head. Hence our author draws them up with great propriety, in the military form of a wedge.

Line 184. The macaronian is a kind of burlesque poetry, consisting of a jumble:



Here fugitive and vagrant o'er the green, 185
 The wanton LIPOGRAMMATIST is seen.
 There QUIBBLE and ANTITHESIS appear,
 With DOGGREL-RHYMES and ECHOS in the rear.
 On their fair standards, by the wind display'd,
 Eggs, altars, wings, pipes, axes were pourtray'd. 190
 Alarm'd and all-suspended with the fight,
 Nor yet determin'd to retire or fight,
 A wond'rous omen from directing fate,
 Fix'd our resolves, and urg'd our quick retreat.
 As on the ground, reclin'd, THAUMASTES lay, 195
 Fill'd with the feasting of the genial day ;
 (Uncertain if some godhead sway'd his mind,
 Or mov'd by chance) he broke the walnut's rind :
 Fear and amazement seiz'd his shuddering foul,
 When for the nut, he found a scribbled scroll. 200
 He

jumble of words of different languages, with words of the vulgar tongue latinized, and latin words modernized. This verse has employed the pens of many French and Italian writers. We have seen three or four long poems of this kind by our own countrymen.

Et dabo fec simple, si monstras love's pretty dimple,

Gownos, filkcotos, kirtellos, & peticotos,

Buskos & foccos, stomacheros, cambrica smockos.

Ignoramus.

With these we may venture to rank some late published lines written by the ingenious Dr. Swift to a schoolmaster of his acquaintance.

Dic heris agro at an da quarto finale.

Put a ringat ure nos an da stringat ure tale.

Line 190. *Eggs, altars, wings, pipes, axes.*] The foregoing comments have fo crowded the notes, that we shall refer the reader to the Spectator, No. 58, where he will find this line very fully explained by Mr. Addison.

He trac'd the characters with secret dread ;
Then thus aloud the myftick verfes read.

IN LOVE THE VICTORS FROM THE VANQUISH'D FLY,
THEY FLY THAT WOUND, AND THEY PURSUE THAT DIE.

Silent a while and thoughtful we remain, 205

At length the verfe unanimous explain ;

That where no triumphs on the conquest wait,

Ev'n virtue's felf and honour bids retreat,

So Jove declares, fo wills eternal fate. } 210

With eager zeal, we hoift the spreading fails,

And, from the deck, invoke the tardy gales.

When now the fhore the fancy'd armies reach,

And form their mimièk legions on the beach.

Infulting fhouts the deafen'd fenfe invade,

Sarcasms and scoffing taunts our fears upbraid. 215

I catch my bow, (the fame which ASTER bore
'Gainft the rash monarch on THESSALIA'S fhore,)

The fring with meditated vengeance drew,

And pierc'd a leader of th' acroftick crew.

The

Line 203. *In love the victors.*] Two lines from Waller.

Line 216. *I catch my bow, the fame which After bore*
'Gainft the rash monarch on Theffalia's fhore.]

During the fiege of Methone, Philip of Macedon loft his right eye by an arrow. After of Amphipolis having offered his fervice as an extraordinary markfman, who could take a bird down flying, Well, faid Philip, when I wage war with ftarlings I will employ you. The man was fo nettled with this answer, that he threw himfelf into the town, and fhot an arrow at him, with this infcription on it, 'At Philp's right eye'. No wonder fo great a curiofity as the bow of fuch an excellent archer fhould be preferved in the Scriblerian family.

The giant scoffer falls consign'd to death, 220

And thus, prophetic, fung his parting breath:

Coward and slave, ne'er shalt thou reap the fruit

Of thy long labours and severe pursuit.

With sorrow shalt thou leave thy suff'ring crew,

A venging justice shall their steps pursue, 225

Rude draughts of iron shall they drink at need,

Drink, and deplore thy rash inhuman deed.

These threats denouncing, in the dust he rolls:

Cold thrilling fear invades our troubled souls.

Prostrate, we supplicate all-ruling Jove, 230

Th' impending curse, relenting, to remove.

With sad reluctance leave th' enchanting plain;

And anxious plough the hoarse-resounding main.

Nine tedious days a doubtful course we steer;

The tenth, bold rocks and tow'ring cliffs appear. 235

The least, as ATLAS tall, o'erlook'd the strand:

Nor shapeless they, but shap'd by nature's hand.

Some

Line 220. *The giant scoffer falls.*] The death and prophecy of the Acrostick bear a wonderful resemblance to Æneas's encounter with the harpies, and curse of Celæno, in the 3d Book of Virgil:

— *Non ante datam cingetis manibus urbem,
Quam vos dira fames nostraque injuria cædis
Ambefas subigat malis absumere mensas.*

— *Know that ere the promis'd walls you build,
My curses shall severely be fulfill'd.
Fierce famine is your lot for this misdeed,
Reduc'd to grind the plates on which you feed.* DRYD.

Some like smooth cones aspiring to the skies,
 Others aloft in spiral volumes rise.
 These seem vast cannon planted on the shore, 240
 Well-turn'd and hollow'd with cylindrick bore.
 Here columns or tall obelisks appear;
 There a vast globe or polish'd hemisphere.
 Tow'ring on high proud battlements are seen:
 And saliant bastions bear a warlike mien. 245
 What breast, unmov'd, the dreadful fight could bear?
 What eye behold it unappall'd with fear!
 I strove their drooping courage to awake,
 And thus, with animating accents, spake:
 See, dear companions, what the gods have giv'n, 250
 And praise th' indulgence of propitious heav'n.
 How great the scene, where'er we turn our eyes!
 The prospects various all, yet all surprize.
 Ply well your oars to gain th' auspicious land;
 And raise a grateful altar on the strand. 255
 Then let some chief, by lot decreed, explore
 The latent glories of this wond'rous shore.
 Thus I, dissembling; but pale fear possess
 Each livid cheek, and chill'd each manly breast.
 Fresh in their mind th' ACROSTICK'S threats they dread, 260
 And curse, denounc'd on their devoted head.
 Still I persist, and urge the hard command:
 With slow reluctant steps, they press the sand.

In equal parts I ftrait divide the crew :
 Then in the urn the lots inſcrib'd I threw, 265
 And fhook the hallow'd vafe, till chance decreed
 The ſage DEIDEMON for the hardy deed :
 And join'd the brave THAUMASTES to his ſide,
 By ſocial love and like purſuits ally'd.
 Sheath'd in bright arms, o'er the ſuſpected plain, 270
 Penſive they march, and penſive we remain.
 In vain th' enliv'ning banquet's charms we try,
 In vain the mirth-inſpiring goblet ply.
 Dread and deſpair each riſing joy controul,
 And horror, brooding o'er the ſparkling bowl. 275
 Nor leſs in vain we ſeek the balm of ſleep,
 For ſtill the wretched painful vigils keep.
 Then firſt, my friends, I own, this manly breaft
 Damp wav'ring doubt, fear's harbinger, confeſt.
 When, all-propitious to my raptur'd eyes, 280
 I ſaw PRIAPUS' awful form ariſe ;
 And thus the god : Diſpel this cauſeleſs dread ;
 For know, an hoſpitable land ye tread.

What

Line 281.] The Scribleri have always teſtified the utmoſt reverence for this god, as appears from their having been induſtrious to preſerve every line that has been written to his honour. They have made a conſiderable collection of ſmall poems, which they have named from their tutelary deity, and have been no leſs affiduous in exhibiting his ſtatues and pictures. This naturally accounts for the great zeal with which the god promiſes his patronage to our hero.

What tho' the chiefs report a dreadful tale,
 Fearless do thou the glorious task assail. 285
 Nor war, nor hostile perils shalt thou prove :
 But the soft blandishments of proffer'd love.
 Myself the powerful passion will impart
 To the fond queen, and melt her yielding heart :
 Thy manly limbs with heighten'd charms I'll grace, 290
 And breathe resiftless beauties o'er thy face :
 As artful sages give the modern stone
 Time's honour'd stains, and glories not its own ;
 The canker'd coin with verdegis incrust,
 Or grace the polish'd bronze with reverend rust. 295
 With confidence proceed, my ready pow'r
 Shall never fail thee in th' important hour.
 He said, and vanish'd at th' approach of morn :
 When, lo ! the chiefs with downcast look return.
 Aghast, with speechless tongue and bristling hair, 300
 DEIDEMON stood ; an emblem of despair.

Scarce

Line 290. *Thy manly limbs with heighten'd charms I'll grace—
 As artful sages give the modern stone
 Time's honour'd stains, and glories not its own.]*

————— *Lætos oculis afflarat honore
 Quale manus addunt ebore decus, aut ubi flavo
 Argentum, pariufce lapis circumdatur auro.* VIRG. L. 1.

— *And breath'd a youthful vigor on his face :
 Like polish'd iv'ry, beauteous to behold,
 Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold.* DRYDEN.

Scarce could THAUMASTES o'er his fears prevail:
Who thus, at length, brought out the broken tale.

We went, SCRIBLERUS—(such was thy command)
Thro' yon lone rocks to view this wond'rous land— 305
Long had we roam'd—fudden a noise we heard
Of mighty wings—and saw a monst'rous bird.
I grasp'd my jav'lin, startled at th' alarm,
But sage DEIDEMON stopt my desp'rate arm.
Oh, well restrain'd! for, by its nearer flight, 310
An human face, conspicuous to the fight,

And

[Line 304.] See the speech of Eurylochus, and the following adventures.
Odyss. B. 10.

Line 311. *And saw a monst'rous bird*—————
An human face.]—————

Bishop Wilkins was strongly bent on bringing the art of flying to perfection. He mentions it in most of his works. After having enumerated the several methods proposed, he says, 'Tis the more obvious and common opinion, that this may be effected by wings fastened immediately to the body, this coming nearest to the imitation of nature. 'Tis related of a certain English monk, called Elmerus, about the Confessor's time, that he did by such wings fly from a tower above a furlong; and to another from St. Mark's steeple in Venice; another at Norinberg; and Busbequius speaks of a Turk in Constantinople, who attempted something this way.' *Dædalus*, Ch. 7.

In another work (That the Moon may be a World) he reasons on the probability of reaching the moon by the help of this art. He computes it to be 180 days journey; endeavours to solve the difficulties which may arise from want of diet and lodging. See his arguments at large, *Prop.* 15.

'The art of flying hath been in all ages attempted, particularly in the times of Friar Bacon, who affirms it to be possible, and that he knew a person who had actually tried it with good success. And even now there are not wanting some in England, who, by experiment, have proved themselves able to do it. The Sieur Befnier, a smith of Sable, hath invented an engine for flying.' *Philosoph. Transact.* Vol. I. page 499, 500, with a cut of the engine, plate 5.

And human limbs appear'd.—With wild amaze,
 Astonish'd at the dire portent, we gaze,
 And meditate return—when, from the flood,
 (For near a spacious river's bank we stood) 315
 A bark emergent rose; with oars well-tim'd,
 Cut the smooth wave, and o'er the surface skim'd.
 Then sunk again, but still her course pursu'd,
 Clear was the stream, and all beneath we view'd.

Swift we retire, with oft-retorted eye, 320
 Left magick charms o'ertake us as we fly.
 Long unpursued we run, at length retreat
 Where an arch'd rock affords a welcome feat.

Chearful

Line 316. *A bark emergent rose.*] Cornel. Drebell made a vessel for James I. to be rowed under water with twelve rowers: It was tried on the Thames. Bishop Wilkins, after solving all the difficulties that might be objected to this submarine navigation, enumerates the advantages of it.

' 1. 'Tis private; a man may go to any coast in the world invisible, without being discovered or prevented in his journey.

' 2. 'Tis safe; from the uncertainty of tides, and the violence of tempests; which do never move the sea above five or six paces deep; from pirates and robbers, which do so infest other voyages; from ice and great frosts, which do so much endanger the passages towards the poles.

' 3. It may be of very great advantage against a navy of enemies, who by this means may be undermined in the waters and blown up.

' 4. It may be of special use for the relief of any place that is besieged by water, to convey unto it invisible supplies; and so likewise for the surprisal of any place that is accessible by water.

' 5. It may be of unspeakable benefit for submarine experiments and discoveries. Several colonies may thus inhabit, having their children bred up without the knowledge of land, who could not chuse but be amazed with strange conceits upon the discovery of this upper world.' *Wilkins's Mathematical Magick*, Book II. Chap. 5.

Cheerful we enter, but within behold
 A serpent shape with many a jointed fold. 325
 Each friendly pow'r invoking to my aid,
 The sleeping form, intrepid, I invade.
 Direct my faulchion on the monster's hide,
 And in the midst his bloodless frame divide.
 But soon, repentant, my rash deed deplore, 330
 For lo! two foes vindictive on the floor;
 Both rear the horned head, and both assail
 With the sharp terrors of the pois'nous tail.
 Again our trenchant blades aloft we heave,
 Dauntless again the fever'd bodies cleave,
 And triumph in the deed. Alas! how blind, 335
 How fond, how prone to err, the human mind!
 How vain our joy! for, (such the will of fate)
 Our conquests still new enemies create.
 Again th' unequal combat we renew,
 Again, surpriz'd, encrease the reptile crew. 340
 And

Line 325. *A serpent shape with many a jointed fold.*] The account of this monster bears a very near resemblance to the description of the Hydra, which has so much employed the pens of the ancients; and also to the Polypus, so celebrated by the moderns.

Line 229. ————— *bloodless frame.*] It must be acknowledged that upon cutting, not the least effusion of blood or *ichor* can be perceived, even by the best microscope. *Natural History of the Polype.*

And now a numerous fry o'erspread the ground,
By slaughter rais'd, and fertile from the wound.

O! for that warning voice which CADMUS heard,
When from the glebe his growing foes appear'd!
Or the strong charms of *COLCHIS' pow'rful maid, 345
In like distress the valiant JASON's aid!

A while retreating we maintain the fight,
Then quit th' enchanted cave with sudden flight:
And cheer'd, th' auspicious land-marks to review,
Thro' the known path, our glad return pursue. 350
He

* Medea.

Line 342. *Fertile from the wound.*]

*Vulneribus fecunda suis. OVID'S Desc. of the Hydra.
Hanc ego ramosum, natis e cade colubris,
Crescentemque malo domui.*

*Art thou proportion'd to the hydra's length,
Who from his wounds, receiv'd augmented strength?
He rais'd an hundred hissing heads in air,
When one I lopt, up sprung a deadly pair.
By his wounds fertile, and with slaughter strong. GAY.*

————— *Hydra secto corpore firmior
Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem. HOR.*

Line 343. *O! for that warning voice.*] The poet in this and the three following lines, alludes to two passages in Ovid's Met. In B. 3. Cadmus sows the dragon's teeth, which immediately produce a crop of armed men, one of whom warns Cadmus (who was preparing to attack them) to desist, and they fought it out among themselves till they destroyed each other. Jason's adventure in the 7th Book exactly resembles this, excepting that the new-raised regiment was determined to attack him, upon which he threw a stone, enchanted by Medea, among them, which created dissensions, produced a civil war, and delivered the hero from his enemies.

He ended, trembling: ftrait I grasp'd my fword,
 And bade them follow. At the dreadful word,
 Fear and confufion ev'ry breaft invade;
 All join the desp'rate purpofe to diffuade;
 But chief THAUMASTES.—Hence; ignoble flave, 355
 Stern I reply, whofe fears infect the brave.
 You, heroes once, inglorious, here remain,
 Aw'd by his words, a daftard, abject train.
 Alone I triumph, if my arms fucceed,
 Or perifh fingle in the hardy deed. 360
 Indignant thus, confiding in the god,
 O'er the drear plain, with haughty fteps I ftrode.

Line 351. to the end.] See the behaviour of Ulyffes. Odyff. B. 10.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE
SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK III.

T

A R G U M E N T.

A Priestess of Rumour relates to SCRIBLERUS the history of the Queen of the country. He is struck with the beauties of an elegant temple, which he describes, as also the Queen's magnificent entry and her personal endowments. He makes himself known to her. She professes her regard for his family and for his own merits, to which she is no stranger: after which she invites him to a partnership of her bed and throne. Scriblerus consults with Albertus, and is advised by him to accede to her proposal of marriage: Saturn endeavours to deter him from it by fearful dreams and omens: notwithstanding which the marriage is celebrated, but the consummation prevented by the flight of two owls, which, added to the foregoing portents, intimidate the hero to that degree, that he resolves to fly from his beloved Queen. Her reproaches and entreaties prevail on him to return, but not till her unhappy impatience has impelled her to give herself a desperate wound, upon which Saturn cuts her fatal hair and she dies.

THE
S C R I B L E R I A D.

BOOK THE THIRD.

HAPLY I stray'd, where midst the cavern'd cells
Of vocal cliffs, fantastic Echo dwells.
My way through serpent windings I pursu'd,
Which deep within the hollow'd rocks were hew'd.

The

Line 3. *My way thro' serpent windings.*] This is an exact representation of the present state of the Latomiæ near Syracuse, the cave where Dyonyfius the tyrant of Sicily is said to have kept his state prifoners: which we have feen thus described.

' It is at this instant, as entire as when it was first made, and still retains that surprizing power of reverberating founds. It is a large cavern cut horizontally into a rock 72 feet high, 27 broad, and 219 in depth. The entrance is of the shape of an afs's ear, and the inside somewhat of the form of the letter S. On the top of the cave there is a groove, which runs from one end to the other, and has a communication with a small room at the top of the entrance, now inaccessible by reason of the height and steepness of the rock. This is imagined to have been a guard-room where the tyrant used to place a centinel, who, by hearing every the least whisper of the prifoners within, made his report accordingly to his masters. We fired a pistol in it, which made a noise like thunder; when one of us went to the end, and there fetched his breath, he was heard very distinctly by those without; and when a letter was unfolded as gently as possible, it seemed as if somebody had flapped a sheet of paper close to your ear.'

The walls, inclining with an inward slope, 5
 End in a narrow groove and join at top.
 From side to side reverberate, they bear
 The quick vibrations of the trembling air ;
 Hence weakest sounds the vaulted cavern shake,
 And whispers deaf'ning on the senses break. 10
 The cave of Rumour. O'er a spacious vent,
 With head reclin'd, her list'ning Priestess bent.
 (The Pythian thus imbib'd th' inspiring steam ;
 Thus gave TROPHONIUS the prophetic dream.)
 Swift from her seat, at my approach, she sprung, 15
 And thus she spake with more than mortal tongue.
 Thrice welcome, wand'rer, to this happy land,
 The work and glory of its Sov'reign's hand.
 Our Queen, with kind compassion, all receives,
 But the first honours to the stranger gives : 20
 Herself a stranger once, tho' here she reigns :
 A distant exile from her native plains.

Northward

Line 11. *O'er a spacious vent.*] It is evident from the testimony of many ancient authors, that at Delphi and all other oracles, divine inspiration was conveyed through certain vents, over which the prophetess leaned her head and sometimes sat. Fontenelle has adopted the strange conceit of Van Dale, who supposes that the persons who went into Trophonius's cave were dosed with the fume and smoke of certain drugs, which caused extravagant dreams. But this idle imagination is wisely refuted by an anonymous author in his answer to Fontenelle's *Hist. of Oracles*: who, whether we consider his learning or his faith, justly deserves a place in the Scriblerian archives.

Line 19. *Et infra.*] Virg. *Æn.* B. 1:

Northward as far beyond the torrid zone,
 Her husband held an undisputed throne.
 Till restless faction, big with murd'rous strife, 25
 Depriv'd th' unguarded monarch of his life.
 Dread and despair the drooping Queen affright:
 Grief wastes the day, and ghastly dreams the night.
 Before her eyes her husband stood confest;
 Rear'd his pale face, and bar'd his bleeding breast. 30
 At length advis'd her flight, but first reveal'd
 Where all his choicest treasures lay conceal'd.
 A chosen band the sacred stores convey
 O'er the rude waves; a woman leads the way.
 This isle she chose, her growing empire's seat; 35
 Here she enjoys an undisturb'd retreat:
 Here, where no pitchy keels pollute the sea,
 Nor restless commerce ploughs the wat'ry way.
 The Priests thus my longing bosom fir'd—
 I left the tale unfinish'd and retir'd. 40
 Soon I descry'd where, near a cypress wood,
 A dome, upheld by stately columns, stood:

Where

Line 25. *Till restless faction.*] Most critics are of opinion, that the following lines allude to the factions of the Virtuosi which arose in England when the Newtonian philosophy, introducing a cautious diffidence, tamely circumscribed the enterprising flights of genius, and absolutely banished the nobler inventions of the preceding age.

Line 37. *Here, where no pitchy keels pollute the sea.*] We must be so ingenuous as to confess, that our author has borrowed this panegyric from a celebrated Spanish poet.

Where brass and variegated marbles join
 Their mingled beams to grace the splendid shrine.
 Here glittering ores their native charms unfold; 45
 There yellow mundic shines like burnish'd gold.
 Sulphurs and marcasites their beams display,
 And lucid crystals rival TITAN'S ray.
 Rang'd as a cornice, various fossils stand,
 The mimic sport of nature's wanton hand. 50
 Mitre and turban-forms the work adorn,
 Triton's huge trump, and Ammon's boasted horn.
 Here fibrous plants with many a branching vein,
 And there the curious texture of the brain.
 But how, O! how shall fancy's pow'r recall 55
 The forms that breath'd along the pictur'd wall!

Where

Line 43. *Where brass and variegated marbles join.*] This taste has lately been introduced in England. They ornament chimney-pieces, &c. with many different sorts of marble, and cover the joints with thin plates of polished brass.

Line 46. *There yellow mundic.*] Mundic is a brown glittering substance, found in great quantities in the tin-mines.

Line 47.] Marcasite of copper is about the bigness of an apple, brown without, yellow and crystalline within, brilliant and shining.

Line 52.] A shell called the Buccinum. The Cornu Ammonis, is a fossil shaped like a ram's horn.

Line 53.] A large submarine weed, whose fibres resemble a curious network.

Line 54.] The brainstone, so called, from the resemblance its surface bears to the human brain.

Where in Mosaic wrought; the shells surpass
 The pencil'd canvass or the sculptur'd brass.
 Dearest to nature first are seen a race
 Who bear the marks of her peculiar grace. 60
 Here griffons, harpies, dragons mix in flight,
 Here wild chimera rears her triple height.
 In glowing colours mighty GERYON stands,
 And bold BRIAREUS wields his hundred hands.
 While thus my soul these empty shades possess, 65
 What sudden pangs invade my heedless breast!
 When, in blest shells of liveliest hue pourtray'd,
 I saw fair LINDAMIRA'S form display'd:
 I started at the sight: adown my cheek
 The swelling tears, in rapid torrents break: 70
 Then thus: What region in the world but knows
 My hapless passion and illustrious woes?
 Lo! as in life, the dear sad object stands,
 And makes my suff'rings known in distant lands—
 When sudden, ent'ring at the lofty gate, 75
 The Queen herself approach'd in solemn state.

Her .

Line 68. *I saw fair Lindamira.*] See Memoirs of Scriblerus.

Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis.

VIRG. B. I.

Line 71.] *Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*

VIRG. B. I.

Her head th' inextricable Plica grac'd :
 Whose folds descending, veil'd her beauteous waist,
 Then length'ning downwards, form'd a regal train,
 And swept, with awful majesty, the plain. 80
 On her fair front a goodly horn she bore :
 But nor the crown or gay tiara wore.
 Frequent and thick, o'er all her limbs were seen
 Th' elongated papillæ of the skin.
 Graceful excrecence of resplendent horn, 85
 Like the shagg'd velvet, or the new-reap'd corn.
 Never but once beheld I, till that hour,
 Such finish'd charms. I gaze and I adore.
 She mounts the throne, and hearing ev'ry cause,
 Directs her judgment by great Nature's laws. 90
 Where

Line 77. *Her head th' inextricable Plica grac'd.*] A matting together of hair, commonly called the Plica Polonica, because it is epidemical in Poland, and rarely found elsewhere. The hair, so platted together, grows to a surprising length, which is not to be prevented, by reason that it is mortal to cut it, a great effusion of blood always ensuing. See it described *Philosoph. Transact.* Vol. 6. Part 3. Chap. 3.

Line 83. *Frequent and thick.*] There was a very extraordinary person in London, in the year 1743, who during his residence there, was visited by most of the nobility and gentry, virtuosi and philosophers of that metropolis. His skin (excepting only his face and the palms of his hands) was entirely grown over with an horny excrecence, called by the naturalists the elongation of the papillæ. Each particular excrecence was about the size of a small barley straw; they lay close together, and made an even surface, exactly like the surface of plush or velvet. They were of different lengths in different parts of his body. Stroking your hand down his leg or arm, they rattled like the return of a hard brush, but louder, as they were of a much harder consistence than the stiffest hair.

Where nice distinction doubtful claims divides,
 Duly she weighs, impartial she decides.
 To her the vegetable kingdom owes
 A sure protection from invading foes,
 Who oft the sprouting coral strive to gain, 95
 And earth-born mandrake, from its rightful reign.
 Now solemn heralds led me to the throne,
 And bade my nation and my name make known.
 Thus, to the monarch, I my speech address :
 O ! foremost still to succour the distress, 100
 From northern isles, from a far distant strand,
 By adverse winds, I tread this pleasing land.
 Behold SCRIBLERUS, no ignoble name ;
 (Earth sounds my wisdom, and high heaven my fame.)
 Now a sad fugitive, and tempest-toft, 105
 Driv'n with confusion, from each neighbour coast,
 O ! grant the refuge of thy friendly shores :
 Supply with bounteous hand our wasted stores :

Else

Line 91. *et infra.*] The principal contests which have divided the virtuous of all ages, and which daily arise, are from the difficulty of deciding in what class subjects of middle qualities shall be ranged. Thus some affirm a sponge to be an animal ; others a vegetable ; while others contend that it is inanimate.

Line 103. *Behold Scriblerus.*] So far is our hero from vainglory, which some critics have ignorantly accused him of, that he is here so humble he does not even venture to speak his own words, but delivers himself in those of his great example, Ulysses. Odyss. B. 9.

Behold Ulysses, no ignoble name ;
 Earth sounds my wisdom, and high heav'n my fame.

U

Else rashly we attempt th' unmeasur'd way,
And death awaits us on the barren sea. 110

Elate with pleasure, stagger'd with surprize,
So wills the mindful god, the Queen replies,
Arc you the great SCRIBLERUS, dear to fame,
Who, from high PLINY trac'd, your lineage claim?
The fame whom learned BARTHIUS' daughter bore
To fam'd CORNELIUS on the BRITISH shore?
I lov'd old GASPAR; greatly lov'd thy fire:
Nor less thy virtues, courteous guest, admire.
Accept that name; and, if thou not disdain,
Friend to my foul and partner of my reign. 120

Then I. Ah! cease, too gen'rous, to o'erpow'r
Thine humblest slave with all thy bounty's store.
Such godlike blessings from so fair a hand,
Eternal praise and gratitude demand.

While

Line 112. *The mindful god.*] See Book 2. line 288.

Line 113.] *Tunc ille Æneas quem Dardanio Anchisæ
Alma Venus peperit Phrygiæ Simoentis ad undas?*

Are you the great Æneas, known to fame,
Who from celestial feed your lineage claim?
The fame Æneas whom fair Venus bore
To fam'd Anchises on th' Iæan shore?

DRYD.

For the genealogy of Scriblerus here mentioned, see *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, the beginning.

While on earth's surface fruits and flowrets blow 125
 And fossils vegetate in beds below,
 In coral polypes haunt, in snow the bear,
 Whales sport in seas, and eels in vinegar,
 While bright volcanos spout eternal flame,
 So long shall last the glories of thy name. 130
 I said,—the gracious monarch infant sends
 The wish'd refection to my dubious friends :
 But from their longing arms their chief detains,
 And strives to bind with love's resistless chains.
 At her desire the series I relate 135
 Of my long wand'ring and disastrous fate.
 Deep sunk my suff'rings in her yielding heart,
 Transpierc'd with love's inevitable dart,
 And fix'd as some impal'd and helpless fly,
 Who bleeds a victim to the optician's eye, 140
 Before

Line 125. *While, &c.] In freta dum fluvii, &c.*

VIRG. B. 1.

While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
 And round the space of heav'n the radiant sun,
 While trees the mountain tops with shade supply,
 Your honour, name, and praise shall never die.

DRYD.

Line 139. *And fix'd as some impal'd and helpless fly.]*

*Uritur in felix Dido totaque vagatur
 Urbe furens qualis coniecta Cerva sagitta, &c.
 ----- hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*

VIRG. ÆN. L. 4.

Before his glafs spins in repeated round,
 And frives to flutter from the deadly wound :
 Firm and unmov'd the speculative sage
 Eyes the vain efforts of its infect rage.

Soon as the morn dispens'd her earliest ray, 145
 Strait to the shore I urg'd my speedy way.
 Dissolv'd in tears my anxious friends I found,
 The untouch'd cates neglected on the ground.
 As when some afs (hir'd haply to repair
 The riot-wasted rake or love-sick fair) 150
 From her fond young, the tedious morning strays,
 Driv'n thro' some pop'lous city's crouded ways ;
 Her absence, pent in dismal cots, they mourn :
 But wild with rapture, at her blest return,
 They leap, they bound, their braying fills the plain,
 And the glad hills repeat the harmonious strain. 155

So

So when the watchful shepherd from the blind,
 Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind ;
 Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
 Bounds o'er the lawn and seeks the silent floods,
 With fruitless care ; for still the fatal dart
 Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart.

Line 149. *As when some afs, &c.]*

As from fresh pastures and the dewy field
 (When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)
 The lowing herds return ; around them throng,
 With leaps and bounds, their late imprison'd young,
 Rush to their mothers with unruly joy,
 And echoing hills return the tender cry :
 So round me press'd, exulting at my sight, &c.

Ulysses's account of his return to his friends
 from Circe's court. ODYSSEY. B. 10.

So round me prest, now rescued from despair,
Th' exulting crew, my fortunes I declare.

The welcome stores they to the bark convey :

Then chearful follow where I lead the way. 160

Soon as we reach'd the dome, the Queen invites
To the spread feast and hospitable rites.

Again she asks to hear the moving tale,

Again big tears her melting heart reveal.

Now all to rest retire : but sleep denies 165

His balmy blessings to my anxious eyes.

Long ere the sun had left his eastern goal,

Thus to ALBURTUS I disclose my soul.

Seest thou, with eyes like mine, this matchless Queen,

Her rare endowments, her majestic mein ? 170

With ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace is join'd,

And as her form, prodigious is her mind.

What gen'rous proffers has her bounty made,

Of half her throne and half her blisful bed !

Yes, I confess, since LINDAMIRA'S love, 175

No other charms, like these my breast could move :

The same their merits, my desire the same :

I feel rekindling all my former flame.

Were I not bound by ev'ry sacred vow,

Never again at HYMEN'S shrine to bow, 180

Perhaps

Line 169. *et infra.*] See Dido's first speech, and her sister's answer. VIRG.
Æn. B. 4.

Perhaps her peerless beauties might controul
The weak resolves of my unstable soul.—

While my rack'd breast these struggling tumults shook,
Thus on my speech the kind ALBERTUS broke ;
Say, will you still a joyless wanderer rove, 185
And never taste the soft delights of love ?
Nor in your offspring glad th' astonish'd earth,
The happy parent of a wond'rous birth ?
And sure, no less shall grace your nuptial bed,
For can aught vulgar from the Queen proceed ? 190
Wisely, I grant, you shunn'd the weak alarms
Of common beauty and quotidian charms ;
But O ! imprudent, should you now disclaim
A pleasing passion and auspicious flame.
With mutual warmth, her proffer'd love receive, 195
And taste the joys her heavenly beauties give.
While thus his pleasing counsel he address'd,
Alas ! too grateful to my love-sick breast !
Sudden aloud the good ALBERTUS sneez'd :
I yield, and follow with the omen pleas'd. 200

The

Line 187. *Nor in your offspring.*]

Nec dulces uatos veneris neque premia noris ?

VIRG. B. 4.

Line 192. *Quotidian charms.*]

Tedet quotidianarum harum formarum. TERENCE EUNUCH.

Line 199. *Albertus sneez'd.*]

She spoke. Telemachus then sneez'd aloud ;
Constrain'd his nostril echo'd thro' the crowd.

The monarch now her learned treasures shows,
 And pleas'd each mystic science to disclose,
 Illustrates by what powers huge vessels glide,
 Conceal'd beneath the surface of the tide.
 How, by her arts, her subjects learn to rise
 On filken wings, and cut the liquid skies.
 Or, to the winds, in cars of lightest cane,
 Spread the broad sail, and swiftly skim the plain.

205

Much

The smiling Queen the happy omen blest:
 Somay these impious fall, by fate oppress.

ODYSS. B. 17.

Xenophon having ended a speech to his soldiers with these words, viz. "We have many reasons to hope for preservation." They were scarce uttered when a certain soldier sneezed; the whole army took the omen, and at once paid adoration to the gods. Then Xenophon, resuming his discourse, proceeded, "Since, my fellow soldiers, at the mention of our preservation, Jupiter has sent "this omen," &c.

Line 207. ----- in cars of lightest cane,

Spread the broad sail, and swiftly skim the plain.]

----- Sericana, when Chineses drive
 With sails and wind, their cany waggons light.

MILTON, B. 3.

Bishop Wilkins was much pleased with the contrivance of a sailing carriage. 'What can be more delightful, says he, or better husbandry, than to make use of the wind (which costs nothing, and eats nothing) instead of horses? That such chariots are commonly used in the champaign plains of China, is frequently affirmed by divers credible authors. Boterus mentions, that they have been tried also in Spain, though with what success he doth not specify. But above all other experiments to this purpose, that sailing chariot at Shevelling in Holland, is more eminently remarkable; it was made by the direction of Stephinus, and is celebrated by many authors. Walchius affirms it to be of so great a swiftness for its motion, and yet of so great a capacity for its burden, that it did far exceed the

Much I applaud, for much I all admire.
 Thus mutual pleasures fan our growing fire. 210
 As when in vinegar, at distance plac'd;
 To join two self-mov'd Astroites haste;
 Our heaving hearts, with fond impatience, move,
 And pant for contact, with attractive love.
 Nor can our eager passion brook delay, 215
 We, for our spoufals, name th' ensuing day.
 How shall my tongue the sad reverse of fate,
 And terrors of the dreadful night relate?
 Oft rose fair LINDAMIRA's frowning shade:
 My purpose oft with boding voice forbade. 220
 So JULIA menac'd round her POMPEY's bed,
 Ere CÆSAR conquer'd, and PHARSALIA bled.
 With her, my swarthy rival blasts my fight,
 And casts a blacker horror on the night.
 Th' affembled lawyers next (tremendous band) 225
 Rose to my view, and all my soul unman'd.
 But chief, O! chief! the Queen herself opprest,
 And, with dire om'nous action, chill'd my breast.

Stern

the speed of any ship, though we should suppose it to be carried in the open sea with never so prosperous a wind. That eminent inquisitive man Peireskius, having travelled to Shevelling for the sight and experience of this chariot, affirms that it went 42 miles in two hours.' Math. Magic, B. 2. ch. 2.

Line 211. *As when in vinegar.*] The small astroites or star-stones, when immersed in vinegar, will move till they touch each other.

Line 223. ——— *swarthy rival.*] The black prince of Monomotapa. Memoirs of Scriblerus.

Stern she approach'd, and, with contemptuous look,
 The horn opprobrious from her forehead took 230
 And fix'd on mine: when, sudden o'er my head,
 Portentous growth! luxuriant antlers spread.
 Wide and more wide the teeming branches shoot,
 And ceaseless suckers issue from the root.
 Such ghastly visions waste the dismal night: 235
 I rose, dejected, with the morning light.
 The sun I sought: behind a murky cloud,
 Shorn of his beams, he dimly frown'd in blood,
 And now, already at my gate was seen
 An early herald from th' impatient Queen. 240
 Dissembling, I suppress the rising tear,
 And strive th' unprosperous moments to defer.
 In vain: already at the altar stands
 Th' officious priest to join our hapless hands.
 Oh sad effects of too neglectful haste! 245
 No hymeneal rites our nuptials grac'd.
 No

Line 246. *No Hymeneal rites.*] Thus Lucan, Book 2, represents Cato receiving Marcia without any marriage ceremonies.

Festa coronato non pendent limine festa. L. 354, et infra.

No garlands gay the cheerful portal crown'd,
 Nor woolly fillets wove the posits around;
 No genial bed with rich embroidery grac'd,
 On iv'ry steps in lofty state was plac'd;
 No hymeneal torch preceding shone,
 No matron put the tow'ry frontlet on,
 Nor bade her feet the sacred threshold shun.

}

No hallow'd priest the festal victim flew,
 And the curs'd gall behind the altar threw.
 Nor did the slaves the flaming torches bear,
 Nor burn the axle of the bridal car ; 250
 With flow'rs or woolly fillets deck the door,
 Or figs, the type of future plenty, pour ;
 Nor wild asparagus at once imply'd
 The courtship and possession of the bride ;
 No sportive songsters hail'd the genial time, 255
 Chaunting the fescennine licentious rhyme.
 Nor did the bride the solemn barley bear,
 Nor with the spear divide her flowing hair,
 Or yellow veil of mystic purport wear. }
 No matron's voice her eager steps forbade 260
 The sacred threshold of the porch to tread.
 No decent zone secur'd her looser waist,
 But ev'ry rite was lost in shameless haste !
 Hymen his sacred influence withdraws,
 And sees, with anger, his neglected laws. 265
Soon

No yellow veil was loosely thrown, to hide
 The rising blushes of the trembling bride ;
 No glitt'ring zone her flowing garments bound,
 Nor sparkling gems her neck encompass'd round ;
 No silken scarf, nor decent winding lawn
 Was o'er her naked arms and shoulders drawn ;
 No sabbine mirth provokes the bridegroom's ears,
 Nor sprightly wit the glad assembly cheers.

ROWE'S Lucan, B. 2. l. 544.

Soon as within the sacred fane I came,
 Sudden, extinguish'd, sunk the hallow'd flame.
 Ghosts howling, sadden the long isle's dark gloom,
 And sweats of blood distil from ev'ry tomb.

To wait a more propitious hour, I move ; 270
 But she o'er-rules my fears with eager love.
 Th' obedient priests dispatch with trembling haste,
 Thence move, with pomp, to grace the nuptial feast.
 The bride, transported, smiles with open soul,
 Gay from the feast, and wanton from the bowl ; 275
 To her lov'd grot, with fond desire, invites,
 There to consummate Hymen's blissful rites.

Deep in the dark recesses of the wood
 A cave obscur'd with gloomy laurels stood.
 Ivy, within, the verdant roof o'erspread 280
 With pendant foliage, a luxuriant shade !
 The ruin'd walls the monarch's hand adorns
 With mould'ring stones, rough moss, and broken urns.
 O'er these, with studied negligence, she spreads
 Strange roots, gay garlands, and fantastic weeds. 285
 Rough unhewn steps lead to the dark retreat,
 And a vast mat presents an ample seat.

This grot she destin'd for the nuptial night,
 Sacred to love and conscious of delight.
 Unstable state of wretched human kind ! 290
 Faithless as seas, and fickle as the wind :

The gentlest blast may nip our blooming joy :
 The flightest wave our baseless bliss destroy.
 Our fleeting pleasure no duration knows,
 But ebbs, ere well we can perceive it flows. 295
 Now, happiest pair, we reach th' auspicious bow'r,
 Big with the transports of the genial hour ;
 When lo ! two owls, who, with the like design,
 Retir'd, in silence, to the secret shrine ;
 Rush forth, with loud complainings, from the cave, 300
 And, with sad sighs, their loves unfinish'd leave.
 SATURN, to thwart my rising joys intent,
 The boding augury, terrific, sent ;
 He, with foul dreams, my trembling bosom chill'd
 And all my soul with deadly horror fill'd. 305
 Hence, at the last portent, with wild affright,
 From the fond Queen I wing my speedy flight.
 And, urg'd with flame, not knowing how to bear
 Her just reproach for my dishonest fear,
 Strait to the ready crew I give the word, 310
 And summon all with swiftest speed on board.

Aurora now had left TITHONUS' bed :
 When to the shore by fatal fury led,

The

Line 301. *Loves unfinish'd.*
 and there consummate their unfinish'd loves.

DRYDEN'S Turtles.

Line 312. *Aurora now had left Tithonus' bed.*] In the life of Virgil, prefixed
 to Mr. Dryden's translation, we have the following remark: " We may observe,
 " on

The monarch haftes; the parting bark ſhe view'd,
And thus, with ſcoffs, my coward flight purſu'd. 315

Unmanly traitor, whom nor honor awes,
Nor ſacred gratitude's eternal laws;
Vaunt not thyſelf from great SCRIBLERUS ſprung;
Thy coward ſoul belies thy boaſtful tongue.

Thee not the learned BARTHIUS' daughter bore, 320
Bred 'midſt the rocks of SCOTIA's barren ſhore,
The lifeleſs offspring of her blaſted trees,
Nurs'd, as brought forth, amidſt thy kindred geeſe.

Al

' on this occaſion, it is an art peculiar to Virgil, to intimate the event by
' ſome preceding accident. He hardly ever deſcribes the riſing of the ſun, but
' with ſome circumſtance which fore-ſignifies the fortune of the day. For
' inſtance, when Æneas leaves Africa and queen Dido, he thus deſcribes the
' fatal morning :

' Tithoni croccum linquens Aurora cubile.'

And for the remark we ſtand indebted to the curious pencil of Pollio.

Line 316, *et infra.*] See Dido's ſpeeches, VIRG. B. 4.

Line 321. *Bred 'midſt the rocks.*]

Nec tibi diva parens—————
—————*Sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens,*
Caucasus Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres. VIRG. L. 4.

Line 322. *The lifeleſs offspring of her blaſted trees,*
Nurs'd, as brought forth, amidſt thy kindred geeſe.]

Theſe geeſe are frequent in the weſtern iſles of Scotland, and commonly known
by the name of Barnacles, which word our great philoſopher derives from
Beapn a child, and aac an oak, Saxon. The legend of them informs us that they
grow out of rotten trees by the bill, as fruit by its ſtalk.

As barnacles turn Solan geeſe
In th' iſlands of the Orcades.

HUDIBRAS.

Ah whither do my various passions rove ?
 Still must I censure whom I still must love ? 325
 How could'st thou, cruel, from thy comfort run,
 The sacred rites of Hymen but begun ?
 Scorn'd and neglected leave the nuptial bed,
 And all the mighty debt of love unpaid ?
 Oh ! had you but bestow'd one fond embrace, 330
 Ere yet you fled from this once valued face ;
 Perhaps I had not then despair'd to see
 Some young SCRIBLERUS, heav'nly fair, like thee.
 If fate, reluctant to compleat my joy,
 Denied the blessing of a sprightly boy, 335
 Some embryo semblance of thy form divine,
 At least had floated in the glassy shrine.
 Fond flatt'ring hope possession had supply'd,
 Nor had you left me so forlorn a bride.

Fir'd

Line 336. *Some embryo semblance of thy form divine.*]

Saltum in qua mihi do te suscepta fuisset
Ante fugam soboles : si quis mihi parvulus aula
Luderet Æneas, qui te tantum ore referrat,
Non equidem omnino capta aut deserta viderer.

VIRG. L. 4.

Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,
 And left behind some pledge of our delight,
 Some babe to bless the mother's mournful fight ;
 Some young Æneas to supply your place,
 Whose features might express his father's face :
 I should not then complain to live bereft
 Of all my husband, or be wholly left.

DRYD.

Fir'd at that sacred name, again contest 340
 The jarring passions in my bleeding breast.
 The friendless vagrant, not content to save,
 Rare arts I taught, and choicest presents gave ;
 Not ev'n ourself with-held, but fondly led
 The coward boaster to my bridal bed— 345
 Now signs are seen—now Saturn omens fends—
 And visions bode, and augury portends—
 Such cares, forsooth, disturb the peaceful fowl,
 And to distressed poor lovers flies the owl.

If

Line 346. *Now signs are seen,—&c.*] The breaks in this speech bear a near resemblance to the interrupted sense which is the striking merit of that admired speech of Dido.

—————*Ejectum littore egenum*
Excepi, et regni demens in parte locavi—————
Heu furiis incensa feror—————*nunc augur Apollo*—————
Nunc Lyciæ sortes—————*nunc, &c.*

VIRG. B. 4.

'Tis surprising that Mr. Dryden should so little feel the force of these breaks, as to foist in a connective sentence, where Virgil has visibly intended the transition should be most abrupt.

I rave, I rave, a god's command he pleads,
 And makes heav'n accessory to his deeds.
 Now Lycian lots, and now, &c.

Line 348. *Such cares forsooth; et infra, to the end of her speech.*] Nothing is more natural than for a person thoroughly exasperated to fly out in sallies of sarcastic wit. Of this kind is that celebrated speech of Dido.

Sollicitat—————
Sollicitat—————
Scilicet is superis labor est : ea cura quietos
I sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas.
Spero equidem mediis, &c.

If ere futurity by signs was known, 350
 To me some omen had thy baseness shown ;
 Victims had wanted ev'ry nobler part,
 And, to denote thee truly, chief the heart.

Her rueful moanings my compassion move,
 And to my breast recall affrighted love. 355
 I feel his dictates o'er my fears prevail,
 And call to change our course and shift the fail.
 But oh ! I scarce had giv'n the tardy word,
 Ere her rash hand her bleeding bosom gor'd.
 Shock'd at the dreadful fight, ply ev'ry oar, 360
 Eager, I cry, and instant make the shore—
 Rous'd by my well-known voice, again revive
 Her drooping spirits, and she strives to live.
 When lo ! vindictive Saturn reach'd the strand,
 And seiz'd the Plica with relentless hand. 365

Then

Line 352. *Victims had wanted.*

Cæsar. What say the augurs ?

Messenger. They would not have you to stir forth to-day :
 Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
 They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæsar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice ;
 Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.

JULIUS CÆSAR, Act 2.

Then wav'd aloft his glitt'ring scythe in air,
And cropt, for ever cropt, the fatal hair.
A deathful slumber clos'd her beauteous eyes:
And her freed soul regain'd her native skies.

Line 367.] See the death of Dido, VIRG. B. 4. the end.

To cut the Plica Polonica is certain death.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

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THE HISTORY OF THE

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THE
SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK IV.

A R G U M E N T.

The Queen appearing to SCRIBLERUS, as he lies in a swoon, informs him that all his misfortunes are owing to the murder of the Acrostick, for whose death he must make atonement, and celebrate games to his memory. The hero returns to the violated island, and submissively sues for peace. Then follow the games. SCRIBLERUS establishes a lasting friendship with the islanders, and retires loaded with presents. He pursues his course up the Red Sea, and travels over the desert to Cairo. He briefly touches his journey from thence in quest of the petrified city, and concludes with his affliction for the loss of his treasures. The pilgrims condoling with him thereon, are interrupted by an omen which they interpret in his favour; then praying for his success, and presenting him with the most valuable of their treasures, they depart.

THE
S C R I B L E R I A D.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

MY shudd'ring frame, unnerv'd with horror, sunk
Extended on the deck a lifeless trunk.
My foul uncumber'd with corporeal ties,
At large thro' fancy's boundless empire flies:
Full in my sight the Queen's lov'd form appears, 5
Awakes reflexion, and renews my tears.
But soon her voice my rising griefs forbad,
And thus began the visionary shade.
I come not fondly to upbraid, but show
The fatal origin of all thy woe, 10
And to direct its cure. From one rash deed,
Th' Acrostick's murder, all thy woes proceed.
Then seek with speed the violated coast;
With sacrifice appease his injur'd ghost.
Games and lustrations must avert thy doom, 15
And rites execual grace his honour'd tomb.

Yet,

Yet, ere from hence the parting sail you spread,
Be one sad office to my mem'ry paid.

In yon lone grove's remotest corner stands
A structure, rais'd by these ill fated hands. 20

Huge intermingling fibrous roots, dispos'd
With curious art, a pyramid composed.

Bones lin'd the walls, in rustick order placed:
The gloomy roof the smoak of tapers graced:
Skulls grinn'd around, and ashes lay beneath: 25

The bow'r of contemplation and of death.

Here as I sat and moan'd my widow'd love

With tears, my hapless hands Asbestus wove,

And form'd a shroud. To this my corse intrust,

And save my ashes from the vulgar dust: 30

While

Line 28. Asbestus is a mineral substance of a whitish silver colour, and a woolly texture, consisting of small threads or longitudinal fibres, endued with the wonderful property of resisting fire, and remaining unconsumed in the most intense heat. The industry of mankind has found a method of working this mineral, and employing it in divers manufactures, chiefly cloth and paper.

This kind of linen cloth was highly esteemed by the ancients, and then better known, and more common than among us.

Pliny l. 18. cap. 1. says, he himself had seen napkins thereof, which being taken foul from the table, after a feast, were thrown into the fire, and by that means were better scoured than if they had been washed in water: but its principal use, according to Pliny, was for the making of shrouds for royal funerals, to wrap up the corpse, so as the ashes might be preserved distinct from that of the wood whereof the funeral pile was composed: and the Princes of Tartary, according to the accounts in the Philosophical Transactions, still use it at this day in burning their dead.

A handkerchief or pattern of this linen was presented to the Royal Society, a foot long, and half a foot broad. This gave two proofs of its resisting fire; though in both experiments it lost above three drams in its weight.

While quick-consuming flames at once devour
 My poor remains, and death-devoted bower.
 With marble then the pyramid replace ;
 And let my bones inurn'd the summit grace.

With sighs she ended. Thrice in vain I strove 35
 To clasp the fleeting object of my love.

She flies my grasp unfelt, as shadows pass,
 Or hands protruded from the concave glass.

Obedient to the visionary fair,
 Her obsequies employ our pious care. 40

The pile consum'd, with marble we replace,
 And with her bones inurn'd the summit grace:

Then naked run, in frantick courses, round
 Th' anointed tomb with flow'rs and chaplets crown'd.

Such

Line 35.] *Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum,
 Ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,
 Par levibus ventis volucrique simillima fomno.*

VIRG. ÆN. B. 1.

And thrice about her neck my arms I flung ;
 And thrice deceiv'd on vain embraces hung ;
 Light as an empty dream at break of day,
 Or as a blast of wind, she rush'd away.

DRYDEN.

Line 38. *Or hands protruded from the concave glass.*] This phænomenon (which is the greatest of all deceptions in opticks) is well known to those who have seen the concave mirror. If a man moves his hand towards the focus of the glass, the reflected image will appear to come out and touch it, and the shadow of the fingers intermix and play with the real fingers.

Line 44. *Th' anointed tomb.*] ' Alexander when he visited Troy, honoured the heroes who were buried there ; especially Achilles, whose tomb he anointed, and, with his friends, as the ancient custom was, ran naked about his sepulchre, and crowned it with garlands.' PLUTARCH'S Life of Alex.

Such myftick rites to great Pelides' fhade, 45
 On Xanthus' banks, Æmathia's hero paid.

With profp'rous winds we fail. The joyful crew
 Transported hail the wifh'd-for fhores in view.
 Strait we felect a venerable band ;

The peaceful olive waves in every hand. 50

Onward they march, and to the chiefs explain

Our deep contrition for th' Acroftick flain :

And fue for peace. The bards accept our love

With mutual zeal, and to the temple move

To ratify their vows. An awful fhrine ! 55

Sacred to Phœbus ; where at once combine

Whate'er of fplendor, beauty, grace, or art,

The moft exalted fancy can impart.

Nor yields this pile to that celeftial fane,

The work of Vulcan, in th' ætherial plain. 60

Within the dome, in lofty niches flood

Six ftatues carv'd of cedar's od'rous wood.

The

Line 56. *Sacred to Phœbus.*] See Dunciad, B. 4. Note on Phœbus.

Line 59. ————— *that celeftial fane,*
The work of Vulcan, in th' ætherial plain.]

Defcrib'd by Ovid, B. 2.

Regia folis erat fublimibus alta columnis
Clara micante auro, flammæque imitante pyropo, &c.

Line 61.] See the defcription of Latinus's palace and the fix ftatues.

VIRG. ÆN. B. 7.

The sacred band great TRIPHODORUS leads ;
 High o'er the baffled alphabet he treads.
 Next him th' intrepid CHÆRILUS appears ; 65
 His boastful hand the royal bounty bears.
 Elate with ancient praise, old BAVIUS fits :
 There LEONINUS, first of modern wits.
 On the proud elephant, in triumph, thron'd,
 QUERNO, with Rome's imperial laurel crown'd, 70
 Shakes his anointed head, in act to speak,
 While tears of joy run trickling down his cheek.
 The next, a lofty poetess was seen ;
 Beauteous her face, majestic was her mien.

Severe

Line 63.] ‘ Triphiodorus the lipogrammatist compos'd an odyssey, or epic poem, on the adventures of Ulysses, consisting of 24 books, having entirely banish'd the letter A. from his first book, which was call'd Alpha (as *lucus a non lucendo*) because there was not an Alpha in it. His second book was inscrib'd Beta, for the same reason. In short, the poet excluded the whole twenty-four letters in their turns, and shew'd them one after another, that he could do his business without them.’ SPECTATOR, No. 59.

Line 65.] *Gratus Alexandro Regi magno fuit ille*
Chærilus -----
Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.

Line 68.] *There Leoninus.*] Author of the Leonine or rhyming verse.

Trajicit. I, verbis virtutem illude superbis. . . . VIRG. lib. 9. l. 634:

is a proof that Virgil admir'd this sort of verse, notwithstanding the following false assertion of Mr. Dryden in the preface to his translation.

‘ Virgil had them in such abhorrence, that he would rather make a false Syntax than such a verse as this of Ovid.’

Vir precor uxori, frater succurre forori. .

Line 70. *Querno.*] See the note on B. 2. line 11th of the Dunciad.

Severe reward of pride ! that lovely form 75
 No more thy tranfinigrated foul shall warm ;
 Chang'd to a bird, for ever doom'd to fly
 With party-colour'd plumes, a chatt'ring pye.

Soon as I tread the temple's sacred floor,
 The laurel flakes, the hollow caverns roar : 80
 Bedew'd with sweat, each awful image flood,
 And big round drops fell from the hallow'd wood.

The vulgar tremble, and would quit the fane,
 But the skill'd feer pronounc'd their terrors vain.
 No threaten'd ills these boding figs portend : 85
 The great SCRIBLERUS comes your dearest friend.

A copious subject for your labour'd song,
 To tire each hand, and weary ev'ry tongue :
 Th' extensive theme his glorious deeds afford,
 Shall sweat fix well-breath'd poets to record. 90

He said : and bade them ply the genial feast.
 Thence, fated, all retire to needful rest.

Soon as AURORA'S beams disperse the gloom,
 The pious croud surround th' ACROSTICK'S tomb :

With

Line 78. *With party-colour'd plumes, a chatt'ring pye.*] A line taken from Dryden's Virgil, B. 7. in the transformation of Picus.

Line 81. *Bedew'd with sweat.*] ' Among other prodigies that preceded the march of Alexander's army towards Persia, the image of Orpheus at Libethra, made of Cyprus wood, was seen to sweat in great abundance, to the discouragement of many ; but Aristander told him, that far from presaging any ill to him, it signified he should perform things so important and glorious, as should make the poets and musicians of future ages labour and sweat to describe and celebrate them.' PLUTARCH.

With solemn pomp begin the rites divine, 95

Pouring the tepid milk and sparkling wine,
And consecrated flour—when, round the grave,
Strange to relate, the ground was seen to heave.

A batten'd mole arises midst the heaps
Of crumbled earth, and to the viands creeps : 100

Around he strays, the rich libation sips,
And tastes the sacred flour with harmless lips.
Thus fed with holy food, the wond'rous guest
Within the hollow tomb retires to rest.

Then I: Suspect no more, thrice-honor'd train, 105
Our vows rejected, or lustration vain.

See the familiar of th' industrious dead,
Propitious omen, on our off'rings fed!
Or shall we deem him genius of the place,
By Phœbus sent our festal pomp to grace? 110

Yon sloping hill's umbrageous side commands
The spacious ocean and the level sands :
The

[Line 99.] See VIRG. l. 5. Where the serpent comes from the tomb of Anchises.

[Line 103. *Thus fed with holy food, the wond'rous guest
Within the hollow tomb retires to rest.*]

Two lines from Dryden's Virgil.

Line 109. *Or shall we deem him genius of the place?*
*Incertus geniumne loci famulumne parentis
Esse putet?*

VIRG. B 5.

Scriblerus's conjecture will be found to be highly judicious, when we consider that industry is the characteristic of these islanders in common with this animal. This is allowed them by Mr. Pope in the following line :

Pains, study, learning, are their just pretence.

The living marble there shall yield a feat,
While solemn games the hallow'd rites compleat.

Thither the prizes bring ordain'd to grace

115

The rapid victor in th' ærial race.

Before the rest an ox majestic stalks :

Six monstrous legs support him as he walks.

On his bold front he rolls three glaring eyes,

And twice ten vulgar oxen was his price.

120

DEIDEMON next conducted to the shore

A female captive valued but at four.

To her, MACHAON, all thy arts were known,

To strain the bandage, or replace the bone.

My swelling heart unable to restrain,

125

I rose, and thus address the list'ning train.

Behold

Line 114. *While solemn games.*] See Iliad, B. 23. Odyss. B. 8. Æn. B. 5. Statius Thebaid, B. 6.

Line 120. *And twice ten vulgar oxen was his price.*] Though the image of an ox was stamp'd on some of the earliest coins, it is the opinion of the most accurate critics, that, in Homer's time, or at least in the times he wrote of, the course of exchange was carried on by real oxen, brass, iron, or slaves; but the specific value of things denominated always by oxen; which being less variable in worth than accidental lumps of unwrought metal, or slaves, which might differ in sex, age, or capacity, were supposed to keep the nearest to a standard. This opinion is confirmed by some lines at the end of the 7th book of the Iliad.

Line 122. *A Female captive valued but at four.*] This line is taken from Pope's Iliad, B. 23.

*A massy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice six oxen its reputed price:
And next, the loser's spirits to restore,
A female captive, valu'd but at four.*

Behold yon matchless beast ordain'd to grace,
 The rapid victor in th' aerial race.
 None from ourself that prize should bear away ;
 But not for triumph is this mournful day. 130
 Far other thoughts my forrowing hours employ,
 And sad contrition holds the place of joy.
 Let brisker youths their active nerves prepare,
 Fit their light filken wings, and skim the buxom air.
 Mov'd by my words, two youths of equal fire 135
 Spring from the croud, and to the prize aspire.
 The one a GERMAN of distinguish'd fame :
 His rival from projecting BRITAIN came.
 They spread their wings, and with a rising bound,
 Swift at the word together quit the ground. 140
 The BRITON's rapid flight outstrips the wind :
 The lab'ring GERMAN urges close behind.
 As some light bark, pursu'd by ships of force,
 Stretches each sail to swell her swifter course,
 The nimble BRITON from his rival flies, 145
 And soars on bolder pinions to the skies.

Sudden.

Line 127.] *See the speech of Achilles, Iliad. 23:*

Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks ! decreed
 To the brave rulers of the racing steed ;
 Prizes which none beside our self could gain,
 Should our immortal coursers take the plain ;
 But this no time our vigour to display.
 Nor suit with them the games of this sad day.

POPE.

Sudden the string, which bound his plumage, broke ;
 His naked arms in yielding air he hook :
 His naked arms no more support his weight,
 But fail him sinking from his airy height. 150
 Yet as he falls, so chance or fate decreed,
 His rival near him urg'd his winged speed,
 Not unobserv'd. (despair suggests a thought)
 Fast by the foot the heedless youth he caught,
 And drew th' insulting victor to the ground : 155
 While rocks and woods with loud applause resound.
 Then I : Behold yon matchless youth compell'd
 By fortune, not superior skill to yield
 His juster glories in the well-flown field. }
 But not unhonor'd shall he halt away, 160
 Or giftless mourn this unauspicious day.
 Yon damsel, for the present, suits not ill :
 For much, alas ! he wants her ablest skill ;
 And to his tent, ere morning, shall be brought,
 A statue of resplendent metals wrought ; 165
 Where ICARUS his silver wings expands,
 And boasts the labour of his father's hands.

Now

Line 166. *Where, Icarus his silver wings expands,
 And boasts the labour of his father's hands.*]

Some critics have asserted, that this statue could not be the work of Dædalus ;
 and for proof of their assertion, bring the lines of Virgil, which we shall sub-
 join, though we think them of no weight against the known veracity of our Author.

Now for those chiefs who cut their calmer way
 Beneath the boist'rous surface of the sea,
 From the tall bark the rich rewards are born : 170
 And first was seen great AMMON'S twisted horn,
 By nature's hand exprest in massive stone :
 Twice six stout porters with the burthen groan.
 Rich SURINAM produc'd the second prize ;
 A toad prolific, of enormous size. 175
 High on her pregnant back her young are born,
 (Her pregnant back with frequent labour torn)
 Thro' her burst skin they force their painful way,
 And issue a portentous birth, to-day.

To

----- *Tu quoq; magnam
 Partem opere in tanto; sineret dolor, Icare, haberes.
 Bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro;
 Bis patria cecidere manus.* -----

VIRG. Lib. 6. l. 30.

Here hapless Icarus had found his part;
 Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.
 He twice essay'd to cast his son in gold;
 Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mould.

DRYD.

Line 169. *Beneath, &c.*] See note on submarine navig. B. 2. l. 316.

Line 175.] The Surinam toad produces its young out of its back in their perfect shape, after having been hatched from eggs contained in certain cells within the skin.

Mr. Bradley, in his works of nature, p. 126, says, he has observed this creature in three different states. In the first, the pores of the back were all closed, excepting three or four, which began to be forced open by the eggs lodged in cells below them. In the second state, all the pores in the skin of the back were so much opened that he could plainly discern the points of the eggs within them. And in the third, (which he gives a picture of) young ones were perfectly formed in all the cells of the back.

To grace the third, a flowing robe was brought : 180

Of spider's web the curious texture wrought.

First, great AGRIPPA to the prize pretends :

From learn'd CORNELIUS' lineage he descends.

His skilful hand the speedy mermaid guides

Safe from tempestuous winds and thwarting tides. 185

Next, long-inur'd beneath the waves to dwell,

The two descendants of the great DREBELL.

One

Line 181. *Of spider's web, &c.*] In the year 1710, M. Bon discovered the art of making silk of the webs of spiders, for an account of which we refer the reader to a dissertation on the subject published by him. Mr. Reaumur has objected difficulties to this manufacture, which are printed in the memoirs of the academy. He suggests that the natural ferocity of these animals renders them unfit to be bred and kept together. But this difficulty will vanish, when we find upon calculation that so small a number as 663,552 only are required to make an whole pound of the silk.

Line 186. *Next, long-inur'd beneath the waves to dwell.*] Mr. Boyle tells us he received an account of the success of this experiment from an excellent mathematician, who was informed of it by one who was in the vessel at the time of trial. He then proceeds to the method of purifying the air. ' Having had the ' curiosity and opportunity to make particular inquiries among the relations of ' Drebell, and especially of an ingenious physician that married his daughter, ' concerning the grounds upon which he conceived it feasible to make men un- ' accustomed to continue so long under water without suffocation, or (as the ' lately-mentioned person that went in the vessel affirms) without inconvenience ; ' I was answered, that Drebell conceived that it was not the whole body of the ' air, but a certain quintessence (as chymists speak) or spirituous part of it, that ' makes it fit for respiration, which being spent, the remaining grosser body, or ' carcase, (if I may so call it) of the air, is unable to cherish the vital flame re- ' siding in the heart. So that for aught I could gather, besides the mechanical ' contrivance of the vessel, he had a chymical liquor, which he accounted the ' chief secret of the submarine navigation. For when from time to time he per- ' ceived that the finer and purer part of the air was consumed or over-clogged
by

One guides the Crocodile's stupendous size ;
 Six banks of oars, in six degrees, arise :
 The other in the lighter Hydra flies, 190 }
 Far in the sea a grove of coral stood,
 The waves o'ershadowing with a branching wood.
 To this, their destin'd goal, they urge their flight,
 And, at the stated signal, sink from sight ;
 Their oars now move with wide-expanded sweep, 195
 And now return contracted thro' the deep.
 The Hydra leads: DREBELL, elate of soul,
 His rivals eyes, regardless of the goal :
 With fond assurance deems the prize his own ;
 And oft in thought he weighs the pond'rous stone. 200

O justest

' by the respiration and scams of those that went in his ship, he would, by
 ' unstopping a vessel full of this liquor, speedily restore to the troubled air such a
 ' proportion of vital parts as would make it again for a good while fit for respi-
 ' ration, whether by dissipating or precipitating the grosser exhalations, or by
 ' some other intelligible way, I must not now stay to examine; contenting
 ' myself to add, that having had the opportunity to do some service to those of
 ' his relations that were most intimate with him, and having made it my busi-
 ' ness to learn what this strange liquor might be, they constantly affirmed that
 ' Drebell would never disclose the liquor unto any, nor so much as tell the
 ' matter whereof he had made it to above one person, who himself assured me
 ' what it was.' Boyle's Works, Vol. I. p. 69.

Line 189. . *Six banks of oars in six degrees, arise.*] We hope from hencefor-
 ward, the citation of this verse will be allowed a sufficient answer to all seamen
 and mechanics, who deny that the ancients used many oars one above another,
 and pretend to dispute on a subject of this nature with those, who have studied
 coins, bas-reliefs, and the ancient Poets, with the taste and spirit of true
 Virtuosi.

O juſteſt picture of the human mind,
 Raſh tho' unknowing, confident tho' blind.
 Plung'd in the depths of error, we decree :
 Boldly we judge of what we dimly ſee ;
 And, too impatient for Truth's ſober pace, 205
 We follow light-wing'd hope's deluſive chace.
 Some air-drawn phantom leads our eyes aſtray,
 Blind to the nearer rocks which choak our dang'rous way.
 Thus wrapt in thought, the Chief incautious drove
 His veſſel's ſide againſt th' entangling grove. 210
 The branching coral ſnapt th' extended oars,
 And the raſh youth his vaniſh'd hopes deplores.
 And now the wretch beholds, with jealous eyes,
 The Mermaid next advancing for the prize.
 Fraternal love a treach'rous thought inſpires, 215
 He loads his engines with the GRECIAN fires :

And,

Line 201. *O juſteſt picture, &c.*] Theſe eight lines, and the Apoſtrophe occaſioned by the Hero's diſappointment in the Third Book, are diſtinguiſhably in the taſte of the moſt admired reflections of ſome of our favourite authors. They are, indeed, of a more modern caſt (as well in ſentiment and expreſſion, as in the uſe of metaphor) than any thing we meet with in this whole work; therefore we hope they will give great ſatiſfaction to thoſe, who blame it for adhering too cloſely to an imitation of the ancients.

Line 216. *Grecian fire.*] So called becauſe it was invented by the Greeks. about the year 660, as is obſerved by Petavius, on the authority of Nicetas, Theophanes. Cedrenus, &c.

It is compoſed of ſulphur naphtha, pitch, gum, and bitumen; and is only extinguiſhable by vinegar, mixed with ſand and wine; or with raw hides. The inventor, according to Petavius, was an engineer of Heliopolis in Syria, named

And, as the rival barge triumphant past,
 Against her sides the fierce bitumen cast.
 Wide rage the fires. The crew with hasty care,
 The raw bull-hides and vinegar prepare 220
 To damp the flames, and quit the needful oar:
 Swift flies the well-row'd Crocodile before,
 Sweeps circling round the grove and makes the shore. }
 Now, her defrauded honors to regain,
 The Mermaid plies her oars, but plies in vain. 225
 Too well the fraudulent brother's arts prevail;
 Applauding shouts her conqu'ring rival hail.
 At length the young DREBELLIDES returns,
 Tho' half her oars the crippled Hydra mourns.
 As when the hungry Crab in INDIA'S main, 230
 Whose body two unequal legs sustain;

Intent

Callinicus, who first applied it in the sea-fight commanded by Constantine Pogonates against the Saracens, near Cyzicus in the Hellespont, and with such effect, that he burnt the whole fleet therewith, wherein were thirty thousand men.

But others will have it of a much elder date, and hold Marcus Gracchus the inventor; which opinion is supported by several passages, both in the Greek and Roman writers, which shew it to have been anciently used by both those nations in the wars. See Scaliger against Cardan.

Constantine's successors used it on divers occasions, with equal advantage as himself; and what is remarkable enough is, that they were so happy as to keep the secret of the composition to themselves; so that no other nation knew it in the year 960.

Line 230. *As when the hungry crab.*] This species of crabs is very frequent in the West Indies, and there called the fidler, because in its progress the smaller

Intent some oyſter's op'ning ſhell to ſpoil,
 Moves to the gaping prey with aukward toil ;
 His larger claw, with treach'rous pebbles load,
 Drives him obliquely ſideling from the road ; 235
 The Hydra thus, impell'd by partial force,
 Steer'd thro' the waves her lame and tardy courſe.

Once more, I thus beſpoke th' attentive train ;
 Advance the ſkilful markſmen on the plain,
 Who, with the air's compreſt elatiſtic force, 240
 From wind-guns ſpeed the bullet's rapid courſe.

High

claw has a motion not unlike that of a fiddle's arm, and the larger claw is ſuppoſed to reſemble the fiddle. He is remarkable for procuring his food by the following ſtratagem : When he finds an oyſter or muſcle with its ſhell open, he places a little ſtone, which he carries in his larger claw, in ſuch a manner as to prevent the ſhell from cloſing, then inſerting the ſmall claw, he therewith picks out the meat.

Virgil, on the like occaſion, has introduced a ſimile of a wounded ſerpent, which, if it be not equal to this of our author, we may venture to ſay it is not the fault of the poet, but of the times ; and we ſhall not ſcruple to preſent it to the reader, as we believe it to be as good a ſimile as ever was wrote before the diſcovery of the Weſt Indies.

*Qualis ſepe viæ deprenſus in aggere ſerpens,
 Ærea quem obliquum rota tranſiit, aut gravis ic̄tu
 Seminecem liquit ſaxo lacerumque viator :
 Nequicquam longos fugiens dat corpore tortus,
 Parte ferox, ardensque oculis, & ſibila colla
 Arduus attollens ; pars vulnere clauda retentat
 Nexantem nodos, ſeque ; in ſua membra plicantem.
 Tuli remigio navis ſe tarda movebat.*

VIRG. ÆN. L. 5.

High on the summit of yon lofty hill,
 The milk-white courser by the sculptor's skill,
 Vast as the TROJAN horse, conspicuous stands,
 And speaks the labor of no vulgar hands. 245
 Who finite the steed shall share one gen'ral prize,
 This radiant store of matchless butterflies.
 But he whose happier ball with nicer aim
 Shall strike the flank, the victor's glory claim;

For,

Line 243. *The milk-white courser, &c.*] Such representations on the sides of hills are not uncommon. Alexander designed to have his image represented on a mountain, with a city in one hand, and a river in the other. But the most frequent have been those of horses.

We have a remarkable description of one by a learned antiquary, in 'a letter to Dr. Mead, concerning some antiquities in Berkshire, particularly shewing, that the white-horse, which gives name to the vale, is a monument, &c. &c.

' Our horse is formed on the side of a steep hill. His dimensions are extended over an acre of ground, or thereabouts.

' The horse at first view, is enough to raise the admiration of every curious spectator, being designed in so master-like a manner, that it may defy the painter's skill to give a more exact description of that animal.

' The neighbouring inhabitants have a custom of scouring the horse, as they call it; at which time a solemn festival is celebrated, and manlike games with prizes exhibited.

' If ever the genius of King Alfred exerted itself (and it never failed him in his greatest exigencies) it did remarkably upon the account of this trophy.

' Though he had not the opportunity of raising, like other conquerors, a stupendous monument of brass or marble, yet he has shewn an admirable contrivance, in erecting one magnificent enough, though simple in its design; executed too with little labour and no expence, that may hereafter vie with the pyramids for duration, and perhaps exist when these shall be no more.'

Page 24.

For, on the flank, LAOCOON'S furious dart 250
 Pierc'd the vast structure of EPEUS' art.
 Be his reward this valued volume, fraught
 With all the stores of WOR'STER'S pregnant thought.
 I said : and in the hallow'd helmet threw
 The lots inscrib'd ; the first DEIDEMON drew. 255
 His well-aimed engine he directs with care,
 And instant frees the close-imprison'd air.
 Th' unerring ball pursu'd its rapid course,
 And smote, with furious stroke, the sacred horse.
 By strong repulsion, thence return'd, again 260
 Roll'd back and lay, conspicuous, on the plain.
 The rest, by turns, succeed their art to try,
 And wing the pond'rous metal thro' the sky :

With

Line 251. ——— *the vast structure of Epeus' art.*] The Trojan horse was built by Epeus.

————— *et ipse ille doli fabricator Epeus.*

VIRG. B. 2.

Line 253.] The Marquis of Worcester's century of inventions.

Line 261. *Roll'd back.*] There is a wonderful similitude between this prodigy, and that which befel Adrafius, as recorded by Statius.

*Campum emensa brevi, fatalis ab arbore tacta,
 Horrendum visu, per quas modo fugerat, auras,
 Venit arundo retro; versumque u sine tenorem
 Pertulit, at notæ juxta ruit ora pharetræ.
 Multa duces errore serunt. Hi nubilu et altos
 Occurrissè notos. Adverso roboris icu
 Tela repulsa alii, penitus latet exitus ingens,
 Monstratumque nefus: uni remeabile bellum;
 Et tristes domino spondebat arundo recurfus.*

THEBAID, L. 6. the end.

With like amaze the prodigy repeát,
And find the fatal bullet at their feet. 265

Mov'd by the impulse of some power divine,
I now resolve the solemn games to join.
When lo! a stranger omen greets our eyes,
And fills the gazer's soul with new surprize ;
As thro' the air I drove the whizzing lead, 270

An ambient flame around the metal spread :
Such and so bright yon argent circles glow,
Which ceaseless round the orb of SATURN flow ;
High o'er the rock, metereous, it flies,
Borne unextinguish'd to the lofty skies. 275

Then thus the bards explain the great portent :
To thee, SCRIBLERUS, is this omen sent ;
By this unerring sign the Gods decree
Peaceful return to all thy friends : to Thee,
Succesive scenes of wonder to explore 280
In realms far distant from thy native shore.

Fix'd

Line 271. *An ambient flame around the metal spread.*] See VIRG. ÆN. B. 5. the arrow of Acestes.

Line 272. *Such and so bright you argent circles glow,
Which ceaseless round the orb of Saturn flow.*]

By some late observations made by Mr. Short, with a reflecting telescope whose focal length is 12 feet, it appears that Saturn's ring is divided into two unequal parts, by a dark list (which may be seen by telescopes of less power) and that the outward and lesser part is again subdivided by other smaller lists, into several (apparently concentric) rings.

Fix'd and suspended for a while I stand :
 At length approaching the prophetic band ;
 Perplex'd, I spake : within my dubious soul,
 Hope and distrust, by turns, tumultuous roll. 285

Blest be the feer whose hallow'd tongue imparts
 These sounds of comfort to our dubious hearts ;
 Yet tho' each omen point a prosp'rous end,
 Still o'er our heads th' ACROSTICK's threats impend :
 O ! teach us by what sacrifice or pray'r 290

T' avert the curse, or bravely how to bear :
 And, if so far thy science reach, relate
 What distant realms my future toil await.
 The feer replies : suffice it that you know
 (For SATURN's wrath forbids the rest to show) 295

A prosp'rous end to all your woes decreed ;
 Then, spight of boding prophecies, proceed.
 Such threats, nor fear to meet, nor wish to shun,
 Perhaps the menace of an empty pun.
 Well has thy care appeas'd th' ACROSTICK's soul 300
 No doubt remains thy purpose to controul ;
 With speed to EGYPT's sacred coast repair ;
 There shall a surer oracle declare

Thy

Line 295. *For Saturn.*]
 ----- *farique vetat Saturnia Juno.* VIRG. L. 3.

Line 299. *Perhaps the menace of an empty pun.*]
Nec tu mensuram morsus horresce futuros:
Fata viam inveniunt. ÆN. B. 3.

Thy future course ; yet ere thou hence depart,
Receive these tokens of a friendly heart. 305

He said, and twelve resplendent Axes brought ;
Twelve choice Ænigmas on the steel were wrought.

A shepherd's Pipe, whose each decreasing line
Refounds the honours of the tuneful Nine.

Then march six Bards, who, studious to rehearse 310
Our deathless labours in Pindaric verse,

Bear them, inscrib'd on six expanded wings,
And each, in turn, th' unequal measure sings.

Then joining hands, ere yet I thence withdrew,
In words like these I paid my last adieu ; 315

May PIRÆBUS ever bless this peaceful land ;

To endless time your letter'd altars stand ;

Still may your groves their radiant fruits unfold ;

Still bloom with sparkling gems and burnish'd gold :

May music flow from ev'ry Naiad's urn, 320

And echoing rocks the melting sounds return.

Nor Critic pow'rs invade this blest retreat,

To bruise your flow'rets with their hostile feet.

And now confirm'd our vows of mutual love ;
From the gay coast, with mournful steps, we move. 325

When

Line 306. *Twelve resplendent axes.*] See SPECTATOR, No. 58.

Line 323.] *Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces.* SHAKESPEAR'S HENRY IV. beginning.

Six tedious weeks we spread the swelling fails,
 And drive at large before the fouthern gales.
 When, from ARABIA's spicy borders, spring
 The Eastern breezes, and with od'rous wing,
 Fanning the wanton air, around difpenfe 330
 A grateful fragrance to the ravish'd fenfe.
 The ERYTHREAN fea before us lay
 Our deftin'd courfe: a far-extended bay.
 In twice ten days, the inmoft coaft we reach,
 And land our treafures on the fpacious beach. 335
 To camels now confign the precious load,
 And toil, intrepid, thro' the pathlefs road:
 The fifteenth fultry morn's auspicious light
 Reveal'd great CAIRO's minarets to fight.
 From thence we journey'd o'er the defart plain: } 340
 There all my treafures, folace of my pain,
 Sav'd through a thoufand toils, but fav'd in vain,
 Perish'd at once. This ftroke no boding fign
 Foretold: nor did the dire ACROSTIC join

Amidft

Line 339.] The Minaret is a fort of fteeple in the form of a column, ending towards the top in a cone. A little before it begins to take its conic figure, it is furrounded by a gallery.

Line 343.] *Nec vates Helenus, cum multa horrenda moneret
 Hos mihi prædixit luctus, non dira Celæno.*

VIRG. L. 3.

My dear, dear father, spent with age, I loft;
 Eafe of my cares, and folace of my pain,
 Sav'd through a thoufand toils, but fav'd in vain.

The

Amidst his ruthless curses : this furpast 345

All other woes : the greatest and the last.

Abrupt the Hero ends the wond'rous tale ;

While tears in torrents o'er his words prevail.

When, rushing from the sky, the bird of Jove

A team of twenty ducks before him drove : 350

With trembling wing, beneath the flood they shoot,

The whelming waves elude his vain pursuit.

Ruffled with rage, th'indignant tyrant glows :

'Till from the stream a pamper'd goose arose.

Eager to her he wings his deathful way, 355

And his strong talons seize the goodly prey.

With friendly joys thus spake the pious train :

Not hard this mystic omen to explain

As yon proud bird indignant grief exprest,

With wild disorder'd flight and ruffled crest, 360

Or

The prophet, who my future woes reveal'd,
 Yet this, the greatest and the worst conceal'd :
 And dire Cæano, whose foreboding skill
 Denounc'd all else, was silent of this ill.

DRYD.

Line 359.] As thus the plummy soverign of the air
 Left on the mountain's brow his callow care,
 And wander'd thro' the wide ethereal way
 To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey ;
 So shall thy godlike father, tofs'd in vain
 Thro' all the dangers of the boundless main
 Arrive -----

POPE'S ODYSS. B. 15.

Or wheeling thro' the wide ætherial way,
 Or vainly hov'ring o'er his vanish'd prey ;
 Now rais'd on founding pinions seeks the skies,
 At length successful in a nobler prize :
 So shall thou meet thy rich reward at last, 365
 And lose in present joys thy suff'rings past.
 But O! for us what promised boon remains,
 What gleam of hope for all our endless pains ?
 With these bare feet, in vain, yon hallow'd ground
 Whole years we trod : no precious relic found : 370
 No blest remains of better days could trace
 'Midst impious OTTOMAN's usurping race ;
 Where barb'rous rage the fainted forms devours,
 Foe to the chizzel's consecrating pow'rs.
 While listless drones the Pontiff's chair degrade, 375
 And zeal no more awakens the Crusade.
 They said, and from the bark a plenteous store
 Of strong ASPHALTOS to the Hero bore.
 And twelve fair apples beauteous to behold,
 Whose rind refulgent vies with burnish'd gold. 380
But,

Line 378. *Of strong Asphaltos.*] A brittle, black, bituminous substance, resembling pitch. It is chiefly found swimming on the surface of the Dead Sea. When melted it sends forth a strong sulphureous smell, extremely offensive.

Line 379. *And twelve fair apples, &c.*] ' We went on to Jericho, through places where grew fundry forts of trees, some whereof were full of ripe fruit: some of our company, taken with their beauty, plucked a few of them, and found

But, for the fruit, a nauseous pulp is found,
Or ashes fill the vain delusive round.

These gifts the Chief receives with grateful hand,
And to proud CAIRO leads the wearied band.
He venerates the SOLDAN'S ruin'd state,
And burns to find the Prophet of his fate.

385

' found nothing in them but dry ashes, and a sort of wet or moist embers.'
BAUMGARTEN'S TRAVELS.

— ' Apples, which appear very lovely to the eye, but being cut up, prove
' mere naught, being nothing else but a heap of nauseous matter.' GORDON'S
GEOGRAPH. GRAMMAR; of Palestine.

Sir John Maundevile describing the borders of the Dead Sea, says: ' And there
' besyden growen trees that beren fulle faire apples, and faire of colour to be-
' holde; but whofo brekethe hem, or cuttethe hem in two, he schalle fynde with-
' in hem coles and cyndres.'

Line 385. *The Soldan's ruin'd state.*] Cairo was anciently possessed by the Ma-
malukes, and governed by their Soldans.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

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THE
SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK V.

A R G U M E N T.

SCRIBLERUS, having consulted the Morosoph, relates to his friends the result of his enquiry. That he must leave them to go in search of the philosopher's stone, which is promis'd him. That they must return to England and found a society, of which he is to be visitor; and being assured, by possession of the stone, of longævity, if not immortality, he promises to visit the society every century. After a variety of hardships which our Hero undergoes in twelve months travel from Genoa, where his friends leave him, he arrives at a grove near Munster in Germany. In this city, after several fruitless attempts to transmute lead into gold, the alchymists agree to postpone the farther trial of their art to the next day, hoping it might be more auspicious, as being the first day of April, the birth-day of that successful alchymist BASILIUS VALENTINUS. That night PLUTUS appears to the Hero, and directs him to the fatal root which is to procure the transmutation of metals and prolongation of life. Inspired with gratitude and devotion, SCRIBLERUS sacrifices a goose and thirty gossins, which engages him in a sharp conflict with a revengeful maiden, whom at length he vanquishes, and, with a moderation singular in a conqueror, leaves, to pursue his journey to Munster.

THE
S C R I B L E R I A D.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

ALL night, the sleepleſs ſage impatient lay,
 Big with the fortunes of the following day.
 Soon as the wiſh'd-for morn with purple ſtreaks
 Th' horizon's utmoſt bound, SCRIBLERUS ſeeks
 The raptur'd ſeer. A long ſucceſsleſs day 5
 Thro' every ſtreet he takes his tireſome way.
 The night approach'd: when, ſeated on the ground,
 Alone, the penſive Moroſoph he found.
 A woolly ſheepſkin veil'd his rev'rend head:
 Thence lengthen'd downwards and beneath him ſpread. 10
 (Thus, near ALBUNEA's hallow'd fount, repos'd
 On fleecy ſkins, the prieſt of FAUNUS doz'd)

But

Line 8. *Moroſoph.*] See Note on B. 1. line 367.

Line 11.] ----- *lucoque ſub altâ*
 Conſulit Albuncâ -----
 ----- *Cæſarum ovium ſub nocte ſilenti*
 Pellibus incubuit ſtratis, ſomnosque petivit.

But all before, his sacred body bare,
 Ill-brook'd the rigour of th' inclement air.
 A deep capacious bowl, replete with store 15
 Of potent opium in his hand he bore.
 So fam'd THEANGELIS with hallow'd rage
 Fills the swoll'n bosom of the PERSIAN mage.
 The scratching-stick with which the Seer subdu'd
 The tingling tumults of his boiling blood, 20
 Seem'd, as he whirl'd it, the CHALDEAN rod,
 Or THYRSUS, symbol of the LYBIAN god.

SCRIBLERUS

Line 16. *Of potent opium.*] By reason of the prohibition of wine and other spirituous liquors, opium is generally used throughout the Turkish empire. When taken in proper quantities, it raises the spirits and greatly enlivens; but the Turks know no more moderation in that, than we in our liquors, and seldom leave their cordial till they are intoxicated and stupified. They are held in derision by those who venture to transgress the law and drink wine, being called by the opprobrious name Teriachi, or opium-fots.

Line 17. *Theangelis in Libano Syria, Dicte Cræta montibus & Babylona & Sufis Perfidis nascitur, quâ potâ Magi divinent.* PLIN. L. 4. cap. 17.

Line 19. *The scratching-stick.*] When the Nile first begins to rise, drinking the turbid waters occasions an heat in the blood, which throws out a sort of rash, attended with continual itchings. The people of fashion carry, at this time, a scratching-stick. This is a piece of wood, one side of which is in the form of a pine-apple, with the same kind of indentures to give it a little roughness. It is fixed to a long handle.

Line 21. *The Chaldean rod.*] Not only the Chaldeans used rods for divination, but almost every nation, which has pretended to that science, has practised the same method. Herodotus mentions it as a custom of the Alani: and Tacitus of the old Germans. Ezekiel speaks of it, and Hosea reproaches the Jews as being infected with the like superstition. My people ask council at their Stocks; and their Staff declareth unto them. Chap. iv. ver. 12.

SCRIBLERUS now approach'd with rev'rence low,
 The Scer observ'd; and dealt a furious blow
 Full on his head: whose force impetuous stunn'd 25
 Th' unwary fage, and fell'd him to the ground.
 Frantic awhile with ideot grin he gaz'd;
 At length the Hero from the earth he rais'd:
 Then to his lips convey'd the balmy draught;
 The senseless Chief the slumb'rous potion quast. 30
 His heavy eyes the slumb'rous potion clos'd,
 Ere yet his tongue his various doubts propos'd.
 Wrapt in th' embrace of sleep, he past the night,
 And rising, joyful, with the morning light,
 His friends he sought, impatient to relate 35
 Their glories promis'd by propitious fate.
 Eager alike his dear companions ran
 To meet their chief; SCRIBLERUS thus began.
 Hear, blest associates of my various pains,
 What rich reward to crown our toil remains. 40
 Last night, so Jove ordain'd, alone I found
 The heav'n-taught Prophet seated on the ground.
 An hallow'd rage already had possess'd
 His raptur'd soul, and heav'd his swelling breast.

High

Line 32. This adventure of our Hero bears a very near resemblance to the narration given by Don Quixote (Part 2d, B. 6. chap. 23.) of what befel him in the cave of Montefinos.

Line 43. *An hallow'd rage, &c.*] See the Sybil in Virgil, B. 6. the Prophetess in Lucan, B. 5. &c. &c.

High on his head uprose the bristling hair: 45
 His turgid eye-balls roll'd an hideous glare;
 With chatt'ring teeth, the working foam he churn'd,
 And thrice the solid earth, impatient, spurn'd;
 Then, wildly starting, danced with frantic bounds,
 Whirling his rapid head in giddy rounds: 50
 He wav'd th' EDONIAN THYRSUS in his hand,
 And look'd a priest of BACCHUS' furious band.
 In admiration lost, awhile I wait
 Till the first efforts of his rage abate:
 When by his arm the Thyrsus urged around, 55
 Full on my temples gave this goary wound.
 Prostrate I lay. At length the pitying fage,
 Calm'd and recover'd from his holy rage,
 With friendly steps advancing, seiz'd my hand:
 Cheer'd with his voice and rais'd me from the sand; 60
 Then with Nepenthes crown'd a mantling bowl,
 Whose sov'reign charms restored my drooping soul.

Thus

Line 61. *Then with Nepenthes.*] Milton mentions this Nepenthes in his Masque of Comus:

' Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thone
 ' In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
 ' Is of such power as this to stir up joy,
 ' To life so friendly - -----

Diodorus writes, ' that in Egypt there lived women who boasted of certain potions, which not only made the unfortunate forget all their calamities, but drove away the most violent sallies of grief or anger.'

Eusebius

Thus HELEN mix'd the mirth-inspiring draught;
 From these rich shores the virtuous drugs she brought.
 My spirits soon reviving in my breast, 65
 I thus the hallow'd Morosoph address:

Illustrious Seer, whose all-enlighten'd eyes
 Dart thro' the distant regions of the skies;
 To thee an earnest suppliant am I come;
 To hear thy dictates and enquire my doom. 70

The raptur'd Seer his rev'rend tresses shakes,
 Then, fill'd with sacred inspiration, speaks.
 Heav'n-favour'd Sage, to whom the fates allow
 Those secrets wrapt from vulgar minds, to know.
 Hear with a grateful and attentive heart, 75
 The precepts which thy kinder stars impart.

First,

Eusebius directly affirms, 'that even in his time, the women of Diospolis were able to calm the rage of grief or anger by certain potions. Now whether this be truth or fiction, it fully vindicates Homer, since a poet may make use of a prevailing, though false, opinion.'

'But that there may be something more than fiction in this, is very probable, since the Egyptians were so notoriously skilled in physic; and particularly, since this very Thon, or Thonis, or Thoon, is reported by the ancients to have been the inventor of physic among the Egyptians. The description of this Nepenthes agrees admirably with what we know of the qualities and effects of Opium.' Note on Pope's *Odyss.* B. 4.

Line 64. *From these rich shores the virtuous drugs she brought.*]

These drugs so friendly to the joys of life,
 Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife;
 Who sway'd the sceptre, where prolific Nile
 With various simples clothes the fatt'ned foil.

POPE'S *ODYSS.* B. 4.

First, in obedience to their high decree,
 Again embarking on a length of sea,
 Fair GENOA seek: there quit thy mournful friends,
 But learn what fortune their return attends. 80
 I see, I see them spread their swelling sails:
 Some fav'ring pow'r supplies the friendly gales.
 I see fair ALBION'S tow'ring cliffs arise,
 While to the wish'd-for port the vessel flies.
 Now, now, behold, their hopes successful crown'd, 85
 With wisest laws an infant state they found—
 See how her sons with gen'rous ardour strive,
 Bid ev'ry long-lost GOTHIC art revive.
 Each BRITISH science studiously explore:
 Their dress, their building, and their coins restore.— 90
 Be these your arts. Proceed, illustrious race,
 And yon fair isle with ancient glories grace.
 Let others view with astronomic eyes,
 Yon lucid vagrants in the peopled skies:
 Let them the habitable dome design, 95
 'Taught by VITRUVIUS, or old EUCLID'S line;

Carve

Line 93. *Let others view.*]*Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra.*

Let others better mould the running mass
 Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
 And soften into flesh a marble face;
 Plead better at the bar, describe the skies,
 And when the stars descend, and when they rise.

}

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL, B. 6.

Carve the rough block, inform the lumpish mass,
 Give canvas life, and mould the breathing bras;
 With storied emblems, stamp th' historic coin;
 The painter's skill and poet's fancy join: 100
 Be yours the task, industrious, to recal
 The lost inscription to the ruin'd wall;
 Each CELTIC character explain; or shew
 How BRITONS ate a thousand years ago:
 On laws of jousts and tournaments declaim, 105
 Or shine the rivals of the herald's fame.
 But chief the SAXON wisdom be your care,
 Preserve their idols, and their fanes repair;
 The cold devotion of the moderns warm
 With FRIGA's fair hermaphroditic form: 110
 And may their deep mythology be shown
 By SEATER's wheel and THOR's tremendous throne.
 Thus far the Sage by sacred raptures born,
 Reveals the fame of ages yet unborn.
 He paused and fix'd his eyes as tho' he view'd 115
 Those glories present, then his speech renew'd:
 Such honour crowns thy dear companions fates;
 Superior far thy glorious self awaits.

The

Line 107. By wisdom here the author means theology, using the word in the sense of Lord Bacon, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*.

Line 110. Verstegan, in his *antiquities*, gives the representation of Friga the hermaphrodite, Seater with his wheel, and Thor the thunderer, the only idol who sits on a throne; with a sufficient account of this mythology.

The grand elixir art thou doom'd to know :
 But first must roam a mendicant in show ; 120
 Naked and penniless thro' distant lands,
 And eat thy bread the alms of stranger hands.
 The rugged ALPS must those bare feet assail,
 Froz'n on the hill, or swelt'ring in the vale ;
 Scorn and contempt thy painful lot remain, 125
 Till MUNSTER's venerable walls thou gain.
 MUNSTER the defin'd period of thy woe :
 There, on a lake, white as the new-fall'n snow,
 A goose, majestic, o'er the waves shall ride,
 And thirty milk-white goslings by her side.

Nigh

Line 119. *The grand elixir.*] The ancient Egyptians had the art of extracting an elixir from gems and precious stones, which, on account of its subtilty and perfection, they called Heaven; it is also called the Philosopher's Stone (being drawn from precious stones,) aquavitæ, vegetable feed of nature, solar foul, &c. Kircher Œd. Egypt. The chymists give it the power of making gold, and curing all diseases.

Line 120. *But first must roam a mendicant in show*
Naked and penniless -----
Froz'n on the hill, and swelt'ring in the vale,
Scorn and contempt thy' painful lot, &c.]

The author undoubtedly means all this in the literal sense: but *query* if he does not also hint, at the difficulties of alchemy, in the figurative sense of these toils and hardships.

Line 129. *A goose, majestic.*] VIRG. L. 3. l. 390.
Littoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus
Triginta capitum fetus cuxa jacebit :
Alba solo recubans, Albi circum ubera nati.

Thou

Nigh to the borders of the silver flood,
 Sacred to PLUTUS, stands a lofty wood,
 Beneath its shadowing branches, grows a flow'r
 Whose root the god endues with wondrous pow'r;
 Not the famed Moly which great HERMES bore 135
 To fage ULYSSES on th' ÆEAN shore;
 Nor that restorative the TARTAR boasts,
 Nor all the growth of ARAB's blissful coasts,
 Nor balsams which from northern trees transpire,
 Tho' six successive months th' ætherial fire 140
 With constant rays the balmy juice sublime,
 Can match this offspring of the GERMAN clime.

What

Thou shalt behold a fow upon the ground,
 With thirty sucking young encompass round,
 The dam and offspring white as falling snow.

DRYDEN.

Line 133. See VIRG. L. 6. The golden bough.

Line 135. *Not the fam'd Moly.*] Odyss. B. 10. Ovid. Metam. B. 14.

Line 137. *Nor that restorative.*] The Gin-feng; one of the principal curiosities of China, called also, by the Chinese, the pure spirit of the earth, the plant that gives immortality. By the Tartars, Orhota, the first of plants. The virtues ascribed to this plant are hardly credible. Many volumes have been written by their physicians, to set them forth. One of the Missionaries witnesses, that being himself so fatigued, that he could hardly sit on the horse, a Mandarin gave him one of these; upon eating half of it, in an hour's time he was not, in the least, sensible of any weariness. That since, he had often made use of it with the same success. See DU HALDE'S HIST. OF CHINA.

Line 140. *Tho' six successive months th' ætherial fire, &c.*] The continual action of the sun, for six months successively on the firs in high northern latitudes, gives them a much greater portion of the ætherial fire, and consequently much more sovereign virtues than the productions of southern climes.

What tho' no radiant metal grace the rind,
 No golden branches crackle to the wind ;
 What tho' it seem (so PLUTUS has decreed) 145
 To vulgar eyes, a despicable weed :
 Yet from this herb, a thousand virtues flow ;
 This pow'rful antidote for every woe.
 Nor meagre sickness, nor consuming care,
 Shall waste thy vigour with intestine war. 150
 Tho' age thy wither'd front with wrinkles plough,
 And blanch the hoary honours of thy brow ;
 Tho' fanguine gamesters bett against thy life,
 Thou unconcern'd shalt hear the wagering strife.

From

Line 144. *No golden branches crackle.*] VIRG. B. 6

————— *sic leni crepitabat bractea vento.*

Line 149. *Nor meagre sickness, nor consuming care.*] All travellers who have seen and conversed with any of the true adepts, assure us, that they always appear with an healthy countenance and great cheerfulness of spirits. This is attributed to the use of their excellent medicine, which gives them at once health and affluence ; and also, to that philosophy of mind which is previously necessary for the attainment of the secret.

Line 154. *Thou unconcern'd shalt hear the wagering strife.*]

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,

He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack.

ADDISON.

This polite practice of laying wagers on lives, is grown so common here, that there is scarce a person of distinction in this nation, who does not become the subject of a bett, as soon as ever any grey hairs are discovered on him. The description of this fashionable amusement makes so admirable a conclusion to that excellent poem, The Modern Fine Gentleman, that we cannot forbear inserting it.

————— *Lays wagers on his own and others lives :*

Fights fathers, uncles, grandmothers, and wives.

Till

From this ineffimable root calcined, 155
 The great hermetic secret shalt thou find ;
 On baser ores the powerful ashes strow ;
 And purest gold shall from the furnace flow.
 If fav'ring PLUTUS, bounteous pow'r, ordain
 That thou, SCRIBLERUS, the high prize obtain, 160
 A sudden radiance of cœlestial light
 Shall guide thy footsteps, and direct thy fight :
 But if the god the precious gift withhold
 Averse, nor deem thee worthy of the gold,
 Fruitless and vain thy weary search is made : 165
 The plant lies buried in eternal shade.
 If e'er thou swerve from rigid virtue's path,
 Expect the vengeful god's severest wrath.

The

*Till Death at length, indignant to be made
 The daily subject of his sport and trade,
 Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes ;
 And, groaning for the betts he loses by't, he dies.*

Line 159. *If fav'ring Plutus.]*

*— namque ipse volens facilisque sequetur
 Si te fata vocant, aliter non viribus ullis
 Vincere, nec duro poteris convellere ferro.*

VIRG. B. 6.

Line 167. *If e'er thou swerve from rigid virtue's path.]* It is universally agreed, that the great secret can only be obtained by men of exemplary life. This is continually inculcated in Johnson's Alchemist, and at last the failure in the work is ascribed to Sir Epicure Mammon's failure in continency. He is warned against avarice, and charity is recommended to him by Subtle in the 2d act.

SURLY. Why, I have heard, he must be *homo frugi*,
 A pious, holy, and religious man,
 One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.

The root its virtue shall retain no more :
 Like MIDAS thou the ufelefs gift deplore.
 Let humble thoughts thy vanity controul,
 And meeknefs temper thine elated foul.

170

Pride rears her giant form aloft and treads
 Injurious o'er the cowering gazers heads.
 By pride obnoxious, jealousy and hate
 Shall drive thee skulking from each envious ftate.

175

But

MAMMON. That makes it, fir, he is fo. He, honeft wretch,
 A notable, fuperftitious, good foul,
 Has worn his knees bare, and his flippers bald,
 With prayer and fafting for it.

SUBTLE. ----- Son, I doubt
 You are covetous -----
 Take heed, you do not caufe the bleffing to leave you,
 With your ungovern'd hafte. I fhould beorry
 To fee my labours, now e'en at perfection
 Not prosper, which in all my ends
 Have look'd no way, but unto public good,
 To pious ufes, and dear charity,
 Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein
 If you, my fon, fhould now prevaricate,
 And to your own particular lufts, employ
 So great and catholic a blifs, be fure
 A curfe will follow, yea, and overtake
 Your fubtle and moft feeret way.

Line 173. *Pride rears, &c.*] ε γὰρ ἐπ' ἔδει
 Πίνδαί, ἀλλ' ἄρα ἦγε καὶ ἀνδρῶν κράατα βάλνει
 Βλάπτεισ' ἀνδρώπεις.

ILIAD. τ. li. 92.

Line 175. *By pride obnoxious.*] All who are poffeft of this admirable feeret
 are obliged to conceal it by the moft private life, and to live without the leaft
 fhew of expence; by reafon that a fplendid appearance, without an apparent
 fund to fupport it, would fubject them to the inquiry of every ftate they
 fhould

But lowly charity's unheeded pace
 Nor envy spies, nor can suspicion trace.
 Then chief be heaven-born charity thy care,
 Nor pass one hour without a grateful pray'r.
 Thus far the Secr, when sleep's resistless god
 Shook o'er my eye-lids his LETHÆAN rod.

180

At

should happen to reside in. For they must either acquire their wealth by this means, or worse; if they lie under the suspicion of the latter, a well regulated community will think it their duty to call them to account; if of the former, the policy of the state will not suffer a private person to enjoy the benefit of their protection, without a participation of the secret, for the use of the public. Flamel being accused of embezzling the finances, and of mismanagement and extortion, owned fairly, that he was master of the secret, and by that means accounted for the estate of 500,000 pistoles, which he had amassed. But others who have stood more in fear of the torture, have never appeared with any degree of magnificence; nor resided any length of time in one place, lest their preserving the same florid complexion for a length of years might cause the admiration of their neighbours, and the discovery of their art. For these reasons they are continually shifting from place to place; and but that a wise man is a citizen of the world, and that the adage, *Omne solum forti patria est*, exempts them from the reproach, they would be vagabonds and outcasts of the earth. From this prudent and cautious conduct of theirs, we do not hear of any one who was ever likely to be detected, except Sig. Gualdi at Venice, and that by a very extraordinary accident: one day shewing a picture to a connoisseur which he told him was his own, the connoisseur declared he was positive it was Titian's hand; but how can that be, Sig. Gualdi? says he. There is your face as old as you appear to be at this instant; and yet Titian has been dead above fourscore years. The visit ended somewhat abruptly. The connoisseur, full of astonishment, came again next morning to re-examine the tints; but Sig. Gualdi was decamped. This story is told at large in a most ingenious and entertaining book, not long since published, called *Hermippus Redivivus*, which we cannot but recommend to the reader for its own merit, and now, particularly, as being the most agreeable way of acquainting him with several chymical anecdotes and stories very useful for the better understanding the remaining part of this work.

Line.

At morn I waked, astonish'd and alone,

For ah! the prophet from my side was gone.

Thus to his gladden'd friends the Chief relates 185.

The tale prophetic of their future fates.

Elate with hope a vessel they prepare

And load the needful stores with zealous care.

With prosp'rous gales they cut the liquid way,

And moor secure in GENOA'S destined bay. 190

There, drown'd in tears and dumb with friendly grief,

His sad companionous leave their mournful Chief;

Yet as the Hero bids his last adieu,

He vows, ere long, their growing schemes to view,

And, each revolving cent'ry, to repeat 195

His solemn visit to their foster state.

Tho' PORTUGAL her lost SEBASTIAN mourn,

And weary heav'n in vain for his return :

On

Line 183. *At morn I wak'd, astonish'd and alone ;*

For ah! the prophet from my side was gone.]

The known effect of opium is, that it supplies the mind with a continual presentation of pleasing images. It most naturally operates by awakening those ideas with which the mind is already strongly possessed; tho' full as frequently it raises entirely new ones. It is no wonder that our hero's warm imagination should be worked up by this drug to a belief, that the delirium caused by it was a real conversation; when we see Don Quixote by the mere force of a heated imagination, without the assistance of any opiate, fall asleep in the cave of Montefinos, and relate as actually seen by him, what the warmth of his fancy suggested to him only in a dream.

Line 197. Sebastian King of Portugal, a man of great courage and zeal for religion, landed at Tangier in the year 1575, with an army consisting of the flower of Portugal, and gave battle to the Moors, in which he was totally defeated. Diligent search was made after his body, but it could not be found in

BOOK THE FIFTH.

207

On surer prophecies you build your faith ;
 Nor part I hence to exile or to death, 200
 Like REGULUS amidst th' opposing fears
 Of friends, of kindred, and the senate's tears ;
 Nor like LYCURGUS, in his country's cause,
 His life devoting to enforce his laws.
 Nor shall your Chief a baffled wretch return, 205
 An outcast loaded with reproach and scorn ;
 But rich in glories, honour'd and adored,
 And more than mortal, to your arms restored.

He said, and pensive prest the founding shore,
 While the waves foam beneath their brushing oar. 210
 Twelve tedious months, with painful steps and flow,
 Thro' a long series of opprobrious woe,
 Naked and pennylefs, in unknown lands,
 He ate his bitter bread, the alms of strangers hands.

But now, with lighter wings the moments fly, 215
 And bring the period of his labours nigh.
 In MUNSTER's walls, assiduous fate prepares,
 With endless honours to reward his cares.
 MUNSTER, which gave th' illustrious father birth,
 Shall now be conscious of the filial worth. 220

In

the field of battle. The Portuguese have continually expected his return ever since ; and even at this day are not without hopes of seeing him again on the throne. Vasconcellos, in his history of Portugal, gives an account of his appearance at Venice in 1595, and afterwards suffering great indignities from the Spaniards.

Line 211. *Twelve tedious months, &c.*] See note on line 120.

In this, his future glory's destined scene,
 The great Adepts in HERMES' art convene,
 Who boast, with vain fallacious science bold,
 To change each baser ore to purest gold.

But ne'er will righteous heav'n its gifts impart 225
 To the corrupted and ungrateful heart,
 Where lawless lust and wild ambition reign,
 And pride and base insatiate thirst of gain.
 Hence, all in vain, they bring their boasted stone,
 In vain their powders on the mass are thrown. 230
 Their weak attempts the juster fates oppose,
 And unmatured, unchanged the metal flows.

Then one advancing, who possessed alone,
 A fluid extract from th' all-pow'ful stone,
 Three fatal drops amid the furnace spills : 235
 The liquid mass a sudden vapour fills,
 By quick dilation ; and with dreadful sound,
 Exploded, drives the glowing metal round.

The fearful omen all the fabric shook,
 When thus the race of great BOMBASTUS spoke : 240
 Oh !

Line 223. *Who boast, with vain fallacious science bold.*] Here it is declared, that science is deceitful and insufficient, that human means will avail nothing to the perfection of the great work ; that it can only be procured by the strictest purity of manners, and the most fervent devotion.

Line 240. Paracelsus Bombastus succeeded so surprisingly with his chymical medicines, that he endeavoured to bring the slow effects of the Galenical practice entirely into disrepute ; and was so elated with the success of his art, as to boast that he could keep a man alive by his medicines for many ages.

Oh! why, my friends, for this divine essay,
 Why have you chose this unauspicious day?
 'Twere wiser sure your trials to postpone
 Till the last eve of frowning MARS be gone.
 Your cares suspended till the rising dawn, 245
 By prosp'rous VENUS, usher'd o'er the lawn,
 Shall sure succeed: for on that sacred morn
 Was great BASILIUS VALENTINUS born.
 With solemn rites invoke his learned shade,
 So may his genius your projection aid. 250
 Thus

Line 241. *Oh! why* —] This speech of the descendant of Paracelfus, very much resembles that of Antinous after the fruitless attempt to bend Ulysses's bow.

----- *That no man draws
 The wondrous bow, attend another cause.
 Sacred to Phœbus is the solemn day
 Which thoughtless we in games would waste away:
 Till the next dawn this ill-timed strife forego,
 And here leave fix'd the ringlets in a row.
 Now bid the Seer approach, and let us join
 In due libations, and in rites divine.
 So end our night: before the day shall spring,
 The choicest off'rings let Melanthus bring.
 Let then to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs
 Feed the rich smokes, high-curling to the skies.
 So shall the patron of these acts bestow
 (For his the gift) the skill to bend the bow.*

POPE'S ODYSS. B. 21.

Line 244. *Till the last eve of frowning Mars be gone.*] The months of March and April were by Romulus consecrated to Mars and Venus, and named from them.

Line 248. *Basilus Valentinus* was born on the first of April.

Thus far the Sage, when loud applauses rung
 In glad assent, from each approving tongue.
 To feastful mirth they dedicate the night,
 And hail the morning with the solemn rite.

That night, so Fate decreed, SCRIBLERUS gains 255
 The sacred grove on MUNSTER'S neighb'ring plains.
 There stretcht at ease, his wearied limbs he laid,
 And slept unconscious of the friendly shade.

Lo! ere the morn dispensed her earliest light,
 Great PLUTUS' form, conspicuous to the sight, 260
 Before him stood, and thus his speech address:
 Thrice happy Sage, by fav'ring fortune blest,
 On this auspicious morn th' unwearied sun
 His annual course around the globe has run,
 Since parting from thy friends on GENOA'S sands, 265
 Thou trod'st with toilsome steps a length of barren lands.
 Arise, and thro' the grove pursue thy way:
 Observe the course of yon propitious ray:
 That splendid guide shall lead thee to the flow'r
 Whose root alone can boast th' aurific power. 270
 But, lest thou doubt, or think the promise vain,
 Soon as AURORA glads th' enlighten'd plain,

A goose

Line 263. *On this auspicious morn.*] By this accuracy of the poet, we learn the very day on which Scriblerus and his friends both set out on their respective designs, viz. the first of April. An accuracy observable only in the best poets, vide VIRGIL. B. 5. l. 46.

*Annus exactis completur mensibus orbis - - - -
 Haud equidem sine mente reor, sine numine Divum.*

A goose majestic o'er the lake shall ride,
 And thirty milk-white goslings by her side.
 Be thy chief care with sacrifice t' assuage, 275
 And humble off'rings, injur'd SATURN'S rage.
 Nor less due honours to my pow'r belong,
 Selected victims and a grateful song.
 That god am I, whose universal sway
 All nations own, and willing all obey. 280
 Tho' not from heav'n I boast my honour'd birth,
 Yet ever dearest to the sons of earth.
 He said, and disappear'd; when from the ground,
 The Hero starting, cast his eyes around.
 Lo! all-propitious to his raptur'd sight, 285
 AN IGNIS-FATUUS, with portentous light,
 From the dank earth exhaled, began to move;
 His course directing thro' the dusky grove.
 With zeal the Sage revered th' auspicious ray,
 And toil'd intrepid thro' the thorny way. 290
 At length the vapour stopt. With eager eyes,
 Awhile he view'd, then seized the matchless prize.
 The matchless prize its conscious leaves expands,
 Springs to the fated touch and meets his hands.

And

Line 273. See note on line 129.

Line 279. *That God am I.*]

*Ego sum pleno quem flumine cernis—
 Cæruleus Tiberis, cælo gratissimus amnis.*

And now the rosy morn began to dawn : 295
 He quits the grove and issues on the lawn ;
 When wond'rous to relate ! a strange portent
 Gives fresh assurance of the wish'd event.
 He sees the stately goose in swan-like pride
 The silver lake with oary feet divide ; } 300
 And thirty milk-white goslings by her side.
 Inspir'd with grateful zeal he hastes to seize
 The goodly prey, and to the gods decrees.
 When lo ! the dying victims plaints alarm
 The mournful shores and reach the neigh'ring farm ; 305
 Their well-known voice the startled SYLVIA hears,
 And flies, impell'd by sad prophetic fears.
 This flock the Virgin cherish'd with her care,
 With pens protected from the evening air ;
 Each

Line. 297. ----- a strange portent.] Thus VIRGIL, L. 8.

*Ecce autem subitum atque oculis mirabile monstrum
Candida per Sylcam, &c.*

Line 299. See note on line 129.

Line 308. *This flock, &c.*] This resembles the description of the stag which causes the scuffle in the 7th B. of VIRGIL.

*Their sister Sylvia cherish'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare,
To hang his budding horns.
He waited at his master's board for food,
Then sought his salvage kindred in the wood ;
Where grazing all the day, at night he came
To his known lodgings and his country dame.*

DRYDEN.

Each morning from her hand they ate their food, 310
 Then fought their cackling kindred on the flood;
 There bathing all the day, at night they came
 To their known lodgings, and their Country Dame.

Now all alarm'd, she hastes to their relief:
 But oh! what language can express her grief, 315
 When she, like wretched NIOBE, beheld
 Her hopes all welt'ring on th' ensanguin'd field!
 Yet soon her sorrow yields to nobler rage,
 And furious she attacks th' astonish'd Sage.
 Frequent and thick her desperate blows she deals; 320
 Beneath her arm the stagger'd champion reels.

Again the maiden lifts her vengeful hands,
 But now prepared the bold SCRIBLERUS stands;
 With watchful eyes he wards the threaten'd blow;
 And strives to grapple with his active foe. 325
 Artful she baffles his superior might,
 And doubtful holds the fortune of the fight.

So fought the THRACIAN Amazons of old,
 While tinged with virgin blood THERMODON roll'd.
 Such and so brave was great ALCIDES seen, 330
 When dauntless he engaged the Maiden Queen.

The bold virago her dread arm extends;
 Full on his cheek the weighty blow descends.
 Crush'd with the stroke, his shatter'd jaws rebound;
 And his loose teeth fall frequent to the ground. 335

Firm and unmoved the Hero keeps the field,
 And bold with passive valour, scorns to yield:
 At length observing her defenceless waist,
 Th' unguarded virgin in his arms embraced;
 His gripping arms her struggling limbs confine, 340
 And on the plain the Heroine falls supine.
 SCRIBLERUS following, the fall'n maiden prest,
 And prostrate lay, victorious on her breast.

Thus sage ULYSSES, for his art renown'd,
 O'erturn'd the strength of AJAX on the ground: 345
 He shook the yielding earth, an helpless load,
 The victor chief his giant limbs bestrode.

Thus as he lay, the Sage triumphant spoke:
 Behold how fate, by one decisive stroke,
 To me the laurels of the day ordains; 250
 To thee subjection and opprobrious chains;
 To thee the laws of combat to fulfil,
 The vanquish'd yielding to the victor's will.
 Thus was the chaste HIPPOLYTE compell'd
 To the proud foe her virgin charms to yield. 355

And

Line 344. Iliad 23.] Ajax, in the games wrestling with Ulysses, lifts him from the ground.

----- that time Ulysses found
 The strength t' evade, and where the nerves combine,
 His ancle strook: the giant fell supine:
 Ulysses following, on his bosom lies;
 Shouts of applause run rattling thro' the skies.

POPE'S ODYSSEY.

Line 355. To the proud foe.] Theseus.

And thus each stoutest AMAZONIAN Dame,
 Resign'd her beauties to the Conqu'rors flame,
 Yet not my heart these vanities inspire,
 Nor sensual burns my breast with lawless fire,
 Or knows my chaster soul a thought so base, 360
 To force thee helpless to a lewd embrace.
 Not thus the Sage his great pursuit attains:
 But endless travel, and incessant pains,
 Severest abstinence from ev'ry joy,
 Must all his thoughts engage, and all his hours employ. 365
 Then rise a spotless virgin from my arms,
 And bear unrifled hence thy maiden charms.

Thus,

Line 362. *Not thus the sage his great pursuit attains.*] Subtle the Alchymist, when he finds Sir Epicure Mammon with Doll Common, cries out:

----- No marvel
 If I found check in our great work within,
 When such affairs as these were managing.

MAM. Why, have you so?

SUB. It has stood still this half hour. This 'll retard
 The work a month at least. MAM. Why, if it do,
 What remedy? but think it not, good father;
 Our purposes were honest. SUB. As they were
 So the reward will prove.

FACE enters. O, Sir, we are defeated! all the works
 Are flown in fumo: ev'ry glass is burst, &c. &c.

ALCH. ACT 4.

Line 366. *Then rise a spotless*] When a young fellow, just come from the play of Cleómenes, told Mr. Dryden, in raillery against the continency of his principal character, If I had been alone with a lady, I should not have passed my time like your Spartan: That may be, answered the bard, with a very grave face; but give me leave to tell you, sir, you are no hero.

Thus, gracious, the self-conquer'd conqueror spoke,
 And by the hand the trembling maiden took.
 Her soul possess'd, at once, with grief and rage 370
 She flies, regardless of th' assiduous Sage,
 Springs from his grasp, and seeks the thickest grove,
 Like fallen DIDO from her faithless Love.
 The borders of the lucid lake he seeks,
 And hastes to cleanse his blood-polluted cheeks. 375
 Now PHŒBUS, o'er the lofty mountain's height,
 Pours on fair MUNSTER'S tow'rs his golden light.
 SCRIBLERUS hails the birth-place of his fire,
 And joy and filial love his soul inspire.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE
S C R I B L E R I A D.

BOOK VI.

F F

A R G U M E N T.

SCRIBLERUS meets with the son of FAUSTUS the Alchymist, who invites him to his house. FAUSTUS explains to him the cause of their festival, and relates the history of BASILIUS VALENTINUS. The Alchymists are again baffled in their attempt to transmute the lead. SCRIBLERUS desires to make a trial; is refused on account of his mean appearance, but discovering his name and family, is admitted with honour to the furnace. He soon obtains a colour, which success is received with universal applause. They contend who shall pay him the greatest respect, and eagerly embrace the proposal of BASSIUS to beatify him. The Hero, by a presentiment, is aware of the accidents that may happen at this important crisis, and advises to postpone the honours designed him 'till the great work be fully accomplished, lest vanity, which already begins to possess his mind, should stop the progress of it, and perhaps entirely disappoint their expectations. His speech is interrupted by their enthusiastic zeal, and they immediately proceed to beatification. And now the Poet having conducted SCRIBLERUS through a series of adventures, with success beyond the expectation of a mortal, concludes his poem with the Apotheosis of his Hero.

THE
SCRIBLERIA D.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

THUS, wrapt in thought, the Hero trod the plain,
When, fudden, rushing from the hills amain,
A youthful sportsman flies with rapid pace,
And, o'er the lawn, pursues his insect chace.
A waistcoat of the thinnest filk he wore, 5
And in his hand, of lightest texture, bore
A curious net, whose meshes light and rare
Scarce shone distinguish'd from th' unbodied air.
And now the plain's remotest verge he treads,
Now, nigh the Sage, the chace his footsteps leads ; 10
Now in his slender toils he holds the prey,
And joyful to SCRIBLERUS bends his way.
Stranger, contemplate well, with earnest eyes,
Eager he calls, this paragon of flies.
Observe him o'er ; and tell if thou hast seen, 15
Or on the trees, or on the level green,
His pregnant mate, the precious insect show,
And claim whate'er my bounty can bestow.

O! youth, the Sage replies, nor have I seen
 Or on the trees, or on the level green, 20
 The pregnant consort of your beauteous game,
 Nor aught, tho' needy, from your bounty claim.
 Yet oh! vouchsafe one hospitable boon,
 Declare the name of yon majestic town,
 And point the way. To MUNSTER's proud abode, 25
 The youth replies, companion of the road
 Myself thy steps will guide. Be thou my guest:
 For sure some secret pow'r informs my breast
 Thou draw'st thy lineage from no vulgar race,
 And thro' thy rags a godlike mien I trace. 30
 From far-fam'd ancestors my birth I claim,
 A glorious lineage! FAUSTUS is my name.
 My great exploits th' AURELIAN sages show,
 Their walls resplendent with my labours glow.
 Propitious HERMES to my fire imparts. 35
 The greatest, noblest of all human arts.
 Obedient VULCAN owns his high commands,
 Nor changeful PROTEUS can elude his hands.

He

Line 19.] *Nulla tuarum audita mihi neque visa fororum.* VIRG. l. 1.

Line 33. *Aurelian Sages.*] A butterfly in one of its states is called an Aurelia, which name, for its sound, was chosen to distinguish the society of butterfly catchers at Munster.

Line 37. *Obedient Vulcan.*] Fire is the great instrument by which the chymists perform all their operations. Chymists are called philosophers by fire. BOERHAAVE.

Line 38. *Nor changeful Proteus can elude his hands.*] This line will best be explained by first reciting the following lines of Milton:

He said: his words the Hero's breast inflame ;
 But chief, O FAUSTUS, thy auspicious name, 40
 Sure presage of success. With streaming eyes,
 His joys dissembling, thus the Sage replies.

Thrice bounteous youth, my grateful thanks receive,
 'Tis all alas ! that poverty can give.

Once

*That stone, or like to that which here below
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
 In vain, tho' by their powerful art they bind
 Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound,
 In various shapes, old Proteus from the sea,
 Drin'd thro' a limbeck to his naked form.*

Lord Bacon, in his explanation of the heathen Mythology, by him entitled *The Wisdom of the Ancients*, informs us that by Proteus is signified matter. He is called up from the sea, because the operations and dispensations of matter are chiefly exercised in liquid bodies. If, says he, any expert minister of Nature (meaning a chymist) shall encounter matter by main force, vexing and urging her with intent to reduce her to nothing; she changes and turns herself into various forms and shapes of things, till at length she comes to a period, and betakes herself to her former being. See WISD. ANT. PROTEUS.

Line 40. *But chief, O Faustus, thy auspicious name,
 Sure presage of success.]*

The ancients always looked upon the first thing they met, when about any enterprise, as an omen. Thus Virg. *Quatuor hic, primum omen equos*. To meet a man with a good name was reckoned fortunate, and a great encouragement to an adventure. A lucky name was esteemed a blessing to the person that bore it; and several have therefore adopted them. From hence the doctrine of onomancy prevailed. Plato earnestly recommends the choice of happy names: and the Pythagoreans taught expressly, that the minds, actions, and successes of men, were greatly influenced by their names. Thus the proverb: *Bonum nomen bonum omen*. *In lustrando coloniu ab eo qui eam deduceret, & cum imperator exercitum, censor populum lustrant bonis nominibus, qui hostias ducerent, eligebantur. Quod idem in delectu consules observant, ut primus miles fiat bono nomine.* CICERO DE DIVIN. lib. 1.

Once happier days were mine ; and not the least 45
 In HERMES' art, was known your wretched guest ;
 And O ! were now some chymic task assign'd,
 The god would still support th' industrious mind.
 To temper lute ; the never-dying flame
 To tend, assiduous as the Vestal dame. 50
 With muffled face corroding fumes to dare,
 Nor pounded poison's subtlest atoms fear.
 Not undeserving would I eat my bread,
 An idle loit'rer on your bounty fed.
 SCRIBLERUS thus disguised his promised fate, 55
 And now they reach great FAUSTUS' friendly gate.
 When thus the courteous youth his Sire address't :
 Disdain not to receive this stranger guest,
 Tho' mean the garb which wraps the man of woe,
 Tho' thus he roam a mendicant in show. 60
 Oft, like the sun behind some dusky cloud,
 Is Learning known her radiant head to shroud
 In tatter'd robes ; and frequent have we seen
 Ev'n wit, affecting a neglected mien,
 In rags like these, all specious pomp abjured, 65
 Chuse to reside ; his glory unobscured.

Stranger,

Line 53. & *supra*.] Thus Ulysses in the same disguise, desires to be employed in some menial office, and professes his skill in kindling a fire, broiling a steak, or frothing a cup of drink. ODYSSEY, B. 15.

Line 66.] *Chuse to reside ; his glory unobscur'd.*] A line from MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

Stranger, the Sire replies, in happy hour
 Thou com'st, directed by some fav'ring pow'r.
 Propitious VENUS sped thee on thy way
 To share the triumphs of this glorious day 70
 Sacred to science and to festal mirth,
 The day which gave the great BASILIUS birth.
 Free and unquestion'd enter, and prepare
 The due libation and the solemn prayer.
 Or if thy curious bosom burn to hear 75
 Why thus BASILIUS' mem'ry we revere;
 Or why to his distinguish'd shade belong
 The hallow'd victim and the votive song,
 Attend. To this illustrious Sage were known
 The long-fought virtues of the wond'rous stone, 80
 Potent the fleeting spirit to restore,
 Or to pure gold convert the baser ore.
 Thus had th' adept prolong'd his niggard span,
 Thus had he liv'd immortal, tho' a Man.
 But wayward fortune takes a spleenful joy 85
 The wisest schemes of mortals to destroy.
 The Sage, long wasted with consuming cares,
 His body bending with a weight of years,
 When now he felt the tyrant hand of death,
 Thus to his son address his latest breath: 90

With

Line 79.] This history of Basilus Valentinus, introduced here in the manner of the story of Cacus, in the 8th book of Virgil, is related in the SPECTATOR, No. 426.

With painful watching and incessant pray'r,
 Nine tedious months I labour'd to prepare
 The precious drops this chrystal vase contains,
 The rich reward of all my wasting pains.
 Now mark, my son, and with attentive ear,
 The virtues of our great Elixir hear.

95

When hast'ning age the call of fate obeys,
 When the foul sickness, and the sense decays,
 When all the weaken'd organs lose their tone,
 The nerves relax'd, th' elastic vigour gone,
 When ev'n the life-blood stagnates in my heart,
 Soon as thou seest my latest breath depart,
 Within my lips the sacred med'cine pour ;
 The draught vivific shall my soul restore ;
 Course thro' the veins, the springs of life renew,
 And ev'ry nerve with active force endue.
 So may your pious gratitude bestow
 On me the life which to your Sire you owe ;
 And when thy soul obeys the call of fate,
 To thee the precious gift will I repeat.

100

105

110

Thus may we oft renew the mutual boon,
 Thus lose the names of Father and of Son.

He said, and sunk to death. Th' unduteous boy,
 Drunk with delusive hopes of worldly joy,
 And still mistrustful of his Sire's controul,
 Checks ev'ry thought of duty in his soul.

115

To

To common earth commits the lifeless corse,
Nor hears great nature's call, or feels remorse.

And now he hastes new pleasures to explore ;
Some new expence to vent his endless store. 120

From vice to vice, with tasteless ardour roves,
And cloy'd, ere night rejects his morning loves.

A son he had ; RENATUS was he nam'd ;
Transmitted vice his genuine birth proclaim'd.
No generous passion warm'd his brutal breast, 125
But basest av'rice all his soul possesseth.

Suspicion, which in vicious minds supplies
Bright wisdom's post, and points the jealous eyes,
Directs the Sire his fordid soul to scan,
Who thus prepared his artful speech began. 130

Thou know'st, my son, thy Grandfire's virtues claim
An ample tribute from the voice of fame.
And oft have I confess'd this plenteous tide
Of endless treasure by his art supply'd.
Yet one important secret still remains ; 135
One blest attainment of his pious pains.

'Twas on an hallow'd and auspicious hour,
When thus, inspired by strange prophetic pow'r,
The great BASILIUS spake :
Behold the yellow Lion shall go forth, 140
A potent monarch from the frozen North :

The

Line 140. *Behold the yellow lion.*] There is a great resemblance between this rapture of Basilus, and the famous prophecy of Paracelsus, published by Glauber,

The swift-wing'd eagle from his claws shall fly,
 The griffon shall but see his face and die :
 The crow, cameleon, and the dragon's blood,
 Mixt with the virgin's milk shall be his food ;
 The salamander shall his rule obey ;
 And all the sons of earth shall own his sway.

145

Thus he by figurative signs exprest
 The truths that roll'd tumultuous in his breast,

With

Glauber, in his prosperity of Germany, where may be seen his explanation of it.

Now follows the most potent lion and monarch of the North ; to whom none in the world may be compared, nor did ever any excel him in glory and power——

——A yellow lion shall come out of the North, which shall be a persecutor of the eagle, and at length its conqueror.

Line 143. *The griffon.*] Though Glauber's explanation be intelligible only to an adept, yet we may see, that by the fight of the lion and eagle he means the digestion of two bodies in a chymical process, which produce a third, which is called a griffon, being part lion and part eagle.

Line 148. *Thus he by figurative signs.*] The Arabians, who first treated of alchymy, delivered their precepts in hieroglyphics, and figurative expressions. This practice has been continued ever since.

The expofitor of Ripley's Hermetico-poetical works, fays,

' Our books are full of obscurity, and philosophers write horrid metaphors and riddles to those who are not upon a sure bottom, and do not discern the subject matter of our secrets ; which being known, the rest is not so hard.' We will subjoin his exposition on the following line :

For kind unto kind hath appetitive inclination.

——' We join kind with kind, for nature is mended and retained with its own nature : for this cause is our king wedded to the water-bearer's daughter ; of which water-bearer I told you that his body, his pitcher, and the water in it, are all one ; and his daughter was the queen which arose out of the water ; in which was seen a lamp burning. Wonder not at it, that a queen should

With pray'r and fasting then the holy man 150

The sacred heav'n-directed work began.

Nine months within the womb of time it lay ;
At length began its glories to display.

Then spake the lab'ring Sage : my son, attend ;
Learn thy conception, and thy wond'rous end. 155

On that auspicious ever-honoured morn

Wast thou conceived, on which thy Sire was born.

The sun himself presided at thy birth ;

Nor shall thy body turn to common earth.

The

' spring out of a water-bearer's loins : for the king is also his son, and he is
' greater than both. The king enjoys more riches than his father ; but the
' father hath the key of a closet, in which is wealth enough for all in the king-
' dom, to make every subject as rich as the king ; but the dispose of this wealth
' the king only is to have ; yet can he not have it in his possession till he marry
' his sister, which is the water of the pitcher invisible. This his sister, is also his
' mother and his father ; for it is one with water-bearer, the water and the pitcher,
' as is said. By reason of his consanguinity, the king embraceth his sister very
' desirously, and she by his embraces appears a queen, and then the water-bearer,
' and his water and pitcher vanish, and the king and queen remain alone ; at
' length both king and queen are drowned after the immoderate use of venery,
' violent sweating and weeping, which sweat and tears make one sea, in which
' swim two fishes without flesh and bones, which after resolve and make one
' broth, which is called water permanent.

' Thus have I somewhat metaphorically decyphered our true principles, yet
' so plainly as that you may with diligence understand the meaning,' &c. &c. &c.

Line 158. *The sun himself presided at thy birth.*] The chymists, from a sup-
posed analogy, denominate their metals from the planets, and gold is by them
called sol. Therefore Renatus's father urges this assertion to deceive him, as
not doubting but he is sufficiently skilled in judicial astrology, to interpret so
extraordinary a piece of fortune in the manner he would have him.

The sacred influence of his virtuous ray 160
 Exalts thine effence, and sublimes thy clay.
 Thy body thus prepared, these drops shall save
 From foul corruption and the loathsome grave;
 Th' elixir swallow'd ere thy corse be cold,
 Shall all thy limbs convert to purest gold. 165
 BASILIUS thus his wond'rous art display'd,
 And to my hands the precious drops convey'd.
 Then, when in death, a recent corse, I lie,
 Be thine the pow'rful med'cine to apply.
 RENATUS heard the tale with secret joy, 170
 And thus, with frequent tears, reply'd the boy :
 Obedient, I receive thy great commands ;
 Yet think not, that, with sacrilegious hands,
 Thy son shall e'er thy dear remains abuse,
 Or prostitute thy limbs to common use. 175
 But in the consecrated fane bestow'd,
 Adore at once the statue and the god :
 Before thy shrine perpetual incense burn,
 And filial duty to devotion turn.
 Thus while he spake, he views his father's height 180
 With rapture, and compute's his future weight.
 The limbs he measures with desiring eyes,
 Impatient to transmute the bulky prize.

Nor

Line 161. Exalt and sublime are chymical terms, which both import refining.

Nor long laments the promised boon delay'd,
But soon with joy the breathless corpse survey'd. 185

Then, big with hope, the potent medicine brought,
And the rich drops pour'd, trembling, down his throat.

Already the rich drops their virtues prove ;
And half the dose impell'd the limbs to move.

Up-rose the body, with a sudden bound, 190
And dash'd the shiver'd chrystal on the ground.

Th' elixir lost, the corpse returns to dust.

Great is our ruler ; all his ways are just.

Thus holy FAUSTUS ends the wond'rous tale,
And all the great BASILIUS' fate bewail, 195

Curfing his race, degenerate : then repair,

Regardful of the day, to fervent pray'r.

SCRIBLERUS now a crucible provides,

And spreads the glowing heat around it's sides.

Then, placed within, the fatal root calcines ; 200

And soon his hospitable friends rejoins.

Unwitting FAUSTUS to his guest declares

What great designs employ their present cares.

Then leads him where in solemn order fate

Th' assembled sages of th' hermetic state. 205

Up-rose the learned PARACELUS' heir,

And, pious, first prefer'd his solemn pray'r.

When thus : My friends, on this auspicious day,

Let each with confidence his art essay.

Nor

Nor shall your last attempt your art controul, 210
 For sure some pow'r prophetic tells my soul,
 That long ere Hesper's radiant lamp shall glow,
 Yon mass impure in genuine gold will flow.
 He said: and straitway to the furnace past,
 And on the molten lead his powders cast. 215
 No change, alas! their fancied pow'rs impart,
 The boaster mourns his ineffectual art.
 Again, in turn, advance the learned train
 Their art to try, they try their art in vain.

When thus SCRIBLERUS to the chiefs address 220
 The secret thoughts long-lab'ring in his breast:
 Ye great Adepts, thrice-honour'd Sages, hear,
 And chief O! FAUSTUS, lend a fav'ring ear.
 And O! forgive that 'till this destin'd hour,
 Th' unutter'd secret in my breast I bore. 225
 Great PLUTUS, patron of th' hermetic art,
 To me has deign'd th' elixir to impart.
 Has giv'n me to possess the sacred flow'r,
 Whose root alone can boast th' aurific pow'r:
 Alone transmute yon mass impure and base, 230
 And vindicate our science from disgrace.

Th' Adepts in silence witness'd their surprize,
 But scann'd his garments with contemptuous eyes:
 Till FAUSTUS rose, and in his arms embraced
 The tatter'd sage, and near the furnace placed. 235

When

When thus the race of great BOMBASTUS spoke ;
His haughty frame indignant anger took.

O! thoughtless, shall you mendicant engage
This arduous task which baffles every sage?
Shall hinds and beggars to that art aspire. 240

Which foils th' attempts of MUNSTER'S learned choir?

But grant him with success and glory crown'd,

To us how grateful must his glories sound?

The voice of fame shall thus our honours stain.

"The learn'd Adepts their art essay'd in vain: 245

"In came a Stroller of th' empyric crew,

"And did what all those sages could not do."

The Hero now disclaims his base disguise,

And thus with conscious dignity replies:

Behold SCRIBLERUS, no ignoble name: 250

Earth founds my wisdom, and high heav'n my fame:

So great a name amazed each hearer's breast,

A reverential awe their hearts possess'd.

Now

Line 240.] See the speech of Antinous. ODYSSEY. B. 21. line 309.

Line 244.] "*Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
Of that brave Chief whose bow they could not bend!*"

"*In came a beggar of the strolling crew,*

"*And did what all those Princes could not do.*"

Thus will the common voice our deed defame,

And thus posterity upbraid our name.

The Speech of Eurymachus. POPE'S ODYSSEY. B. 21. line 351.

Line 250.] See POPE'S ODYSSEY. B. 9. *Behold Ulysses, &c.*

Now on the Sage their eager eyes they bent ;
And, all-suspended, wait the great event. 255

Thus as they stood around, SCRIBLERUS spread
The pow'rful ashes on the molten lead.

Soon the dull mass assumed a nobler hue ;
With sudden change the heighten'd colours grew.

Now Luna shines with pallid radiance bright, 260

Now Sol begins to dart his ruddy light ;
SCRIBLERUS' praise employ'd each raptur'd tongue,
And all around the loud applauses rung.

Then thus the Sage the learn'd Adepts address'd :
As yet ye see but half my art express'd : 265

For know, this precious med'cine boasts the pow'r
The fleeting life, departed, to restore.

Tho' cold and breathless at my feet ye lay,

My potent art should animate your clay ;

Nay more, to youth recall the drooping fire, 270

And in his nerves infuse their pristine fire.

O ! would some Sage, th' elixir's force to try,

Here in the cause of science bravely die,

Science

Line 260. *Now Luna.*] In the language of the chymists, *Luna* denotes silver, and *Sol* gold. See note on line 158.

Line 270. *Nay more, to youth.*] ——— *Striçlo Medea recludit*

Ense senis jugulum : veteremque exire cruorem

Passa replet succis. Quos postquam combibit Æson

Aut ore acceptos aut vulnere ; barba comæque

Canitie positâ nigrum rapuere colorem, &c.

OVID'S METAM. B. 6. line 285.

Science should soon restore his yielded breath,
And claim her martyr from the jaws of death. 275

Scarce had he spoke when all with eager strife,
Stretch their bare throats and pant to meet the knife.

When lo! a casuist from the croud arose,
Their rash designs, by reas'ning to oppose.

With cited cases, points, quotations, laws, 280
Expounds what conscience wills, and what the laws.

If man shall murder man; the laws decide
The punishment decreed on homicide.

And this must follow, if the lawyers plead,
That tho' restor'd, the man in fact was dead. 285

If to your throats yourselves the weapon guide,
Th' indictment then will lie for suicide.

O! think how dreadful at the bar to stand,

For your own death by your own desp'rate hand!

What shame, what horror shall your bosoms shake 290
Condemn'd alive to feel the piercing stake!

The casuist's words the stagger'd croud divide;

When calmly thus the thoughtful man reply'd:

On this blest day no human blood be shed,

This day to science and to mirth decreed. 295

No, rather let an aged cow be brought,

While, careful, I prepare the potent draught.

Unscrup'ulous will we drain her torpid blood,
And soon renew the meliorated flood.

Long ere the sun completes his daily round, 300
A frisking calf shall o'er the meadows bound.
Thus pow'rful COLCHIS drench'd the feeble ram,
And from the cauldron leapt a wanton lamb.

Now crown'd with wreaths an aged cow they bring,
While shouts of joy from every quarter ring. 305

Not in more pomp, with mystic garlands dress'd,
March'd APIS, usher'd by the MEMPHIAN priest.

Her aged veins, impatient, they divide,
And drain, at length, her slowly-ebbing tide.

They pour the med'cine, bind the weeping wound, 310
And leave her corse extended on the ground,

Confiding

Line 301. *A frisking calf.*] ——— *Qui maximus ævo*
Dux gregis inter oves, agnus medicamine fiet.
———— *tener auditur medio balatus aheno.*
Nec mora: balatum mirantibus, exilit agnus,
Lascivitque fugâ. Ov. METAM. B. VI. line 310.

Line 314. *Then Boffius spake.*] M. Boffe published a treatise *De Electricitate Inflammante & Beatificante*. In this work he tells us, that having prepared large tubs of pitch, and placed a person on them, 'In a little time a glimmering light of a gold colour arises from the pitch, and waves about the feet. Thence it ascends to the knees, and at last reaches the head, and encompasses the whole person with a glory, which is a lively representation of that border of light, which adorns the pictures of saints.'

Confiding in the draught. Again they raise
Their voice in rapture to SCRIBLERUS' praise.

Then BOSSIUS spake: Sure Heav'n my soul inspires,
And prompts me to excite th' electric fires. 315

Raise then, my friends, the well-constructed stage,
There, placed on high, beatify the Sage,
Stripp'd of these rags unseemly to the fight,
And cloath'd with radiance and celestial light.

He said. His words the pleased assembly caught, 320
Who soon, obedient to his dictates, brought

Of pitch and rosin an enormous mass:
Six ample globes, and six vast tubes of glass:

From these th' Adepts a mystic structure made;
And in the midst the great SCRIBLERUS laid 325

In naked majesty, tremendous fight!
Then haste to execute the solemn rite.

Yet ere they fill the chorus of his praise,
Thus spake the man long versed in fortune's ways.

Alas! my friends, forbear this rash design, 330
Nor crown a mortal with rewards divine.

I fear this premature, this thoughtless joy
Has raised a vice our triumphs to destroy.

Yes,

Line 322.] Pitch and rosin prevent the electric force from being dissipated by communication of contact with non-electric bodies.

Line 333. *Has rais'd a vice.*] See B. 5. l. 171.

Let humble thoughts thy vanity controul.

Yes, I confess myself have felt its pow'r,
The hapless victim of this fatal hour. 335

I, whom in vain, Ambition strove to move,
And baffled Lust, beside yon conscious grove :
Whom not all-conqu'ring Luxury could gain,
Whom fordid Avarice assail'd in vain.

O Vanity, thou fixt and ling'ring guest, 340
Thou last of vices in the noble breast !
Who like the worm within the specious rind,
Prey'ft undiscover'd on the fairest mind ———

Thus spake the moral Sage ; but thoughtless They
Whirl the loud wheel, and tune the lofty lay. 345
Impetuous zeal with wild unruly noise,
Breaks on his speech, and drowns his sapient voice.

And now the glass by strong attrition urged,
First the foul atmosphere around him purged.
Then at the Hero's feet began to play 350
A flame more brilliant than the solar ray.

The golden beams ascending now embraced
Th' illustrious Sage, and circled round his waist.
Now fixt, and by increased effluvia fed,
Diffused a glory from his awful head. 355

Thus as he darts around electric fire,
To vocal hymns they tune the founding lyre ;

His high atchievements in their fongs relate,
And hail him Monarch of th' Hermetic State.

Such honours MUNSTER to her Hero paid ; 360
And lambent flames around his temples play'd.

Line 360. *Such honours Ilium to her Hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.*

End of POPE'S ILIAD.

AND now having brought our commentary to an happy conclusion, let us crown our labour with admonishing all ignorant pretenders, or rather entirely precluding them from presuming to make any additions to the Scribleriad, with the vanity of Quintus Calaber, and Triphiodorus, who impudently insinuating, that the Iliad was imperfect, wrote each a Supplement to it, which the former had the assurance to call *Παραλειπόμενα τῆς Ὀμήρου*. Maphæus Vegius, possess with the like folly, wrote a continuation of the Æneid. Camillo di Camilli of the Gierusalemme Liberata; and Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda of Don Quixote. We will at once quash all these fruitless endeavours, by representing the secrecy with which all those who are possess of the philosopher's stone conceal, not only those minute actions of their lives which constitute their history, but even their very persons themselves, as has before been explained. Theirs is the true and only

Secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ.

Our Hero is most happily secure from one dangerous quarter; for such has been his extraordinary continency, that no lady can, with the least shew of probability, introduce him to act a part in her memoirs.

Yet

Yet we are aware, that several of his family, more folicitous, perhaps, for his glory than is consistent with a prudential regard for it, will be fond of enlarging upon his actions. To these we must declare, that the author, when he put his poem into our hands, assured us, (in a phrase which he borrowed from the Spanish, and which he esteemed for being so admirably expressive,) that **HE HAD LEFT NOTHING IN THE INKHORN.**

THE END OF THE SIXTH AND LAST BOOK.

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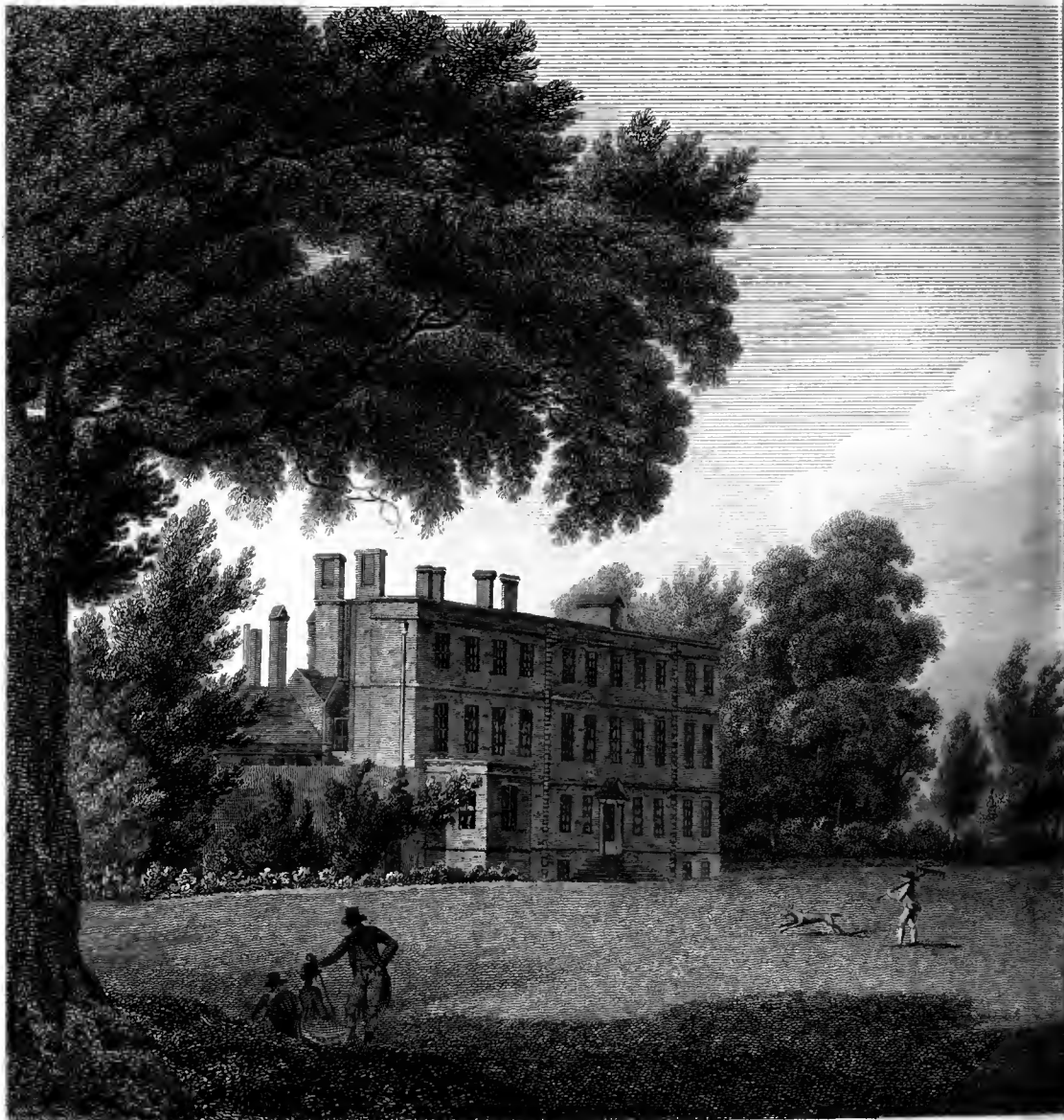
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Engraved by J. Landsea from a Drawing by J. Webb R.A.

T WICKHAM PLACE



London Published by Messrs. Cadell & Davies, June 1 1804

MEADOWS.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES,

WRITTEN AT

TWICKENHAM.

FROM 1751 to 1801.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

RESEARCH REPORT

PHYSICS 71-10

1971

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT AND HIS SERVANT,

In Imitation of the 7th Satire of the Second Book of Horace.

Quid leges sine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt. Hor.

[FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1752.]

SERVANT.

LONG have I heard your fav'rite theme,
A gen'ral reformation scheme,
To keep the Poor from ev'ry sin,
From gaming, murther, and from gin.
And now have I no lefs an itch
To venture to reform the Rich.

MEMBER.

HORATII. LIB. II. SATIRA 7.

Jamdudum aufculto, & cupiens tibi dicere fervus

Pauca, reformido. Hor. Davufne? D. Ita Davus, amicum

Mancipium

K k

MEMBER.

What, John! are you too turn'd projector?
 Come then, for once I'll hear your lecture.
 For since a member, as 'tis said,
 His projects to his servants read,
 And of a fav'rite speech a book made,
 With which he tired each night a cook-maid,
 And so it hap't that ev'ry morning
 The tasteless creatures gave him warning—
 Since thus we use 'em, 'tis but reason
 We hear our servants in their season.
 Begin.

SERVANT.

Like gamblers, half mankind
 Persist in constant vice combined,

In

Mancipium domino, et frugi, quod fit fati; hoc est,
 Ut vitale putes.

H. Age, libertate Decembri

(Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere: narra. 5

D. Pars hominum vitiis gaudet constanter, & urget
 Propositum: pars multa natat; modo recta capessens,
 Interdum pravis obnoxia. Sæpe notatus
 Cum tribus annellis, modò lævâ Priscus inani,
 Vixit inæqualis, clavum ut mutaret in horas: 10

Ædibus

In races, routes, the stews, and White's,
 Pass all their days and all their nights.
 Others again, like lady Prue,
 Who gives the morning church its due,
 At noon is painted, drest and curl'd,
 And one amongst the wicked world :
 Keeps her account exactly even
 As thus : Prue, Creditor with heaven,
 By sermons heard on extra days :
 Debtor : To masquerades and plays.
 Item : By Whitfield, half an hour :
 Per Contra : To the Colonel, four.

Others, I say, pass half their time
 In folly, idleness, or crime ;
 Then all at once, their zeal grows warm,
 And every throat refounds reform.

A lord

*Ædibus ex magnis subito se conderet, unde
 Mundior exiret vix libertinus honestè :
 Jam mœchus Romæ, jam mallet doctus Athenis
 Vivere ; Vertumnis, quotquot sunt, natus iniquis.
 Scurra Volanerius, postquam illi iusta chiragra
 Contudit articulos, qui pro se tolleret, atque
 Mitteret in phimum talos, mercede diurnâ
 Conducium pavit : quanto constantior idem
 In vitiis, tanto leviùs miser ac prior ille,
 Qui jam contento, jam laxo fune laborat.*

15

20

A lord his youth in ev'ry vice
 Indulged, but chief in drabs and dice.
 Till worn by age, difeafe, and gout:
 Then nature modestly gave out.
 Not fo my lord — who ftill, by proxy,
 Play'd with his darling dice and doxy.

I laud this conftant wretch's ftåte
 And pity all who fluctuate;
 Prefer this flave to dear backgammon,
 To thofe who ferve both God and Mammon:
 To thofe who take fuch pains to awe
 The nation's vices by the law,
 Yet while they draw their bills fo ample,
 Neglect the influence of example.

MEMBER.

To whom d'ye preach this fenfelefs fermon?

SERVANT.

H. Non dices hodie, quorfum hæc tam putida tendunt,
 Furcifer? D. Ad te, inquam. H. Quo pacto, peffime? D. Laudas.
 Fortunam & mores antiquæ plebis, & idem,
 Si quis ad illa Deus fubitò te agat, ufque recufes:
 Aut quia non fentis, quod clamas, rectius effe;
 Aut quia non firmus rectum defendis; & hæres.
 Nequicquam cœno cupiens evellere plantam.
 Romæ rus optas, abfentem rufficus urbem
 Tollis ad aftra levis: fi nufquam es fortè vocatus
 Ad cœnam, laudas fecurum olus; ac velut ufquam
 Vincetus eas, ita te felicem dicis, amefque,

25

30

Qdou

SERVANT.

To you, good fir.

MEMBER.

To me, ye vermin?

SERVANT.

To you, who ev'ry day profess.

T' admire the times of good Queen Bess.

But yet your heart sincerer praise

Bestows on these or Charles's days:

You still approve some absent place

(The present's ever in disgrace.)

And, such your special inconsistency,

Make the chief merit in the distance.

If e'er you miss a supper-card.

(Tho' all the while you think it hard),

You're

Quòd nusquam tibi fit potandum. Jusserit ad se

Mecænas serum sub lumina prima venire

Convivam, Nemón' oleum feret ociùs? ecquis

Audit? cum magno blateras clamore, furisque.

35

Milvius & scurræ, tibi non referenda precati

Discedunt. Etenim fateor me, dixerit ille,

Duci ventre levem: nasum nidore supinor:

Imbecillus, iners, si quid vis, adde popino.

Tu cùm sis quod ego, & fortassis nequior ultrò

40

Infectere velut melior, verbisque deoris

Obvolvas vitium? quid, si me stultior ipso

Quingentis empto drachmis deprenderis? Aufer

Me

You're all for folitude and quiet,
 Good hours and vegetable diet,
 Reflexion, air, and elbow room :
 No prifon like a crouded drum.
 But fhould you meet her Grace's fummons
 In full committee of the commons,
 Tho' well you know her crouded houfe
 Will fcarce contain another moufe,
 You quit the bus'nefs of the nation,
 And brethren of the reformation.
 Tho' ————— begs you'll ftay and vote,
 And zealous ————— tears your coat.
 You damn your coachman, ftorm and ftare ;
 And tear your throat to call a chair.
 Nay, never frown, and good now hold
 Your hand awhile : I've been fo bold

To

Me vultu terrere : manum ftomachúmque teneto,

Dum quæ Crifpini docuit me janitor, edo.

45

Te conjux aliena capit, meretricula Davum :

Peccat uter noftrum cruce dignius ? acris ubi me

Natura incendit ; fub clarâ nuda lucernâ

* * * * *

* * * * *

50

Dimittit, neque famofum, neque follicitum, ne

Ditior aut formæ melioris meiat eodem.

Tu cùm, projectis infignibus, annulo equeftri,

Romanóque

To paint your follies ; now I'm in,
 Let's have a word or two on fin.

Last night I heard a learned poulterer
 Lay down the law against th' adulterer :
 And let me tell you, sir, that few
 Hear better doctrine in a pew.

Well ! you may laugh at Robin Hood :
 I wish your studies were as good.

From Mandeville you take your morals :
 Your faith from controversial quarrels ;
 But ever lean to those who scribble
 Their crudities against the bible ;
 Yet tell me I shall crack my brain
 With hearing Henley or Romaine.

Deserves that critic most rebuke
 In judging on the Pentateuch,

Who

Romanóque habitu, prodis ex judice Dama
 Turpis, odoratum caput obscurante lacernâ,
 Non es quod simulas ? Metuens induceris, atque
 Altercante libidinibus tremis ossa pavore.

55

Quid refert uri virgis, ferróque necari
 Auctoratus eas ; an turpi claufus in arcâ,
 Quò te demisit peccati conscia herilis,
 Contractum genibus tangas caput ? * * * *

60

Ibis sub furcâ prudens dominóque furenti
 Committes rem omnem, & vitam, & cum corpore famam.

Evasti ?

Who deems it, with some wild fanatics,
 The only school of mathematics :
 Or he, who making grave profession,
 To lay aside all prepossession,
 Calls it a bookfeller's edition
 Of main'd records and vague tradition ?
 You covet, sir, your neighbour's goods :
 I take a girl at Peter Wood's ;
 And when I've turn'd my back upon her,
 Unwounded in my heart or honour,
 I feel nor infamous, nor jealous
 Of richer culls, or prettier fellows.
 But you, the grave and sage reformer,
 Must go by stealth to meet your charmer ;
 Must change your star and ev'ry note
 Of honour for a bear-skin coat.

That

Evassi ? metues credo, doctúsque cavebis.

Quæres quando iterum paveas, iterúmque perire

65

Possis. O toties fervus ! Quæ bellua ruptis

Cum semel effugit, reddit se prava catenis ?

Non sum mœchus, ais. Neque ego hercule fur, ubi vasa

Prætæreo sapiens argentea : tolle periculum,

Jam vaga profiliet frenis natura remotis,

70

Túne mihi dominus, rerum imperiis hominúmque

Tot tantisque minor ? quem ter vindicta quatérque

Imposita haud unquam miserâ formidine privet ?

Adde

That legislative head so wife
 Must stoop to base and mean disguise;
 Some Abigail must then receive you,
 Bribed by the husband to deceive you.
 She spies Cornuto on the stairs:
 Wakes you; then melted by your pray'rs,
 Yields, if with greater bribe you ask it,
 To pack your worship in the basket.
 Laid neck and heels true Falstaff fashion;
 Then form new schemes of reformation.

Thus 'scaped the murd'ring husband's fury,
 Or thumping fine of cuckold jury;
 Henceforth, in mem'ry of your danger,
 You'll live to all intrigues a stranger.
 No; ere you've time for this reflection;
 Some new debauch is in projection.
 And for the next approaching night,
 Contrivance for another fright.

This

Adde suprà dictis, quod non leviùs valeat. Nam

Sive vicarius est, qui fervo paret, uti mos .

75

Vester ait, seu confervus; tibi quid sum ego? nempe

Tu mihi qui imperitas, aliis fervis miser, atque

Duceris, ut nervis alienis mobile lignum.

H. Quisnam igitur liber? D. Sapiens; sibi qui imperiosus

Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:

80

L L

Responfare

This makes you, tho' so great, so grave,
 Nay! wonder not, an abject slave.
 As much a slave as I: nay more;
 I serve one master, you a score.
 And as your various passions rule,
 By turns are twenty tyrants' fool.

MEMBER.

Who then is free?

SERVANT.

The wife alone,

Who only bows to reason's throne;
 Whom neither want, nor death, nor chains,
 Nor subtle persecutor's pains,
 Nor honours, wealth, nor lust can move
 From virtue and his country's love.
 Self-guarded like a globe of steel,
 External insults can he feel?

Or

Responfare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
 Fortis; & in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,
 Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari;
 In quem manca ruit semper fortuna Potésne
 Ex his, ut proprium, quid noscere? Quinque talenta
 Pofcit te mulier, vexat, foribusque repulfum
 Perfundit gelidâ; rusûs vocat. Eripe turpi
 Colla jugo. Liber, liber sum, dic age. Non quis:
 Urget enim dominus mentem non lenis, & acres

85

Subjectat

Or e'er present one weaker part
 To fortune's most infidious dart.
 Much honour'd master, may you find
 These wholesome symptoms in your mind.
 Can you be free while passions rule you?
 While women ev'ry moment fool you?
 While forty mad capricious whores
 Invite, then turn you out of doors;
 Of ev'ry doit contrive to trick you,
 Then bid their happier footman kick you.

Convinced by ev'ry new disaster,
 You serve a more despotic master;
 Say can your pride or folly see
 Such difference 'twixt yourself and me?

Shall you be struck with Titian's tints,
 And mayn't I stop to stare at prints?

Disposed

Subiectat lassò stimulos, versátque negantem. 90
 Vel cùm Pauillacâ torpes, infane, tabellâ,
 Qui peccas minùs atque ego, cùm Fulvi, Rutubæque,
 Aut Placideiani contento poplite miror
 Prælia, rubricâ picta aut carbone; velut si
 Re vera pugnent, feriant, viténtque moventes 95
 Arma viri? Nequam & cessator Davus: at ipse
 Subtilis veterum iudex & callidus audis.

L L 2

Nil

Dispos'd along th' extensive glass
 They catch and hold me ere I pass.
 Where Slack is made to box with Broughton,
 I see the very stage they fought on:
 The bruifers live, and move, and bleed,
 As if they fought in very deed.
 Yet I'm a loiterer, to be sure,
 You a great judge and connoisseur:
 Shall you prolong the midnight ball
 With costly banquet at Vauxhall,
 And yet prohibit earlier suppers
 At Kilbourn, Sadlers-Wells, or Cuper's?
 Are these less innocent in fact,
 Or only made so by the act?
 Those who* contribute to the tax
 On tea and chocolate and wax.

With

* It was urged in the petitions of some of the houses of public entertainment, that the suppression of them might greatly diminish the duties on tea, chocolate, and wax-lights.

Nil ego, si ducor libo fumante: tibi ingens
 Virtus atque animus coenis responfat opimis.
 Obsequium ventris mihi perniciosus est cur?
 Tergo plector enim: qui tu impunitior, illa,
 Quæ parvo fumi nequeunt, cum obsonia captas?

100

Nempè

With high ragouts their blood inflame,
 And nauseate what they eat for fame :
 Of these the houses take no knowledge
 But leave them fairly to the college.
 Ó! ever prosper their endeavours
 To aid your dropfies, gouts and fevers.

Can it be deem'd a shame or fin.
 To pawn my livery for gin,
 While bonds and mortgages at White's
 Shall raise your fame with Arthur's knights ?
 Those worthies seem to see no shame in,
 Nor strive to pass a flur on gaming ;
 But rather to devise each session
 Some law in honour o' th' profession :
 Lest fordid hands, or vulgar place,
 The noble myst'ry should debase ;
 Lest ragged scoundrels in an alehouse,
 Should chalk their cheatings on the bellows ;

Or

Nempè inamarefcunt epulæ sine fine petitæ,
 Illufque pedes vitiofum ferre recufant
 Corpus. Au hic peccat, fub noctem qui puer uvam
 Furtivâ mutat frigidæ ? Qui prædia vendit,
 Nil fervile gulæ parens habet ? Adde quod idem.
 Non horam tecum eſſe potes, non otia recitè

105.

Ponere ;

Or boys the sacred rites profane
 With orange-barrows in a lane.
 Where lies the merit of your labours
 To curb the follies of your neighbours ;
 Deter the gambler and prevent his
 Confed'rate arts to gull the 'prentice ;
 Unless you could yourself desist
 From hazard, faro, brag, and whist ?
 Unless your philosophic mind
 Can from within amusement find,
 And give at once to use and pleasure
 That truly precious time, your leisure.

In vain your busy thoughts prepare
 Deceitful sepulchres of care :
 The downy couch, the sparkling bowl,
 And all that lulls or soothes the soul—

MEMBER.

Where is my cane, my whip, my hanger ?
 I'll teach you to provoke my anger.

SERVANT.

Ponere ; téque ipsum vitas fugitivus & erro ;

Jam vino quærens, jam fomno fallere curam :

110

Frustra : nam comes atra premit, sequiturque fugacem.

H. Unde mihi lapidem ? D. Quorsum est opus ? H. Unde fugitas

D. Aut infanit homo, aut versus facit. H. Ociùs hinc te

Ni rapis, accedes opera agro nona Sabino.

SERVANT.

Heyday ! my mafter's brain is crack't !
Or elfe he's making fome new act—

MEMBER.

To fet fuch rogues as you to work
Perhaps, * or fend you to the Turk.

* Among the many projects for the punifhment of rogues, it has been frequently propofed to fend them in exchange for Englifh faves to Algiers.

MISSISSIPPI

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THE
I N T R U D E R.

IN IMITATION
OF
HORACE, BOOK I. SATIRE IX.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1754.

M M

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

WHATEVER is written in imitation of the manners and conversation of men, has never failed to please in proportion as it has been well written; and those who have imitated the writings of preceding ages have, by applying ancient manners to modern times, afforded a still greater scope for the mind to entertain itself by the comparison. Yet as this advantage may be overbalanced by cramping the genius and warping the argument, by adhering too strictly to every particular, may it not be necessary, for the propriety of the whole, in some cases to alter the conduct by the transposition of a few lines, or the omission of an incident which the difference of manners may make less interesting to the present age?

It is submitted to the reader, whether an impropriety in the conduct is not avoided in the following Imitation, by postponing the sensibility and agony of the Poet; since by appearing too early, it seems to anticipate the force of his distress, which ought to rise by degrees, and in proportion as the importunity of the Intruder increases. If this be allowed, it is hoped the Author has not done amiss in having taken the liberty of transposing some lines of the original.

T H E
I N T R U D E R.

A CERTAIN free familiar Spark
Pertly accosts me in the Park :
' 'Tis lovely weather sure ! how gay
' The fun ! - - - I give you, fir, good day.'
Your servant, fir. To you the same - - - - 5
But - - - give me leave to crave your name ?
' My name ? why sure you've seen my face
' About in ev'ry public place.
' I'm known to almost all your friends,
' (No one e'er names you but commends.) 10
' For some I plant ; for some I build ;
' In ev'ry taste and fashion skill'd - - - -

' Were

-
1. Ibam fortè viâ facrâ, sicut meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis :
Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantùm ;
Arreptâque manu, Quid agis, dulcissime rerum ?
5. Suaviter, ut nunc est, inquam ; et cupio omnia quæ vis.
11. Noris nos, inquit ; docti sumus.

‘ Were there the least regard for merit ! - - - -
 ‘ The rich in purse are poor in spirit.
 ‘ You know fir Pagode : (here I’ll give ye 15
 ‘ A front I’ve drawn him for a privy)
 ‘ This winter, fir, as I’m a finner,
 ‘ He has not ask’d me once to dinner.’

Quite overpower’d with this intrusion
 I stood in silence and confusion. 20

He took th’ advantage and pursued :
 ‘ Perhaps, fir, you may think me rude ;
 ‘ But sure I may suppose my talk
 ‘ Will less disturb you while you walk :
 ‘ And yet I now may spoil a thought : 25
 ‘ But that’s indeed a venial fault : - - - -
 ‘ I only mean to such, d’ye see,
 ‘ Who write with ease like you and me.
 ‘ I write a sonnet in a minute :
 ‘ Upon my soul there’s nothing in it. 30
 ‘ But you to all your friends are partial :
 ‘ You reckon * * * another Martial - - - -
 ‘ He’d think a fortnight well bestow’d
 ‘ To write an epigram or ode.

‘ * * * * ’s

23 ————— Nam quis me scribere plures

Aut citius possit versus ?

39. Si

‘ * * * *’s no poet to my knowledge ; - - - - 35
 ‘ I knew him very well at college ;
 ‘ I’ve writ more verses in an hour,
 ‘ Than he could ever do in four.
 ‘ You’ll find me better worth your knowing - - - -
 ‘ But tell me ; which way are you going ?’ 40

What various tumults swell’d my breast,
 With passion, flame, disgust oppress !
 This courtship from my brother Poet !
 Sure no similitude can show it.
 Not young Adonis, when pursued 45
 By amorous antiquated prude ;
 Not Gulliver’s distressful face,
 When in the Yahoo’s loath’d embrace.

In rage, confusion, and dismay,
 Not knowing what to do or say : 50
 And having no recourse but lying, - - - -
A friend at Lambeth lies a dying. - - - -
 ‘ Lambeth !’ (he reassumes his talk)
 ‘ Across the bridge - - - the finest walk. - - -
 ‘ Don’t

39. Si benè me novi, non Viscum pluris amicum,
 Non Varium, facies.

40. —Hinc quo nunc iter est tibi ?

52. - - - - - Nil opus est te

Circumagi ; quemdam volo visere, non tibi notum :

- ‘ Don’t you admire the Chinese bridges, 55
 ‘ That wave in furrows and in ridges ?
 ‘ They’ve finish’d such an one at Hampton :
 ‘ Faith ’twas a plan I never dreamt on - - - -
 ‘ The prettiest thing that e’er was seen - - - -
 ‘ ’Tis printed in the Magazine. - - - -’ 60

This wild farrago who could bear ?
 Sometimes I run ; then stop and stare ;
 Vex’d and tormented to the quick,
 By turns grow choleric and fick :
 And glare my eye, and fiew the white,
 Like vicious horses when they’d bite. 65

Regardless of my eye or ear,
 His jargon he renews - - -

- ‘ D’ye hear
- ‘ Who ’twas compos’d the Taylor’s dance ?
 ‘ I practis’d fifteen months in France. 70
‘ I wrote

- Trans Tiberim longè cubat is, prope Cæfaris hortos.
 Nil habeo quod agam, et non sum piger : usque fequar te.
 55. ----- Cum quidlibet ille
 Garriret, vicos, urbem laudaret.-----
 65. Demitto auriculas, ut iniquæ mentis asellus.
 70. ----- Quis membra movere
 Mollius ?

- ‘ I wrote a play - - - - ’twas done in haste - - - -
 ‘ I know the present want of taste,
 ‘ And dare not trust it on the town - - - -
 ‘ No tragedy will e’er go down.
 ‘ The new burletta ’s now the thing - - - - 75
 ‘ Pray did you never hear me sing ?
Never indeed. - - - -
 ‘ Next time we meet - - - -
 ‘ We’re just now coming to the street. - - - -
 ‘ Bless me ! I almost had forgot :
 ‘ There’s poor Jack Stiles will go to pot. 80
 ‘ Sir Scrutiny has prest me daily
 ‘ To be this hour at the Old Bailey,
 ‘ To witness to his good behaviour :
 ‘ My uncle’s voter under favour - - - -
 ‘ Egad, I’m puzzled what to do, 85
 ‘ To save him will be losing you.
 ‘ Yet

76. ————— Invidet quod et Hermogenes ego canto.

80. ————— Casu tunc respondere vadato

Debebat ; quod ni fecisset, perdere litem.

Si me amas, inquit, paulum hinc ades. Intream si

Aut valeo stare, aut novi civilia jura :

Et propero quod scis. Dubius sum quid faciam, inquit ;

Tene relinquam, an rem. Me, fodes. Non faciam, ille ;

Et præcedere cœpit.

- ‘ Yet we muft fave him if we can,
 ‘ For he’s a ftanch one, * a dead man.’
By your account he’s fo indeed,
Unless you make fome better fpeed. 90
This moment fly to fave your friend - - -
Or elfe prepare him for his end.
 ‘ Hang him he’s but a fingle vote ;
 ‘ I wifh the halter round his throat.
 ‘ To Lambeth I attend you, fir.’ 95
Upon my foul you fhall not ftir :
Preferve your voter from the gallows :
Can human nature be fo callous ?
So negligent when life’s at ftake ?
 ‘ I’d hang a hundred for your fake.’ 100
 I wifh you’d do as much by me - - -
 Or any thing to fet me free.
- Deaf to my words, he talks along
 Still louder than the buzzing throng.
 ‘ Are you, he cries, as well as ever 105
 ‘ With lady Grace ? fhe’s vafly clever ?’
 ‘ Her

* A cant term for a fure vote.

101. Omnes compofui. Felices ! nunc ego refto :
 Confice.

105. ——— Mæcenas quomodo tecum ?
 Hinc repetit. Paucorum hominum, et mentis bene fanæ.

Nemo

Her merit all the world declare :
 Few, very few her friendship share.
 ‘ If you’d contrive to introduce
 ‘ Your friend here, you might find an use - - - ’ 110
Sir, in that house there’s no such doing,
And the attempt would be one’s ruin.
No art, no project, no designing.
No rivalry and no outshining.
 ‘ Indeed! you make me long the more 115
 ‘ To get admittance. Is the door
 ‘ Kept by so rude, so hard a clown,
 ‘ As will not melt at half-a-crown?
 ‘ Can’t

Nemo dexterius fortunâ est usus. Haberes.
 Magnum adiutorem, posses qui ferre secundas,
 Hunc hominem velles si tradere : dispeream, ni
 Summôsses omnes. Non isto vivimus illic
 Quo tu rere modo : domus hâc nec purior ulla est,
 Nec magis his aliena malis : nil mi officit unquam,
 Ditiior hic, aut est quia doctior : est locus uni
 Cuique suus. Magnum narras, vix credibile. Atqui
 Sic habet.

15. ——— Accendis, quare cupiam magis illi
 Proximus esse. Velis tantummodo : quæ tua virtus,
 Expugnabis ; et est qui vinci possit : eoque
 Difficiles aditus primos habet. Haud mihi deero :
 Muneribus fervos corrumpam ; non, hodie si
 Exclusus fuero, desistam.

N N



' Can't I cajole the female tribe
 ' And gain her woman with a bribe? 120
 ' Refused to-day, fuck up my sorrow,
 ' And take my chance again to-morrow?
 ' Is there no shell-work to be seen,
 ' Or Chinese chair or Indian screen?
 ' No cockatoo nor inarmozet, 125
 ' Lap-dog, gold fish, nor perroquet?
 ' No French embroidery on a quilt?
 ' And no bow-window to be built?
 ' Can't I contrive, at times, to meet
 ' My lady in the park or street? 130
 ' At opera, play, or morning pray'r,
 ' To hand her to her coach or chair?
 But now his voice, tho' late so loud,
 Was lost in the contentious crowd
 Of fishwives newly corporate, 135
 A colony from Billingsgate.
 That infant on the bridge I spy'd
 Lord Truewit coming from his ride.

My

129. ————— Tempora quæram;
 Occurram in triviis: deducam.

137. - - - - - Hæc dum agit, ecce
 Fuscus Ariftius occurrit mihi carus, et illum

Qui

My lord, - - - - Sir William (I began)
Has given me power to state a plan, 140
To settle ev'ry thing between you ;
And so - - - - 'tis lucky that I've seen you.
This morning. - - - -
 ' Hold,' replies the peer,
 And tips me a malicious leer,
 ' Against good breeding to offend 145
 ' And rudely take you from your Friend !'
 (His lordship, by the way, can spy
 How matters go with half an eye :
 And loves, in proper time and place,
 To laugh behind the gravest face.) 150
 ' 'Tis Saturday. - - - - I should not chuse
 ' To break the sabbath of the Jews.'
 The

Qui pulchrè nôffet. Confistimus. Unde venis? et
 Quo tendis? rogat, et respondet. Vellere cœpi,
 Et prenfare manu lentissima brachia, nutans,
 Distorquens oculos, ut me eriperet.

144. ————— Male falsus
 Ridens dissimulare : mecum jecur urere bilis.
 Certè nescio quid secreto velle loqui te
 Aiebas mecum. Memini bene ; sed meliori
 Tempore dicam.

152. ————— Hodie tricesima sabbata ; vin'tu
 Curtis JUDÆIS oppedere? Nulla mihi, inquam,

The Jews! my Lord! - - -

‘ Why since this pother,
 ‘ I own I’m grown a weaker brother;
 ‘ Faith! perfecution is no joke: - - - - 155
 ‘ - - - - I once was going to have spoke: - - - -
 ‘ Bus’ness may stay till Monday night:
 ‘ ’Tis prudent to be sure you’re right.’

He went his way. I raved and fumed:
 To what ill fortune am I doom’d! 160
 But fortune had, it seems, decreed
 That moment for my being freed.
 Our talk, which had been somewhat loud,
 Insensibly the market crowd
 Around my persecutor drew; 165
 And made ’em take him for a Jew.

To

Relligio est. At mi; sum paulò infirmior; unus
 Multorum; ignofces: aliàs loquar.

159. ——— Fugit improbus, ac me
 Sub cultro linquit.

160. ——— Huncine solem
 Tam nigrum surrexe mihi?

163. ——— Cafu venit obvius illi
 Adverfarius; et, Quò tu, turpiffime? magnà
 Inclamat voce; et, Licet antefari?

To me the caitiff now appeals ;
 But I took fairly to my heels ;
 And, pitiless of his condition,
 On brink of Thames and Inquisition, 170
 Left him to take his turn and listen
 To each uncircumcised Philistine.

O Phœbus ! happy he whose trust is
 In thee and thy poetic justice.

168. ——— Ego verò
 Oppono auriculam ; rapit in jus.
 171. ——— Clamor utrinque ;
 Undique concursus.
 173. ——— Sic me fervavit Apollo.

To me the earth is not a land;
 But I could wish to be a man
 And, like the birds of the air,
 On wings of love to fly
 And visit the loved ones
 In the land of the living.
 O "Heavenly" Father,
 In the land of the living

The Mississippi River
 Is the lifeblood of the South
 And the pride of the Nation
 For it is the highway
 To the West and the East
 And the heart of the Nation

THE
FABLE OF JOTHAM:

TO THE
BOROUGH-HUNTERS.

(FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1754.)

“Jotham’s Fable of the Trees is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that time.”

ADDISON.

JUDGES, Chap. ix. v. 8.

OLD Plumb, who tho’ blest in his Kentish retreat,
Still thrives by his oilshop in Leadenhall-street,
With a Portugal merchant, a knight by creation,
From a Borough in Cornwall received invitation.
Well-assured of each vote, well equip’t from the alley,
In quest of election-adventures they fally.
Tho’ much they discoursed, the long way to beguile,
Of the earthquakes, the Jews, and the change of the file,
Of the Irish, the stocks, and the lott’ry committee,
They came silent and tired into Exeter city.

‘ Some

‘ Some books, prithee landlord, to pass a dull hour ;
 ‘ No nonsense of parsons, or methodists four,
 ‘ No poetical stuff—a damn’d jingle of rhimes,
 ‘ But some pamphlet that’s new and a touch on the times.’
 ‘ O Lord ! says mine host, you may hunt the town round,
 ‘ I question if any such thing can be found :
 ‘ I never was ask’d for a book by a guest ;
 ‘ And I’m sure I have all the great folk in the West.
 ‘ None of these to my knowledge e’er call’d for a book ;
 ‘ But see, sir, the woman with fish, and the cook ;
 ‘ Here’s the fattest of carp, shall we dress you a brace ?
 ‘ Would you chuse any foals, or a mullet, or plaice ?
 ‘ A Place, quoth the knight, we must have to be sure,
 ‘ But first let us see that our Borough’s secure.
 ‘ We’ll talk of the Place when we’ve settled the poll :
 ‘ They may dress us for supper the mullet and foal.
 ‘ But do you, my good landlord, look over your shelves,
 ‘ For a book we must have, we’re so tired of ourselves.’
 ‘ In troth, sir, I ne’er had a book in my life,
 ‘ But the prayer-book and bible I bought for my wife.’
 ‘ Well ! the bible must do ; but why don’t you take in
 ‘ Some monthly collection ? the New Magazine ?
 The bible was brought and laid out on the table,
 And open’d at Jotham’s most apposite fable ;

The tale of the Trees. This chimed in with their bent :
And Plumb look't for an hint for his planting in Kent.

Sir Freeport began with this verse, tho' no rhyme—

' The Trees of the forest went forth on a time,
(To what purpose our candidates scarce could expect,
For it was not, they found, to transplant—but ELECT)
' To the Olive and Fig-tree their deputies came,
' But by both were refused and their answer the same :
' Quoth the Olive, " Shall I leave my fatness and oil
" For an unthankful office, a dignified toil?"
" Shall I leave, quoth the Fig-tree, my sweetness and fruit,
" To be envy'd, or flaved in so vain a pursuit?"
' Thus rebuff'd and surprized they apply'd to the Vine,
' He answer'd : - - - -

" Shall I leave my grapes and my wine ?

" (Wine the sovereign cordial of god and of man)
" To be made or the tool or the head of a clan?"
' At last, as it always falls out in a scramble,
' The mob gave the cry for—" a Bramble! a Bramble!
" A Bramble for ever!"—O! chance unexpected!
' But Bramble prevail'd and was duly elected.'—
' O! ho! quoth the knight, with a look most profound,
' Now I see there's some good *in good books* to be found.
' I wish I had read this same Bible before :
' Of long miles at the least 'twould have saved us fourscore.

O o

' You

- ‘ You, Plumb, with your olives and oil might have staid,
- ‘ And myself might have tarried my wines to unlade.
- ‘ What have merchants to do from their business to ramble ?
- ‘ Your electioneer-errant should still be a Bramble.’

Thus ended at once the wise comment on Jotham,
And our Citizens’ jaunt to the borough of Gotham.

T H E
F A K E E R :

A T A L E.

[FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1756.]

P R E F A C E.

IT ought to be acknowledged, that the plan of the following lines is borrowed from M. Voltaire, who evidently took his hint from a passage in Pere le Comte's History of China, which it is thought necessary to prefix, in order to support and illustrate the facts on which the tale is founded.

An Extract from Le Comte's Memoirs and Remarks, &c. Octavo, 1737.
Page 335.

The * Bonzes get a great deal of money by doing acts of penance publicly, which the people esteem them mightily for. I have seen them dragging after them a long chain of iron as thick as one's arm, about thirty feet long, fastened to their neck, waist, or legs. Thus it is, say they, at every door as they pass, that we expiate your faults, sure this deserves some small alms. Others in public places knock their pates with all their force with large bricks, till they are almost covered
with

* Bonze is the general name for a priest. The proper term for the poor begging Dervise is Fakeer; which both in the Turkish and Indian Language, signifies *poor*. Those of this sect who retire to desert places, and practise the utmost austerity of fasting and meditation, are called Jauguis; that is, united with God. They seem for hours together absorbed in extacy, seeing, as they fancy, the divinity in the appearance of a clear and vivid light at the end of their nose, which they endeavour to effect by fixing both their eyes equally to that point, with inflexible constancy.

with blood. They have several other * penitential actions ; but what I was most surprized at was this :

One day I met a Bonze in a sort of sedan, very close shut, the inside of which was like an harrow full of nails very thick, with their points sticking out towards the man in the chair, so that he could not bend either one way or the other without wounding himself. Two fellows were hired to carry him from house to house, where he begged the people to have compassion on him.

He told them he was shut up in that chair for the good of their souls, and was resolved never to go out from thence, till they had bought all the nails (of which there were above two thousand) at the rate of sixpence a-piece. If you buy any of them, says he, you will do an action of heroic virtue, and your alms are not bestowed on the Bonzes, to whom you may take other opportunities of bestowing your charity, but to the god FO, in whose honour we are going to build a temple. I told him, that he was very unhappy to torment himself thus in this world for no good, and did counsel him therefore to come out of his prison, to go to the temple of the true God, to be instructed in heavenly truths, and submit to penance less severe, but more salutary. He was so far from being in a passion with me, that he answered me calmly and courteously, that he was much obliged to me for my good advice, and would be more obliged to me still, if I would buy a dozen of his nails, which would certainly make me have a good journey.

Here hold your hand, says he, turning on one side, take these ; upon the faith of a Bonze, they are the very best in all my sedan, for they prick me the most, yet you shall have them at the same rate at which I sell the others.

* Some keep a fire always burning on their heads : others tie their heels to a tree, and leaning downwards, are continually supplying a fire with wood, that the flame may rise to their breasts.

T H E
F A K E E R ;

A T A L E.

A FAKEER (a Religious well known in the East,
Not much like a parson, still less like a priest)
With no canting, no sly jesuitical arts,
Field-preaching, hypocrisy, learning or parts ;
By a happy refinement in mortification, 5
Grew the oracle, saint, and the pope of his nation.
But what did he do this esteem to acquire ?
Did he torture his head or his bosom with fire ?
Was his neck in a portable pillory cased ?
Did he fasten a chain to his leg or his waist ? 10
No. His holiness rose to this sovereign pitch
By the merit of running long nails in his breech.

A wealthy young Indian, approaching the shrine,
Thus in banter accosts the prophetic divine :
This tribute accept for your interest with FO, 15
Whom with torture you serve, and whose will you must know ;
To your suppliant disclose his immortal decree ;
Tell me which of the heav'ns is allotted for me.

FAKEER.

FAKEER.

Let me first know your merits.

INDIAN.

I strive to be just :

To be true to my friend, to my wife, to my trust : 20

In religion I duly observe ev'ry form :

With an heart to my country devoted and warm :

I give to the poor, and I lend to the rich - - - -

FAKEER.

But how many nails do you run in your breech ?

INDIAN.

With submission I speak to your rev'rence's tail ; 25

But mine has no taste for a tenpenny nail.

FAKEER.

Well ! I'll pray to our prophet and get you preferr'd ;

Though no farther expect than to heaven the third.

With me in the thirtieth your seat to obtain,

You must qualify duly with hunger and pain. 30

INDIAN.

With you in the thirtieth ! You impudent rogue !

Can such wretches as you give to madness a vogue !

Though the priesthood of FO on the vulgar impose,

By squinting whole years at the end of their nose,

Though

Though with cruel devices of mortification 35
 They adore a vain idol of modern creation,
 Does the God of the heav'ns such a service direct?
 Can his mercy approve a self-punishing sect?
 Will his wisdom be worshipp'd with chains and with nails?
 Or e'er look for his rites in your noses and tails? 40
 Come along to my house and these penances leave,
 Give your belly a feast, and your breech a reprieve.

This reas'ning unhinged each fanatical notion;
 And stagger'd our faint, in his chair of promotion.
 At length with reluctance he rose from his seat: 45
 And resigning his nails and his fame for retreat;
 Two weeks his new life he admir'd and enjoy'd:
 The third he with plenty and quiet was cloy'd.
 To live undistinguish'd to him was the pain,
 An existence unnoticed he could not sustain. 50
 In retirement he sigh'd for the fame-giving chair;
 For the crowd to admire him, to rev'rence and stare:
 No endearments of pleasure and ease could prevail;
 He the faintship resumed, and new larded his tail.

Our Fakeer represents all the vot'ries of fame; 55
 Their ideas, their means, and their end is the same.
 The sportsman, the buck; all the heroes of vice,
 With their gallantry, lewdness, the bottle and dice;

The

The poets, the critics, the metaphysicians,
The courtier, the patriot, all politicians ;
The statesman begirt with th' importunate ring,
(I had almost completed my list with the king)
All labour alike to illustrate my tale ;
All tortured by choice with th' invifible nail.

AN
E L E G Y
WRITTEN IN AN
EMPTY ASSEMBLY-ROOM.

----- Semperque relinqui
Sola fibi ----- VIRG.

[FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1756.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Poem being a parody on the most remarkable passages in the well-known epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, it was thought unnecessary to transcribe any lines from that poem, which is in the hands of all, and in the memory of most readers.

AN
E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN AN
EMPTY ASSEMBLY-ROOM.

IN scenes where HALLET's genius has combined
With BROMWICH to amuse and cheer the mind;
Amid this pomp of cost, this pride of art,
What mean these sorrows in a female heart?

Ye crowded walls, whose well enlightened round 5
With lovers sighs and protestations found,
Ye pictures flatter'd by the learn'd and wife,
Ye glasses ogled by the brightest eyes,
Ye cards, which beauties by their touch have blest,
Ye chairs, which peers and ministers have prest, 10
How are ye chang'd! like you my fate I moan,
Like you, alas! neglected and alone - - -
For ah! to me alone no card is come,
I must not go abroad—and cannot BE AT HOME.

Bleft be that social power, the first who pair'd 15
 The erring footman with th' unerring card.
 'Twas VENUS sure; for by their faithful aid
 The whisp'ring lover meets the blushing maid;
 From solitude they give the cheerful call
 'To the choice supper, or the sprightly ball; 20
 Speed the soft summons of the gay and fair,
 From distant Bloomsbury to Grosvenor Square;
 And bring the colonel to the tender hour,
 From the Parade, the Senate, or the Tower.

Ye records, patents of our worth and pride! 25
 Our daily lesson, and our nightly guide!
 Where'er ye stand disposed in proud array,
 The vapours vanish, and the heart is gay;
 But when no cards the chimney-glass adorn,
 The dismal void with heart-felt shame we mourn; 30
 Conscious neglect inspires a fullen gloom,
 And brooding sadness fills the slighted room.

If but some happier female's card I've seen,
 I swell with rage, or sicken with the spleen;
 While artful pride conceals the bursting tear, 35
 With some forced banter or affected sneer:
 But now grown desp'rate, and beyond all hope,
 I curse the ball, the duchess and the pope.*

And

* The duchess of Norfolk, who was a catholic.

And as the loads of borrow'd plate go by,
 " Tax it! ye greedy ministers," I cry. 40

How shall I feel, when Sol resigns his light
 To this proud splendid goddess of the night!
 Then, when her awkward guests in measure beat
 The crowded floors, which groan beneath their feet!
 What thoughts in solitude shall then possess 45
 My tortur'd mind, or soften my distress!
 Not all that envious malice can suggest
 Will soothe the tumults of my raging breast.
 (For envy's lost amidst the numerous train,
 And hisses with her hundred snakes in vain) 50
 Though with contempt each despicable soul
 Singly I view,—I must revere the whole.

The methodist in her peculiar lot,
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot,
 Though single happy, tho' alone is proud, 55
 She thinks of heav'n (she thinks not of a crowd)
 And if she ever feels a vap'rish qualm,
 Some * Drop of Honey, or some holy balm,
 The pious prophet of her sect distils,
 And her pure soul seraphic rapture fills; 60

Grace

* The title of a book of devotion.

Grace shines around her with serene beams,
 And whisp'ring WHITF—D prompts her golden dreams.

Far other dreams my sensual soul employ,
 While conscious nature tastes unholy joy :
 I view the traces of experienced charms, 65
 And clasp the regimentals in my arms.
 To dream last night I clos'd my blubber'd eyes ;
 Ye soft illusions; dear deceits arise :
 Alas! no more; methinks I wand'ring go
 To distant quarters 'midst the Highland snow, 70
 To the dark inn where never wax-light burns,
 Where in smok'd tap'try faded DIDO mourns ;
 To some assembly in a country town,
 And meet the colonel---in a parson's gown !!
 I start—I shriek--- 75

O! could I on my waking brain impose,
 Or but forget at least my present woes !
 Forget 'em---how !---each rattling coach suggests
 The loath'd ideas of the crouding guests.
 To visit---were to publish my disgrace ; 80
 To meet the spleen in ev'ry other place ;
 To join old maids and dowagers forlorn ;
 And be at once their comfort and their scorn !

For

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES. 295

For once to read---with this diftemper'd brain,
Ev'n modern novels lend their aid in vain. 85
My MANDOLINE----what place can mufic find
Amid the difcord of my refliefs mind ?

How fhall I wafte this time which flowly flies !
How lull to flumber my reluctant eyes !
This night the happy and th' unhappy keep 90
Vigils alike,----NORFOLK *has murder'd fleep.*

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the United States from its discovery to the present time. It is divided into three periods: the first period is the discovery and settlement of the continent; the second period is the struggle for independence; the third period is the establishment of the federal government.

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A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A

DISAPPOINTED CANDIDATE AND HIS FRIEND.

WHY in forrow, my friend, who were always so gay?
 Have you had any crofs, any loffes at play?
 Whence arifes this gloom, this uncommon dejection?
 Are you jilted in love?

CANDIDATE.

I have loft my election.

On Sir Politic's family-intereft I flood:
 Five hundred, he fwore they were steady and good—
 Had faithfully promifed, nay four had fubfcribed,
 But the day of the poll ev'ry fcoundrel was bribed.
 Two months have I led this damn'd canvaffing life,
 Cajoling fome ruftic or fpeeching his wife.
 Plagued, fufteited, poison'd, and harafs'd, I'm grown,
 Wan, meagre, dejected, and mere fkin and bone.
 This fure was enough, but at laft to be beat—
 Had this trouble and plague but procured me a feat.—

Q Q

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

Prithee fit thee down here, and these vanities end :
 And be proud of a seat in the house of a friend :
 Which no art can obtain and no brib'ry procure :
 Which true worth, sense, and virtue, alone can insure.

CANDIDATE.

But while virtue lies buried in mere speculation,
 Who must act for the public, who care for the nation ?
 Tho' I pay due regard to the title of friend,
 Yet the cares of a patriot must further extend ;
 To his country his present, his posthumous fame ;
 And 'tis bus'ness alone can ennoble his name.

FRIEND.

That true fame is the offspring of action 'tis granted,
 But a thousand are busy for one that is wanted :
 This business, we boast of, we daily create,
 From an itch to be meddling, important and great.
 But to polish our parts and our reason refine,
 Each art is a jewel : each science a mine.

CANDIDATE.

All arts when compared with the art to persuade,
 Seem debased to some vile and mechanical trade :

To

To foothe haughty man and his errors reform,
 Or by reason averting some popular form,
 On the fortunes perhaps of a kingdom decide :
 These, these are my wishes ; this should be my pride.
 So important a service, such merit, must bring
 Applause from my country ; reward from my King.

FRIEND.

Should the Minister's jealousy check your ambition,
 What resource have you then ?

CANDIDATE.

What resource ? Opposition.
 In the House I'd harangue, in the Country declaim,
 With my breath blow each popular spark to a flame.
 I'd pursue the mean wretch to the brink of disgrace ;
 Unless duly appeas'd by some eminent place :
 For no honours, no titles, no ribbands I'd have,
 Let him deck with those trappings some indolent slave.

FRIEND.

And are there no charms but in place and employment ?
 No private delights, no domestic enjoyment ?
 Are the cares for your kindred, your parent, or race,
 When compared with the public so fordid and base ?
 Love, friendship, philosophy, learning, and mirth,
 Tho' despis'd, can they lose their intrinsecal worth ?

Now reading, composing, discourse, meditation,
Are all terms of contempt or at best out of fashion.
But tho' fame in this age is to bus'ness confined,
Retirement's the test of true greatness of mind.
Let reflection divert you from placing your joys
In vain ostentation, in hurry and noise ;
Let the good and the virtuous your merits spread forth,
In the permanent tribute to personal worth.

V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY THE
 MARRIAGE AND GAME ACT,
 BOTH PASSED THE SAME SESSION.

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1753.]

THE Parliament rose, and Miss Jenny came down
 To the seat in the country, quite sick of the town.
 She stroll'd all alone to partake the sweet air
 In the grove, with the nightingale, linnet, and hare.
 Oh! pufs I rejoice beyond measure to meet
 My companion again in this happy retreat.

I was sadly afraid—but no poacher will dare,
 From henceforward; be seen with a gun or a snare.
 While here I indulge a contemplative life
 You may skip to the sound of my pastoral life.
 Then frisk it securely; for your preservation
 Is, at present, the principal care of the nation.
 Oh! Miss, quoth the hare, you are none of those friends
 Who in acting for others consult their own ends:

But

But I fear, let me tell you, those associators
Will be found to our kindred the worst of all traitors.
'Tis true they protect from the jaws of the clown
The poor innocent game they devote to their own.
And I fear, if some squeamish fantastical glutton
Should turn up his nose at your beef or your mutton,
Your father would order a hare to be shot,
And, as chance might decree, your poor friend go to pot.
Oh! brittle condition of friendship so frail,
So rare to establish, so subject to fail!
How plain to foresee my unfortunate end!
Has the law any better secured me my friend?
(The law which would never till now see a crime in
The most private mysterious secrets of Hymen)
By this Act you are safe from each amorous spark,
From the Ensign, the Curate, the Butler, the Clerk;
But the first booby 'Squire that shall knock at your gate,
With a crack'd constitution and mortgaged estate,
Shall transform (then adieu the poor pastoral life)
The contemplative nymph to a mope of a wife:
With your fortune redeem his confiscated lands,
And your father the foremost to publish the banns.

ON THE
APPOINTMENT
OF
L O R D T E M P L E
TO BE
FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

A Parody of APOLLO's Speech to PHÆTON. Ovid. Metam.

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1757.]

HIS royal eye his royal foot survey'd,
His left hand with the glitt'ring sword-knot play'd;
At distance due the scarlet band appear,
Who move by clock-work with the day and year.
Nearer the youths in gaudy velvets drest;
The fair with flow'rets crown'd and naked breasts;

Autumnal

— purpurea velatus veste fedebat

In folio Phœbus, clarâ lucente finaragdo,

Verque

Autumnal fronts which various arts repair ;
 And statesmen, reverend in their silver hair.

Then Phæton his gracious Prince bespoke.

O King ! unless this change be all a joke,
 All Devonshire's invention, dream or sport,
 Confirm thy promise in this crowded court ;
 Think not that vulgar token I demand,
 A rape committed on your royal hand,
 That common prostitute—but on thy life,
 O speak to me and whisper to my wife.

Then thrice the monarch shook his anxious head ;
 At length——Yes——I will speak to thee, he said.

My fleet I give thee for my promise sake,
 But 'tis a promise I had rather break.

O Phæton !

Verque novum stabat cinctum florente coronâ ;
 Stabat Nuda Æstas & spicea ferta gerebat.
 Stabat & Autumnus calcatis sordidus uvis
 Et glacialis Hyems, canos hirsuta capillos.
 Phoebe pater, si das hujus mihi nominis usum,
 Nec fultâ Climene culpam sub imagine celat,
 Pignora da genitor, per quæ tua vera propago
 Credar, & hunc animis errorem detrahe nostris.
 Pœnituit jurasse patrem, qui terq̄ quaterq̄.
 Concutiens illustre caput, temeraria, dixit,
 Vox mea facta tua est. utinam promissa liceret
 Non dare, confiteor, solum hoc tibi nate negarem.

Diffuadere

O Phaeton! consider what you ask!
 Ev'n for a seaman what an arduous task!
 You're a mere landman, you was never hurl'd
 By rapid tempests round the rolling world.
 The charge you claim asks such experienced skill
 As not our cabinet combined could fill.
 Not ev'n our William, godlike in command,
 Who rolls his dreadful thunders o'er the land,
 On this uncertain element would dare ——
 And which of you with William shall compare?
 Perhaps your Lordship, judging in your haste,
 Conceives the sea a place laid out in taste.
 Or, in a calenture, believes the main
 Umbrageous verdure and a flow'ry plain:
 Temples above and bridges all below ——
 Perhaps you fancy 'tis another Stowe.
 Alas! th' infidious element you'll find
 By turns to calm, by turns to rage inclined.

Weigh

*Diffuadere licet. non est tua tuta voluntas.
 Magna petis, Phaeton, & quæ nec viribus istis
 Munera convenient, nectam puerilibus annis.
 Sors tua mortalis: non est mortale quod optas.
 Plus etiam quam quod superis contingere fas est
 Nescius affectas.*

Vasti quoque rector Olympi,

Weigh well the storms in each tempestuous sea,
 The restless roll of the Biscayan bay.
 There treach'rous Dunkirk, and Saint Malo's here,
 Alike conceal the lurking privateer.
 In southern seas the uncertain power of Spain,
 In northern, dread the more uncertain Dane ;
 Your islands now th' adventurous French invade,
 Now prey with ease on your defenceless trade.
 Besides a seaman is a stubborn thing,
 Much worse to rule than a submissive king.
 Judge not by me of this rebellious crew,
 Trust me, my Lord, they more resemble you.
 Yet merchants clam'ring at the chance of war,
 Are louder than the patriot or the tar.
 Nor think I want my promise to evade,
 When only this department I dissuade.

Honours,

Qui fera terribili jaculatur fulmina dextrâ,
 Non agat hos currus

Et quid Jove majus habemus ?

Forfitan et Lucos illic urbemq. Deorum
 Concipias animo, Delubraque.

———— Per infidias iter est.

Nec tibi quadrupes animosus ignibus illis
 Quos in pectore habent, quos ore & naribus efflant

In

Honours, preferments, freely chuse the best,
 And call promotion from the East or West;
 Thy choice in Ireland, or the Indias make,
 And thence a government or pension take.
 Whate'er you ask you surely shall obtain,
 But to ask wisely you must ask again.

In promptu regere est. Vix Me patiuntur.

At tu funesti ne sis tibi muneris auctor

Nate, cave; dum resque finit tua corrige vota

————— *quicquid habet dives circumspice mundus:*

Eque tot ac tantis cœli terræque marisque

Posce bonis aliquid, nullam patiere repulsam.

Deprecor hoc unum, quod vero nomine pœna

Non honor est. Pœnam Phaeton pro munere poscis.

Ne dubita; dabitur (Stygias juravimus undas)

Quòdcunque optaris. Sed tu sapientius opta.

A G A I N S T
I N C O N S T A N C Y ;

A D D R E S S E D T O

T H E E A R L O F _____.

NEVER tell me, my Lord, of the pleasures of change,
 Nor inveigle from home my reluctance to range ;
 I plead guilty, variety's vot'ry profess,
 By none more than myself her delights are confess ;
 But to ask where she's found would some judgments perplex,
 In each woman we find her, but not in the sex.
 Whatever their breeding, their rank, or their name,
 In themselves only various, the sex are the same.
 A wife, by your looks, you would tell me grows old,
 Oft unfightly in shape, and she may be a scold :
 But possess of the charms which your senses delude,
 In the nat'ral coquet, or unnatural prude,
 You may flatter yourself all the days of your life,
 And you've only obtain'd, what you loath in a wife.
 Then invite me no more, my kind tempter, to range,
 Like for like is no gain ; I shall lose if I change.

TO

MR. WHITEHEAD,

ON HIS BEING MADE POET LAUREAT.

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1758.]

'TIS so—tho' we're surpriz'd to hear it:
 The laurel is bestow'd on merit.
 How hush'd is ev'ry envious voice,
 Confounded by so just a choice!
 Tho' by prescriptive right prepared
 To libel the selected bard.

But as you see the statesman's fate
 In this our democratic state,
 Whom virtue strives in vain to guard
 From the rude pamphlet and the card;
 You'll find the demagogues of Pindus
 In envy not a jot behind us:
 For each Aonian politician,
 Whose element is opposition,
 Will shew how greatly they surpass us,
 In gall and wormwood at Parnassus.

Thus

Thus as the fame detracting ſpirit
 Attends on all diſtinguiſh'd merit,
 When 'tis your turn, obſerve, the quarrel
 Is not with you, but with the laurel.

Suppoſe that laurel on your brow
 For cypreſs changed, funereal bough ;
 See all things take a diff'rent turn !
 The very critics ſweetly mourn,
 And leave their ſatire's poiſ'nous ſting,
 In plaintive elegies to ſing :
 With ſolemn threnody and dirge
 Conduct you to Elyſium's verge.
 At Weſtminſter the ſurpliced dean
 The ſad but honourable ſcene
 Prepares. The well-attended hearſe
 Bears you amid the kings of verſe.
 Each rite obſerv'd, each duty paid,
 Your fame on marble is diſplay'd,
 With ſymbols which your genius ſuit,
 The maſk, the buſkin, and the flute :
 The laurel crown aloft is hung :
 And o'er the ſculptured lyre unſtrung
 Sad allegoric figures leaning—
 (How folks will gape to find their meaning !)
 And a long epitaph is ſpread,
 Which happy You will never read.

But

But hold—the change is so inviting,
I own, I tremble while I'm writing.
Yet, WHITEHEAD, 'tis too soon to lose you;
Let critics flatter or abuse you :
O ! teach us, ere you change the scene
To Stygian banks from Hippocrene,
How free-born bards should strike the strings,
And how a Briton write to kings.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE,

BY

MISS POPE,

IN THE

Character of Miss NOTABLE, in the LADY'S LAST STAKE: 1760.

YES—I'm resolv'd—I'll live and die a Maid.
 Expos'd! and jeer'd! abandon'd and betray'd!
 Such usage!—monstrous—bear it those who can,
 Here—I renounce that *faithless creature*—*Man*.
 Sooner in *cells* and *nunneries* I'll hide
 The just resentment of my injur'd pride,
 Than *tame* and *quiet* stay another minute
 In this *vile world*—and not—*make mischief* in it.
 For ever leave the *world*!—That's not the worst—
 To be a nun—one must be *papist* first.
 To change religion and beyond sea roam—
 But—one may be a *methodist* at home.
 Hold! to be qualify'd for that, they say,
 The hopeful convert first must—go astray.

'Tis

'Tis, I've been told, a blessed situation——
 But then——I loathe the odious preparation.
 What! can one then devise no kind of plan,
 Without this *necessary evil, Man!*
 Can woman singly find herself no station?
 Sinner or saint must be by his creation!
 Why, faith, without him——nothing can be done:
 One can——I think——be nothing——but a Nun.
 Whatever woman's vanity may boast,
He makes the peerefs ——and *He* makes the toast.
 Her *last best title*——she from *him* derives——
 For——to be *widows*——we must first be *wives*.
 To this hard fate is every maiden born:
 We can *not* have the rose without the thorn.
 ——Then——I give up the world and all its folly,
 For solitude and musing melancholy.
 Oh! how I long to quit this empty dream,
 And fix some sober plan, some lasting scheme!——
 'Twill soon be settled when I've once begun it.——
 I'll go to *Ranelagh*——and think upon it.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE,

BY

MISS PRITCHARD,

In the Character of MARIA in the TAMER TAMED: 1760.

WELL! since I've thus succeeded in my plan,
 And conquer'd this all-conquering tyrant, man,
 To *farther conquests* still my soul aspires,
 And all my bosom glows with *martial* fires.
 Suppose——a *female* regiment we raise——
 We must——for men grow scarceish now-a-days,
 Now every *man of spirit* is enlisted——
 Why, ladies——these brave lads should be assisted.
 The glorious scheme my flutt'ring heart bewitches:
 But hold——I've promis'd *not to wear the breeches*.
 No matter——in this variegated army
 We'll find some regimentals that shall charm ye.
 If *plumes* and *lace* recruiting can persuade,
 We'll try to shew *our taste in masquerade*.
 My feather here is fitted in a trice:
 Then for the crest, the motto, and device——

Death's

Death's head and bones!—No—we'll have flames and
 darts!

In Latin mottoes men may shew their parts,
 But *ours* shall be true English—like our hearts.

Our uniform we'll copy from the Greek;

The drapery and emblems true antique:

Minerva's ægis! and *Diana's bow!*—

And thus equipt to *India's* coasts we'll go.

Temples of gold, and diamond mines we'll rob:

—And every month we'll make a new *Nabob*.

Amid this glorious scene of *contributions*,

Spoil, presents—HOURLY CHANGE and *revolutions*,

While high on stately elephants we ride,

Whose *feet* can trample European pride,

Think not our COUNTRY we can e'er forget:

We'll *plunder*—*but* to *pay the nation's debt*.

Then there's *America*—we'll soon dispatch it,

This tedious war—when *we take up the hatchet*.

Heroes and *soldiers* *Indian wiles* may catch;

But—in a *woman* they may meet their match.

To *art, disguise*, and *stratagem* no strangers,

We fear no hazard, nor once think of dangers

In our true character of *Female Rangers*.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

SIR RICHARD LYTTELTON AND THE THAMES.

In Imitation of Horace, B. 3. Ode 9.

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1763.]

SIR RICHARD.

WHILE fondly I triumph'd alone in your breaſt,
 And none elſe to your boſom ſo cloſely you preſt,
 No monarch on earth was ſo happy as I:
 I envy'd no king of a land that was dry.

THAMES.

HOR. Donec gratus eram tibi,
 Nec quiſquam potior brachia candidæ
 Cervici juvenis dabat;
 Perfarum vigui rege beatior.

LYD. Donec non aliâ magis
 Arſiſti, neque erat Lydia poſt Chloën;
 Multi Lydia nominis
 Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.

5.

HOR.

THAMES.

While you on my banks was contented to fray,
 With the days and the months I roll'd glibly away.
 Nor envy'd I then ('tis no treason I hope)
 The Tweed her lord Bute, or the Tiber her Pope.

SIR RICHARD.

Piccadilly, it must be confess'd, has its charms :
 By the prospect allured I deserted your arms :
 Tho' the cielings were damp and the walls hardly dry,
 I'd have gone there tho' Burroughs had sworn I should die.

THAMES.

Your neighbour, Sir Charles, has employ'd ev'ry art
 With resistlefs allurements to ravish my heart.

To

HOR. Me nunc Cressa Chloë regit,
 Dulces docta modos et citharæ sciens : 10
 Pro quâ non metuam mori,
 Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

LYD. Me torret face mutuâ
 Thurini Calais filius Ornithi :
 Pro quo bis patiar mori, 15
 Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

HOB.

To gaze on his charms with delight I could stay
From morning to night, from December to May.

SIR RICHARD.

Should your lover prove false and abandon your shore,
Rebuilding his house where 'twas founded before?
Should I, loaded with picture and statue and urn,
To present you the spoils of the Tiber, return?

THAMES.

Tho' inconstant in thought you should often be stealing
To your loved Piccadilly, or even to Ealing:
Your walls would I clasp in my amorous arms,
And swell with delight to contemplate your charms.

HOR. Quid si prisca redit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

20

LYD. Quanquam fidere pulchrior
Ille est; tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Adria;
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

TO

OZIAS HUMPHRY, Esq.

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1777.]

WE find, in the annals of famed Richmond Hill,
 That each touch of the pencil makes work for the quill.
 In the morning a picture is shewn by Patoun : *
 A volume of poems is publish'd at noon.
 With all the bright tints that the palette affords
 Cleopatra is drawn. With the choicest of words
 That bards of all ranks may contribute to deck her,
 The Treas'ry † completes what's begun by th' Exchequer. ‡
 But, Humphry, by whom shall your labours be told,
 How your colours enliven the young and the old ?
 And was it for this you indulged in your freak,
 To excel all the moderns and rival th' antique,
 On sublime Saint Gotardo to venture your neck ?
 No poet d'ye find to extol your design,
 The glow of your tints, or the grace of your line ?

} With

* William Patoun, Esq. who resided on Richmond Hill, a gentleman eminent for his skill in painting, who had lately finish'd a fine picture of Cleopatra.

† Sir Grey Cooper, Secretary to the Treasury.

‡ Lord Hardwicke, one of the Tellers of the Exchequer.

With lofty Parnassus proud Richmond may vie,
 And spout ev'ry hour her bright streams to the sky. }
 Are the founts of the vallies exhausted and dry?
 Then we'll cull from their borders the flow'rs of the mead
 To present you a wreath not unworthy your head.
 The swans of sweet Thames their best quills shall afford
 Your genius, your talent, your life to record;
 And shall not your Sheridan give you an ode, }
 To describe ancient Rome and the charms of the road,
 With the taste you acquired in that learned abode?
 From that learned abode shall Corilla pour forth
 Her extempore lays to acknowledge your worth.
 From more distant Elysium your Goldsmith shall tell his
 Old friends at the club how you're praised by Apelles.
 How Zeuxis admires you, how Raphael fears:
 How the ancients and moderns are all by the ears:
 What zeal old Protogenes shews in your service:
 How he treats the great Titian no better than Jervis:
 How Proserpine lately was chuckling to think
 She had just caught you napping on Phlegeton's brink:
 (No mortal since Orpheus her fancy could taste
 And only your pencil his lyre had surpast.)
 How she longs to possess you by force or by stealth.
 —Now your danger you know—so take care of your
 health.

MR. WILKES'S SOLILOQUY,
 THE DAY BEFORE HIS ELECTION FOR CHAMBERLAIN
 OF LONDON:

A PARODY on CÆSAR'S Speech in the Boat.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Lib. 5. l. 559.

THUS far my bark has found a prosp'rous gale,
 And though in this my last attempt I fail,
 I've done enough. Scotland has felt my pen,
 Has felt and trembled in her darkest den.
 Horne I've subdued, and Sawbridge to his shame
 Is but my second in the lists of fame.
 I've taught the mob the senate to defeat,
 And, spite of rule and order, kept my feat.

Of

— Licet ingentes abruperit actus
 Festinata dies fatis : fat magna perigi.
 Arctos domui gentes : inimica subegi,
 Arma metu : vidit magnum mihi Roma fecundum.
 Jussâ plebe tuli fasces per jura negatos :

T T

Nulla

Of pow'r and profit I've enjoy'd my share,
 Trustee, Receiver, Treasurer, Lord Mayor.
 And since by these proud titles made so great
 That Charon's boat shall groan beneath my weight,
 What is't to me if 'tis ordain'd my lot,
 Unburied with some creditor to rot,
 I'll still have wine and women whilst alive,
 For Christian burial let the vulgar strive.
 My corse let bailiffs seize or surgeons tear,
 My spirit the surviving world shall fear.

Nulla meis aberit titulis Romana potestas.
 Me sciat hoc quisquam, nisi tu, quæ sola meorum
 Conficia votorum es, me (quamvis plenus honorum
 Et Dictator eam Stygias, et Consul ad umbras,
 Privatum, Fortuna, mori. Mihi funere nullo
 Est opus O superi: lacerum retinete cadaver.
 Fluctibus in mediis: defint mihi busta rogusque
 Dum metuar semper - - - - -

ON
P A I N T I N G ;

ADDRESSED TO

MR. PATCH,

A CELEBRATED PICTURE CLEANER.

THY pen in haste, Thalia, snatch,
 To sing of Titian and Carach,—
 Bassan, and Tintoret—and Patch.
 'Tis EXETER demands * the strain;
 Shall Burleigh's master ask in vain?
 Burleigh, the place where every Muse
 Her favourite elegance may chuse.
 For there the Romans and Venetians
 Display a shew, which all the Grecians,
 Whate'er ingenious Webb may say,—
 Could ne'er have equall'd in their day.
 Protogenes and famed Apelles——
 The story well enough to tell is,
 How one could colour, t'other draw——
 But were their colours warm or raw?

}

Why

* Mr. Patch was at that time employed in cleaning the pictures at Burleigh.

Why nothing now remains to show it,
 Except the historian and the poet.
 And shall we trust that wanton tribe
 Who all, with fancy's pen describe.
 No Patch.—but had thy healing hand
 Been present in Achaia's land,
 Their art divine had now been known,
 Their tints in all their lustre shone.
 Honours divine you must have shared,
 A mortal with the gods compared.
 Did Grecian god or Romish saint
 E'er match the wonders of thy paint?
 In miracles you far excel 'em.——
 How shall the Muse attempt to tell 'em?
 When human forms displease your taste,
 Ill drawn, ill colour'd, or ill placed;
 Or when unskilful hand has hurt 'em,
 To rock or fountain you convert 'em——
 Make Niobe marble, Battus touchstone,
 (Salvator never painted such stone)
 Or change, like Jove, to bull or swan,
 Ill moulded horse or graceless man.
 Turn we from poets to the church?
 You leave all fiction in the lurch,
 Tho' beads and reliques oft have fail'd,
 Your pencil ever has prevail'd.

The

The holy head of Januarius
Oft in effect has proved precarious ;
Nor has the thundering mountain flopt
Its lava, tho' his blood has dropt.
But you at once can make it fill,
Or run on either side the hill.
Your art miraculous the fame,
Administer'd to blind or lame.
You cure the darkeſt drop ſerene :
Give eyes to ſee and to be ſeen.
Heal the poor martyr flay'd and rackt,
Shrivel'd and ſcorcht, and torn and hackt.
Reſtore the decollated head,
Revive the dying and the dead.
Your charity you ne'er withhold
From bodies naked, raw or cold ;
And when you find an arm or ſhape awry,
Hide the defect with flowing drapery.
When wanton Eve and carnal Adam,
Drunk with that fruit their God forbad 'em,
Lie at their length, in fond embraces,
With bodies naked as their faces,
You cover Adam's limbs and Eve's
With thick feſtoons of flowers and leaves ;
So draw the eyes of every prude,
To weep the children in the wood.

Where-

Where'er you see ungracious Ham,
 Bent to disclose his father's shame;
 And, spite of modest Shem and Japhet,
 Persist the boozy fire to laugh at,
 You aid the pious brother's cares:
 Your delicacy suits with theirs.
 So when each over-curious elder,
 (As if to look for Hans-en-kelder)
 Tugs hard, with trembling hand, to lift
 The folds of chaste Sufanna's shift;
 If Time, whose trick is to discover,
 As much as any tatling lover,
 Should make a third with these unfolders,
 And leave her bare to all beholders;
 A veil, by your propitious art,
 White and unspotted as her heart,
 O'er the much-injured matron hung,
 Shall shield her from the censuring tongue.
 Alcides's ill-directed wife,
 Gave him a shift, which cost his life:
 You gave his Omphale a shift,
 Which proves a better-fated gift,
 It fits so gracefully upon her,
 And recommends her to his Honour*.

* The Master of the Rolls, for whom he had cleaned a picture, and given some drapery to the figure of Omphale.

But

But be it still your greatest praise,
From dull obscurity to raise,
From all those evils that assault 'em,
From gums, from oils, from deadly spaltum ;
And give to works almost divine,
Once more in native tints to shine.
Then I, like Newton's * bard, may write,
Patch waved his brush, and all was light.

* Vide the Inscription on Newton's Monument in Westminster Abbey.

O N

SEEING THE HEAD

O F

S I R I S A A C N E W T O N ,

Richly gilt, and placed by a celebrated Optician upon the top of a certain Temple,
in a conspicuous part of his Garden on Richmond Hill.

RESOLVED to rescue Newton's buft
From dull obscurity and duft,
Or the vile purpose of a sign,
And give the demigod a shrine;
First o'er his venerable head
The most resplendent *gold* I spread:
This obvious and apparent hint
Bespokes him *master of the mint**.
Next (that the hero might be placed
To shew his genius and my taste)
An insulated building's top
Affords his contemplation scope.
No walls his active eye t' imprison;
No trees to intercept th' horizon;
Prevent the *planets path* to trace,
And speculate on *time and space*.

* Sir Isaac Newton was master of the mint.

Here

Here be he fixt till restless love
Of knowledge instigates to move,
To depths where *nature* gives to view
Her treasures to the chosen few.
For as he proves that all things tend
By their own nature to descend,
He, by the *laws of gravitation*,
May gain a more convenient station,
From whence his all-exploring eye,
In nature's secrets best may pry.
There undiscover'd yet, may find
The hidden origin of *wind* :
And, traced from their mysterious source,
Detect the *fountains* in their course ;
With curious observation, mark well
How gushing waters foam and sparkle ;
Compare their lustre as they pass
With hues of the *prismatic glass* :
Till, yielding now to his enquiries,
The yet impenetrable *Iris*,
Shall all the various colours shew,
That decorate her *wond'rous bow*.

TO A LADY

WHO WAS VERY HANDSOME,

AND HAD ASKED THE AUTHOR HIS OPINION OF THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

DEAR MADAM,

You honoured me with your commands to give you the most complete idea of the Witch of Endor;—I can find no way to do it so exactly, as by recommending to you to look in the glass. You will see by this how much I am,

Your devoted humble Servant,

R. O. Cambridge.

A CURIOUS lady bids me fend her,
 My notions of the Witch of Endor;
 And I her person to describe well,
 Shall trust to nothing but the Bible.
 For little shall I mind Delany,
 Who only writes to entertain ye.
 Much less the poet or the painter,
 Who both with age and wrinkles taint her,
 While each for half-a-crown would faint her.
 But I, who from my earliest youth
 Have never writ or spoke but truth,
 Will shew her merits from the Scripture,
 Of which they wantonly have stripp'd her.

There you will find no word of her age
But much of her address and courage ;
Who when she saw the dastard Saul
So weaken'd by his fright and fall,
Dismay'd with grisly ghost of faint,
With vapours and with hunger faint ;
She would not do him good by half,
So baked her bread and kill'd her calf,
The time was short ; the bread was hot ;
No yeast or leaven to be got.
The veal, tho' fat, could not be tender.—
—But for the gen'rous Maid of Endor,
Adorn'd with each engaging quality
To ornament her hospitality,
Good sense, good humour, truly rich in,
It must be own'd she was bewitching.

A P A R O D Y

OF

A C H I L L E S' S P E E C H,

POPE'S HOMER, BOOK FIRST, LINE 309.

Occasioned by the Author hearing of a Clergyman, who, in a violent fit of Anger,
threw his Wig into the Fire, and turned his Son out of Doors.

“ NOW by this sacred perriwig I swear,
 “ Which never more shall locks or ringlets bear,
 “ Which never more shall form the smart toupee;
 “ Forced from it's parent head,—(as thou from me);
 “ Once 'twas live hair; now form'd by th' Artift's hand,
 “ It aids the labours of the sacred band; “ Adds.

Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,
 Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear;
 Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee,)
 On the bare mountains left it's parent tree;
 This sceptre form'd by temper'd steel to prove
 An ensign of the delegates of Jove,

Ut sceptrum hoc (dextrâ sceptrum nam forte gerebat)
 Nunquam fronde levi fundet virgulta nec umbras:
 Cum semel in fylvis imo de stirpe recisum
 Matre caret, posuitque comas et brachia ferro:

“ Adds to the Vicar’s brow a decent grace,
 “ And pours a glory round his rev’reud face.
 “ By this I fwear, when thou fhalt ask again
 “ My doors to enter, thou fhalt ask in vain.”

He fpoke, and furious with indignant ire
 Hurl’d the vaft hairy texture on the fire;
 Then sternly filent fate—the active flame
 Remorfelefs wafes the foft and tender frame:
 Writhed to and fro confumes the tortured hair,
 And loft in fmoke attenuates to air.

From whom the power of Laws and Juftice fprings;
 (Tremendous Oath! inviolate to Kings,)
 By this I fwear, when bleeding Greece again
 Shall call Achilles, fhall call in vain.

* * * * *

He fpoke, and furious hurl’d againft the ground
 His fceptre, ftarr’d with golden ftuds around.
 Then sternly filent fate—with like difdain
 The raging King return’d his frowns again.

Olim arbos, nunc artificis manus ære decoro
 Inclufit, patribusque dedit geftare Latinis.

VIRG. ÆNEID. Lib. xii. l. 206.

A PARODY

ON

"DEATH AND THE LADY;"

In a DIALOGUE between Lord NORTH and Lord SANDWICH:

Written extempore, and occasioned by Lord Sandwich's exaggerated praise of that composition, and his defying Mr. Cambridge, in a large company, to produce any thing of equal merit.

[WRITTEN ABOUT THE YEAR 1780.]

 LORD NORTH.

PROUD lord of fleets, lay your commiffion down,
 And walk a private man about the town.
 I now refume the fhining poft I gave ye,
 And you no more muft lord it o'er the navy.

LORD

 DEATH.

Fair lady, lay your coftly robes afide,
 No longer fhall you glory in your pride;
 Take leave of ev'ry carnal vain delight,
 I'm come to fummon you away to-night.

LADY.

LORD SANDWICH.

What bold attempt is this; will you, my lord,
 Presume to threat or move me from my board?
 Must I, lord Sandwich, yield to your decree,
 Because you're bigger round the waist than me?

LORD NORTH.

Reply not to me with a catch-club jest,
 And know the man with whom you dare contest.
 Play not with my superior pow'r and worth;
 My rank is Premier, and my name is North.

LORD

LADY.

What bold attempt is this? pray let me know,
 From whence you come and whither I must go;
 Must I, a Lady, yield to stoop and bow
 To such a pale-fac'd visage? Who art thou?

DEATH.

Do you not know me? Well; I'll tell you then,
 'Tis I that conquer all the sons of men:
 No pitch of Honour from my dart is free;
 My name is Death; have you not heard of me?

LADY.

LORD SANDWICH.

Thy power and worth are not to me unknown ;
 But still I think more highly of my own :
 For while the Fleet is my peculiar care,
 I awe the French, the Spaniard, and Lord Mayor.

LORD NORTH.

Great is your power, but greater my command ;
 You press the City ; but I tax the Land ;
 And, as my various Features smile or pout,
 So sure this man comes in, and that goes out.

LORD

LADY.

Yes ; I have heard of thee time after time ;
 But being in the glory of my prime,
 I did not think you wou'd have call'd so soon.
 What ! must my morning sun go down at noon ?

DEATH.

Talk not of noon ; you may as well be mute ;
 It is no longer time for to dispute ;
 Your riches, jewels, gold, and garments leave,
 Your house and land must all new masters have.

LADY.

LORD SANDWICH.

The brave with tyrant ministers contests ;
 Instead of speeches now I'll write protests ;
 Call back the thunderstruck seceding crew,
 Instead of going out, I'll turn out you.

LORD NORTH.

Call not for them, their skill will never do,
 They know what 'tis to starve ; and so shall you.
 I'll hear no more, I'm summon'd by the King ;
 And so — you may protest, or speak, or sing.

LADY.

Come all you learned doctors, try your skill ;
 And let not Death of me obtain his will ;
 Prepare your cordials, let me comfort find ;
 My gold shall fly like chaff before the wind.

DEATH.

Call not for them ; their skill will never do ;
 They are but mortals here as well as you :
 Mine is a fatal stroke, my dart is sure ;
 That wound I now will give — and none shall cure.

A N I N V I T A T I O N
TO A BALL AT LADY COOPER'S:

WRITTEN BY SIR GREY COOPER, 1781;

And occasioned by Mr. CAMBRIDGE having spoken in Admiration of
the DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE.

EVER a just and elegant *Spectator*
Of beauty, grace, and all the charms of nature,
Your moral wit with Addison might share
The trust of *Guardian* to the British fair:
With you conversing with delight we feel
You could with perfect ease out *Tatler* Steele:
You've writ the best things in the *World*, and sure
Your taste surpasses far the *Connoisseur*:
A *Rambler* too you've been, and like the *Bee*,
Gather'd sweet spoils from ev'ry flow'r and tree.
At last you turn *Adventurer*, and fly
Too near the flame of Devonshire's bright eye.
That charming flame whose animating ray
Would tempt e'en Dædalus to soar astray:
Again your wings to burn you seem t' aspire;
You are no child, and do not dread the fire.

But,

But, ah! beware the fable's fatal end,
And e'er too late take caution from a friend:
Come hither with your Icarus and try
A flight together in our middle sky;
That region has its stars; tho' not so bright,
They shed a milder and a safer light.

A N S W E R.

YOU'VE dress'd me out in borrow'd rags and tatters
Of *Ramblers*, *Guardians*, *Tatlers*, and *Spectators*;
You've given me wings to fly from pole to pole,
"With thoughts beyond the reaches of my soul."
To claims like these I've not the least pretence,
Resume them all, and grant me *Common Sense*. *

* Another periodical paper, which Sir Grey omitted.

THE
PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1790.]

WHAT progress does Liberty make ev'ry week!
 How quick from Versailles has she reach'd Martinique!
 And so soon will her power all the Indies subdue,
 We shall see her dominion extend to Peru;
 For now to her standard so great the resort is,
 Her conquests she's spreading much quicker than Cortez.
 At the rate she goes on, she will soon be possesst
 Of all hearts that too long have been slaves in the West.
 Then Eastward she'll bend—'tis but crossing the ocean—
 And she'll put the Poissardes of Morocco in motion.
 Now, turning Algiers, and the kingdoms piratical,
 Into popular boroughs and states democratical;
 In Egypt, a new constitution and laws
 Shall end the contention, of Beys and Bashaws.
 But how shall she pass by the strict Dardanelle?
 How teach such inveterate slaves to rebel?
 How impress on the children of predestination
 Those maxims which tend to such strange reformation?
 That tyranny turn to a free common-weal,
 To états-généreaux, and a hotel-de-ville?

How

How make the Vizier such a poor renegade,
As to change his three tails for a Christian cockade?
Should Constantinople embrace the idea,
Sure nothing will easier yield than Crimea;
For we know that the mighty Tartarian Cham,
Submitted to Ruffia, as meek as a lamb!
Content to resign on the very first notice,
Bag and baggage he sail'd o'er the Palus Mæotis.
From the Crim', the divinity lands at Oczakow,
Then hey! for her favourite Veto at Cracow!
If she meet, in her road, hyperborean Kate,
She may chance to persuade that sublime autocrate,
'Ere she quits this vain world, to adopt her opinions,
And present her to all her extensive dominions.
Now in haste over Sweden and Denmark she wanders,
To see how her pupils are acting in Flanders.
From thence to Great Britain she travels with speed,
And, perch'd on the pillar in famed Runnymede,
She surveys the whole island, and finds it in awe
Of no pow'r upon earth, but of justice and law;
With no wrongs to redress, and no rights to restore;
She has all she can wish, and she asks for no more.

ON SEEING THIS MOTTO TO A FRENCH PAPER:

“DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI.”

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1793.]

TO die for one's country, I grant is DECORUM,
 To establish the rights of mankind or restore 'em.
 But I first must be sure of my facts ere I full see
 That the fate of the bleeding Parisians is DULCE.
 Most men with poor Agag agree that 'tis “bitter,”
 And for *Frenchmen* I find 'tis an epithet fitter.
 Have they died like the heroes of Rome or of Greece?
 No.—They suffer their fate from another's caprice.
 And when not in the humour to die, they are martyr'd;
 So, without their consent, they are hang'd, drawn, and
 quarter'd.
 As a tax it is frequently levied; but no man
 Has made a free gift of his life like a Roman.
 Their zealous compatriots have saved them the labour;
 Each man is so busy in hanging his neighbour.
 Which has made the mere mob such expert undertakers,
 By performing the funeral rites of the Bakers.

To die, in fine language, is noble and specious,
 But who dies like a Paulus,* a Curtius or Decius,
 Devoted for Rome? or the Theban † Menæcius?
 Let me see *such* examples of virtue, before I
 Acknowledge 'tis DULCE PRO PATRIA MORI.
 But lest you should think that I talk like a tory,
 Of Livy and Tacitus read the history:
 Examine the tales which they tell for their glory,
 And you'll find that of France a quite different story.

* - - - - - Animæque magnæ
 Prodigum Paulum. HOR.

† Menæcius—edito oraculo largitus est patriæ suam sanguinem.

CICERO TUSC.

TO

A F R I E N D,

WHO WAS A GREAT ASTRONOMER,

Recommending the Bearer as a proper Person to take Care of his Cows.

OLD Ovid tells, (as I and you know,)
 A tale of Jupiter and Juno:
 She, jealous huffy, thought her cows
 Were fatal to his marriage vows;
 And, swallowing ev'ry's goffip's lies,
 Befet him with the strangest spies:
 Old Argus with his hundred eyes..
 With two he slept, and watch'd with four;
 'The rascal ogled with a score.—
 Well, but to leave the ancient story,
 How is it in the case before ye?
 Your rooted passion for your cows,
 Disturbs the quiet of your spouse:
 This youth, I prophecy, she'll find
 A faithful Argus to her mind;
 Whose vigilance and care supplies
 'The want of number in his eyes.

}
 While

While you, so practised to furvey,
Thro' Storer's* glafs, the *milky* way,
Shall there find out a proper ftation,
To form a fplendid conftellation ;
When you and Joe, your wife and cow,
Shall leave your dairy here below.

* A celebrated Optician.

A FREE TRANSLATION OF BOILEAU ;

Epist. 1. l. 61.

Applied to the immoderate Ambition of France.

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1801*.]

THUS of Pyrrhus, enquired his old Tutor and friend:
These elephants, foldiers, and ships, to what end ?

PYR. To the siege ; for I've oft' been invited to come,
And with glory to conquer all-conquering Rome.

TUT. I agree that great glory from thence would ensue,
And 'tis worthy alone Alexander or you.

After such an exploit, there's no more to be done.—

PYR. Yes—the countries that border on Rome must be won.

TUT. Any more? PYR. Don't you see Syracuse is so near.

TUT. Any more? PYR. Give me that, and to Carthage I steer.

TUT. Now I see, you're resolved to be master of all,
The near, and the distant, the great and the small ;
And I plainly perceive you will not be at rest,
Till you've tried all the East, when you've conquer'd
the West.

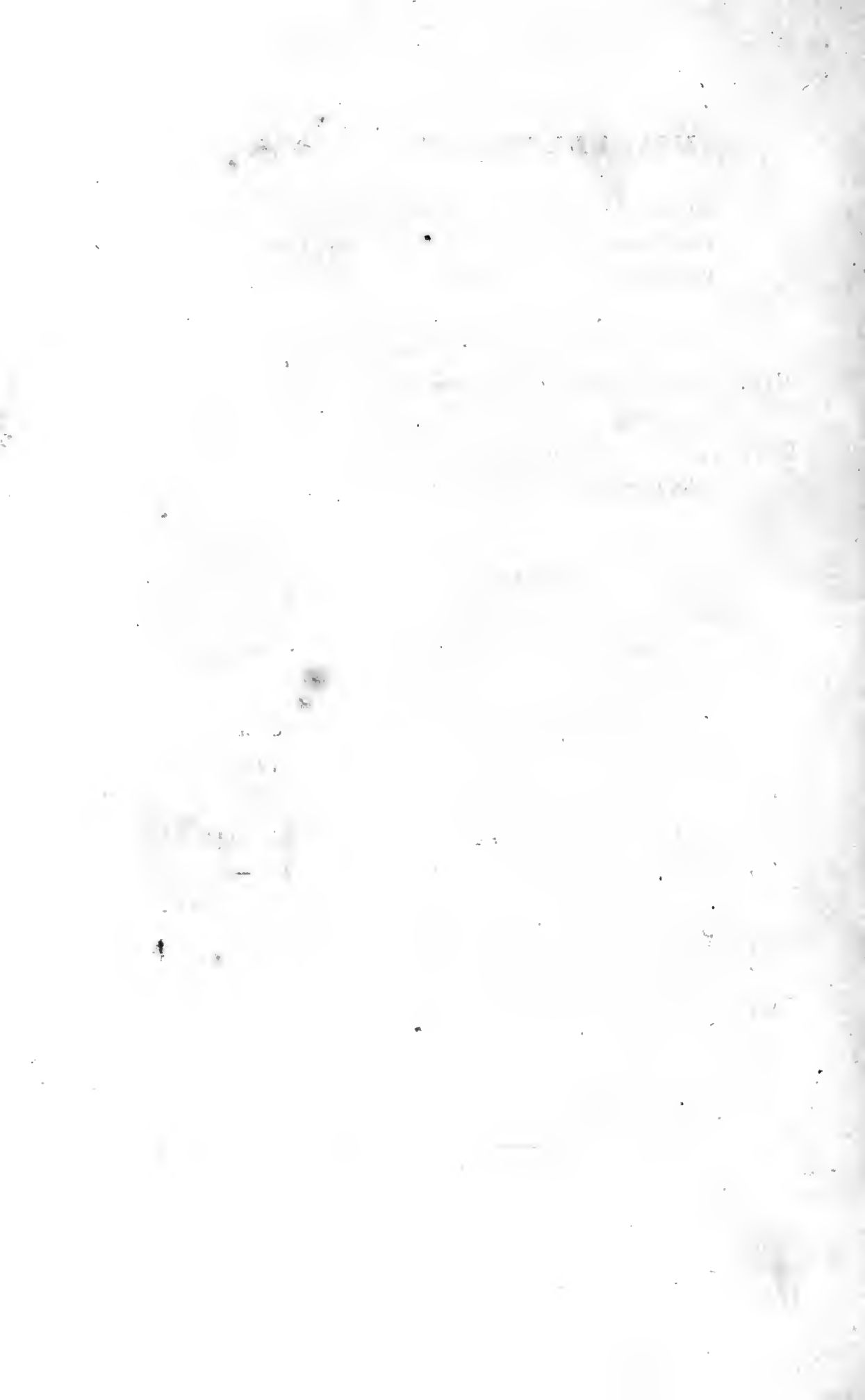
* The Author was then in his 85th year.

So Egypt is yours. Your Ambition then ranges,
 And bears you away to the Tigris and Ganges.
 But when crown'd with success and with glory you
 tire us,

What's left to be done, when return'd to Epirus?

PyR. Why to feast on good cheer, and good liquor to quaff;
 And, forgetting our labours, to sit down and laugh.

Tut. Then why should we travel to Egypt and Rome?
 Who forbids us to laugh without *stirring from home*?



EPIGRAMS.

1.

ID CINEREM AUT MANES CREDIS *curare* SEPULTOS.

VIRG.

THUS Flavia exclaim'd, when beholding the coffin,
 Which her dear loving spouse to the Abbey went off in;
 " And why might not I, like the Braminy dames,
 " Leap to his dear arms, through the midst of the flames;
 " Here, Jenny, go fend for a load of dry faggots, ;—
 " But hold!—They may say these are whimsies or maggots.
 " Would it give his dear manes the *smallest concern*?
 " Would his ashes be much *discomposed* in their urn?
 " If I say with St. Paul " Better marry than burn." }

2. ON

2.

ON MEETING AT MR. GARRICK'S

An AUTHOR very shabbily drest in an old velvet Waistcoat, on which he had fewed Embroidery of a later date.

THREE waistcoats, in three distant ages born,
 The bard with faded lustre did adorn.
 The first in velvet's figured pride surpast ;
 The next in 'broidery ; in both the last.
 His purse and fancy could no further go,
 To make a third he join'd the former two.

3.

QUIN'S DEATH.

THY death shall provide us a general treat,
 At this critical epoch all creatures shall eat.
 To thy tomb each voracious insect shall haste,
 In thine entrails to batten : luxurious repast !
 May the worm be full-gorged in thy liver and heart :
 May'st thou surfeit the grub with some delicate part :
 May the poet too dine, who adorns thee with verse,
 And drunk be the parson who prays by thy herse.*

* And fat be the gander who feeds on thy grave. BATH GUIDE.

The last line alludes to a story told of a clergyman, who disgraced himself and his profession by hard drinking, and who boasted, that at a supper after Thomson's funeral, he left Quin drunk under the table, whilst he was able to walk home.

4. ACTEON

4.

ACTEON NO CUCKOLD.

I ne'er can agree on
 The tale of Acteon,
 With a moral so much misapplied ;
 As by wits who suppose,
 They may class him with those,
 Who have err'd in the choice of a bride.
 But Diana undrest,
 Was too tempting a jest,
 To be lost on so curious a wag ;
 So the goddess in wrath
 Leap'd out of the bath,
 And turn'd the rash youth to a stag,

5.

IMITATION OF SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is a honey-moon in works of Taste,
 Which gazed on for awhile, grows full and splendid ;
 But in the wane is wasting to obscurity,
 Shorn of its beams by wanton criticism,
 Or hourly fading through satiety.

6.

THE HISTORIAN IN LOVE :

AN IMPROMPTU,

On the AUTHOR seeing his Daughter reading the Life of Mr. GIBBON, just after she had been assisting Lady NEWDIGATE in a Charity for distressed Ribbon Weavers.

Now Charlotte has done with the Newdigate ribbon,
 She gives all her leisure to luminous Gibbon,
 Who laments how in Oxford the colleges stunk
 Of mild ale, and the pipes of the indolent Monk.
 Then soon as the stripling grew up to a Man,
 He relates the reception he met at Laufanne.
 He begins with the learned and ends with the fair,
 — He saw, and he loved—'twas an object so rare,
 That all gifts she possesseth both of nature and art,
 And she offer'd her lover a virtuous heart.
 So he wish'd to go back to the Mountains to thank her,
 But he heard, in his absence, she'd married a banker*.

* This banker was Monf. Neckar, who supplanted the historian in the lady's affections during his absence.

7.

OCCASIONED BY THE CONDUCT OF THE FRENCH TOWARDS
THE POPE IN THE YEAR 1794.

IN times of old, at War's imperious call,
England has oft " Robb'd Peter to pay Paul."
France, her enormous reck'ning to defray,
Peter has robb'd, but Paul will never pay.

8.

ON SEEING A DECENT-LOOKING YOUNG WOMAN COME
DOWN A STAIRCASE IN CLEMENT'S-INN:

A PARODY of JANE SHORE's Speech. Act 1st. Scene the last.

YES ! Man, that lawless libertine, may sin
In ev'ry corner of St. Clement's-Inn.
But Woman ! if she clamber in the dark
The vice-worn staircase of some lawyer's clerk,
A *writ of error* blots her spotless name ;
A *habeas corpus* ever damns her fame.

Z z

9. TO

9.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

Who complain'd of one Relation who gave late Breakfasts on account of long
Prayers,—and of another who gave bad Dinners.

OUR ghostly guides, to Heav'n who point the way,
Enjoin this golden precept—Fast and Pray.
How well, O pious youth, thy days are pass'd,
Who pray with *Sanctus* and with *Parcus* fast.

10.

LINES GIVEN EXTEMPORE

To Doctor MONSEY, Physician to Chelsea Hospital,

Upon his expressing Surprize that the SCRIBLERIAD was not more known
and talked of.

DEAR doctor, did you ever hear I had
So piqued myself on the Scribleriad,
That every pensioner of Chelsea,
The learning and the wit should well see;
Enough for me if only one see,
But let that one be doctor Monsey.

11. THE

11:

THE FOLLOWING FRENCH LINES

Being put into Mr. CAMBRIDGE'S Hand, by a Friend who seemed somewhat too partial to this species of French Writing, he was induced to translate them, for the Sake of introducing the two concluding Lines, which expose the *false Wit*, and give a just Ridicule to the Idea of *dying for Love*.

Quand vous venez dans ces vergers
 Voyez les meux que vous y faites
 Vos yeux font mourir les Bergers
 Et votre gozier les Fauvettes
 Qui chantera donc le printems
 Quand il n'y a plus d'oifeau ni d'amans.

Each shepherd falls a victim to your eye,
 Thrill'd by your notes the birds for envy die ;
 Henceforth in deserts must you sing alone,
 When all the lovers and the bards are gone.
 Yet some *blind* bard may strike the social string ;
 And a *deaf* nightingale in safety sing.

. 12.

A NOTE TO THE AUTHOR.

AT Church, or at Bushy, your sabbath d'ye spend,
 Your mind to regale or your morals to mend?
 If the former, I leave you the Devil to cheat;
 If the latter, I beg to have part of the treat.

HIS ANSWER.

WHY your Lordship is now so impatient to search,
 If I'm passing my hours with the State or the Church,
 I was puzzled—but now I perceive, on the whole,
 So you get but my news, you don't care for my foul.

13.

ON SEEING A TAPESTRY CHAIR-BOTTOM BEAUTIFULLY
 WORKED BY HIS DAUGHTER FOR MRS. HOLROYD.

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1793.]

WHILE Holroyd may boast of her beautiful bottom,
 I think of what numberless ills may bespot 'em:
 'Tis true they're intended for clean petticoats;
 But beware of th' intrusion of bold Sanculottes;
 Who, regardless of Charlotte's most elegant fitches,
 May rudely fit down without linen or breeches:
 Would you know from what quarter the mischief may come,
 When the batt'ry's unmask'd then beware of the *bomb*.

14. A TRANS-

14.

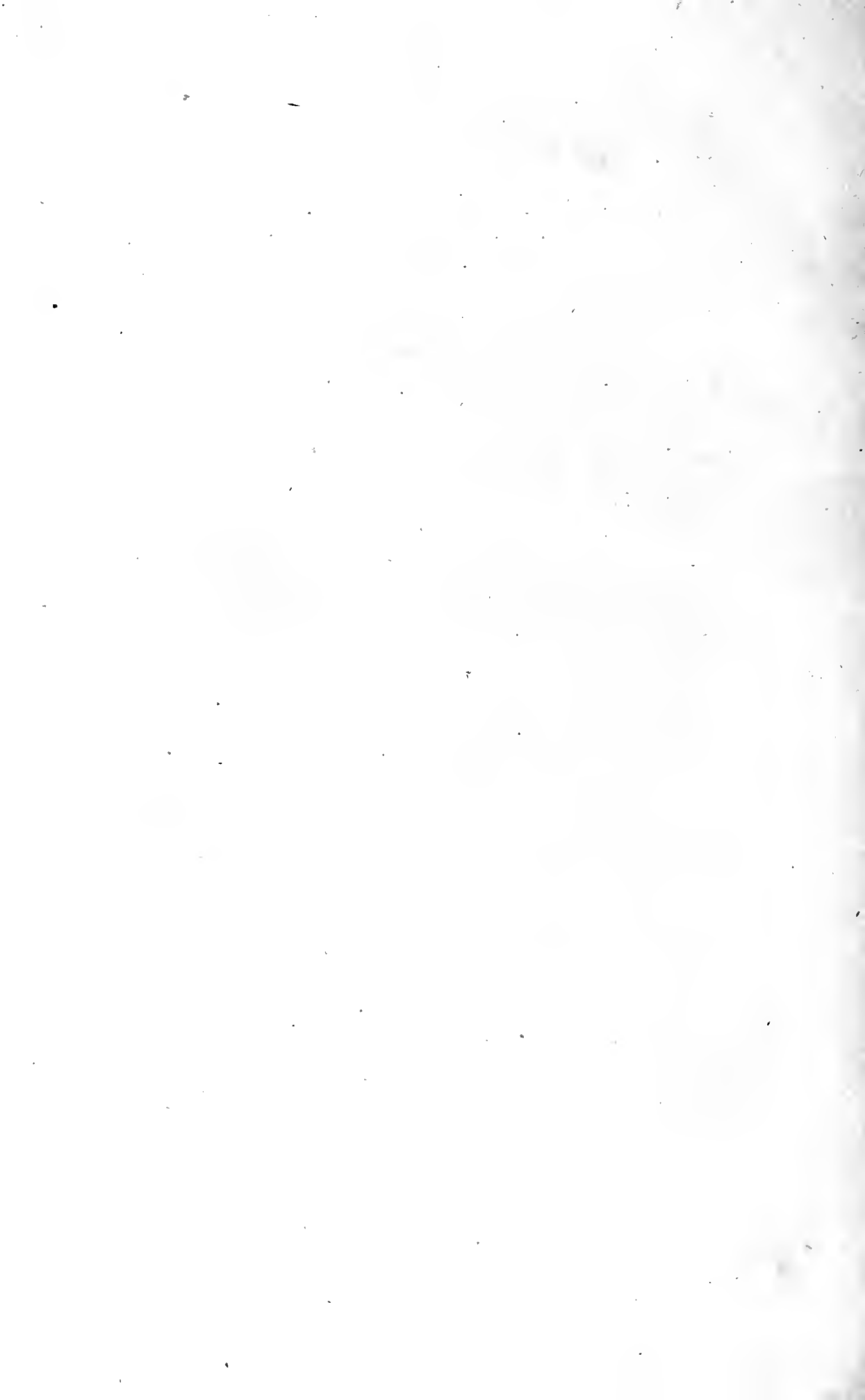
A TRANSLATION

Of the following Epigram in the Eton collection.

Λ Ο Υ Κ Ι Λ Λ Ι Ο Υ .

Μῦν Ἀσκληπιάδης ὁ φιλάργυρος εἶδεν ἐν οἴκῳ,
 Καὶ, τί ποιεῖς, φησὶν, φίλτατε μῦ, παρ' ἐμοί;
 Ἦδὲ δ' ὁ μῦς γελάσας, μηδὲν, φίλε, φησὶ, φοβηθῆς.
 Οὐχὶ τροφῆς παρὰ σοὶ χεῖρομον, ἀλλὰ μόνῃς.

As ——— was stepping out of bed,
 A lurking Mouse he spies;
 And thus, alarm'd with sudden dread,
 Aloud to Tony cries:
 Tony make haste—the trap prepare——
 I see the rascal dodging.—
 Friend, quoth the Mouse, you need not fear,
 I come but for a lodging;
 Nor plant that dreadful engine there,
 To catch me by the neck fast;
 For surely I had ne'er come here,
 If I had wanted breakfast.



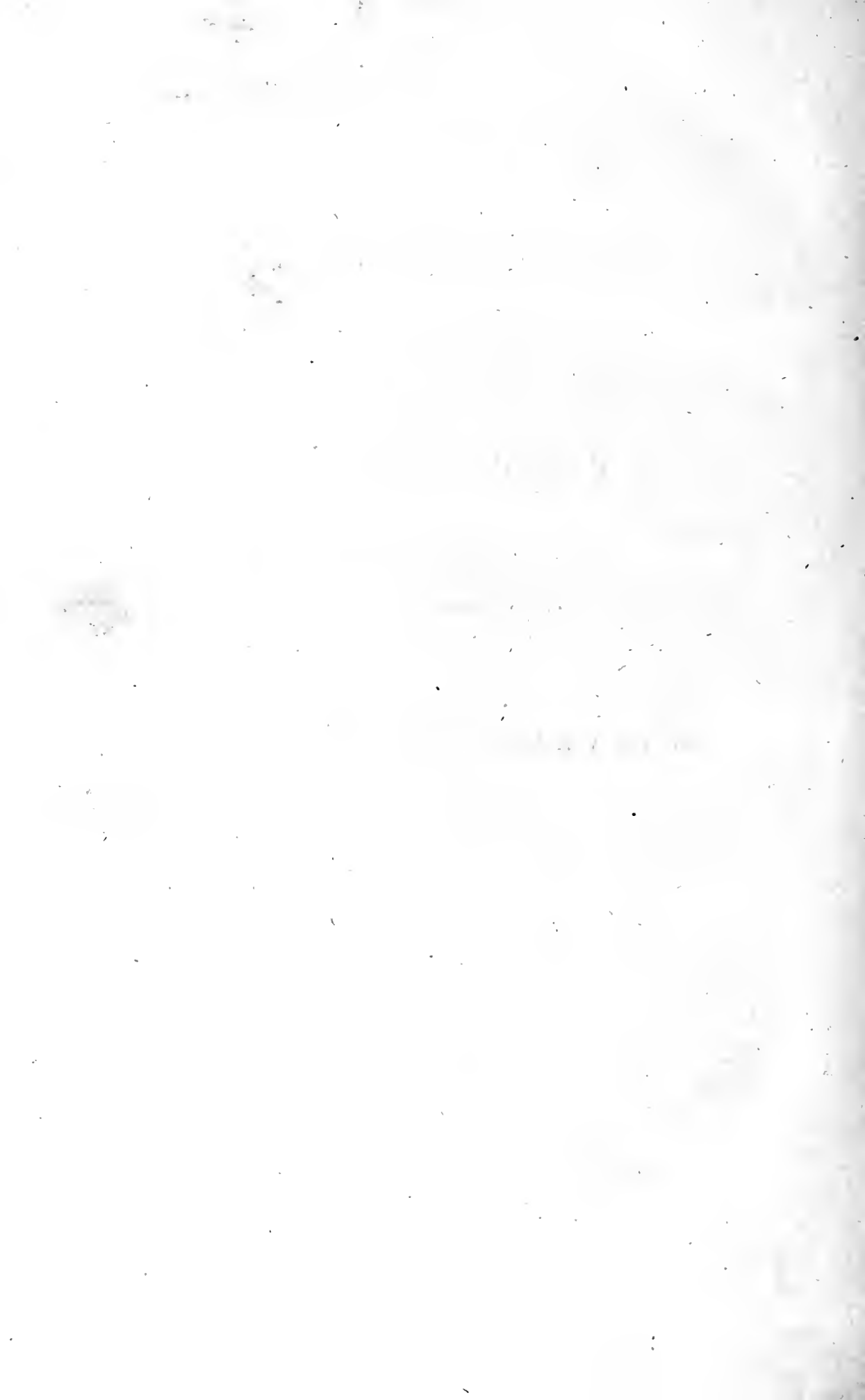
V E R S E S

ADDRESSED

AT VARIOUS TIMES

TO

R. O. CAMBRIDGE, Esq.



BY HENRY BERKLEY, Esq.

[WRITTEN ABOUT THE YEAR 1739.]

CARMINA SUNT DICENDA NEGET QUIS CARMINA GALLO?

VIRG.

THO' all the silly world, my Friend,
 Thy manners, and thy life commend,
 Nor Envy's self would grudge to swear
 Thou'rt honest, open, and sincere;
 'Tis true perhaps in Prose; but then
 In Verse thou'rt clean another Man:
 Generous in all things else, and free,
 A very Jew in poetry.
 For who but Shylock (with a store
 That makes all other plenty poor,
 A touch like Midas that refines
 All subjects strait to sterling lines)
 Would not unrecompens'd bestow
 Those riches which so freely flow,
 Rather than poorly condescend
 T' accept vile usance from a friend,
 Which he, I'm sure, must toil to give,
 And you unfatisfied receive?

Ask verſe of him who knows to ſing,
 His well-tuned lyre bid Davies* bring,
 And boldly ſtrike the docile ſtring;
 † Drawn by the pow'r of that ſweet ſound,
 The liſt'ning herds ſhall gaze around;
 Whilſt from the deep and oozy bed
 Sabina rears her awful head,
 And, as his notes harmonious glide,
 Forgets to roll her ample tide.
 Ah, Cambridge! may the chatt'ring pie
 With Philomela's muſic vie,
 Then ſhall be heard my Clio's tongue,
 Where you and Davies deign a ſong.

Mine's but a lame and fullen Muſe,
 A Flemiſh frow in wooden ſhoes,
 Scarce once a luſtre ſmiles, and then
 Moſt people think ſhe does but grin.
 ‡ However when ſhe's in the vein,
 I thank my ſtars, and eaſe my brain:

* A friend of the Author and of Mr. Cambridge, who was a very elegant poet.

† *Immemor herbarum quos eſt mirata juvenca, - -
 Et mutata fuos requierunt flumina curſus.*

VIRG. EC. 8.

‡ *Laudo manentem. Si celeres quatit
 Pennas reſigno quæ dedit et meâ
 Virtute me involvo probâmq̃.
 Pauperiem finè dote quæro.*

Lib. 3. HOR. OD. 29.

But

But if she frown, why farewell she
 With all her medley trumpery,
 With all her fustian, forced conceit,
 And limping rhimes, and would-be wit :
 I'm careles when, or how she goes,
 Content with truth and humble prose.
 Yet † ***** if kind Jove to-day,
 Descend in turtle and tokay,
 To-morrow o'er a chop at Dolly's
 Calls gluttony the worst of follies ;
 So you, with dainties cloyed at home,
 For change to me full wifely come ;
 My homely board shall fet you right,
 Shall wet your blunted appetite,
 Restore your judgment to its tone,
 And teach you how to prize your own.

† Jupiter et læto descendet plurimus imbri.

VIRG. EC. 7.

VERSES

LEFT ON A PEDESTAL

BENEATH A ROW OF ELMS IN MR. CAMBRIDGE'S GROUNDS, 1760*.

YE † green hair'd nymphs, whom Pan allows,
 To guard from harm these favour'd boughs ;
 Ye blue-eyed Naiads of the stream,
 That soothe the warm poetic dream ;
 Ye elves and sprites, that, thronging round,
 When midnight darkens all the ground,
 In antic measures uncontroll'd,
 Your fairy sports and revels hold,
 And up and down where'er ye pass,
 With many a ringlet print the grass ;
 If e'er the bard hath hail'd your power,
 At morn's grey dawn or evening hour,
 If e'er by moon-light on the plain,
 Your ears have caught th' enraptured strain,
 From every flow'ret's velvet head,
 From reveren'd Thames's oozy bed,

* Mr. Cambridge never learned who was the author of these elegant verses.

† The first line is borrowed from an Ode by Mr. Maſon, published in Dodſley's Collection. *Note by the Author.*

From these moss'd elms, where prison'd deep,
Conceal'd from human eyes ye sleep ;
If these your haunts be worth your care,
Awake, arise, and hear my prayer !

O banish from this peaceful plain,
The perjured nymph, the faithless swain ;
The stubborn heart, that scorns to bow,
And harsh rejects the honest vow ;
The fop, who wounds the virgin's ear,
With aught that sense would blush to hear,
Or false to honour, mean and vain,
Defames the worth he cannot stain :
The light coquet, with various art,
Who casts her net for every heart,
And, smiling, flatters to the chase,
Alike the worthy and the base :
The dame, who, proud of virtuous praise,
Is happy if a sister strays,
And conscious of unfullied fame,
Delighted spreads the tale of shame.

But far, O banish'd far be they,
Who hear, unmoved, the orphan's cry,
Who see, nor wish to wipe away,
The tear that swells the widow's eye.
The unloving man, whose narrow mind
Disdains to feel for human kind,

At other's blifs, whose cheek ne'er glows,
 Whose breast ne'er throbs with other's woes,
 Whose hoarded sum of private joys - - -
 His private care alone destroys - - -
 Ye fairies cast your spells around,
 And guard from such this hallow'd ground!

But welcome all, who fight with truth,
 Each constant maid and faithful youth,
 Whom mutual love alone hath join'd,
 (Sweet union of the willing mind!)
 Hearts pair'd above, not meanly fold,
 Law-licens'd prostitutes for gold.
 And welcome thrice, and thrice again,
 The chosen few, the worthy train,
 Whose steady feet, untaught to stray,
 Still tread where virtue points the way;
 Whose souls no thought, whose hands have known
 No deed, which honour might not own;

Who, torn with pain, or stung with care,

In other's blifs can claim their part,

And in life's brightest hour can share

Each pang that wrings another's heart.

Ye guardian spirits, when such ye see,
 Sweet peace be theirs, and welcome free;
 Clear be the sky from clouds or show'rs!
 Green be the turf, and fresh the flow'rs!

And

And that the youth, whose pious care
Lays on your shrine this honest prayer,
May with the rest admittance gain,
And visit oft this pleasant scene ;
Let all who love the muse attend—
Who loves the Muse is Virtue's friend.

Such then alone may venture here,
Who, free from guilt, are free from fear,
Whose wide affections can embrace
The whole extent of human race,
Whom Virtue and her friends approve,
Whom CAMBRIDGE and the Muses love.

T. S.

 FROM

GEORGE BIRCH, Esq.*

ON RECEIVING A LETTER FROM MR. CAMBRIDGE IN
JANUARY 1782, FRANKED BY GEORGE SELWYN.

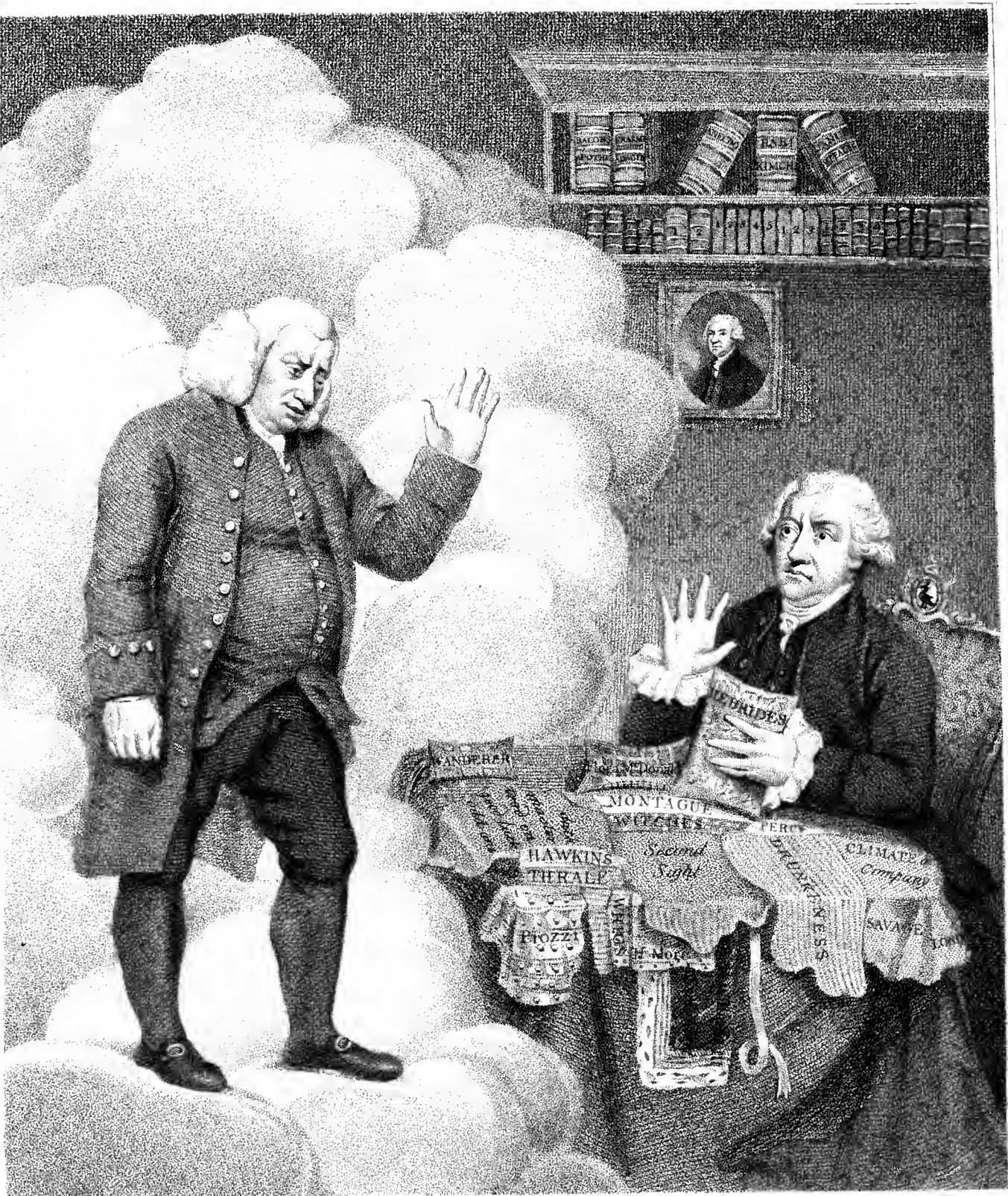
WHAT less than wit could be expected
From what a Selwyn's pen directed ?
Whatever comes in such a guise,
Meets Mirth on tiptoe in our eyes ;

* Author of some much admired LOVE ELEGIES; the Second Edition of which is dedicated to Mr. CAMBRIDGE, and published 1777.

And

And Fancy cbuckles at the thought,
What fuch a fignature has brought ?
But fay what needs the pen of two,
For that one pen within can do ?
A pen, that always can, at pleasure,
Command our laughter without meafure ;
Laughter !—away with niggard praife,
That can delight—ten thousand ways ;
Such wit had current pafs'd alone,
Tho' Selwyn's fun had ne'er been known,
And muft for ever ftand the teft,
When each Bon Mot is gone to reft.
What's the prefervative you'll fay,
That will enfore it from decay ?
'Tis fterling fenfe that guides the whole,
Temper'd by candour's mild controul ;
Unfailing titles to engage,
Applaufe and love from every age !



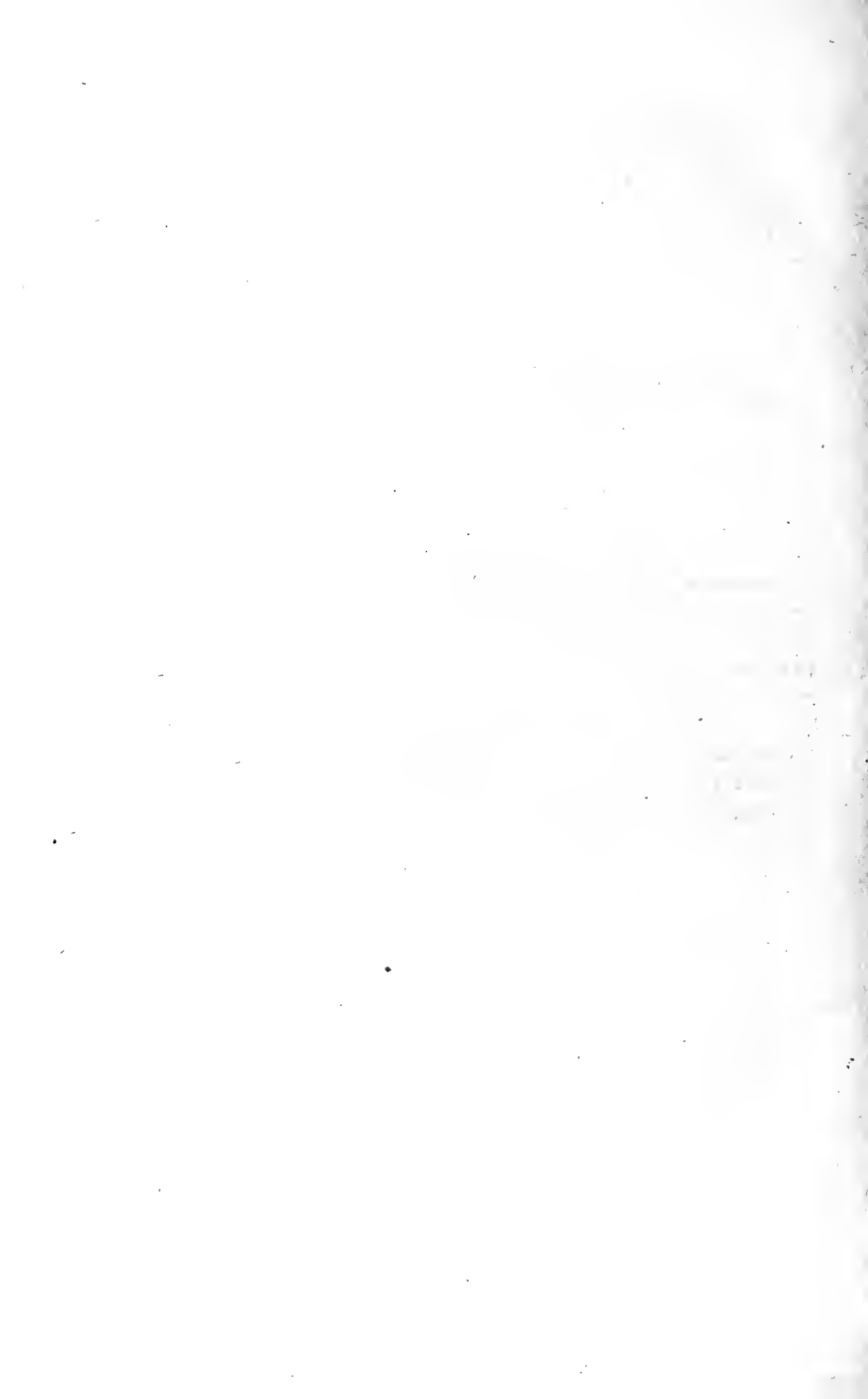


*Thou art a Retailer of Phrases.
 And dost deal in Remnants of Remnants.
 Like a Baker of Puncushions.*

· THAT readiness at quotation, which distinguished the AUTHOR, furnished the passage from Congreve's admirable comedy, upon which the humour of this PICTURE is founded. It occurred to him, at a time when the press was daily issuing fresh anecdotes relative to Dr. Johnson; in which, not only the moral wisdom and critical sagacity of that distinguished writer are displayed, but every trifling or unguarded expression that had fallen from him in the lisping of childhood, or in the feebleness of age; and even under the influence of a morbid depression of mind, are not less industriously circulated. So unjustifiable an indulgence of the public curiosity may well be supposed to excite the displeasure of the Doctor, whose Ghost is here represented as appearing to his Biographer, to remonstrate with him upon the indiscretion of such a proceeding. The alarm expressed by the historian at being discovered by his old friend in the midst of this employment, may serve as a useful hint to others who are daily manufacturing their pincushions, out of every scrap and remnant of anecdote they can pick up and patch together. Happening to have an artist in his house, he employed him to execute the humorous ideas which had thus struck his fancy, and which affords a specimen of his inventive genius in the sister art to poetry.

It may be right to add, that the Author's delicacy upon the subject of all personality, made him embrace the earliest opportunity of shewing it to Mr. Boswell, who was so much delighted with the humour of the design and the justness of the criticism, that he strongly solicited to have it engraved. The Editor considers this as sufficient authority for the present publication of it; and it is here given as an apposite frontispiece to these Essays, from its partaking of the same good humoured satire with which they abound. It will be more acceptable, as being a striking likeness of Dr. Johnson's figure, and the only whole length of him ever published.

(To face the Engraving of Dr. Johnson's Ghost.)



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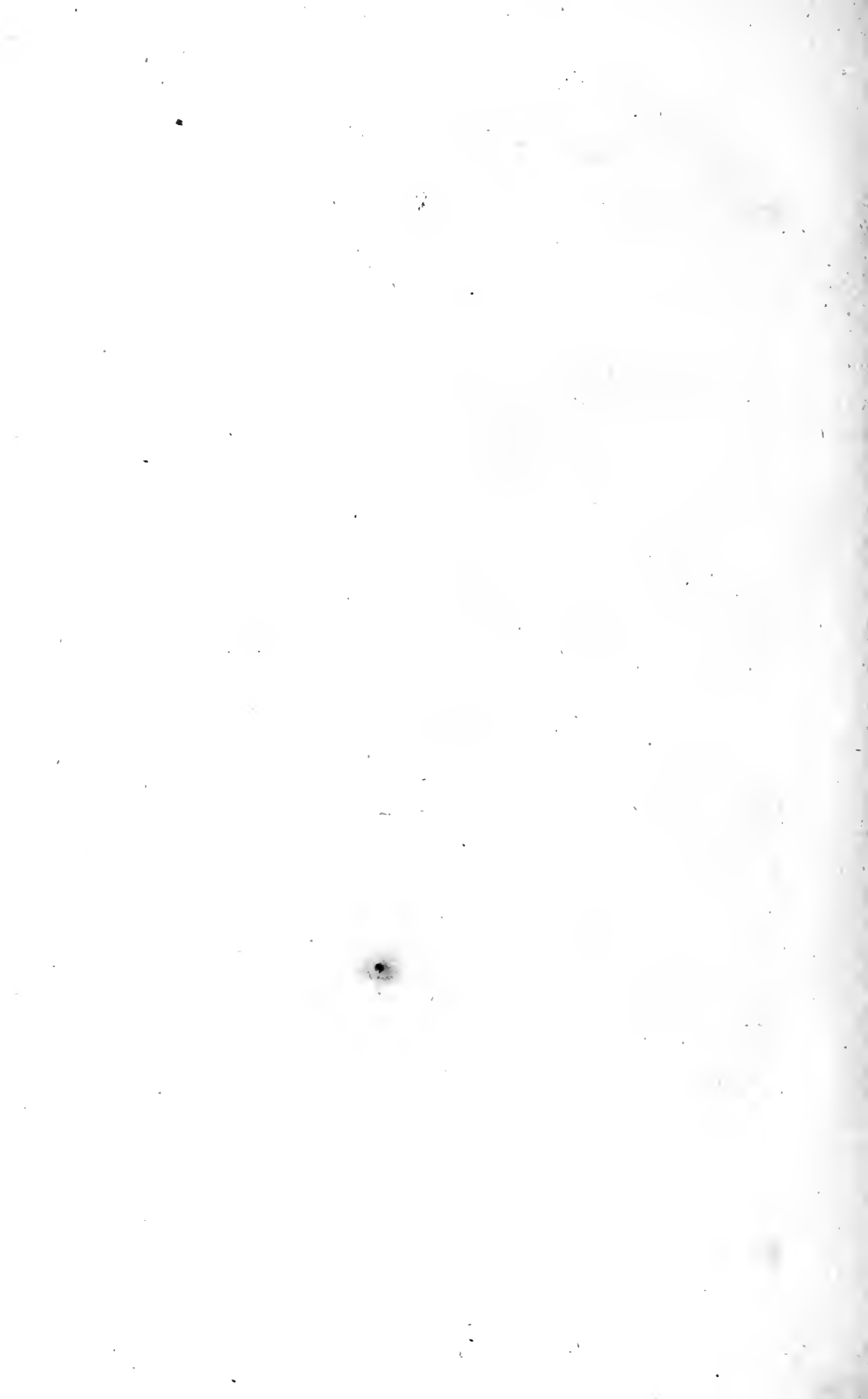
ESSAYS

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE

W O R L D.

1753.—1756.

3 B



T H E
W O R L D.

N° 50. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1753.

Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?

VIRG.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

S I R,

THOUGH I am a constant inhabitant of this town, which is daily producing some new improvement in the polite and elegant arts, in which I interest myself, perhaps to a degree of enthusiasm, and have always a thousand reasons for not leaving it a single day; yet I cannot help still accosting my friends, upon their first arrival from the country, with the usual question at this time of the year, ‘ Well, Sir, what brings you to town?’ The answer has always varied according to the circumstances of the person asked: ‘ To see the new bridge; to put a son to Westminster; the inns of
3 B 2 court,

court, the army, &c. To hear the new opera; to look out for a wife; to be in fortune's way at the drawing of the lottery; to print a sermon; a novel; the state of the nation, &c. &c.; to kiss hands for an employment; to be elected fellow of the Royal Society; to consult Doctor Ward; to be witness for Mrs. Squires.' In short, the reasons given are infinite, and I am afraid the detail has been already tedious. But I must observe, that the most general motive of the men has been to buy something they wanted, and of the ladies to buy something they did not want.

This year, indeed, that general reason has given place to another, which is not only general but universal; for now, ask whom you will what he is come up for, he draws up all his muscles into a most devout gravity, and with an important solemnity answers you, 'To repeal the Jew bill.' This religious anxiety brings to my mind the political zeal, no less warm or universal, in the year ten. I remember I then met with a Welch collier who asked me for a halfpenny, telling me he was starving here, as were his wife and children two hundred miles off. As I knew him by his dialect to be of a good family, I expressed to him my surprize that he would leave his principality to come into a country where they paid so little regard to the antiquity of his house, or the length of his pedigree; and desired that he would tell me why he came to London. He immediately swelled with all the pride of his ancestors, put his arms a kimbow, and answered, 'To pull down the French king.'

But

But the worst reason for coming to London that I ever heard in my life, was given me last night at a visit by a young lady of the most graceful figure I ever beheld; it was, 'to have her shape altered to the modern fashion.' That is to say, to have her breasts compressed by a flat, strait line, which is to extend cross-wise from shoulder to shoulder, and also to descend, still in a strait line, in such a manner, that you shall not be able to pronounce what it is that prevents the usual tapering of the waist. I protest, when I saw the beautiful figure that was to be so deformed by the stay-maker, I was as much shocked, as if I had been told that she was come to deliver up those animated KNOWLS of beauty to the surgeon.—I borrow my terms from gardening, which now indeed furnishes the most pregnant and exalted expressions of any science in being.—And this brings to my mind the only instance that can give an adequate idea of my concern. Let us suppose that Mr. Browne should, in any one of the many Elysiums he has made, see the old terraces rise again and mask his undulating knowls, or straight rows of cut trees obscure his noblest configurations of scenery. When lord Burlington saw the rebuilding of St. Paul's by Sir C. Wren, the remembrance of the front which had been destroyed, and his partiality to the work of his admired Inigo Jones, drew from him the following citation. 'When the Jews saw the second temple, they wept.' I own (though no Jew) I did the same, when I heard that the most beauteous remain of nature's architecture

chitecture was so soon to be destroyed ; and could not help reciting those once-admired lines in the Henry and Emma,

*No longer shall the BODDICE, aptly laced,
From thy FULL BOSOM to thy SLENDER WAIST,
That air and HARMONY of SHAPE express,
FINE by DEGREES, and BEAUTIFULLY LESS ;
————— An horseman's coat shall hide
Thy TAPER shape and COMELINESS of SIDE.*

Observe the force of every word ; and as a testimony that this excellent writer was peculiarly happy in the expression, COMELINESS of SIDE, the nicest observer of our times, who is now publishing a most rational Analysis of Beauty, has chosen for the principal illustration of it, a pair of stays, such as would fit the shape described by the judicious poet ; and has also shewn by drawings of other stays, that every minute deviation from the first pattern is a diminution of beauty, and every grosser alteration a deformity.

I hear that an ingenious gentleman is going within these few days to publish a treatise on Deformity. If he means artificial as well as natural deformity, he may make his work as voluminous as he pleases. A few books of travels will furnish him with abundant instances of head-moulders, face-squeezers, nose-parers, ear-stretchers, eye-painters, lip-borers, tooth-stainers, breast-cutters, foot-swathers, &c. &c. all modelled by fashion, none by taste. Whenever taste or sense shall interpose to amend, by a slight improvement, the mere deficiencies in the human figure, we may see by a single instance how it is likely to be received.

A country family, whose *reason for coming to London*, was to have their pictures drawn, and principally that of the hopeful heir, brought him to Sir Godfrey Kneller. That skilful artist, soon discovering that a little converse with the world might, one day or other, wear off the block, which to a common observer obscured the man, instead of drawing him in a green coat with spaniels, or, in the more contemptible livery of a fop, playing with a lap-dog

Os homini sublime dedit.

He gave him a soul darting with a proper spirit through the rusticity of his features. I met the mother and sisters coming down stairs the day it was finished, and I found Sir Godfrey in a most violent rage above. ‘Look there,’ says he, pointing to the picture, ‘There is a fellow! I have put some sense in him, and none of his family know him.’

Sir Godfrey’s consciousness of his own skill was so well known, that it exposed him frequently to the banter and irony of the wits his friends. Pope, to play him off, said to him, after looking round a room full of beauties that he had painted, ‘It is pity, Sir Godfrey, that you had not been consulted at the creation.’ Sir Godfrey threw his eyes strong upon Pope’s shoulders, and answered, ‘Really I should have made some things better.’ But the punishment for this profaneness pursued our wit still further.

It is remarkable that the expletive Mr. Pope generally used by way of oath, was, ‘God mend me!’ One day, in a dispute with a hackney coachman, he used this expression:—

‘Mend

‘ Mend you ! ’ says the coachman ; ‘ it would not be half the trouble to make a new one.’ If it may be allowable to draw a moral reflection from a ludicrous story, I could heartily wish that the ladies would every morning seriously address to their Maker this invocation of Mr. Pope ; and, after devout meditation on the Divine patronage to which they have recommended their charms, apply themselves properly to pursue all human means for the due accomplishment of their prayer. I flatter myself that this advice may be palatable, in as much as it comprehends that celebrated example of uniting religion and politeness, delivered down to us from the ancients in these few words, ‘ Sacrifice to the Graces.’ And I hope the sex will consider how great a blemish it will be to the present age, if the painter or historian should declare to posterity that the ladies of these times were never known to sacrifice to any god but FASHION.

To conclude the history of my unhappy visit. I must confess I was provoked beyond all patience, reserve, or good breeding ; and very rudely flung out of the room, having first told the lady she need not have given herself the trouble of *a journey to London*, for I would answer for him, the talents of Mr. Square, her Somersetsshire stay-maker, were sufficient to dress her in the most elegant taste of the modern fashion, or indeed (if he was not an old man) to put her in a way that she could not possibly dress out of it.

I am, *as a lover of elegance,*
Your admirer and humble servant.

N° 51. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1753.

*Quod medicorum est,
Promittunt medici: tractant fabrilia fabri.* HOR.

THOUGH there is nothing more pleasing to the mind of man than variety, yet it may be pursued in such a manner as to make the most active and varied life a tiresome sameness. To illustrate this seeming paradox, I shall relate what I learnt from an humble companion of a gentleman of vast spirits (as he is called by his acquaintance) who thinks he has shewn his value for time by never having yet enjoyed one moment of it. This active gentleman, it seems, proposed to the other to make the tour of England, and ride daily from house to house, and from garden to garden: which indeed they did in so expeditious a manner, *not to lose time*, that they did not allow the least portion of it for the objects they saw to make any impression on their memories. In the hottest weather they never walked under the shade of the plantations they so much admired, and came on purpose to see; but crossed the scorching lawn for the nearest way to the building they would not rest in, or the water they refused to be rowed upon. Thus they FLEW through the countries and gardens they went to SEE, with as much fatigue, and not more observation, than a post-horse in his stage; and this for the pleasure of VARIETY, and the advantage of IMPROVEMENT.

In what respect does this gentleman's conduct differ from his who seeks a VARIETY of ACQUAINTANCE? The consequence must be exactly the same; viz. use and enjoyment of none. An unexperienced man, who has happened to see one of this turn eagerly following, or boasting of his acquaintance with the builder, the planter, the poet, the politician, the seaman, the foldier, the musician, the jockey, would naturally suppose he was generally talking with those gentlemen in the several sciences they respectively excelled in. No, this is the only discourse which he studies to avoid.

Before I endeavour to account for this strange absurdity, I would just observe, that the persons I am speaking of are of a very different character from those who from a mere principle of vanity are continually numbering among their friends, though upon the slightest grounds, men of high birth and station, and who always bring to my mind justice Shallow's acquaintance with John of Gaunt, who never saw him but once, and then he broke his head. Equally wide of the question is that character, who from a love of talking avoids the company where his news has been already published, and dreads the man who is better heard than himself on general topics.

IGNORANCE and an IMBECILITY OF ATTENTION, if I may be allowed the expression, are the most probable causes of this inconsistent behaviour. To avoid metaphysical disquisitions, let us try if we can set our judgments by comparison. Men of the weakest stomachs are very solicitous of the greatest

*

variety

variety of dishes and the highest fauces, which they constantly reject upon tasting, being, as they confess, too strong for them, though the objects of their desire and expectation before they were brought upon the table. It is also observable, that when gentlemen after a certain age devote themselves to the fair sex, they generally pursue with more fervor, and always express themselves with more warmth, than when in the heat of youth, so long as the game is out of reach; but a nearer prospect of success soon discovers the difference between natural heat, and the delusion of false desire and imaginary passion. The sportsman cannot be more apprehensive and concerned for the death of the hare he wishes to save, than the old gallant is at the approaching opportunity of accomplishing his desires; which, if he obtain, I am afraid he will sing no other *Te Deum* than that of Pyrrhus—*Such another victory will ruin me.*

—— *Animasque in vulnere ponunt*

was a famous quotation of Dr. Bentley's on the sudden death of an old bridegroom.

To avoid a dry argument, and as I do not remember to have seen this subject touched upon by any writer ancient or modern, I have endeavoured to throw it into measure.

Ye sages say, who know mankind,
Whence, to their real profit blind,
All leave those fields which might produce
Fit game for pastime or for use?

The well-flor'd warren they forfake,
 And love to beat the barren brake :
 Sooner their pleasures will avoid,
 Than run the chance of being cloy'd.

DAMÆTAS ever is afraid

Left merchants should discourse on trade :
 And yet of commerce will inquire,
 When drinking with a country 'squire.
 Of ladies he will ask how soon
 They think count Saxe can take a town,
 Or whether France or Spain will treat,
 But if the brigadier he meet,
 He questions him about the sum
 He won or lost at last night's drum.
 Or if some minister of state
 Will deign to talk of Europe's fate ;
 Th' important topic he declines,
 To prate of soups, ragouts and wines ;
 Yet he, at Helluo's board can fix
 On no discourse but politics.

Once were the linguist, and the bard,
 The objects of his chief regard ;
 Now with expressive shrugs and looks
 He flies the haunts of men of books :
 Yet o'er his cups will condescend
 To toast the prebend for his friend :

For

For depth of reading tell his merit,
 Extol his stile for force and spirit:
 Ask where he preach'd, or what his text,
 Inquire what work he'll publish next:
 What depth of matter, how he treats it—
 He can't be easy till he gets it.

Wet from the prefs 'tis sent him down,
 Three days before 'tis on the town:
 The title read (for never more is)
 Next having writ *ex don authoris*.
 He spends at least the time in finding
 A place to suit its size and binding,
 As might have serv'd, if well directed,
 To read the volume thus neglected.

When last with Atticus I din'd,
 Damœtas there I chanc'd to find,
 Who strait address'd me with complaint
 How Pollio talk'd of the Levant;
 And how he teiz'd him near an hour
 With the Grand Seignior and his pow'r:
 Then Athens' ruin'd domes explain'd,
 And what in Egypt still remain'd.
 This talk Damœtas could not bear;
 For Pollio had himself been there;
 But from some fellow of a college,
 Would think the subjects worth his knowledge.

The

The table now remov'd, again
 Began Damœtas to complain ;
 ' I knew Eugenius in his prime,
 ' The best companion of his time ;
 ' But since he's got to yonder board,
 ' You never hear him speak a word,
 ' But tiresome schemes of navigation,
 ' The built of vessels and their station—
 ' Such stuff as spoils all conversation.'

' Good Atticus, repeat the verses,
 ' You lately said were made by Thyrsis.'

John at that instant introduces
 This very servant of the muses ;
 Damœtas starts, and in confusion,
 Cursing the d—d ill-tim'd intrusion,
 Whispers the servant in his ear,
 ' John, be so good to call a chair ;'
 And flies the spot, alarm'd with dread,
 Left Thyrsis should begin to read.

And yet, for all he holds this rule,
 Damœtas is in fact no fool :
 For he would hardly chuse a groom
 To make his chairs or hang his room ;
 Nor with th' upholsterer discourse
 About the glanders in his horse ;
 Nor send to buy his wife a tête
 To Puddle-Dock or Billingsgate ;

Not

Nor if in labour, spleen, or trance,
 Fetch her Sir Thomas for Sir Hans;
 Nor bid his coachman drive o' nights
 To parish-church instead of White's;
 Nor make his party or his bets
 With those who never pay their debts;
 Nor at deffert of wax and china
 Neglect the eatables, if any,
 To smell the chaplet in the middle,
 Or taste the Chelsea-china fiddle.

N° 54. THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1754.

Hoc novum est aucupium ———
Postremo imperavi egomet mihi
Omnia assentari. Is quæstus nunc est multo uberrimus.

TER.

THAT an essay on HEARERS has not been given us by the writers of the last age, is to be accounted for from the same reasons that the ancients have left us no treatise on tobacco-nists or sugar-planters. The world is continually changing by the two great principles of revolution and discovery; as these produce novelty, they furnish the basis of our speculations.

The pride of our ancestors distinguished them from the vulgar, by the dignity of TACITURNITY. If we consult old pictures,

tures, we shall find (fuitable to the dress of the times) the beard cut and the features compos'd to that gravity and solemnity of aspect, which was to denote wisdom and importance. In that admirable play of Ben Jonson's, which, through the capacity and industry of its reviver, has lately so well entertained the town, I mean *Every man in his humour*, a country squire sets up for high-breeding, by resolving to be 'proud, melancholy, and gentleman-like.' In the man of birth or business, SILENCE was the note of wisdom and distinction; and the haughty peers then would no more vouchsafe to talk to her equals, than she will now to her inferiors.

In those times, when talking was the province only of the vulgar or hireling, fools and jesters were the usual retainers in great families; but now, so total is the revolution, voices are become a mere drug, and will fetch no money at all, except in the single instance of an election. Riches, birth and honours, assert their privileges by the opposite quality to SILENCE; infomuch, that many of the great estates and mansion-houses in this kingdom seem at present to be held by the tenure of perpetual TALKING. Fools and jesters must be useless in families, where the master is no more ashamed of exposing his wit at his table to his guests and servants, than his drunkenness to his constituents. This revolution has obtained so generally all over Europe, that at this day a little dwarf of the king of Poland, who creeps out after dinner from under the trees of the desert, and utters impertinences
to

to every man at table, is talked of at other courts as a singularity.

Happy was it for the poor TALKERS of those days, that so great a revolution was brought about by degrees; for though I can conceive it easy enough to turn the writers at Constantinople into printers, and believe it possible to make a chimney-sweeper a miller, a tallow-chandler a perfumer, a gamester a politician, a fine lady a stock-jobber, or a blockhead a connoisseur; I can have no idea of so strange a metamorphosis as that of a TALKER into a HEARER. That HEARERS, however, have arisen in later times to answer in some degree the demand for them, is apparent from the numbers of them which are to be found in most families, under the various denominations of cousin, humble-companion, chaplain, led-captain, toad-eater, &c. But though each of these characters frequently officiates in the post of HEARER, it will be a great mistake if a HEARER should imagine he may ever interfere in any of their departments. When the toad-eater opens in praise of musty venison, or a greasy ragout; when the led-captain and chaplain commend prickt-wine, or other liquors, such as the French call *Chasse-cousin*, the HEARER must submit to be poisoned in SILENCE. When the cousin is appealed to for the length of a fox-chace, and out-lies his patron; when the squire of the fens declares he has no dirt near his house, and the cousin swears it is a hard gravel for five miles round; or when the hill improver asserts that he never saw his turf burn before, and turning short, says,

‘ Did You, cousin?’ In such cases as these the answers may give a dangerous example: for if a raw whelp of a HEARER should happen to give his tongue, he will be rated and corrected like a puppy.

The great duty therefore of this office is SILENCE; and I could prove the high antiquity of it by the Tyro’s of the Pythagorean school, and the ancient worship of Harpocrates, the tutelary deity of this sect. Pythagoras bequeathed to his scholars that celebrated rule, which has never yet been rightly understood, ‘ Worship, or rather, study the echo;’ evidently intending thereby to inculcate, that HEARERS should observe, that an echo never puts in a word till the SPEAKER comes to a pause. A great and comprehensive lesson! but being, perhaps, too concise for the instruction of vulgar minds, it may be necessary to descend more minutely into particular hints and cautions.

A HEARER must not be drowsy: for nothing perplexes a TALKER like the accident of sleep in the midst of his harangue: and I have known a French TALKER rise up and hold open the eye-lids of a Dutch HEARER with his finger and thumb.

He must not squint: for no lover is so jealous as a true TALKER, who will be perpetually watching the motion of the eyes, and always suspecting that the attention is directed to that side of the room to which they point.

A HEARER must not be a fear of fights: he must let a hare pass as quietly as an ox; and never interrupt narration, by
crying

crying out at sight of a highwayman or a mad dog. An acquaintance of mine, who lived with a maiden aunt, lost a good legacy by the ill-timed arrival of a coach and six, which he first discovered at the end of the avenue, and announced as a most acceptable hearing to the pride of the family: but it happened unluckily to be at the very time that the lady of the house was relating the critical moment of her life, when she was in the greatest danger of breaking her vow of celibacy.

A HEARER must not have a weak head: for though the TALKER may like he should drink with him, he does not choose he should fall under the table till himself is speechless.

He must not be a news-monger: because times past have already furnished the head of his patron with all the ideas he chuses it should be stored with.

Lastly, and principally, a HEARER must not be a wit. I remember one of this profession being told by a gentleman, who to do him justice was a very good seaman, that he had rode from Portsmouth to London in four hours, asked, ‘ if it was by Shrewsbury clock ? ’ It happened the person so interrogated had not read Shakspeare; which was the only reason I could assign why the adventurous querist was not immediately sent aboard the Stygian tender.

But here we must observe that SILENCE, in the opinion of a TALKER, is not merely a suppression of the action of the tongue; it is also necessary that every muscle of the face and

member of the body should receive its motion from no other sensation than that which the TALKER communicates through the ear.

A HEARER therefore must not have the fidgets: he must not start if he hears a door clap, a gun go off, or a cry of murder. He must not snuff with his nostrils if he smell fire; because, though he should save the house by it, he will be as ill rewarded as Cassandra for her endeavours to prevent the flames of Troy, or Gulliver for extinguishing those of Lilliput.

There are many more hints which I should be desirous of communicating for the benefit of beginners, if I was not afraid of making my paper too long to be properly read and considered within the compass of a week, in which the greatest part of every morning is necessarily dedicated to mercers, milliners, hair-cutters, voters, levees, lotteries, lounges, &c. I shall therefore say a word or two to the TALKERS, and hasten to a conclusion.

And here it would be very impertinent, and going much out of the way, were I to interfere in the just rights which these gentlemen have over their own officers and domestics. I would only recommend to them, when they come into other company, to consider that it is expected the talk of the day should be proportioned among them in degrees, according to the acres they severally possess, or the number of stars annexed to their names in the list printed from the public funds: that HEARING is an involuntary tribute, which is
paid,

paid, like other taxes, with a reluctance increasing in proportion to the riches of the person taxed: that it is a false argument for a TALKER to say to a jaded audience he will tell a story that is true, great, or any way excellent; for when a man has eat of the first and second course till he is full to the throat, you tempt him in vain at the third, by assuring him the plate you offer is one of the best *entremets* LE GRANGE ever made.

N° 55. THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1754.

Extinctus amabitur.

HOR.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM one of those benevolent persons, who having no land of their own, and not being free of any one corporation, like true citizens of the world, turn all their thoughts to the good of the public; and are known by the general name of Projectors. All the good I ever did or thought of, was for the public. My sole anxiety has been for the security, health, revenue and credit of the public: nor did I ever think of paying any debts in my whole life, except those of the public. This public spirit, you already suppose, has been most amply rewarded; and perhaps suspect that I am going to trouble
you

you with an ostentatious boast of the public money I have touched; or that I am devising some artful evasion of an inquiry into the method by which I amassed it. On the contrary, I must assure you that I have carried annually the fruits of twelve months deep thought to the treasury, pay-office, and victualling-office, without having brought from any one of those places the least return of treasure, pay, or victuals. At the admiralty the porters can read the longitude in my night-gown, as plainly as if the plaid was worked into the letters of that word. And I have had the mortification to see a man with the dullest project in the world admitted to the board, with no other preference than that of being a stranger, while I have been kept shivering in the court.

After this short history of myself, it is time I should communicate the project I have to propose for your particular consideration.

My proposal is, that a new office be erected in this metropolis, and called the EXTINGUISHING OFFICE. In explaining the nature of this OFFICE, I shall endeavour to convince you of its extraordinary utility: and that the scope and intent of it may be perfectly understood, I beg leave to be indulged in making a few philosophical remarks.

There is no observation more just or common in experience, than that every thing excellent in nature or art, has a certain fixed point of perfection, proper to itself, which it cannot transgress without losing much of its beauty, or acquiring some blemish.

The period which time puts to all mortal things, is brought about by an imperceptible decay : and whatever is once past the crisis of maturity, affords only the melancholy prospect of being impaired hourly, and of advancing through the degrees of aggravated deformity to its dissolution.

We inconsiderately bewail a great man, whom death has taken off, as we say, in the bloom of his glory ; and yet confess it would have been happier for Priam, Hannibal, Pompey, and the duke of Marlborough, if fate had put an earlier period to their lives.

Instead of quoting a multitude of Latin verses, I refer you to that part of the tenth satire of Juvenal, which treats of longevity : but I must desire particularly to remind you of the following passage :

*Provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres
Optandas.—*

It is to a mature reflection on the sense of this passage that I owe the greatest thought which ever entered the brain of a projector : and I doubt not, if I could once establish the OFFICE in question, of being able to strike out from this hint, a certain method of practice that would be as beneficial to mankind, as it would be new and extraordinary.

It has been the usual custom, when old Generals have worn out their bodies by the toils of many glorious campaigns, Beauties their complexions by the fatigues of exhibiting their persons, or Patriots their constitutions by the heat of the house, to send them to some purer air abroad, or to Kenfington Gravel-

Gravel-pits at home: but as there is nothing so justly to be dreaded as the chance of surviving good fame, I am for sending all such persons in the zenith of their glory to the fens in Essex.

As it is with man himself, so likewise shall we find it with every thing that proceeds from him. His plans are great, just and noble; worthy the divine image he bears. His progression and execution, *to a certain point*, answerable to his designs; but beyond it, all is weakness, deformity and disgrace. To be assured of this point, it is as necessary to consult another, as the sick man his physician to know the crisis of his distemper: but whom to apply to, is the important question. A friend is of all men living the most unfit, because good counsel and sincere advice are known to produce an immediate dissolution of all social connexions. The necessity of a new OFFICE is therefore evident; which OFFICE I propose shall be hereafter executed by commission, but first (by way of trial) by a single person, invested with proper powers, and universally acknowledged by the stile and title of SWORN EXTINGUISHER. To explain the functions of this person, I shall relate to you the accident which furnished the first hint for what I am now offering to your perusal.

Whenever I have been so happy as to be master of a candle, I have observed that though it has burnt with great brightness to a certain point, yet the moment that the flame has reached that point, it has become less and less bright, rising and falling with great inequalities, till at last it has expired in a most intolerable

tolerable stink. In other families, where poverty is not the directress, the candle lives and dies without leaving any ill odour behind it; and this by the well-timed application of a machine called an **EXTINGUISHER**.

It is the use of this machine that I am desirous of extending: and what confirmed me in the project was my happening one Sunday to drop into a church, where the top of the pulpit was a deep concave, not very unlike the implement above-mentioned. The sermon, which had begun and proceeded in a regular uniform tenor, grew towards the latter end extremely different; now lofty, now low, now flashy, now dark—In short, the preacher and his canopy brought so strongly to my mind the expiring candle and its **EXTINGUISHER**, that I longed to have the power of properly applying the one to the other; and from that moment conceived a project of suspending hollow cones of tin, brass or wood, over the heads of all public speakers, with lines and pulleys to lower them occasionally.

I carried this project to a certain great man, who was pleased to reject it; telling me of several devices which might answer the purpose better; and instancing, among many other practices, that of the **ROBIN HOOD** society, where the president performs the office of an **EXTINGUISHER** by a single stroke of a hammer. In short, the arguments of this great man prevailed with me to lay aside my first scheme, but furnished me at the same time with hints for a more extensive one.

At the playhouse the curtain is not only always ready, but capable of EXTINGUISHING at once all the persons of the drama. How many new tragedies might be saved for the future, if the curtain was to drop by authority as soon as the hero was dead! or how happily might the languid, pale, and putrid flames of a whole fifth act be EXTINGUISHED by the establishment of such an office.

In applying it to epic poetry, I could not but felicitate the author of the Iliad. The EXTINGUISHER of the Æneid deserves the highest encomiums—Happy Virgil! but O wretched Milton! more unhappy in the blindness of thy commentators, than in thy own! who, to thy eternal disgrace, would preserve thy two concluding lines, with the same superstition with which the GEBERS venerate the snuff of a candle, and cry out sacrilege if you offer to extinguish it.

I perceive I shall want room to explain my method of EXTINGUISHING Talkers in private companies; but that I may not appear to you like those quacks who boast of more than they can perform, let me convince you that the attempt is not impracticable, by reminding you of Appelles, who standing behind one of the pictures, listened with great patience while a shoemaker was commending the foot; but the moment the mechanic was passing on to the leg, stepped from his hiding-place, and EXTINGUISHED him at once with the famous proverb in use at this day, ‘The shoemaker must not go beyond his last.’

But

But whenever this office is put into commission, I propose, for this last-mentioned branch, to take in a proper number of ladies; I mean such as dress in the height of the mode; who being equipped with hoops in the utmost extent of the fashion, are always provided with an EXTINGUISHER ready for immediate use. By the application of this machine to the above-mentioned purpose, I shall have the farther satisfaction of vindicating the ladies from the unjust imputation of bearing about them any thing useless. And as the Chinese knew gunpowder, the ancients the load-stone, and the moderns electricity, many years before they were applied to the benefit of mankind, it will not appear strange if a noble use be at length found for the HOOP, which has, to be sure, till now, afforded mere matter of speculation.

I NOW EXTINGUISH myself, and am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

A. B.

P. S. If the above project meets with your approbation, I shall venture to communicate another of a nature not very unlike the foregoing, and in which the public is at least equally interested.

Galenic medicines, from the quantity with which the patient was to be drenched, have excited of late years so universal a loathing, that the faculty must have lost all their practice, if they had not hit upon the method of contracting the whole force and spirit of their prescriptions into one chymical DROP OR PILL.

From this hint I would propose to erect a NEW CHAMBER, with powers to abridge all arts and sciences, history, poetry, oratory, essays, &c. into the substance of a maxim, apothègm, spirit of history, or epigram. And as a proof of the practicability of this project, I will make yourself the judge, whether your last paper on HEARERS may not be fully comprized in the following four lines :

*Our fires kept a Fool, a poor hireling for state,
To enliven dull pride with his pertness and prate :
But fashion capriciously changing its rule,
Now my LORD is the WIT, and his HEARER the FOOL.*

N° 56. THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1754.

Porrecto jugulo historias, captivus ut audu HOR.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

CAER CARADOCK, Jan. 16, 1754.

SIR,

YOUR paper upon HEARERS gave me that pleasure which a series of truths must always afford; to him who can witness for every one of them.

I was born and brought up in the principality of Wales, which from time immemorial must have been productive of
the

the most thorough-bred, seasoned and staunch HEARERS, since every gentleman of that country holds and asserts his right to be a TALKER by privilege of birth. I would not have you conclude from what I have said above, that I am not as good a gentleman as the best (I mean of as good a family) though poverty and ill-fortune have doomed me to be for ever a HEARER.

I was left an orphan in my earliest years; but I am not going to trouble you with the many misfortunes which constantly attended me to the age of forty; at which time I was a schoolmaster without boys to teach, or bread to eat. At this period of my life I was advised by the parson of our parish to go and enter myself in some large and wealthy family to be an UNCLE; which is a known and common term in Wales, of like signification with HEARER in England; the duties and requisite qualifications being nearly the same, as will appear from the following short instructions given me by my adviser; viz. never to open my lips, except for the well-timed utterance of *indeed!*—*surprising!*—*prodigious!*—*most amazing!* But these only to be used at the proper intervals of the TALKER'S fetching his breath, coughing, or at other pauses; and the length of the admiration to be always adapted to, and particularly never to exceed the aforesaid intervals.

But in order to explain the method he took to qualify me still farther, and inure me to patience, I must give you a short history of this worthy parson. He was truly, what he was called, a good sort of a man; of charity, friendship and good-humour

humour can entitle a man to that character. I must not conceal the meanness of his education, in which he discovered, however, as great a genius as could possibly arise out of a stable and a kennel. He was a thorough sportsman, and so good a snort, that the late squire took a fancy to him, made him his constant companion, and gave him the living. But that he might not be lost in study and sermon-making, he contrived to marry him to the daughter of the late incumbent, who had been taught by her father latin and metaphysics, and exercised from twelve years old to forty in making themes and sermons. As she was by nature meagre and deformed, by constitution fretful and complaining, by education conceited and disputatious, by study pale and blear-eyed, and by habit talkative and loud, the friendship of the good parson suggested her as the fittest person in the world to exercise my patience for a few months, and inure me to the discipline of my future function. In this station I made a vast progress in a little time; for I not only heard above a thousand sermons, but the strict observance of my vow of attention having made me a favourite, I was complained to whenever any thing went amiss in the family, and often scolded at for the husband, whose office grew into a sinecure: infomuch, that if I had not known the sincerity and uprightness of his heart, I should have suspected him of bringing me into his house to supply for him all those duties which he wanted to be eased of. But he had no such interested views; for as soon as he found his help-mate had transfused into me a necessary portion of pa-

*

tience

tience and long-suffering, he recommended me to my fortune, giving me, generous man! a coat and wig, which formerly himself, and before him the squire, had worn for many years upon extraordinary days. Having thus equipt me, he resumes the duties of his family, where he officiates to this day, with true christian resignation.

My first reception was at the house of a gentleman, who in the early part of his life had followed the study of botany. Nature and truth are so pleasing to the mind of man, that they never satiate. Alas! he happened one day to taste, by mistake, a root that had been sent him from the Indies: it was a most subtle poison, to which his experience in British simples knew no antidote. Immediately upon his death, a neighbouring gentleman who had his eye upon me some time, sent me an invitation. His discourse was upon husbandry; and as he never deceived me in any thing but where he deceived himself, I heard Him also with pleasure.

These were therefore my halcyon days, on which I always reflect with regret and tears. How different were the succeeding ones, in which I have listened to the tales of old maids running over an endless list of lovers they never had; of old beaux who boasted of favours from ladies they never saw; of senators who narrated the eloquence they never spoke! giving me such a disgust and nausea to lies, that at length my ears, which were at that time much too quick for my office, grew unable to bear them. But prudently considering that I must either hear or starve, I invented the following expedient for qualifying a lie. While I assented by
some



some gesticulation, or motion of the head, eyes, or muscles of the face, I resolved to have in reserve some inward expression of dissent. Of these I had various; but for the sake of brevity I shall only trouble you with one.

A younger brother, who had served abroad all his life, as he would frequently tell us, and who came unexpectedly to the estate and castle where he found me with a good character, took so kindly to me that he seemed to desire no other companion; and as a proof of it, never sent to invite or add to our company any one of the numerous friends he so often talked of, of great rank, bravery and honour, who would have gone to the end of the world to have served him. I could have loved him too, but for one fault. He would LIE without measure or disguise. His usual exaggeration was—*and more*. As thus, ‘At the siege of Monticelli,’ (a town in Italy, as he told us) ‘I received in several parts of my body three and twenty shot, *and more*. At the battle of Caratha (in Turkey) I rode to death eighteen horses, *and more*. With Lodamio, the Bavarian general, I drank hand to fist, six dozen of hock, *and more*.’ Upon all such occasions I inwardly anticipated him, by substituting in the place of his last two words, the two following—*or less*. But it so happened one unfortunate evening, as he was in the midst of the sharpest engagement ever heard of, in which with his single broad-sword he had killed five hundred, *and more*, that I kept my time more precisely than silence: for unhappily the qualifying *or less*, which should have been tacitly swallowed

lowed for the quieting my own spirit, was so audibly articulated to the inflaming of his, that the moment he heard subjoined to his five hundred—*or less*, the fury of his resentment descended on my ear with a violent blow of his fist. By this slip of my tongue, I lost my post in that family, and the hearing of my left ear.

The consequences of this accident gave me great apprehensions for a considerable time; for the slightest cold affecting the other ear, I was frequently rebuked for misplacing my marks of approbation. But I soon discovered that it was no real misfortune; for experience convinced me, that absolute silence was of greater estimation than the best-timed syllable of interruption. It is to this experience that I shall refer you, after having recounted the last memorable adventure of my unfortunate history.

The last family that received me was so numerous in relations and visitors, that I found I should be very little regarded when I had worn off the character of stranger; though as such, I was as earnestly applied to as any high court of appeals. For as the force of liquor co-operated with the force of blood, they one and all addressed themselves to me to settle the antiquity of their families; vociferating at one and the same time above a score of genealogies. This was a harder service than any I had ever been used to; and the whole weight of the clamour falling on my only surviving ear, unhappily overpowered it, and I became from that instant totally deaf.

Had this accident happened a few years sooner, it would have driven me to despair : but my experience, assuring me that I am now much better qualified than ever, gives me an expectation of making my fortune : I therefore apply to you to recommend me for a HEARER in a country where there is better encouragement, and where I doubt not of giving satisfaction.

I shall not trouble you with enumerating the advantages attending a deaf HEARER : it will be enough for me to say, that as such, I am no longer subject to the danger of an irrefutable finite : nor will my squeamish dislike to lies bring me again into disgrace. I shall now be exempt from the many misfortunes which my ungovernable ears have formerly led me into. What reproving looks have I had for turning my eyes when I have heard a bird fly against the window, or the dog and cat quarrelling in a corner of the room ! How have I been reprimanded, when detected in dividing my attention between the stories of my patron, and the brawls of his family ! ‘ What had I to do with the quarrels of his family ?’ I own the reproof was just ; but I appeal to you, whether any man who has his ears, can restrain them, when a quarrel is to be heard, from making it the chief object of his attention ?

To conclude. If you observe a TALKER in a large company, you never see him examining the state of a man’s ear : his whole observation is upon the eye ; and if he meet with the wandering or the vacant eye, he turns away, and instantly addresses

addresses himself to another. My eyes were always good; but as it is notorious that the privation of some parts add strength and perfection to others, I may boast that, since the loss of my ears, I found my eyes (which are confessedly the principal organs of attention) so strong, quick, and vigilant, that I can without vanity offer myself for as good a HEARER as any in England.

Yours, &c.

N° 65. THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1754.

*Campestres melius Scythæ,
Quorum plaustra vagas ritè trahunt domos.*

HOR.

THAT, Experience is the best, and should be the only guide of our conduct, is so trite a maxim, that one can hardly offer it without an apology; and yet we find the love of innovation and the vanity of invention carrying men daily to a total neglect of it. In a country where mode and fashion govern every thing, we must not be surpris'd that men are ruled by no fixed principles, but rather should expect they will frequently act in direct opposition to every thing that has been long established. The favourite axiom of the present times, is, that our ancestors were barbarous; therefore whatever differs from the ignorance of their manners, must be wise and right.

To shew the folly of an overweening opinion of inventive wisdom, and to bring the foregoing remarks to the purpose and subject of this day's paper, I shall give an instance from Garcilasso de la Vega, who tells us that when the Spaniards began to settle in Peru, and were erecting large stone buildings, the Indians stood by and laughed at them, saying that they were raising their own tombs, which on the first heaving of the earth, would fall and crush them. Yet big with their European improving genius, they despised the light cabins of the Americans, and at length became the victims of their own opinionated pride. Equally ridiculous would be the Peruvian in England, who, disregarding the old established models of strength and solidity, should build himself a hut after the fashion of his own country, and adapted only to the temperature of that climate.

As I would willingly pay my countrymen the compliment of supposing all their actions to be founded in reason, when I cannot demonstrate the contrary, I have imputed the number of slight wooden edifices with which we see our parks and gardens so crowded, to the extravagant fears with which it may be remembered the inhabitants of more solid structures were seized at the time of the late expected earthquake. If such a time of universal panic should again occur, I doubt not but the builders of these asylums, who had mercenary views, would see good interest for their money, while the generous and benevolent would enjoy the greatest of pleasures, that of making numbers easy and happy. But even in this case, how have they

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they

they acted against EXPERIENCE! For as a storm of wind is a much more usual phenomenon in this climate than an earthquake, it is evident that the expence of erecting these occasional receptacles (though not indeed very considerable) must be totally thrown away: unless we are to believe those refinements in practical arithmetic, who assert that these retreats have contributed as much to the service of the public in the INCREASE of its inhabitants, as they could have done in the PRESERVATION of them, according to their original institution.

The same spirit which influences men to despise and neglect ancient wisdom, leads them to a hasty and precipitate imitation of novelty. Thus many, ignorant of the original design of these flight shelters, and not imagining there could possibly be any use in them, concluded that they must imply ornament and beauty: and recollecting the proverb, that 'every thing that is little is pretty,' dotted their parks with sections of HOGSHEADS. The first I saw of these gave me a high opinion of the modesty of its owner. A wise man of Greece, thought I to myself, was immortalized for his self-denial and humility in occupying the whole of that mansion, of which my wiser countryman is contented with the half. But upon looking round me, and seeing this new old whim propagated all over his park, and these philosophical domicils so numerous as to make a town big enough to hold all the wise men upon earth, I soon changed my opinion of the founder, and concluded him rather to be possessed with the ambitious madness
of

of an Alexander, who coveted MORE WORLDS, than with the moderation of the Cynic, who, as Hudibras observes, expressed no manner of folicitude about a PLURALITY OF TUBS.

*The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd,
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a narrow paltry tub to
Diogenes: who is not said
(For aught that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye and sob,
Because h' had ne'er another tub.*

The situations usually destined for these monuments of taste, are not in covered vallies, embosomed in groves, or in some sheltered dell; (there indeed we have the modesty to place our wood piles, bone-stacks, cinder-heaps, and other more heavy fabrics, composed of rubbish, oyster-shells, and sometimes more glittering worthlessness, under the ennobling title of grottos, hermitages, &c. &c.) to make them conspicuous, they are placed on eminences in the bleakest exposures; insomuch that I have over-heard an assembly of modern improvers condoling with one another at a drum on a windy night, like a company of merchants at Jamaica, who had a rich fleet in the harbour at the time of a hurricane.

The moveable houses of the Scythians, described in my motto, are worthy our admiration. We must acknowledge them to be the perfection of all works; since they will stand the criticism of Momus himself; having that requisite, for the want of which he condemned all other houses: they are upon wheels, and can move from bad neighbours, or be conveyed to shelter
from

from the fury of the winds, or the scorching of the sun. What a satisfaction must it be to a man of fortune to be told that such houses are a manufacture of this age and country, and that he may be supplied with a very complete one, at the common and moderate price of three hundred pounds! It is to be presumed that no gentleman whom this intelligence may reach, will hereafter litter his park with huts, tubs, cribs, fentry-boxes, &c.

The taste of the present age is universally for annuals. Their politics, books, plantations, and now their buildings, must be all annuals; and it is to be apprehended, that in a few years, large trees and substantial structures will be no where to be found, except in our DESERTS: unless we could be as sanguine in our expectations as a certain schemist, of whom I shall relate some particulars.

This gentleman, whose Chinese temple had been blown down a few weeks after it was erected, was comforting himself that he had found in Hanway's travels, a model never yet executed in this part of the world, which, from the advantage of its form, must stand against the most violent gusts of wind on the highest mountains. This was, it seems, a *pyramid of heads*, after a genuine plan of that great improver, Kouli Khan. He immediately contracted with the sexton of his parish for a sufficient supply of human skulls, and was preparing the other materials, when the scheme was prevented by the over-scrupulous conscience of the sexton's wife. The
schemist

fchemift was extremely mortified, yet remained pertinacious in the execution of his defign, and, as I am told, fet out the next morning for Cornwall to obtain a feat in parliament, in order to bring in a bill for the erecting a pyramid in every county, with niches for the reception of the heads of all criminals hereafter to be executed. He is in no pain for the fuccefs of his motion; for though the legislature has found objections to every fcheme for making malefactors of USE, he doubts not of their ready concurrence in a propofal for making them an ORNAMENT to their country.

In former times the GREAT HOUSE was the object to which the ftranger's admiration was particularly invited. For this purpofe lines of trees were planted to direct, and walls built to confine your approach, in fuch a manner that the eye muft be constantly employed in the contemplation of the principal front. Now it is thought neceffary to *change all this*; you are therefore led by roundabout serpentine walks, and find your progrefs to be often intercepted by invifible and unexpected lines and intrenchments, and the manfion purpofely obfcured by new plantations, while the nobleft trees of the old grove are tumbled down to give you a peep, now and then, at an out-building of about ten feet fquare of plaifter and canvass. So different from this was the practice of our anceftors, that whenever they erected fuch little edifices (which they did only from neceffity) they constantly planted before them yews, laurels, or aquatics, according

ording as the foil was moist or dry: and I could venture to promise any modern improver, who delights in laying all things open, that he might in one morning fall down the populous part of the Thames, and with his single hatchet among the willows, lay open as many masked edifices of the true modern size and figure, as, properly disposed and fancifully variegated with fresh paint, would make Hounslow-heath a rival to many an admired garden of this age.

A philosopher would not suppose that the master of the place assumed any merit to himself from such trifles; he would hardly imagine that even the most elegant of palaces could add any degree of worth to the possessor, whose character must be raised and sustained by his own dignity, wisdom, and hospitality; remembering the maxim of Tully, '*Non domo dominus, sed domino domus honestanda est.*' But to judge with the common observer, and to reason with the general race of Improvers, if it be absolutely necessary for every man to shew his taste in these matters, let him endeavour to compass solidity, duration, and convenience in the mansion he inhabits; and not attempt to display his magnificence in a number of edifices, which, whatever they may seem to imitate, are UNNECESSARY-HOUSES.

N° 70. THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1754.

Ψυχῆς Ἱατρειῶν.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOUR correspondent in your sixty-third paper has, I must confess, shewn no less ingenuity than the Duke de Vivonne did wit in his celebrated answer to Lewis the fourteenth, upon that king's asking him at table, *Mais à quoi sert de lire? La lecture, said the duke, fait à l'esprit ce que vos perdrix font à mes joüies.* But whatever new doctrines these gentlemen are pleased to broach, that BOOKS are the FOOD of the MIND, I must beg leave to say, that they have from time immemorial been called PHYSIC, not FOOD: and for this I appeal to the famous inscription on the Alexandrian library, which I have placed at the head of my letter, PHYSIC FOR THE SOUL.

For my own part, I can truly say that I have considered all books as PHYSIC from my earliest youth; and so indeed have most of my school-fellows and acquaintance, and nauseated them accordingly: nor can any of us at this time endure the sight or touch of them, not even a present from the author, unless it be as thoroughly gilt as the most loathsome pill, or qualified and made palatable by the syrurp of a dedication.

Those who have endeavoured to conquer this disgust, have given the most forcible proofs of the truth of my argument:

many

many of them by venturing to prescribe to themselves, have so injudiciously taken their potions, that their minds have been thrown into various ill habits and disorders. Some have fallen into so lax a state, that they could neither digest nor keep any thing whatsoever. Nay, I have been acquainted with such as have taken the most innocent and salutary of these medicines, but by over-dosing themselves, and making no allowance for their own corrupt and acrimonious humours, have fallen into the most violent agitations, discharging such a quantity of undigested and virulent matter, that they have poisoned the neighbourhood round. Some, only upon taking the quantity of a few pages, have stared, raved, foamed at the mouth, and discovered all the symptoms of madness; while the very same dose has had the contrary effect upon others, operating only as an opiate.

The true and genuine FOOD of the MIND is NEWS: That this is incontestable, appears from the number of souls in this metropolis who subsist entirely upon this diet, without the least addition of any other nourishment whatsoever. In all ages and countries the poets have constantly described the avidity with which it is taken, by the figurative expressions of eating or drinking. Shakspeare uses a more general term:

With open mouth SWALLOWING a taylor's NEWS.

Another witty author calls NEWS the MANNA of the day: alluding to that food with which the Israelites were supplied in the wilderness from day to day, and which in a very little
 3 G 2 time

time became stale and corrupt: as indeed Providence has in its wisdom ordained that all kinds of sustenance shall be in their nature corruptible, to remind man continually of the dependency of his state on earth. Whereas PHYSIC (particularly of the modern chymical preparation) preserves its efficacy and virtues uncorrupted and unimpaired by time; a property it has in common with BOOKS; which never suffer by age, provided they are originally well composed, and of good ingredients. The principal of these ingredients are generally thought to be wit; and I fancy Mr. Fitz-Adam, by the quantity of it with which you now and then season your speculations, that you have adopted that opinion. But let me tell you, sir, that though my supposition should be true, you are in the wrong to rely upon it too much: for though this seasoning should happen to preserve them for the admiration of future times, it is certainly your business to accommodate yourself to the taste of the present. If therefore you would make sure of customers, give us NEWS; for which there is as constant a demand as for daily bread: and as for your wit, which is a luxury, treat it as the Dutch do their spices; burn half of it, and you may possibly render the remaining half of some value. But if you produce all you have for the market, you will soon find it become a mere drug, and bear no price.

I am,

Your friend and well-wisher,

A. B.

I have

I have published this letter just as I received it: and as a proof that my correspondent is not singular in his opinion of wit, I must observe that the sagacious author of the late excellent abridgment of the history of France expresses a doubt that the present age may depreciate wit, as the last exploded learning. ‘ *Prenons garde que le 18^me siècle ne décriè l’esprit, comme le 17^me avoit décriè l’erudition.*

The sixteenth century produced the greatest number of men of the most profound erudition: and notwithstanding those of the seventeenth despised them for their laborious application, it is evident that it was owing to those labours that their successors attained knowledge with so much ease.

Towards the end of the last century, some possessed, and many affected, a pure taste in literature; and setting up for a standard the writings of the ancients, very liberally rewarded those who imitated them the nearest, in chastity of composition. But no sooner had Monsieur Galland translated the Arabian tales, than the whole French nation ran mad, and would never after read any thing but wretched imitations of their most wild extravagancies; for it ought to be observed, that some of those original stories contain useful morals and well-drawn pictures from common life: and it may be to those stories, perhaps, that we owe that species of writing which is at once so entertaining and instructive; and in which a very eminent wit, to the honour of this nation, has shewn himself so incomparably superior in drawing natural characters. But these were not the parts which had the fortune to
please :

please: the enchantments, the monsters and transformations engaged all their attention; infomuch that the famous Count Hamilton, with a pleasant indignation at this folly, wrote a tale of wonders, with design to ridicule these idle books by an aggravated imitation: but with an effect so directly contrary to his intention, that to this day France is continually producing little pieces of that extravagant turn; while England, that land of liberty, equally indifferent to works of wit, and encouraging the licentiousness of the old comedy, can relish nothing but personal character, or wanton romance. Hence arises that swarm of memoirs, all filled with abuse or impurity, which, whatever distinctions my present correspondent may make with relation to FOOD and PHYSIC, are the POISON of the MIND.

The best antidote to this poison, and the most salutary in every respect, is that species of writing which may properly be termed REGIMEN; which, partaking of the qualities both of PHYSIC and FOOD, at once cleanses and sustains the patient. Such have I studied to make these my papers; which are therefore neither given daily for sustenance, nor occasionally as medicine, but regularly and weekly as an ALTERATIVE. I have been extremely careful in the composition, that there shall not be wanting a proper quantity of sweet, acid, and salt; yet so justly proportioned, as not to cloy, sour, or lacerate the weakest stomach. The success I have met with will be better proved by the attestations of my patients, than by any boasts of my own. Out of many hundreds of these attestations,
I shall

I shall content myself at present with only publishing the following

Extract of a letter from Bath.

SIR,

I CAN assure you with the greatest truth, that my three eldest daughters were for more than a whole winter most strangely affected with a NAKEDNESS in the SHOULDERS, inasmuch that the thinnest and lightest covering whatsoever was almost insupportable, especially in public. The best advice in the place was procured, but the disease increased with so much violence, that many expressed their opinion that every part of the body was in danger of the infection. At last, when nothing else would do, they were prevailed upon to enter into a regular course of your papers, and in a very few weeks, to the surprize of every body in the rooms, were perfectly cured. I therefore beg of you, good sir, to let the bearer have thirty dozen of the papers, for which he will pay you.

I am,

SIR, &c.

The original letter, sealed with a coronet, may be seen at Mr. Doddsley's in Pall-mall.

No. 71. THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1754.

Ne feuticá dignum horribili scélère flagello.

HOR.

I FLATTER myself it must have been frequently remarked, that I have hitherto executed the office I have undertaken without any of that harshness which may deserve the name of satire, but on the contrary with that gentle and good-humoured ridicule, which rather indicates the wishes of paternal tenderness, than the dictates of magisterial authority. My edicts carry nothing with them penal. After I have spent five pages out of six to shew that the ladies disfigure their persons, and the gentlemen their parks and gardens, by too much art, I make no other conclusion, than by coolly informing them, that each would be more beautiful, if nature was less disguised.

A certain great traveller, happening to take Florence in one of his tours, was much caressed and admired by the Great Duke. The variety of countries he had seen, and his vivacity in describing the customs, manners, and characters of their inhabitants, rendered him highly entertaining. But it happened a little unfortunately that he had taken a fancy to adopt one of the fashions of the east, that of wearing whiskers, which he did in the fullest and largest extent of the mode. The Great Duke could by no means relish this fashion; and as constantly as he finished his second bottle, his disgust would break out, though never with greater harshness than in the

following words, ‘ Signor Giramondo, I am not duke of Tuscany while you wear those whiskers.’ In like manner I say, I am not Adam Fitz-Adam while the ladies wear such enormous hoops, such short petticoats, and such vast patches near the left eye; or while gentlemen ruin their fortunes and constitutions by play, or deform the face of nature by the fopperies of art.

The moderation of the duke of Tuscany, who, with the help of a pair of scissars, might so easily have removed the object which at once offended and degraded him, is greatly to be preferred to the tyranny of Procrustes, whose delicate eye for proportion was apt to take such offence at an over-grown person, that he would order him to be shortened to the just standard by cutting off his feet. But a tyrannical system cannot be lasting: and violent measures must destroy that harmony which I am desirous should long subsist between me and those whom I have undertaken to govern, even were it probable that I could carry such measures into execution. But nothing exposes weakness so much as threats which we are not able to enforce. It is told us in the Acts, ‘ that forty of the Jews bound themselves under a curse, that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul.’ We hear no more of those Jews, though the apostle survived their menaces. I flatter myself that I have no less zeal for the abolishing folly and false taste; yet I am so far from uttering any such threats, that I very frankly confess I intend to eat and drink as heartily as if there was no such thing as folly remaining in the world. My

enemies, indeed, have been pleased to throw out, that it is owing to my desire of continuing to gratify those appetites, that I have not long ago intirely suppressed all folly whatsoever. They make no scruple of asserting that there would not have been so much as a patch, pompoon, or Chinese rail remaining amongst us, if I had not thought proper to borrow a piece of policy from the rat-catchers, who suffer a small part of the vermin to escape, that their trade may not be at an end. But I must take the liberty of acquainting these gentlemen, that they know as little of me, as of human nature, the chase after folly being like hunting a witch; if you run her down in one shape, she starts up in another, so that there is no manner of danger that the game will be destroyed. And I most solemnly declare, that wherever I have seen a beautiful face, or a fine garden, very grossly deformed by injudicious attempts at amendment, I have laboured with the greatest earnestness to effect a reformation. But where the conduct of my pupils, though sometimes faulty in itself, has been harmless in its consequences, I have constantly forbore, and will as constantly forbear, an officious reprehension of it, however disagreeable such forbearance may appear in the eyes of these gentlemen.

It is upon this plan that I have suppressed innumerable complaints from splenetic and ill-humoured correspondents: as a specimen of which complaints I shall lay before my readers the beginnings of some of their letters.

SIR,

I AM greatly offended at the inconsistent behaviour of a
lady

lady of my acquaintance. You see her in a morning at St. James's church, and in the evening at the play-house in Drury-lane. One would think that either religion should drive plays out of her head, or plays religion. Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, tell her how absurd——

SIR,

I trouble you with this letter to make my complaints of a very great evil, and to desire your animadversions upon it. I returned yesterday from a month's visit to a family in the country, where, in every particular but one, we passed our time as became reasonable beings. When the weather was good we walked abroad; when bad, we amused ourselves within doors either with entertaining conversation, or instructive books. But it was the custom of the family (though in all other respects very worthy people) constantly to play at cards for a whole hour before supper. Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, this method of killing time——

SIR,

I am shocked at the indecency of the modern head-dress. Do the ladies intend to lay aside all modesty, and go naked?——

This is the manner in which undistinguishing zeal treats things that are in themselves indifferent: for is it not matter of absolute indifference whether a lady wears on her head a becoming ornament of clean lace, or her own hair? Or, if

there be any preference, would it not be shewn both from nature and experience to be on the side of the hair?

*Num tu, quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonias opes
Permutare velis crine Liciniæ?*

HORACE, we see, prefers a beautiful head of hair to the riches of a king. But I cannot help giving it as my opinion, that Licinia's hair flowed in natural ringlets, without being tortured by irons, or confined by innumerable pins. Yet though I have seen with patience the cap diminishing to the size of a patch, I have not with the same unconcern observed the patch enlarging itself to the size of a cap. It is with great sorrow that I already see it in possession of that beautiful mass of blue which borders upon the eye. Should it increase on the side of that exquisite feature, what an eclipse have we to dread! But surely it is to be hoped the ladies will not give up that place to a plaister, which the brightest jewel in the universe would want lustre to supply.

I find that I am almost insensibly got upon the only subject which is likely to move my indignation, and carry me beyond the bounds of that moderation which I have boasted of above. I shall therefore conclude this paper with offering terms of composition to those of my fair readers, who are willing to treat with me. The first is, that those young ladies, who find it difficult to wean themselves from patches all at once, shall be allowed to wear them in what number, size, and figure they please, on such parts of the body as are,

OR

or should be, most covered from sight. The second (and I shall offer no more) is, that any lady, who happens to prefer the simplicity of such ornaments to the glare of her jewels, shall, upon disposing of the said jewels for the benefit of the Foundling or any other hospital, be permitted to wear (by way of publishing her good deeds to the world) as many patches on her face as she has contributed hundreds of pounds to so laudable a benefaction. By pursuing this method, the public will be benefited, and patches, though no ornament, will be an honour to the sex.

N^o 72. THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1754.

*Ne cures ea quæ stultè miraris & optas,
Discere & audire & meliori credere non vis.*

HOR.

IT is an observation of the duke de Rochefaucault, ‘ that there are many people in the world who would never have been in love if they had never heard talk of it.’ As strange as this assertion may appear, there is nothing more certain, than that mankind pursue with much greater ardour, what they are talked into an admiration of, than what they are prompted to by natural passions; nay, so great is the infatuation, that we frequently see them relinquishing real gratifications, for the sake of following ideal notions, or the accidental mode of thinking of the present times.

The

The story of the princess Parizade in the Arabian tales, is a proper illustration of what I have here advanced. I shall give my readers a short abstract of this story, as it may furnish matter for reflection, and a very useful moral, to such of them as regulate their whole conduct, and even their desires by FASHION.

This princess, the happiest as well as most beautiful of her sex, lived with her two beloved brothers in a splendid palace, situated in the midst of a delightful park, and the most exquisite gardens in the east. It happened one day, while the princes were hunting, that an old woman came to the gate, and desired admittance to the oratory, that she might say her prayers. The princess no sooner knew of her request than she granted it, giving orders to her attendants, that after the good woman's prayers were ended, they should shew her all the apartments of the palace, and then bring her into the hall where she herself was sitting. Every thing was performed as directed; and the princess, having regaled her guest with some fruits and sweet-meats, among many other questions, asked her what she thought of the palace.

‘ Madam,’ answered the old woman, ‘ your palace is beautiful, regular, and magnificently furnished; its situation is delightful, and its gardens are beyond compare. But yet, if you will give me leave to speak freely, there are three things wanting to make it perfect.’—— ‘ My good mother,’ interrupted the princess Parizade, ‘ what are those three things? I conjure you in God's name to tell me what they are; and if there be

a possibility of obtaining them, neither difficulties nor dangers shall stop me in the attempt.' 'Madam,' replied the old woman, 'the first of these three things is the Talking Bird, the second is the Singing Tree, and the third is the Yellow or Golden Water.' 'Ah, my good mother,' cried the princess, 'how much am I obliged to you for the knowledge of these things! They are no doubt the greatest curiosities in the world, and unless you can tell me where they are to be found, I am the most unhappy of women.' The old woman satisfied the princess in that material point, and then took her leave.

The story goes on to inform us, that when the two princes returned from hunting, they found the princess Parizade so wrapt up in thought, that they imagined some great misfortune had befallen her, which when they had conjured her to acquaint them with, she only lifted up her eyes to look upon them, and then fixed them again upon the ground, telling them that nothing disturbed her. The entreaties of the two princes, however, at last prevailed, and the princess addressed them in the following manner.

'You have often told me, my dear brothers, and I have always believed, that this house, which our father built, was complete in every thing; but I have learnt this day that it wants three things; these are the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water. An old woman has made this discovery to me, and told me the place where they are to be found, and the way thither. Perhaps you may look upon
these

these rarities as trifles ; but think what you please, I am fully persuaded that they are absolutely necessary ; and whether you value them or not, I cannot be easy without them.'

The sequel tells us, that after the princess Parizade had expressed herself with this proper spirit upon the occasion, the brothers, in pity to her wants, went in pursuit of these NECESSARIES, and that failing in the enterprize, they were one after another turned into stone.

The application of this tale is so universal, that the enumerating particulars is almost an unnecessary labour. The whole fashionable world are so many Parizades ; and things not only useless in their natures, but also ugly in themselves, from having been once termed CHARMING by some fashionable leaders of modern taste, are now become so NECESSARY that *nobody can do without them.*

But though this story happens to be told of a lady, the folly it particularizes is chiefly to be found in the other sex : I mean, in respect to the pernicious consequences attending vain and chimerical pursuits.

If we enter into the strictest examination of these idle longings in the women, we shall find that they seldom amount to any thing more than a dissipation of their pin-money, without any other ill consequence than that of turning their thoughts from some real good, which they actually possess, to an imaginary expectation. The passion for shells, old china, and the like, is confessedly trifling ; but it is only blameable in proportion to the anxiety with which it is pursued : but what is this

this in comparison of the desolation of ambition, the waste of magnificence, and the ruin of play?

Madame Montespan's coach and six mice was not a more idle, though it was a less mischievous folly, than the armies of her lover, Lewis the fourteenth. The ambition of that monarch to emulate the conquerors of antiquity; of Cæsar to rival Alexander; of Alexander to resemble the hero of his darling poem, the Iliad; the designs of Pyrrhus, and the project of Xerxes; what were they but counterparts to a passion for the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water?

To descend a little into private life, how many do we see daily talked into a rage for building, gardening, painting, and divers other expences, to the embarrassing a fortune which would more than sufficiently supply the necessaries of life? Among the numbers who have changed a sober plan of living for one of riot and excess, the greatest part have been converted by the arguments in a drinking song. Thousands have taken the same fruitless and expensive journey, because they have heard that it is very JOHN TROTT not to have visited France, and that a person who has not been abroad has SEEN NOTHING. I was once told by a gentleman, who had undone himself by keeping running horses, that he owed his ruin to a strong impression made upon him, when a boy, by his father's butler, who happened to declare in his hearing, 'that it was a creditable thing to keep good cattle; and that if he was a gentleman, he should take great pleasure in being always well mounted.'

But to apply our fable to the most recent instance of this species of infatuation: How often have we seen an honest country gentleman, who has lived a truly happy life, blessed in his family, amused with his farms and gardens, entertained by his own beneficence, usefully employed in the administration of justice, or in reconciling the differences of his litigious neighbours; but who being talked into an opinion of the great service a man might do his country, as well as honour to himself, by getting into parliament, has given up all his real enjoyments and useful occupations for this imaginary phantom, which has only taught him by experience, what he might have learnt from example, that the FAMILY INTEREST, as it is called, is too often the destruction of the FAMILY ESTATE.

As to all those gentlemen who have gained their elections, I most sincerely wish them joy: and for those who have been disappointed, and who now may have leisure to turn their thoughts from their country to themselves, I beg leave to recommend to them the pleasures, and, I may add, the duties of domestic life: in comparison of which all other advantages are nothing more than the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water.

N° 76. THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1754.

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.

HOR.

AT this season of the year, when every man is raising his share of dust on the public roads, in order to feast his lungs with fresh air, and his eyes with novelty, I am led to consider a modern character, scarce ever touched upon before, and which hitherto has obtained no other name from the public than the general one of an IMPROVER.

In former times, when the garden was made for fruit, the water for fish, and the park for venison, the servants presided in their several departments, and the lord of the manor and his guests had nothing to do but to sit down and cram themselves with the products of each. But since the genius of TASTE has thought fit to make this island his principal residence, and has taught us to enjoy the gifts of nature in a less sensual manner, the master of the place thinks it incumbent on him to change the old system, to take all under his own care, and to see that every thing be of his own doing. ALTERATION therefore must of necessity be the first great principle of an IMPROVER. When he shews you a plantation, it is constantly prefaced with, 'Here stood a wall.' If he directs your eye over an extent of lawn, 'There,' says he, 'we were crowded up with trees.' The lake, you are told, was the spot

where stood the old stables or the kitchen-garden; and the mount was formerly a horse-pond. When you have heard this, you are next of all to know how every thing is to be altered *still farther*: for as the IMPROVER himself never enjoys the present state of things, he labours to disturb the satisfaction you express, by telling you that on the mount is to be a building; that the water is to be altered in shape, size, and level, and must have a cascade and a bridge; that the largest trees in the plantation must be cut down, to give air and sunshine to shrubs and flowers.—In short, the description of what *is to be*, continues through the whole evening of your arrival; and when he has talked you to sleep, and it is evident that you can hear no longer, he compassionately dismisses you to rest, knowing that late hours are incompatible with his designs upon you in the morning. Innocent of these designs, you enjoy the quiet of your chamber, comforting yourself that you must have seen and heard all, and that *the bitterness of IMPROVEMENT is over*. Or if you are suspicious of any remaining fatigue, and are therefore prepared with the proper remonstrances and evasions, they will avail you nothing against an old practised IMPROVER: for the instant you have breakfasted, he proposes your taking a turn or two in the bowling-green for a little fresh air; to which you readily assent; and without imagining there can be any occasion for stepping out of your slippers, you advance with him to the end of the green, where a door in a sunk fence unexpectedly opens to the park. And here, as he assures you *the grass is short*, you are

are led through all the pleasures of unconnected variety, with this recommendation, that it is but a little way from the Palladian portico to the Gothic tower; from the Lapland to the Chinese-house; or from the temple of Venus to the hermitage. By this time you are insensibly enticed to a great distance from the house; when on a sudden he shews you over the park-wall a number of labourers mending the highway; and, *since you are got so far*, wishes you to go a little farther, that he may take this opportunity to give a few necessary instructions, and that the road may be mended with the advantage of your opinion and concurrence. In vain do you pull out your watch; in vain remonstrate to him how late it is, or how rude it will be to make the ladies wait dinner; in vain do you try to move him by stroking your chin, and shewing him a most persuasive length of beard, or implore his compassion on your Morocco slippers, pleading that if you had expected so long a walk, you would have put on your strong shoes.—He knows that if you had apprehended a walk of half the distance, he never could have moved you from your easy chair; and being thoroughly sensible that it will not be in his power to get you so far again, is resolved to make his advantage of the present opportunity; so leads you to every ditch that is emptying, or brick-kiln that is reeking for him; to his barn that is to be turned into a church, or to his farm that is to be made a ruin for the sake of his prospect; till at length he brings you so late home, that you are obliged

to

to sit down undressed to a spoiled dinner with a family out of humour.

I remember the good time, when the price of a haunch of venison with a country friend was only half an hour's walk upon a hot terrass; a descent to the two square fish-ponds overgrown with a frog-spawn; a peep into the hog-stye, or a visit to the pigeon-house. How reasonable was this, when compared with the attention now expected from you to the number of temples, pagoda's, pyramids, grotto's, bridges, hermitages, caves, towers, hot-houses, &c. &c. for which the day is too short, and which brings you to your meal fatigued and overcome with heat, denied the usual refreshment of clean-linen, and robbed of your appetite!

Having now sufficiently warned the VISITOR of what he is to guard against, it is but just I should give some few hints for the service of the IMPROVER, whom I must always consider (a little vanity excepted) as acting upon principles of benevolence, and from a desire of giving pleasure. It is this principle that blinds and misleads his judgment, by suggesting to him that he shall find from the VISITOR and others, who come to see his works, returns of equal civility and good-humour. But it will be expedient for him to reflect that these gentlemen do not always bring with them that desire to be pleased, which, by his own disposition, he is too apt to suppose, and which one would think, should be essential to every party of pleasure: for (exclusive of that natural inclination to

cenſure, which ſo generally attends all exerciſe of the judgment) on theſe occaſions, every occurrence of the day will probably adminiſter to the ſpleen of the critic. If the weather be too hot or too cold for him; if it be windy or ſhowery; if he has ſlept ill the night before; if he is hungry or ſick; if he is tired or ſore; if he has loſt a bett upon the road; if he has quarrelled with his friend; if he has been rebuked by his wife; or, in ſhort, if any thing has offended him, he is ſure to take his revenge in full, by finding fault with every thing that was deſigned for his entertainment. In this diſpoſition of mind, there is nothing ſafe but the ſhady gravel walk, with the few plain and neceſſary reſting-places, which leads to the undisguifed farm, or the navigable river. He will be ſure to allow you no poſtulatam. He abſolutely denies the exiſtence of hermits, mandarins, and the whole heathen ſyſtem of divinities. He diſputes the antiquity of your ruin, and the genuinenefs of your hermitage: nay, he will deſcend to cavil at the bell with which the hermit is ſuppoſed to ring himſelf to prayers. He is ſo cruel as to controvert your ſuppoſition that the new-made water is a river, though he knows it muſt have coſt you an immense ſum, and that it covers the richeſt meadow-ground you are maſter of. He leads the company to every funk fence which you chuſe ſhould be unobſerved. If he ſuſpects a building to be new-fronted, he finds out a private way to the decayed ſide of it; happy if he can diſcover it to have been a ſtable

or

or a pig-stye. His report of your place, after he has left it, is exactly of a piece with his behaviour while there. He either describes it as a bog that will not bear a horse, or as a sand that cannot produce a blade of grass. If he finds in reality neither bog nor barren sand, his wishes supply his belief, and he labours to persuade himself and others that one of these defects is the characteristic of your soil, but that you hate to be told of it, and always deny it.

One cannot but admire his ingenuity in particular cases, where it has been judged impossible to find a fault. If you lead him to a knowl of uncommon verdure, varied with the fortunate disposition of old oaks, commanding the most rural scenes, and, at a proper distance, the view of a large city, he shrugs up his shoulders and tells you it wants water. If your principal object be a lake, he will strain a point to report it green and stagnated; or else take the advantage of a thunder-storm to pronounce it white or yellow. If you have a stream, he laments the frequency of floods; if a tide-river, the smell of mud at low-water. He detects your painted cascade, misconstrues your inscriptions, and puns upon your motto's. Within doors he doubts if your pictures are originals, and expresses his apprehensions that your statues will bring the house down.

As I wish most sincerely to reconcile these gentlemen to each other, I shall recommend to the IMPROVER the example of a particular friend of mine. It is said in Milton, that
before

before the angel disclosed to Adam the prospect from the hill in paradise, he

—*purged with euphrasy and rue*
His visual nerve, for he had much to see :

so this gentleman (borrowing the hint from Milton, but preferring a more modern opthalmic) upon the arrival of his VISITORS, takes care to purge their visual nerves with a sufficient quantity of CHAMPAIGN ; after which, he assures me, they NEVER SEE a fault in his IMPROVEMENTS.

N° 99. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1754.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosâ nocte premit Deus ;
Ridetque, si mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat. Quod adest, memento
Componere æquus.

HOR.

IT requires very little experience of the world to discover that mankind seldom enjoy the present hour, but are almost continually employing their thoughts about the future. This disposition may indeed serve to delude some people into a happiness, which, otherwise, they would never know ; and we sometimes see men engaging in projects apparently disadvantageous to themselves, that they may enjoy the comfortable thought of having benefited their families. But unfortunately this is not the general turn of mankind ; and, I am

afraid, still less so of my countrymen than of any others : they are constantly looking towards the dark side of the prospect, fearing every thing, and hoping nothing.

This unhappy disposition seems to spread its baleful influence more fatally in this month, than in any other of the whole year : for besides the colds, vapours, and nervous disorders with which individuals are afflicted, the STATE always suffers exceedingly during this month. I myself remember THIS COUNTRY UNDONE every November for these forty years. The truth is, that to make amends for that levity and dissipation of thought which horse-racing and rural sports have occasioned in the summer, every zealous Englishman sits down at this season seriously to consider the state of the nation ; and always, upon mature reflection, concludes that matters are so exceeding bad, that the business of government cannot possibly be carried on through another session. The products of the press, either proceeding from persons really affected by the season, or cunningly designed to suit the gloomy disposition of the buyer, all tend to increase this disorder of the mind. *Serious Considerations, The Tears of Trade, The Groans of the Plantations,* and the like, are the titles that spread the sale of pamphlets at this season of the year ; while *The Cordial for low Spirits,* and *The Pills to purge Melancholy* have no chance for a vent, till the spring has given a turn to the blood, and put the spirits into a disposition to be pleased.

There are indeed many recreations and amusements in this metropolis, that are designed as so many antidotes to the

general gloom ; but though we have had this year the greatest importation of entertainment that ever was known, I doubt, there are many inhabitants of this city who are at present so totally possessed with the spleen, that they do not know of half the number of dancers, singers, mimics, and beauties, which are already arrived. It is, however, comfortable to reflect on that happy revolution, which is constantly brought about by the Christmas holidays and the lengthening of the days. Those who seemed so lately to be lost in despair, grow into spirits on a sudden ; and plays, operas, balls, pantomimes, and burlettas, diffuse an universal ecstasy.

But even in the midst of this highest tide of spirits, I am sorry to say it, the most groundless suppositions of what may possibly happen, shall spread a cloud over all our joy. The idea of an invasion, a comet, or an earthquake, shall keep the whole town in an agony for many weeks. In short, every apprehension shall in its turn make an impression on our imaginations, except that of a FUTURE STATE.

That this great event should not occupy those minds which are totally engrossed by the PRESENT, is not much to be wondered at ; but that it should be the only view towards which these LOOKERS-FORWARD never turn their eyes, is an inconsistency altogether unaccountable.

When Falstaff's wench is sitting upon his knee, her hint seems to be a little ill-timed, when she advises him *to patch up his old body for Heaven* ; and his reply is suitable to the place and occasion ; *Peace, good Doll ; do not speak like a*

death's-head ; do not bid me remember mine end. Mrs. Quickly was no less blameable on the other side, when finding him so near his end that he began to cry out, she says, *Now I, to COMFORT him, bid him he should not think of GOD.*

I avoid entering seriously and particularly into this subject; that I may not give my paper the air of a sermon: and instead of using arguments of a religious cast, I desire only to recommend a propriety and consistency of thought and conduct. It is therefore that I would advise my readers either to throw aside, not for this month only, but for their whole lives, this gloomy curiosity that will avail them nothing, and to enter into a free and full enjoyment of the PRESENT; or if, of necessity, they must direct their whole attention to the FUTURE, let it be to that expectation, which they may depend upon with the utmost certainty, which will afford the most profitable exercise for their inquisitive thoughts, and which will be the only instance where an anxious concern for the FUTURE can possibly be of service to them.

I have been principally led into this train of thinking by a letter which I received yesterday by the penny-post, and which I shall here communicate to my readers, as a proper conclusion of this paper.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I am just returned from a short visit to some relations of mine, who live in a large old mansion-house in the country. The gloomy aspect of the place, the unpleasing appearance of
nature

nature at the fall of the leaf, and the alteration of weather with the change of the season, made me acquiesce in the received opinion, that there is really something dreadful in the influence of this month of November; which, however, we who live in London, have no such apparent reason to be affected with.

The melancholy impression which I received from the place, was greatly increased by the turn of its inhabitants. My uncle and aunt are blessed with a competent fortune, and two fine children; but they neither enjoy the one, nor educate the other; their whole attention being engrossed by objects, which, in their estimation, are of much greater consequence. My uncle is continually employed in computing the year in which this kingdom is to become a province to France; and my aunt is no less occupied in endeavouring to fix the exact time of the Millennium.

A younger brother of my uncle's, who lives in the family, and who is a very great mathematician, has been busied many years in calculations, which, he asserts, are of the utmost importance to the world, as they affect the duration and well-being of it. He is greatly apprehensive that, from Sir Isaac Newton's system, the time will come when this earth, round as it was at first created, will be as flat as a pancake: but long before this event can happen, it must certainly suffer a more palpable inconvenience. He has made a discovery that the profusion of man consumes faster than the earth produces. Vast fleets, and enormous buildings, have wasted almost all our oak; and the firs of Norway are beginning to fail. What shall

shall we do, he says, when the coal, salt, iron, and lead mines, are exhausted? And besides, may it not happen before these events take place, that such vast excavations, inconsiderately made, may give a pernicious inequality to the balance of the globe? These arguments are flighted by his brother, who is more immediately alarmed for the balance of Europe; but they have great weight with my aunt, as they evince the necessity of a renewal, and tend to hasten, as well as prove, the establishment of the Millenium.

A farther account of the anxieties of this family may possibly be the subject of another letter: I shall, however, conclude this with discovering to you my own. I am in great pain lest the young squire should turn out a vulgar and imperious blockhead, from having been left all his life to servants; and I am sorry to say, that the event which my uncle and aunt have most immediate reason to apprehend, is my cousin Mary's running away with the butler.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

A. Z.

N° 102. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1754.

Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum.

HOR.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

AS an Englishman, I gratefully applaud the zeal you shew for ascertaining our language; and am equally ready to acknowledge

knowledge the use and even the necessity of the NEOLOGICAL dictionary, mentioned in your last paper. I must, however, beg leave so far to dissent from you as to doubt the propriety of joining to the fixed and permanent standard of our language, a vocabulary of words which perish and are forgot within the compass of the year.

That we are obliged to the ladies for most of these ornaments to our language, I readily acknowledge; but it must also be acknowledged that it would be degrading their invention to suppose they would desire a perpetuity of any thing whose loss they can so easily supply. It would be no less an error to imagine that they wanted a repository for their words after they have worn them out, than that they wished for a wardrobe to preserve their cast-off fashions. Novelty is their pleasure: singularity and the love of being before-hand is greatly flattering to the female mind. From hence arises the present taste for planting, and the pleasure the ladies take in shewing their exotics, as giving them an opportunity of talking Greek. With what respectful pleasure do their admirers gaze, while their pretty mouths trol out the *Toxicodendron*, *Chrysanthemum*, *Orchis*, *Tragopogon*, *Hypericum*, and the like?

From hence only can we account for that jargon which the French call the *Bon ton*, which they are obliged to change continually, as soon as they find it prophaned by any other company but one step lower than themselves in their degrees of politeness. A lady armed with a new word, exults with a
conscious

conscious superiority, and exercises a tyranny over those who do not understand her, like the delegates of the law, with their *Capias*, *Latitat*, and *Venire facias*: but a word which has been a month upon the town loses its force, and makes as poor a figure as the law put into English.

In order therefore to interpret every new word, and what is still more important, to give the different acceptations of the same words, according to the various senses in which they are received and understood in the different parts of this extensive metropolis, I would recommend a small portable vocabulary to be annually published and bound up with the almanack. It is of great consequence that a work of this nature should be duly and carefully executed, because though it is very grievous to be ignorant, it is much more terrible to be deceived or misled; and this is greatly to be apprehended from the abuse of turning old words from their former signification to a sense not only very different, but often directly contrary to it. The coining a new word, that is to say, a new found, which had no sense previously affixed to it, will probably have no other ill effect than puzzling for a while the understanding and memory: but what shall we say to the turn which the present age has taken of giving an entire new sense to words and expressions, and that in so delicate a case as the characters of men? I remember when a certain person informed a large company at the polite end of the town, that, in the city, a GOOD MAN was a term meant to denote a man who was able and ready at all times to pay a bill at sight, the whole assembly

sembly shook their heads, and thought it was a strange perversion of language. And yet these very persons are not aware that the phrases they commonly use would appear equally strange on the other side Temple-bar. A SILLY FELLOW, for instance, would there be thought a weak young man, who had been so often imposed upon that he was not worth a groat; instead of that, it is the most common term for one who possesses the very fortune, talents, mistress, or preferment, which his describer wishes to have. In like manner, a SILLY WOMAN implies one who is more beautiful, young, happy, and good-natured, than the rest of her female acquaintance. ODD MAN is a term we frequently hear vociferated in the streets, when a chairman is in want of a partner. But when a lady of quality orders her porter to let in no ODD PEOPLE, she means all decent, grave men, women who have never been talked of, many of her own relations, and all her husband's.

Besides those words which owe their rise to caprice or accident, there are many which having been long confined to particular professions, offices, districts, climates, &c. are brought into public use by fashion, or the reigning topic on which conversation has happened to dwell for any considerable time. During the great rebellion they talked universally the language of the scriptures. *To your tents, O Israel*, was the well-known cry of faction in the streets. They beat the enemy *from Dan even unto Beersheba*, and expressed themselves in a manner which must have been totally unintelligible, except in those extraordinary times, when people of all sorts hap-

pened to read the Bible. To these succeeded the wits of CHARLES'S days; to understand whom it was necessary to have remembered a great deal of bad poetry; as they generally began or concluded their discourse with a couplet. In our memory the late war, which began at sea, filled our mouths with terms from that element. The land war not only enlarged the size of our swords and hats, but of our words also. The peace taught us the language of the secretary's office. Our country squires made *treaties* about their game, and ladies *negociated* the meeting of their lap-dogs. Parliamentary language has been used *without doors*. We drink claret or port according to the state of our *finances*. To spend a week in the country or town is a *measure*; and if we dislike the *measure*, we put a *negative* upon it. With the rails and buildings of the Chinese, we adopted also for a while their language. A doll of that country we called a *joss*, and a flight building a *pagoda*. For that year we talked of nothing but palanquins, nabobs, mandarins, junks, sepoy's, &c. To what was this owing, but the war in the East-Indies?

I would therefore farther propose, in order to render this work complete, that a supplement be added to it, which shall be an explanation of the words, figures and forms of speech of the country, that will most probably be the subject of conversation for the ensuing year. For instance: Whoever considers the destination of our present expedition, must think it high time to publish an interpretation of West-India phrases, which will soon become so current among us, that no man will be fit

to appear in company, who shall not be able to ornament his discourse with those jewels. For my part, I wish such a work had been published time enough to have assisted me in reading the following extract of a letter from one of our colonies.

— ‘The *Chippoways* and *Orundaks* are still very troublesome. Last week they *scalped* one of our Indians: but the *Six nations* continue firm; and at a meeting of *Sachems* it was determined *to take up the hatchet, and make the war-kettle boil*. The French desired *to smoak the calumet of peace*, but the *half-king* would not consent. They offered the *speech-belt*, but it was refused. Our governor has received an account of their proceedings, together with *a string of wampum, and a bundle of skins to brighten the chain*.’

A work of this kind, if well executed, cannot fail to make the fortune of the undertaker: for I am convinced that *A GUIDE to the NEW-ENGLISH tongue* must have as great a sale as the *British Peerage, Baronetage, Register of Races, List of the Houses, and other such-like nomenclators*, which constitute the useful part of the modern library.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

C. D.

N° 104. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1754.

*Seria cum possim, quod delectantia malim
Scribere, tu causu es, Lector.*—MART.

THIS being the day after the festival of Christmas, as also the last Thursday of the old year, I feel myself in a manner called upon for a paper suitable to the solemnity of the occasion. But upon reflection I find it necessary to reject any such consideration, for the same reason that I have hitherto declined giving too serious a turn to the generality of these essays. Papers of pleasantry, enforcing some lesser duty, or reprehending some fashionable folly, will be of more real use than the finest writing and most virtuous moral, which few or none will be at the pains to read through. I do not mean to reproach the age with having no delight in any thing serious; but I cannot help observing, that the demand for moral essays (and the present times have produced many excellent ones) has of late fallen very short of their acknowledged merits.

The world has always considered amusement to be the principal end of a public paper: and though it is the duty of a writer to take care that some useful moral be inculcated, yet unless he be happy in the peculiar talent of couching it under the appearance of mere entertainment, his compositions will be useless: his readers will sleep over his unenlivened instructions, or be disgusted at his too frequently overhauling old worn-

worn-out subjects, and retailing what is to be found in every library in the kingdom.

Innocent mirth and levity are more apparently the province of such an undertaking as this; but whether they are really so or not, while mankind agree to think so, the writer who shall happen to be of a different opinion, must soon find himself obliged either to lay aside his prejudices or his pen. Nor ought it to be supposed in the present times, when every general topic is exhausted, that there can be any other way of engaging the attention, than by representing the manners as fast as they change, and enforcing the novelty of them with all the powers of drawing, and heightening it with all the colouring of humour. The only danger is, lest the habit of levity should tend to the admission of any thing contrary to the design of such a work. To this I can only say, that the greatest care has been taken, in the course of these papers, to weigh and consider the tendency of every sentiment and expression; and if any thing improper has obtained a place in them, I can truly assert that it has been only owing to that inadvertency which attends a various publication; and which is so inevitable, that (however extraordinary it may seem to those who are now to be told it) it is notorious that there are papers printed in the Guardian which were written in artful ridicule of the very undertakers of that work, and their most particular friends.*

In

* No. 40 of the Guardian was written by Pope, and contains an artful and ingenious ridicule of Philips's Pastorals. As Philips was a friend of Addison, it
is

In writings of humour, figures are sometimes used of so delicate a nature, that it shall often happen that some people will see things in a direct contrary sense to what the author and the majority of readers understand them. To such the most innocent irony may appear irreligion or wickedness. But in the misapprehension of this figure, it is not always that the reader is to blame. A great deal of irony may seem very clear to the writer, which may not be so properly managed as to be safely trusted to the various capacities and apprehensions of all sorts of readers. In such cases the conductor of a paper will be liable to various kinds of censure, though in reality nothing can be proved against him but want of judgment.

Having given my general reasons against the too frequent writing of serious papers, it may not be improper to speak more particularly of the season which gave rise to these reflections, and to shew, that as matters stand at present, it would not even be a sanction for such kind of compositions. Our ancestors considered Christmas in the double light of a holy commemoration, and a chearful festival; and accordingly distinguished it by devotion, by vacation from business, by merriment and hospitality. They seemed eagerly bent to make themselves and every body about them happy. With what punctual zeal did they wish one another a *merry Christmas!* and what an omission would it have been thought, to have concluded a letter without *the compliments of the season!*

The

is not likely Steele would have admitted his paper had he been aware of the real intention of the writer. E.

The great hall resounded with the tumultuous joys of servants and tenants, and the gambols they played served as amusement to the lord of the mansion and his family, who, by encouraging every art conducive to mirth and entertainment, endeavoured to soften the rigour of the season, and to mitigate the influence of winter. What a fund of delight was the chusing King and Queen upon Twelfth-night! and how greatly ought we to regret the neglect of mince-pies, which, besides the idea of merry-making inseparable from them, were always considered as the test of schismatics! How zealously were they swallowed by the orthodox, to the utter confusion of all fanatical recusants! If any country gentleman should be so unfortunate in this age as to lie under a suspicion of heresy, where will he find so easy a method of acquitting himself, as by the ordeal of plum-porridge?

To account for a revolution which has rendered this season (so eminently distinguished formerly) now so little different from the rest of the year, will be no difficult task. The share which devotion had in the solemnization of Christmas is greatly reduced; and it is not to be expected, that those who have no religion at any other time of the year, should suddenly bring their minds from a habit of dissipation to a temper not very easy to be taken up with the day. As to the influence which vacation from business and festal mirth have had in the celebration of the holidays, they can have no particular effect in the present times, when almost every day is spent like an anniversary rejoicing, when every dinner is a feast,
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the very tasting of our wines hard drinking, and our common play gaming. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that there is nothing remaining in this town to characterize the time, but the orange and rosemary, and the bellman's verses.

The Romans allotted this month to the celebration of the feast called the Saturnalia. During these holidays every servant had the liberty of saying what he pleased to his master with impunity.

————— *Age, libertate Decembri,*
Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere. —————

I wish with all my heart that the same indulgence was allowed to servants in these times, provided that it would be a restraint upon their licentiousness through the rest of the year.

The most fatal revolution, and what principally concerns this season, is the too general desertion of the country, the great scene of hospitality. Of all the follies of this age, it is the least to be accounted for, how small a part of such as throng to London in the winter, are those who either go upon the plea of business, or to amuse themselves with what were formerly called the pleasures of the place. There are the theatres, music, and, I may add, many other entertainments, which are only to be had in perfection in the metropolis: but it is really a fact, that three parts in four of those who crowd the houses which are already built, and who are now taking leases of foundations which are to be houses as fast as hands can make them, come to town with the sole view of passing their time over a card-table.

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To what this is owing I am at a loss to conceive; but I have at least the satisfaction of saying, that I have not contributed to the growth of this folly; nor do I find, upon a review of all my papers, that I have painted this town in such glowing and irresistible colours, as to have caused this forcible attraction. I have not so much as given an ironical commendation of crowds, which seem to be the great allurements; nor have I any where attempted to put the pleasures of the town in competition with those of the country. On the contrary, it has been, and will be, my care during the continuance of this work, to delineate the manners and fashions of a town-life so truly and impartially, as rather to satisfy than excite the curiosity of a country reader, who may be desirous to know what is doing in the world. If at any time I should allow the metropolis its due praises, as being the great mart for arts, sciences, and erudition, I ought not to be accused of influencing those persons who pay their visits to it upon very different considerations: nor can any thing I shall say, of the tendency above-mentioned, be pleaded in excuse for coming up to town merely to play at cards.

N^o 106. THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1755.

Satis Eloquentia———SALLUST.

HAVING received a letter of a very extraordinary nature, I think myself obliged to give it to the public, though I am afraid many of my readers may object to the terms of art, of which I cannot divest it: but I shall make no apology for what may any way tend to the advancement of a science, which is now become so fashionable, popular, and flourishing.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

As all sorts of persons are at this present juncture desirous of becoming speakers; and as many of them, through the neglect of parents or otherwise, have been totally ungrounded in the first principles or rudiments of rhetoric, I have with great pains and judgment selected such particulars as may most immediately, and without such rudiments, conduce to the perfection of that science, and which, if duly attended to, will teach grown gentlemen to speak in public in so complete a manner, that neither they nor their audience shall discover the want of an earlier application.

I do not address myself to you like those who correspond with the daily papers, in order to puff off my expeditious method by referring you to the many persons of quality, whom I have taught in four-and-twenty hours; I chuse openly and fairly.

fairly to submit my plan to your inspection, which will shew you that I teach rather how to handle antagonists than arguments.

I distinguish what kind of man to cut with a syllogism, and whom to overwhelm with the sorites; whom to ensnare with the crocodile, and whom to hamper in the horns of the dilemma. Against the pert, young, bold asserter, I direct the *argumentum ad verecundiam*. This is frequently the most decisive argument that can be used in a populous assembly. If, for instance a forward talker should advance that such an ancient poet is dull, you put him at once both to silence and shame, by saying, that Aristotle has commended him. If the dispute be about a Greek word, and he pronounces it to be inelegant, and never used by any author of credit, you confound him by telling him it is in Aristophanes; and you need not discover that it is in the mouth of a bird, a frog, or a Scythian who talks broken Greek.

To explain my *argumentum ad ignorantiam* (which appears to be of the least use, because it is only to be employed against a *modest man*) let us suppose a person speaking with diffidence of some transaction on the continent: you may ask him with a sneer, Pray, sir, *were you ever abroad?* If he has related a fact from one of our American islands, you may assert he can know nothing of the affairs of that island, *for you were born there*; and to prove his ignorance, ask him *what latitude it is in*.

In loquacious crowds, you will have much more frequent occasions for using my *argumentum ad hominem*; and the mi-

nute particulars into which men are led by egotism, will give you great advantages in pressing them with consequences drawn from their supposed principles. You may also take away the force of a man's argument, by concluding from some equivocal expression, that he is a jacobite, a republican, a courtier, a methodist, a freethinker, or a jew. You may fling at his country, or profession: he talks like an apothecary, you believe him to be a tooth-drawer, or know that he is a taylor. This argument might be of great use at the bar in examining witnesses, if the lawyers would not think it inconsistent with the dignity and politeness of their profession.

By this sketch of my plan, you may see that my pupils may most properly be said to study men: and the principal thing I endeavour to teach them from that knowledge, is, the art of discovering the different strength of their competitors, so as to know when to answer, and when to lie by. And as I entirely throw out of my system the *argumentum ad judicium*, which, according to Mr. Locke, 'is the using of proofs drawn from any of the foundations of knowledge,' there will be nothing in my academy that will have the least appearance of a school, and of consequence nothing to make a gentleman either afraid or ashamed of attending it.

Inquire for A. B. at the bar of the Bedford coffee-house.

As the foregoing letter so fully explains itself; I shall take no other notice of it; but in complaisance to my correspondent,

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ent, shall throw together a few loose observations on our present numerous societies for the propagation of eloquence. And here I cannot but please myself with the reflection, that as dictionaries have been invented, by the help of which those who cannot *study* may learn arts and sciences; here is now found a method of teaching them to those who cannot *read*.

These foundations are instituted in the very spirit of Lycurgus, who discountenanced all written laws, and established in their stead a system of policy called RHETRA, from its being spoken, which he ordered to be the daily subject of discourse, and ordained mixed assemblies for that end, where the young might be taught, by attending to the conversation of the old.

In Turkey, where the majority of the inhabitants can neither write nor read, the charitable care of that considerate people has provided a method of compensating the want of those arts, and even the use of the press, by having a relay of narrators ready to be alternately elevated on a stool in every coffee-house, to supply the office of news-papers and pamphlets to the Turkish quidnuncs and critics.

Speech being the faculty which exalts man above the rest of the creation, we may consider eloquence as the talent which gives him the most distinguished pre-eminence over his own species; and yet Juvenal makes no scruple to declare, that it would have been better for Cicero, to have been a mere poetaster, and for Demosthenes to have worked under
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his father as a blacksmith, than to have frequented the schools of rhetoric.

*Diis ille adversis genitus fatoque sinistro,
Quem pater, ardentis massæ fuligine lippus,
A fornace et forcipibus, gladioque parante
Incude, ac luteo Vulcano, ad Rhetora misit.*

I am glad to find that our blacksmiths and other artifans have a nobler way of thinking, and the spirit to do for themselves what the father of Demosthenes did for him. And I see this with the greater pleasure, as I hope I may consider the seminaries which are daily instituted as rising up in support of truth, virtue, and religion, against the libels of the press. It is not to be doubted but that we are safe on the side of oral argumentation, as no man can have the face to utter before witnesses such shameful doctrines as have too frequently appeared in anonymous pamphlets. If it should ever be objected that the frequency of such assemblies may possibly, in time, produce sophistry, quibbling, immorality and scepticism, because this was the case at Athens, so famous for its numerous schools of philosophy, where, as Milton says,

*Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry;
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none:
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate:—*

I answer, that these false doctrines of God and the soul were thus bandied about by a parcel of heathens, blind and ignorant at best, but for the greatest part the most useless, idle, and

and profligate members of the state; and that it is not therefore to be apprehended, in this enlightened age, that men of sober lives, and profitable professions, will run after sophists, to waste their time, and unhinge their faith and opinions. However, as the perverseness of human nature is strange and unaccountable, if I should find these modern schools in any way to contribute to the growth of infidelity or libertinism, I hereby give notice that I shall publicly retract my good opinion of them, notwithstanding all my prepossessions in favour of eloquence.

Though the following letter is written with all the spleen and acrimony of a rival orator, I think myself obliged, from the impartiality I observe to all my correspondents, to give it a place in this paper.

SIR,

As all intruders and interlopers are ever disagreeable to established professions, I am so incensed against some late pretenders to oratory, that though I daily fulminate my displeasure *ex cathedrâ*, I now apply to you for a more extensive proclamation of my resentment.

I have been for many years an ORATOR of the STAGE ITINERANT: and from my earliest youth was bred under the auspices of Apollo, to those two beloved arts of that deity, PHYSIC and ELOQUENCE: not like these pretenders, who betray not only a deficiency of erudition, but also a most manifest want of generosity; a virtue, which our professors
have

have ever boasted. Universal benevolence is our fundamental principle. We raise no poll-tax on our hearers: our words are gratuitous, like the air and light in which they are delivered. I have therefore no jealousy of these mercenary spirits: my audiences have only been led aside by novelty; they will soon grow weary of such extortioners, and return to the old stage. But the misfortune is, that these innovations have turned the head of a most necessary servant of mine, commonly known by the name of Merry Andrew: and I must confess it gives me a real uneasiness, when one of his wit and parts talks of setting up against me.

Yours,

CIRCUMFORANEUS.

N° 107. THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1755.

— Quicquid Græcia mendax

Audet in historiâ —

JUV.

AS the French have lately introduced an entire new method of writing history, and as it is to be presumed we shall be as ready to ape them in this, as in all other fashions, I shall lay before the public a loose sketch of such rules as I have been able hastily to throw together for present use, till some great and distinguished critic may have leisure to collect his ideas,

ideas, and publish a more complete and regular system of the modern art of writing history.

For the sake of brevity I shall enter at once upon my subject, and address my instruction to the future historian.

Remember to prefix a long preface to your history, in which you will have a right to say whatever comes into your head: for all that relates to your history may with propriety be admitted, and all that is foreign to the purpose may claim a place in it, because it is a preface. It will be sufficient therefore if I give you only a hint upon the occasion, which, if you manage with dexterity, or rather audacity, will stand you in great stead.

Be sure you seize every opportunity of introducing the most extravagant commendations of Tacitus; but be careful how you enter too minutely into any particulars you may have heard of that writer, for fear of discovering that you have *only* heard of them. The safest way will be to keep to the old custom of abusing all other historians, and vilifying them in comparison of him. But in the execution of this, let me intreat you to do a little violence to your modesty, by avoiding every insinuation that may set him an inch above yourself.

Before you enter upon the work, it will be necessary to divest yourself entirely of all regard for truth. To conquer this prejudice, may perhaps cost you some pains; but till you have effectually overcome it, you will find innumerable difficulties continually obtruding themselves to thwart your design of writing an entertaining history in the modern taste.

The next thing is to find out some shrewd reason for rejecting all such authentic papers as are come to light since the period you are writing of was last considered ; for if you cannot cleverly keep clear of them, you will be obliged to make use of them ; and then your performance may be called dull and dry ; which is a censure you ought as carefully to avoid, as to contend for that famous compliment which was paid the author of the history of Charles the Twelfth, by his most illustrious patron, who is himself an historian, *Plus beau que la vérité.*

I am aware of the maxim of Polybius, ‘ that history void of truth, is an empty shadow.’ But the motto of this paper may serve to convict that dogmatist of singularity, by shewing that his own countrymen disfavoured his pretended axiom even to a proverb. Though we may allow truth to the first historian of any particular æra, the nature of things requires that truth must gradually recede, in proportion to the frequency of treating the same period ; or else the last hand would be absolutely precluded from every advantage of novelty. It is fit therefore that we modernize the maxim of Polybius, by substituting the word WIT in the place of TRUTH ; but as all writers are not blessed with a ready store of wit, it may be necessary to lay down some other rules for the compiling of history, in which it is expedient that we avail ourselves of all the artifices which either have been, or may be made use of, to surprize, charm, sadden, or confound the mind of the reader.

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In treating of times that have been often written upon, there can be no such thing as absolute novelty; therefore the only method to be taken in such cases, is to give every occurrence a new turn. You may take the side of Philip of Macedon against Demosthenes and the obstinate republicans; and you will have many instances to shew how wantonly whole seas of blood have been shed for the sake of those two infatuating sounds, LIBERTY and RELIGION. It was a lucky hit of an English biographer, that of writing the vindication and panegyric of Richard the Third; and I would advise you to attempt something of the same nature. For instance: you may undertake to shew the unreasonableness of our high opinion of queen Elizabeth, and our false notions of the happiness of her government. For as to lives and characters, you have one principal rule to observe; and that is, to elevate the bad, and depreciate the good. But in writing the characters of others, always keep your own (if you have any value for it) in view; and never allow to any great personage a virtue which you either feel the want of, or a notorious disregard for. You may question the moral character of Socrates, the chastity of Cyrus, the constancy of the martyrs, the piety and sincerity of the reformers, the bravery of Cromwell, and the military talents of king William; and you need never fear the finding authorities to support you in any detraction, among the writers of anecdotes; since Dion Cassius, a grave historian, has confidently asserted that Cicero prostituted his wife, trained up his son in drunkenness, committed incest with his daughter, and lived in adultery with Cerellia.

I come next to ornaments; under which head I consider sentences, prodigies, digressions, and descriptions. On the two first I shall not detain you, as it will be sufficient to recommend a free use of them, and to be new if you can. Of digressions you may make the greatest use, by calling them to your aid whenever you are at a fault. If you want to swell your history to a folio, and have only matter for an octavo. (suppose, for example, it were the story of Alexander) you may enter into an inquiry of what that adventurer would have done, if he had not been poisoned; whether his conquests, or Kouly Khan's, were the most extraordinary: what would have been the consequence of his marching westward; and whether he would have beat the duke of Marlborough. You may also introduce in this place a dissertation upon fire arms, or the art of fortification. In descriptions, you must not be sparing, but outgo every thing that has been attempted before you. Let your battles be the most bloody, your sieges the most obstinate, your castles the most impregnable, your commanders the most consummate, and their soldiers the most intrepid. In describing a sea-fight, let the enemy's fleet be the most numerous, and their ships the largest that ever were known. Do not scruple to burn a thousand ships, and turn their crews half-scorched into the sea; there let them survive a while by swimming, that you may have an opportunity of jamming them between their own and the enemy's vessels: and when you have gone through the dreadful distresses of the action, conclude by blowing up the admiral's own ship, and scattering

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ing officers of great birth and bravery in the air. In the sack-
ing of a town, murder all the old men and young children in
the cruellest manner, and in the most sacred retreats. Devise
some ingenious insults on the modesty of matrons. Ravish a
great number of virgins, and see that they are all in the height
of beauty and purity of innocence. When you have fired all
the houses, and cut the throats of ten times the number of in-
habitants they contained, exercise all manner of barbarity on
the dead bodies. And that you may extend the scene of mi-
sery, let some escape, but all naked. Tear their uncovered
limbs; cut their feet for want of shoes; harden the hearts of
the peasants against them, and arm the elements with unusual
rigour for their persecution: drench them with rain, benumb
them with frost, and terrify them with thunder and light-
ning.

If in writing voyages and travels you have occasion to send
messengers through an uninhabited country, do not be over-
tender or scrupulous how you treat them. You may stop
them at rivers, and drown all their servants and horses: infest
them with fleas, lice, and musquitoes, and when they have
been eaten sufficiently with these vermin, you may starve
them to a desire of eating one another; and if you think it
will be an ornament to your history, e'en cast the lots, and set
them to dinner. But if you do this, you must take care that
the savage chief to whom they are sent, does not treat them
with man's flesh; because it will be no novelty: I would ra-
ther advise you to alter the bill of fare to an elephant, a rhi-
noceros,

noceros, or an alligator. The king and his court will of course be drinking out of human skulls; but what sort of liquor you must fill them with, to surprize an European, I must own I cannot conceive. In treating of the Indian manners and customs, you may make a long chapter of their conjuring, their idolatrous ceremonies, and superstitions; which will give you a fair opportunity of saying something smart on the religion of your own country. On their marriages you cannot dwell too long; it is a pleasing subject, and always, in those countries, leads to polygamy, which will afford occasion for reflections moral and entertaining. When your messengers have their audience of the king, you may as well drop the business they went upon, and take notice only of his civilities and politeness in offering to them the choice of all the beauties of his court; by which you will make them amends for all the difficulties you have led them into.

I cannot promise you much success in the speeches of your savages, unless it were possible to hit upon some bolder figures and metaphors than those which have been so frequently used. In the speeches of a civilized people, insert whatever may serve to display your own learning, judgment, or wit; and let no man's low extraction be a restraint on the advantages of your education. If in an harangue of Wat Tyler, a quotation from the classics should come in pat, or in a speech of Muley Moluch a sentence from Mr. Locke, let no consideration deprive your history of such ornaments.

To conclude, I would advise you in general not to be sparing of your speeches, either in number or length: and if you

also take care to add a proper quantity of reflections, your work will be greedily bought up by all members of oratories, reasoning societies, and other talkative assemblies of this most eloquent metropolis.

N° 108. THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1755.

Hoc est Romæ decedere? Quos ego homines effugi, cum in hos incidi?

CICERO ad ATTICUM.

I HAVE generally observed when a man is talking of his country-house, that the first question usually asked him is, ‘Are you in a good neighbourhood?’ From the frequency of this inquiry one would be apt to imagine that the principal happiness of a country life was generally understood to result from the neighbourhood: yet whoever attends to the answer commonly made to this question, will be of a contrary opinion. Ask it of a lady, and you will be sure to hear her exclaim, ‘Thank God! we have no neighbours!’ which may serve to convince you that you have paid your court very ill, in supposing that a woman of fashion can endure the insipid conversation of a country neighbourhood. The man of fortune considers every inferior neighbour as an intruder on his sport, and quarrels with him for killing that game, with which his very servants are cloyed. If his neighbour be an equal, he is of consequence more averse to him, as being in perpetual contest with him as a rival. His sense of a superior may
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be learnt from those repeated advertisements, which every body must have observed in the public papers, recommending a house upon sale, for being ten miles distant from a lord. The humourist hides himself from his neighbour; the man of arrogance despises him; the modest man is afraid of him; and the penurious considers a length of uninhabited fen as the best security for his beef and ale.

If we trace this spirit to its source, we shall find it to proceed partly from pride and envy, and partly from the high opinion that men are apt to entertain of their own little clans or societies, which the living in large cities tends greatly to increase, and which is always accompanied with a contempt for those who happen to be strangers to such societies, and consequently, a general prejudice against the UNKNOWN. The truth of the matter is, that persons UNKNOWN are, for that very reason, persons that we have no desire to KNOW.

A man of a sociable disposition, upon coming into an inn, inquires of the landlord what company he has in the house: the landlord tells him, ‘There is a fellow of a college, a lieutenant of a man of war, a lawyer, a merchant, and the captain in quarters;’ to which he never fails to add, ‘and I dare say, sir, that any of them will be very glad of your company;’ knowing that men drink more together than when alone. ‘Have you nobody else?’ says the guest sullenly. ‘We have nobody else, sir.’ ‘Then get me my supper as fast as you can, and I’ll go to bed.’ The same behaviour is practised by each of these gentlemen in his turn; and for no other reason than
that

that none of the company happens to be either of his profession or acquaintance.

But if we look with the least degree of wonder at the manner in which the greatest part of mankind behave to strangers, it should astonish us to see how they treat those whom they are intimately acquainted with, and whom they rank under the sacred titles of neighbours and friends. Yet such is the malignity of human nature, that the smallest foible, the most venial inadvertency, or the slightest infirmity, shall generally occasion contempt, hatred, or ridicule, in those very persons who ought to be the foremost to conceal or palliate such failings. Death, accident, robbery, and ruin, instead of exciting compassion, are only considered as the great sources of amusement to a neighbourhood. Does any disgrace befall a family? The tongues and pens of all their acquaintance are instantly employed to disperse it through the kingdom. Nor is their alacrity in divulging the misfortunes of a neighbour at all more remarkable than their humanity in accounting for them. They are sure to ascribe every trivial evil to his folly, and every great one to his vices. But these are slight instances of malevolence; your true neighbour's spleen is never effectually roused but by prosperity. An unexpected succession to a large fortune; the discovery of a mine upon your estate; a prize in the lottery; but most of all, a fortunate marriage, shall employ the malice and invention of a neighbourhood for years together.

Envy is ingenious, and will sometimes find out the prettiest conceits imaginable, to serve her purposes: yet it is observable, that she delights chiefly in contradiction. If you excel in any of the elegant arts, she pronounces at once that you have no taste; if in wit, you are dull; if you live in apparent harmony with your wife and family, she is sure you are unhappy; if in affluence or splendor, she knows that you are a beggar. It must indeed be confessed, that envy does meet with great provocations; and there are people in the world, who take extraordinary pains to appear much more happy, rich, virtuous, and considerable, than they really are: but, on the other hand, were they to take equal care to avoid such appearances, they would not be able absolutely to escape her rancour.

I was entertained last summer by a friend in the country, who seemed to have formed very just ideas of a neighbourhood. This gentleman had a considerable estate left him, which he had little reason to expect; and having no particular passion to gratify, it was indifferent to him how he disposed of this large addition to his income. He had no desire of popularity, but had a very great dislike to an ill name; which made him altogether as anxious to screen himself from detraction, as others are to acquire applause. Some weeks passed away in that common dilemma into which an increase of fortune throws every thinking man, who knows that by hoarding up he must become the aversion, and by squandering
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the contempt of all his neighbours. But disliking the appearance of parsimony more than extravagancy, he proposed laying out a considerable sum all at once, upon rebuilding his house: but that design was soon over-ruled by the consideration that it would be said he had destroyed a very convenient mansion, for the sake of erecting a showy outside. He next determined to new-model his gardens, from an opinion that he should oblige all sorts of people, by affording bread to the industrious, and pleasant walks to the idle: but recollecting that in the natural beauties of his grounds he had great advantages over the old gardens of his neighbours, and from thence knowing that he must become the object of their spleen and abuse, he laid aside also that invidious design. In the same manner he was obliged to reject every proposal of expence, that might in any way be considered as a monument of superiority; therefore, to avoid the other censure of penuriousness, he resolved at last to procure the best cook that could be had for money. From that time he has taken no thought but to equip himself and his attendants in the plainest manner, keeping religiously to the sole expence of a constant good table, and avoiding in that, as well as in every thing else, whatever has the least appearance of ostentation. Thus has he made himself inoffensively remarkable, and, what was the great point of his life, escaped detraction; excepting only that a certain dignified widow, who had been originally house-keeper to her late husband, takes occasion frequently to declare, she does not care to dine with him, because the

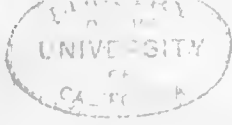
dishes are so ill served up, and so tasteless, that she can never make a dinner.

I know not how to close this subject more properly, than by sketching out the characters of what are called **GOOD** and **BAD NEIGHBOURS**.

A **GOOD NEIGHBOUR** is one, who having no attention to the affairs of his own family, nor any allotment for his time, is ready to dispose of it to any of his acquaintance, who desire him to hunt, shoot, dance, drink, or play at cards with them: who thinks the civilities he receives in one house no restriction upon his tongue in another, where he makes himself welcome by exposing the foibles or misfortunes of those he last visited, and lives in a constant round of betraying and lessening one family or another.

A **BAD NEIGHBOUR** is he who retires into the country, from having been fatigued with business, or tired with crowds; who, from a punctilio in good breeding, does not shew himself forward in accepting of the visits of all about him, conscious of his love of quiet, and fearing lest he should be thought tardy in his returns of civility. His desire of being alone with his family, procures him the character of reserved and morose; and his candid endeavours to explain away the malicious turn of a tale, that of contradictory and disagreeable. Thus vindicating every one behind his back, and consequently offending every one to his face, he subjects himself to the personal dislike of all, without making one friend to defend him.

If



If after this it be asked, what are the duties of neighbourhood? I answer in the words of Mr. Addison, in that incomparable essay of his on the employment of time. 'To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.'

I have always considered the ninety-third Spectator, from whence the foregoing passage is taken, as the most valuable lesson of that eminent moralist; because a due observance of the excellent plan of life, which he has there delineated, can never fail to make men HAPPY AND GOOD NEIGHBOURS.

N° 116. THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1755.

Personam, thyrsumque tenent, et subligar Acci.

Juv.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM left guardian to three young ladies, whose father was my intimate acquaintance at the time he made his addresses to their late mother: and I very well remember he could not
obtain

obtain admittance till he had first procured himself the ornament of a star and ribbon, and would never have gained the lady but from the happy thought of adding another lace to his liveries. As it appeared to me that his success was owing to these exteriors, I conceived no great opinion of the good sense of his lady; but as she made my friend a good wife, I reflected that she might justly be influenced by the ribbon, as it marked the consequence of her lover, and by the additional lace, as it seemed to bespeak his riches. It is, however, still a doubt with me, whether she ever felt a sincere passion for the man she married; and what increases this doubt is, that I could never discover in either of her daughters, any symptoms of what I can properly call love. The eldest, who reads romances, is continually professing a sincere disposition to requite (after a proper time) the pains of one who shall enterprize, fight, starve, or catch cold for her. The second would be happy with a scare-crow, who, with the dignity of a title, should discover what she calls a Taste, in tricking out his person with embroidery, laces, jewels, and trinkets. The third would never desire to see the object of her passion; provided she might receive reams of paper filled with flames, darts, arrows, and such missive weapons, which do most execution from a distance. Last week my three wards came into my room, desiring leave to go to the next masquerade. I gave a hasty consent, imagining there could be no danger for ladies whom I knew to be safe on the side of love; but since I have recollected my thoughts, I am

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apprehensive that the eldest may be caught by some *aventurier*, with founding language and a romantic habit; the second by a Turkish emperor not worth ten chequins; and the youngest by a smooth-tongued flattering poet, who when he has pulled off his borrowed habit of a shepherd, has perhaps no other to put on.

You will not be surpris'd, after this representation, to hear me complain of the distress my promise has brought upon me; but as I never break my word with them, I must for once trust them to their fate. But I cannot forbear intreating you, while the impression is strong in my mind, to write a paper on the dangerous consequences which these fantastic diversions may bring upon young people, by giving a wild and extravagant turn to their imaginations. You will perhaps wonder to hear the effects which my rash consent has already produced. This morning I found the eldest of my young ladies dress'd out, as she told me, in the character of Cyrus, in a suit of Persian armour of her own contrivance. The second, who is of a large size, and has contracted a remarkable unwieldiness by the state she observes in never moving off her couch, was at the same time under the hands of one of the dancers at the theatre, who was lacing her up in a habit made after that which she wears herself in one of her serious dances. The youngest was a muse, and expressed great satisfaction in the negligent flow of her robe, but complained that she had not *settled her head*. I could not help saying I was sorry I had contributed my part to the *unsettling it*. This
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was very ill received ; which indeed I might have foreseen, as well from the opposition which it implied to her diversion, as because the muse, of all things in the world, detests a pun.

This, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is a very ominous beginning of an affair, which I am afraid will have a worse end. If it be attended with any of the consequences which I apprehend, you shall hear farther from me ; in the mean time, I hope to hear from you on this subject, and am,

SIR,

Your humble servant,

PRUDENTIO.

As I have received no farther intelligence from this correspondent, and as it is now near a month since his letter came to hand, I am apt to think that none of those dreadful consequences have happened, which he so greatly apprehended, and that the three ladies escaped without any other accident than now and then a laugh at their affectation.

I must confess I am one of those who think a masquerade an innocent amusement, and that people have long since left off going to it with any design either good or bad : not that the vices objected to it are left off, but that they are carried on with less difficulty in other places, and without the suspicion that would attend them there. And I may venture to say, if people will keep from the dangers of the gaming-table, they will run no other hazard at the masquerade, than that of making themselves ridiculous. I will go still farther, by protesting
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againſt the injuſtice of charging this diverſion in particular, with the miſchiefs of play, or the affected follies mentioned in my correſpondent's letter, by ſuppoſing that the men game higher, or that the women dreſs more fantaſtically in the Hay-market than elſewhere. That it is an unprofitable amuſement, and not worthy the anxiety and pains that are uſually beſtowed upon it, I very readily acknowledge, but have nothing farther to ſay againſt it.

And here I cannot help obſerving, for the information of the declaimer againſt the preſent times, that our anceſtors beſtowed more thought and trouble on their elaborate fooleries of this kind, than their poſterity have done ſince; and that they were ſometimes attended with more dangerous conſequences. Witneſs the famous *Balet des Ardens*, where Charles the fixth of France and ſeveral young gentlemen of his court, in order to repreſent ſavages, endeavoured to imitate hair by ſticking flax upon their cloſe jackets of canvafs, which were beſmeared for that purpoſe with pitch and other inflammable matter, and all, excepting the king, chained themſelves together ſo faſt, that a ſpark of fire from a flambeau falling upon one of their dreſſes, burnt two of them to death before they could be ſeparated, and ſcorched the others ſo that the greateſt part of them died in a few days.

Henry the Eighth was the firſt who brought theſe diverſions into England; and as they were very amuſing from their novelty, they were frequently exhibited in that reign with great

success. It is perhaps to a building erected by that monarch for an occasional masquerade, that the first idea of Ranelagh owes its birth. It will not, I believe, be denied, that the modern Ranelagh is rather an improvement upon the old one; a description of which, together with the disaster that befel it, is thus particularly set forth by the historian of those times.

‘ The king caused to be builded a banqueting-house, eight hundred feet in compass, like a théâtre, after a goodly device, builded in such a manner as (I think) was never seen. And in the midst of the same banqueting-house was set up a great pillar of timber, made of eight great masts, bound together with iron bands for to hold them together: for it was a hundred and thirty-four feet in length, and cost six pounds thirteen shillings and four pence, to set it upright. The banqueting-house was covered over with canvas, fastened with ropes and iron as fast as might be devised; and within the said house was painted the heavens, with stars, sun, moon, and clouds, with divers other things made above over men’s heads. And about the high pillar of timber that stood upright in the midst, was made stages of timber for organs and other instruments to stand upon, and men to play on them. But in the morning of the same day, wherein the building was accomplished, the wind began to rise, and at night blew off the canvas, and all the elements, with the stars, sun, moon, and clouds; and all the king’s feats that were made with great riches, besides all other things, were all dashed and lost.’

Thus fell the first Ranelagh, though built (according to this historian) as strong as could be devised. The modern Ranelagh has proved itself to be a stronger building, having as yet been affected by no forms but those of the legislature; and (if our magistrates had thought proper) we might still have challenged all Europe to shew us the diversion of a masquerade in the perfection with which it was there exhibited, either for the spaciousness of the room, the beauty of the ladies, the splendour of their jewels, or the elegance of their habits. That the choice of the latter may no longer be a torture to the invention, or occasion the same hurry, embarrassment, and disappointment, that I am told have happened on some late occasions, it may be proper to take notice that my ingenious and accurate friend, Mr. Jefferys of St. Martin's-lane, is now engraving select representations of the most approved modes of dress of all those nations who have discovered either taste or fancy in that science. And I hope that in this undertaking he will acquit himself as well to the polite world, as he has to the commercial, by the great care and pains he has bestowed in ascertaining the geography of those parts of the globe with which this country is most particularly connected, and which may sometimes furnish topics for conversation to the full as entertaining as the most earnest preparations for a subscription masquerade.

No. 118. THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1755.

Vicinas urbes alit.

HOR.

INSTEAD of lamenting that it is my lot to live in an age when virtue, sense, conversation, all private and public affections, are totally swallowed up by the single predominant passion of gaming, I endeavour to divert my concern by turning my attention to the manners of the times, where they happen to be more elegant, more natural, or more generally useful than those of preceding ages. I am particularly pleased with considering the progress which a just taste and real good sense have made in the modern mode of gardening. This science is at present founded on such noble and liberal principles, that the very traveller now receives more advantages from the embellishments he rides by, than the visitor did formerly, when art and privacy were the only ideas annexed to a garden.

The modern art of *laying out ground* (for so we must call it, till a new name be adopted to express so complicated an idea) has spread so widely, and its province is become so extensive, as to take in all the advantages of gardening and agriculture. If we look back to antiquity, we shall find the gardens of Alcinous in Homer, and the paintings of rural scenery in Virgil, hardly to correspond with the genius of the poets, or the beatitude they have placed in them. The
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villa's of Cicero and Pliny, which they have so affectionately described, do not raise our admiration. A favourable aspect, variety of portico's and shades of plane trees, seem to be their greatest merit. Their successors in that happy climate have made their gardens repositories for statues, bas relieves, urns, and whatever is by them entitled *virtù*; the disposition of which ornaments, together with some straight walks of ever-green oaks, and tricks in water, complete their system.

In France the genius of *Le Nautre* would probably have shewn itself in more beautiful productions than the Tuilleries and Versailles, had it not been shackled by lines and regularity, and had not elegance and taste been over-laid by magnificence.

This forced taste, aggravated by some Dutch acquisitions, for more than half a century deformed the face of nature in this country, though several of our best writers had conceived nobler ideas, and prepared the way for those improvements which have since followed. Sir William Temple, in his gardens of Epicurus, expatiates with great pleasure on that at More-Park in Hertfordshire; yet after he has extolled it as the pattern of a perfect garden for use, beauty, and magnificence, he rises to nobler images, and in a kind of prophetic spirit points out a higher style, free and unconfined. The prediction is verified upon the spot; and it seems to have been the peculiar destiny of that delightful place to have passed through all the transformations and modes of taste, having exercised the genius of the most eminent artists successively,
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and fervent as a model of perfection in each kind. The boundless imagination of Milton, in the fourth book of Paradise Lost, struck out a plan of a garden, which I would propose for the entertainment and instruction of my readers, as containing all the views, objects, and ambition of modern designing.

It is the peculiar happiness of this age to see these just and noble ideas brought into practice, regularity banished, prospects opened, the country called in, nature rescued and improved, and art decently concealing herself under her own perfections.

I enlarge upon this subject, because I would do justice to our nobility and men of fortune, who by a seasonable employment of the poor, have made this their private amusement a national good. It is notorious that in the season of the harvest, the scarcity of hands to gather in the fruits of the earth is so great, that few of our farmers can find men to do their work for three months, unless they can keep them in employment the other nine. Here the new mode of gardening comes in greatly to the assistance of the labourer; and as it consists chiefly in the removal of earth, the whole cost goes directly to his support.

It has been the constant cry of all politicians and writers on trade, that taxes should be laid on luxury. How happy is it that luxury should take so large a share in the payment of that tax, which lies most heavy on the present times! I mean the poor's rate. Our manufactures, it must be granted, are of the
greatest

greatest national benefit; inasmuch as they maintain multitudes of families, which all the private fortunes in a country would be insufficient to support. But the fact is, that in the harvest season there is always the greatest scarcity of husbandmen in those countries where manufactures are most known to flourish; and it is also a fact, that our manufactures afford no support to the husbandman in the other seasons: so that I know of nothing that can procure to him the necessaries of life in the winter, but the judicious allotment of that uncomfortable season to the works above-mentioned, which are now carrying on with vigour in almost every part of England.

I must also do our men of taste the justice to acknowledge, that they have been the chief promoters even of our manufactures. One of the first embellishers of the gardens in the present mode, was the same nobleman who established the looms for the carpets at Wilton. In the north, whole countries have been civilized, industry encouraged, and variety of manufactures instituted by the magnificent charity of the noble person, who among the least of his perfections must be allowed to be the best-planter in Europe. And if ever this country should boast the establishment of the art of weaving tapestry, she will be beholden to the same Royal hand to which she owes (if I may name it after the exalted blessings of LIBERTY and PEACE) the adorning Windsor park.

Whatever may have been reported, whether truly or falsely, of the Chinese gardens, it is certain that we are the first of the Europeans who have founded this taste; and we have been:

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so fortunate in the genius of those who have had the direction of some of our finest spots of ground, that we may now boast a success equal to that profusion of expence which has been destined to promote the rapid progress of this happy enthusiasm. Our gardens are already the astonishment of foreigners, and, in proportion as they accustom themselves to consider and understand them, will become their admiration. And as the good taste of our writers has lately invited the literati from all parts of Europe to visit us, this other taste will greatly contribute to make the growing fashion of travelling to England more general; and by this means we may hope to see part of those sums brought back again, which this country has been from year to year so unprofitably drained of.

But to set this science in the strongest light of a political benefit, let us consider what pains have been unsuccessfully taken for many years past by the best patriots of Spain, to introduce, not only manufactures, but even agriculture itself, among the starving inhabitants. These conceited Quixotes, who please themselves with boasting that the sun is continually enlightening some part of their dominions, are so satisfied with this important reflection, that they seem to desire no other advantage from his beams. Ustariz, their latest and best writer on commerce, has bestowed whole pages in describing the wretched condition of families, the mortality of weakly children, the present race useless, the growing hope cut off, and all this because the inhabitants cannot be persuaded to use the most obvious means for their sustenance and preservation,
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the tilling of the earth. Yet there is a way to induce even the proudest Spaniard to apply himself earnestly to the cultivation of his country: I mean by the force of example. If the grandees would make it a fashion; if they would talk, as one may frequently hear the first men of this nation, of the various methods of improving land, and pique themselves upon their success in husbandry, the imitative pride of the yeoman might be usefully turned into another channel. He would be ambitious of having his fields as green as those of his neighbour; he would then take his stately strides at the tail of his plough, and (as Addison says of Virgil) ‘throw about his dung with an air of majesty.’ He would then find a nobler use for the breed of cattle than the romantic purpose of a bull-feast; and his vanity, thus properly directed, would in a few years make his country the finest garden in the universe.

If the noble Duke who clothed the sands of Claremont with such exquisite verdure, had made the same glorious experiment in Spain, he would have brought no less riches, and much more happiness to that nation, than the conquests of Philip, or the discoveries of Columbus.

N° 119. THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1755.

*Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ
Deerat adhuc, & quod dominari in cætera possit.* OVID.

IT has been hinted to me since the publication of my last week's paper upon gardening, that while I am acknowledging

the merit of the Great in making that science useful to their poor neighbours and the public, I forget to make mention of those liberal geniuses, under whose immediate direction all these improvements are carried on, while their benevolent patrons are employed in other services to their country in its capital. And as I am never backward in doing justice to men of merit, I have devoted this paper to the celebration of the extensive and various talents, which the almost omniscient professors of gardening may so justly boast.

The good old English nobleman or country squire, whose delight was a garden, used to take from the tail of the plough a set of animals whom he considered as beings of the same order with those who drew it; and setting them to work by the garden line, was far from thinking what they were to do could be of importance enough to require his attention; therefore leaving them to lean over their spades, and settle their several plans for poaching, wood-stealing, skittle-playing, and psalm-singing, he went and enjoyed himself with his dogs and horses. But since we have laid aside that plain and easy direction, 'Follow the straight line,' and have in its stead substituted that exceeding difficult one, 'Follow nature,' the above-mentioned animals have never been trusted a moment to themselves, but have had a creature of a superior kind set over them, whose office is best explained by the scolloping-wheel in the machines for turning, which is continually putting the others out of their course, and preventing them from making circles, or any other regular figures.

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This office is of late grown so respectable, that the true adept in it may justly be stiled the high-priest of nature. But it is not nature alone that he studies ; all arts are investigated by his comprehensive genius. He must be well acquainted with optics, hydrostatics, mechanics, geometry, trigonometry, &c. ; and since it has been thought necessary to embellish rural scenes with all the varieties of architecture, from single pillars and obelisks, to bridges, ruins, pavillions, and even castles and churches, it is not enough for our professor to be as knowing as Solomon in all the species of vegetables, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall ; he must also rival that monarch in building, as well as his other talents. A knowledge of optics enables him to turn every *deceptio visus* to advantage. Hydrostatics are most immediately necessary, since it is decreed that every place must have a piece of water ; and as every piece of water must have a boat of a particular contrivance, mechanics come in to his assistance ; and he is carried over the glassy surface by snakes, birds, dolphins, dragons, or whatever else he pleases. The application of trigonometry is obvious ; and if your gardens continue to increase in extent, in the same proportion that they have done lately, geometry will be soon called in, to measure a degree of the earth upon the great lawn. But such extension of property cannot be acquired without a turn for the law, and a knowledge of all the variety of tenures, forfeitures, ejections, and writs of *ad quod damnum*. Statuary and painting are sister arts ; but our general lover has possessed them both, in spite of their consanguinity.

guinity. And as for poetry, though he knows her to be the greatest jilt in the universe, he has made an attempt upon her under every tree that has a broad stem and a smooth bark. A knowledge of Latin is needful to judge of the effect of an inscription; and Greek, Phœnician, Tuscan, and Persian, are ornaments to a ruin.

Happy is the man of fortune, who has such a director to influence and guide his taste, as the demon of Socrates is said to have continually accompanied that philosopher to regulate his morals. Milton very humourously describes a man, who without having the inward call, was desirous of being thought as religious as the rest of his neighbours of those times. ‘This man,’ says he, ‘finds himself out some factor, to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs; some divine of note and estimation; and makes the person of that man his religion. He entertains him, lodges him: his religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and sumptuously laid asleep: rises, is saluted, and after being well breakfasted, his religion walks abroad, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop, trading all day *without his religion.*’ Just in this manner does the mere man of fashion in these times think it necessary to have a TASTE; but though he does not commonly carry his TASTE about him, he is seldom so imprudent as to take any steps in his garden *without his TASTE.*

In an age so liberal of new names, it seems extraordinary that these universal connoisseurs have as yet obtained no title
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of honour, or distinction. This may help me to crown their panegyric with a word on their modesty : for to that alone must we attribute their having so long been without one ; especially as they might as easily have immortalized their own names, as any of the ancient sages, who called their profession after themselves, the Pythagorean, Platonic, or Epicurean philosophy. Nor have they shewn less modesty in their expectation of returns for their ineffinable service, as will appear upon a comparison of their rewards with those of the ancient artists.

Mandrocles, who built the famous bridge over the Bosphorus, at the command of Darius, was rewarded by that monarch with a crown, and ten times the cost of that expensive undertaking. Whereas a tenth of the expence is reckoned a modern job ; and no artist in our memory has aspired to any higher honour than that of knighthood. The next great work we read of, was the canal of mount Athos ; for which it was impossible that the director should receive any other than an honorary reward, because he died as soon as it was finished. His name was Artachæus ; he was in stature the tallest of all the Persians, and his voice stronger than that of any other man ; two very useful accomplishments in an overseer and director of multitudes. Xerxes, truly sensible of his merit, buried him with great pomp and magnificence, employed his whole army in erecting a sumptuous monument to his memory, and by direction of an oracle, honoured him as a hero with sacrifices and invocations.

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How different from this was the treatment of our countryman, captain Perry! A genius whose remembrance must make this nation both proud and ashamed. His performances are sufficient to give credit to the works above-mentioned, which before appeared fabulous. But what was his reward for projecting the junction of the Don and the Volga? For creating an artificial tide, and floating or laying dry the largest vessels in a few hours? But rather let me ask, what was his reward for that national work at home, the stopping Daggendam breach? I am sorry to answer, that he was persecuted and suffered to starve, for the debts he had contracted in accomplishing an undertaking so essential to the commerce of this kingdom, and the existence of its metropolis.

I hope our men of fortune will make more generous returns to those who administer so essentially to their pleasures: and I would have them distinguish between those dull mechanical rogues, whose thoughts never wander beyond the sphere of gain, and the generous spirit who is warmed by his profession, and who thinks himself paid by the exquisite scenery which his raptured imagination has produced. And when the baleful cypress shall alone of all his various plantations accompany him to the grave, let his munificent patron, in the most conspicuous part of his gardens, erect a temple to his memory, and inscribe it with propriety and truth, GENIO LOCI.

N° 123. THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1755.

— *Dapibus, supremi*
Grata Testudo Jovis. — HOR.

IF there be truth in the common maxim, ‘That He deserves best of his country, who can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before,’ how truly commendable must it be (since it is so great a merit to provide for the beasts of the field) to add to the sustenance of man! and what praises are due to the inventor of a new dish! By a new dish, I do not mean the confounding, hashing, and disguising of an old one; I cannot give that name to the French method of transposing the bodies of animals; serving up flesh in skins of fish, or the essence of either in a jelly; nor yet to the English way of macerating substances, and reducing all things to one uniform consistency and taste, which a good housewife calls potting: for I am of opinion, that Louis the fourteenth would not have given the reward he promised for the invention of a sixth order of architecture, to the man who should have jumbled together the other five.

My meaning is, that as through neglect or caprice we have lost some eatables, which our ancestors held in high esteem, as the heron, the bittern, the crane, and, I may add, the swan, it should seem requisite, in the ordinary revolution of things, to replace what has been laid aside, by the introduction of some
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eatable which was not known to our predecessors. But though invention may claim the first praise, great honour is due to the restorer of lost arts; wherefore, if the earth does not really furnish a sufficient variety of untasted animals, I could wish that gentlemen of leisure and easy fortunes would apply themselves to recover the secret of fattening and preparing for the table such creatures, as from disuse we do not at present know how to treat: and I should think it would be a noble employment for the lovers of antiquity, to study to restore those infallible resources of luxury, the salt-water stews of the Romans.

Of all the improvements in the modern kitchen, there are none can bear a comparison with the introduction of Turtle. We are indebted for this delicacy, as well as for several others, to the generous spirit and benevolent zeal of the West-Indians. The profusion of luxury, with which the Creolian in England covers his board, is intended only as a foil to the more exquisite dainties of America. His pride is to triumph in your neglect of the former, while he labours to serve you from the vast shell, which smokes under his face, and occasions him a toil almost as intolerable, as that of the slaves in his plantations. But he would die in the service rather than see his guests, for want of a regular supply, eat a morsel of any food which had not crossed the Atlantic ocean.

Though it was never my fortune to be regaled with the true Creolian politeness, and though I cannot compliment my

my countrymen on their endeavours to imitate it, I shall here give my readers a most faithful account of the only turtle feast, I ever had the honour to be present at.

Towards the latter end of last summer, I called upon a friend in the city, who, though no West-Indian, is a great importer of turtle for his own eating. Upon my entrance at the great gates, my eyes were caught with the shells of that animal, which were disposed in great order along the walls; and I stood so long in astonishment at their size and number, that I did not perceive my friend's approach, who had traversed the court to receive me. However, I could find he was not displeased to see my attention so deeply engaged upon the trophies of his luxury. Come, says he, if you love turtle, I'll shew you a sight; and bidding me follow him, he opened a door, and discovered six turtles swimming about in a vast cistern, round which there hung twelve large legs of mutton, which he told me were just two days provision for the turtles; for that each of them consumed a leg of mutton every day. He then carried me into the house, and shewing me some blankets of a peculiar sort: These, says he, are what the turtles lie in o' nights; they are particularly adapted to this use; I have established a manufacture of them in the West-Indies. But since you are curious in these matters, continued he, I'll shew you some more of my inventions. Immediately he unlocked a drawer, and produced as many fine saws, chizels, and instruments of different contrivance, as would have made a figure in the apparatus of an anatomist. One was destined

to start a rib; another to scrape the calipash; the third to disjoint the vertebræ of the back-bone; with many others, for purposes which I could not remember. The next scene of wonder was the kitchen, in which was an oven, that had been rebuilt with a mouth of a most uncommon capacity, on purpose for the reception of an enormous turtle, which was to be dressed that very day, and which my friend insisted I should stay to partake of. I would gladly have been excused; but he would not be denied; proposing a particular pleasure in entertaining a new beginner, and assuring me, that if I should not happen to like it, I need not fear the finding something to make out a dinner; for that his wife, though she knew it would give him the greatest pleasure in the world, could never be prevailed on to taste a single morsel of turtle. He then carried me to the fish, which was to be the feast of the day, and bid me observe, that, though it had been cut in two full twenty hours, it was still alive. This was indeed a melancholy truth: for I could plainly observe a tremulous motion almost continually agitating it, with, now and then, more distinguishable throbbings. While I was examining these faint indications of sensibility, a jolly negro wench, observing me, came up with a handful of salt, which she sprinkled all over the creature. This instantly produced such violent convulsions, that I was no longer able to look upon a scene of so much horror, and ran shuddering out of the kitchen. My friend endeavoured to satisfy me, by saying, that the head and heart had been cut in pieces twenty hours before; and that the

whole:

whole was that instant to be plunged in boiling water; but it required some reflection, and more, or perhaps less philosophy than I am master of, to reconcile such appearances to human feelings. I endeavoured to turn the discourse, by asking what news? He answered, 'There is a fleet arrived from the West Indies.' He then shook his head, and looked serious; and after a suspence, which gave room for melancholy apprehensions, lamented, that they had been very unfortunate the last voyage, and lost the greatest part of their cargo of turtles. He proceeded to inform me of the various methods which had been tried for bringing over this animal in a healthy state; for that the common way had been found to waste the fat, which was the most estimable part: and he spoke with great concern of the miscarriage of a vessel, framed like a well-boat, which had dashed them against each other, and killed them. He then entered upon an explanation of a project of his own, which being out of my way, and much above my comprehension, took up the greatest part of the morning. Upon hearing the clock strike, he rung his bell, and asked if his turtle-cloaths were aired. While I was meditating on this new term, and, I confess, unable to divine what it could mean, the servant brought in a coat and waistcoat, which my friend slipped on, and folding them round his body like a night-gown, declared, that, though they then hung so loose about him, by that time *he had spoke with the turtle*, he should stretch them as tight as a drum.

Upon the first rap at the door, there entered a whole shoal of guests: for the turtle-eater is a gregarious, I had almost said, a sociable animal; and I thought it remarkable, that, in so large a number, there should not be one who was a whole minute later than the time: nay, the very cook was punctual; and the lady of the house appeared, on this extraordinary day, the moment the dinner was served upon the table. Upon her first entrance, she ordered the shell to be removed from the upper end of the table, declaring she could not bear the smell or sight of it so near her. It was immediately changed for a couple of boiled chickens, to the great regret of all who sat in her neighbourhood, who followed it with their eyes, inwardly lamenting that they should never taste one of the good bits. In vain did they send their plates and solicit their share; the plunderers, who were now in possession of both the shells, were sensible to no call but that of their own appetites, and, till they had satisfied them, there was not one that would listen to any thing else. The eagerness, however, and dispatch of their rapacity having soon shrunk the choice pieces, they vouchsafed to help their friends to the coarser parts, as thereby they cleared their way for the search after other delicacies; boasting aloud all the while, that they had not sent one good bit to the other end of the table.

When the meat was all made away with, and nothing remained but what adhered to the shell, our landlord, who during the whole time had taken care of nobody but himself, began to exercise his various instruments; and, amidst his efforts

efforts to procure himself more, broke out in praise of the superior flavour of the spinal marrow, which he was then helping himself to, and for the goodness of which the company had his word.

The guests having now drank up all the gravy, and scraped the shells quite clean, the cloth was taken away, and the wine brought upon the table. But this change produced nothing new in the conversation. No hunters were ever more loud in the posthumous fame of the hero of their sport, than our epicures in memory of the turtle. To give some little variety to the discourse, I asked if they had never tried any other creature which might possibly resemble this excellent food: and proposed the experiment of an alligator, whose scales seemed to be intended by nature for the protection of green fat. I was stopt short in my reasoning by a gentleman, who told me, that, upon trial of the alligator, there had been found so strong a perfume in his flesh, that the stomach nauseated, and could not bear it; and that this was owing to a ball of musk, which is always discovered in the head of that animal. I had however the satisfaction to perceive, that my question did me no discredit with the company; and before it broke up, I had no less than twelve invitations to turtle for the ensuing summer. Besides the honour herein designed me, I consider these invitations, as having more real value than so many shares in any of the bubbles of the famous South-sea year; and I make no doubt, but that, by the time they become due, they will be marketable in Change-alley. For

as

as the gentlemen at White's have borrowed from thence the method of transferring the surplus dinners which they win at play, it is probable they will, in their turn, furnish a hint to the alley, where it will soon be as common to transfer shares in turtle, as in any other kind of stock.

N° 206. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1756.

*Audire est operæ pretium, procedere rectè
Qui machis non cultis, ut omni parte laborent,
Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas.* HOR..

MR. FITZ-ADAM.

AS the history of my life may be of some service to many of your readers, I shall relate it with all the openness and simplicity of truth. If they give a due attention to the errors and mistakes of my conduct, they will pass over those of my style. I am no scholar, having had a private education under the eye of my mother. Instead of conversing or playing with other boys, I went a visiting with her; and, while she and my tutor were at Cribbage, in which they passed a considerable part of the day, I read such books as I found lying about her room; the chief of which were the Atalantis, Ovid's Art of Love, novels, romances, miscellaneous poems, and plays. From these studies I contracted an early taste for gallantry, and, as nothing pleased me so much as the comedies

comedies of the last age, my thoughts were constantly engrossed with the enviable situation of the heroes of those pieces. Your Dorimants and your Horners struck my imagination beyond the brightest characters in Pope's Homer; and, though I liked the gallantry of fighting ten years for a woman, yet I thought the Greeks might have found a readier way of making themselves amends, by visiting their friends at Troy, and taking revenge in kind. Such were the exploits to command my admiration, and such the examples which I looked up to: and, having manifest advantages of person, I entertained most extravagant conceits of my future triumphs. Yet, even in the height of those extravagancies, I had no hope of obtaining every favour that I solicited; much less should I have been persuaded, that such uncommon success could be productive of any thing but consummate happiness. The history of my life will prove the contrary; and I chuse to record it, with a view of shewing what a succession of trouble, distress, and misery, arose from the very completion of my desires.

I was precipitately sent to Oxford, on being discovered in an intrigue with a young girl, whom my tutor had lately married, and who had a prior attachment to me. As my love for her was excessive, this separation was inexpressibly painful; and I learned from it, that past joys were no consolation for present disappointment. I found the university life so little suited to my taste, that I soon prevailed upon my mother to let me come to London. Before I had been a
week

week in town, I was introduced to a young woman, whom I took so great a fancy to, that the very violence of my passion made me despair of success. I was, however, so agreeably disappointed, that I could scarce conceal the transports of joy which possession gave me: but this joy was more than balanced, when, at the end of some months, I was told of the condition, into which this kind creature was brought by her compliance with my desires. My anxiety upon this event was too great to be restrained; and honour, which alone had stopped the overflowings of my joy, prompted me to give a loose to my concern. I bewailed with remorse and tears the shame and misery of deluded innocence, and cursed myself as the author of so much ruin and infamy. I spared no expence to render her unhappy situation as comfortable as it could be made, and shut myself up with her till the expected time of her delivery. That fatal hour infinitely increased our mutual shame, by giving birth to a little negro, which, though it delivered me at once from the pangs of conscience, put me to an immoderate expence in bribes to the nurses, to keep the secret of my disgrace.

This unlucky adventure had almost spoiled me for a man of gallantry; but I soon lost all remembrance of ill usage in the innocent smiles and gentle sweetness of a young lady, who gave me every mark of tender love and constancy. Our mutual fondness made it impossible for us to bear that separation, which discretion required. As she gave up all her acquaintance for my sake, she soon found herself abandoned by them; so that

that our constant living together, which hitherto had been choice, was now become an absolute necessity. This confinement, though it did not abate, but, if possible, increased my tendernefs, had fo different an effect upon her temper, as to caufe a total change in her behaviour to me and all about her: ſhe ſtormed day and night like a fury, and did every thing to drive me from her company: yet if ever I went from her upon the moſt urgent buſinefs, ſhe would throw herſelf into fits, and upbraid me with the moſt bitter reproaches. On my being ſent for to attend my mother in her laſt moments, ſhe threatened with horrid imprecations, that if I left her then, I ſhould never ſee her more. I had ſcarce broke from her menaces, when ſhe flew from her lodgings in an agony of paſſion, and has not been heard of ſince.

Soon after the death of my mother, a lady of quality, who viſited her, and who had caſt an envious eye upon her diamonds, which were not contemptible, took occaſion to make ſome advances towards me. Whenever we met, her diſcourſe always turned upon the great merits of my mother, and the taſte which ſhe ſhewed in the choice and manner of wearing her jewels: and this converſation as conſtantly ended in an affignation at her own houſe. Though I was at firſt a little proud to find my preſents meet ſo ready an acceptance, I was not exceedingly flattered in the progreſs of this amour; eſpecially when I came to perceive, that the ſtrongest recommendation I had to her favour was growing weaker every day. I found alſo that a declaration, which I had made, of not loving cards,

did not contribute to strengthen my interest in that family.

My next affair was with a lady, who was really fond of me ; and I thought myself then at the height of my wishes : for she managed so discreetly, that we had not the least interruption from her husband at home ; but her conduct abroad was a perpetual scene of indiscretion and tyranny. She obliged me to attend her every night to the opera, and never to stir from her side. She would carry me to the most frequented plays, and keep me in a whisper during the most interesting scenes. Not satisfied with this, she made me walk with her eternally in the park, the old-road, and Kensington gardens ; and to complete her triumph, she dragged me, a miserable object ! about the streets of London, with the same pitiless ostentation, as the inhuman conqueror trailed the lifeless carcase of Hector round the walls of Troy. To complete my misfortunes, it happened that the *beau monde* established a new mode of gallantry ; and all knights amorous were required to make love after the new fashion, and attend their fair on horseback. Unluckily for me, my mother not suspecting that horsemanship would ever become, here, a requisite in gallantry, had made it no part of my English education ; therefore being an absolute novice, I procured the quietest beast that was to be got, and hoped that I was properly mounted : but I soon found my mistake ; for the dullness of the beast tended to bring a most disgraceful suspicion on the spirit of the rider ; and I was obliged at all events to under-
take

take a more mettlesome steed. The consequence was this: the moment I joined my mistress, she drew out her handkerchief, which fluttering in the wind, so frightened my horse, that he carried me directly into the serpentine river. While I was taken up with my own danger and disgrace, her horse, which had started at the same time, ran a different way, and as she was no otherwise qualified for a rider, but by the consciousness of being a woman of fashion, she was thrown against a tree and killed on the spot. The remembrance of her fondness for me, though so troublesome while living, was the cause of great affliction to me after her death: and it was near a twelvemonth before I settled my affections on a new object. This was a young widow, who, though she did not give me the same occasion of complaint as the last, created me no less pain by turning the tables upon me. Instead of requiring my constant attendance, she would complain that I haunted and dogged her: and would frequently secrete herself, or run on purpose into suspicious company, purely to give me uneasiness. Though confessedly her favourite, I have frequently been denied admittance, when the most worthless pretenders have been let in: and when I have offered her tickets for a concert which she liked, she has refused them, and accepted a party to a dull play, with the most despicable of my rivals. When we have been at the same table at cards, she has made it remarked by the whole assembly, that her eyes and her discourse have been industriously kept from me; and such has been her cruelty, that when I have desired the honour of walking with

her the next morning, she has answered with a significant sneer, she was very sorry she could not have my company, for she intended to *ride*. With all this, who could imagine I was the happy man? and yet, as I spared no pains or cost in the inquiry, I can venture to pronounce, that no other person whatever shared her favours with me. Of all the tortures that can be devised for the punishment of poor lovers, there are none so excruciating as this inequality of behaviour.

Not to trouble you with a farther detail of the plagues and disquietudes, the discoveries, expences, fines, and dangers, which are incident to gallantry in general, I shall only tell you, that I at last perceived there was no peace or comfort for the votaries of Venus, but under the auspices of Hymen. To overcome my inveterate prejudices against the conjugal state, so long despised, insulted, and injured by me, was the great difficulty: but, as the thorough detection of the vanity and folly of every degree of gallantry had by no means extinguished my unalterable love for the sex, I found upon mature reflection, that marriage was my only resource, and that I should run no great risk in exchanging the *real* for the *imaginary* pains of love.

Having taken this resolution, I stepped into the ridotto, fixed my eyes upon a very engaging figure, and immediately advertised for the young lady in blue and silver; requiring only a certificate of her good-humour. I went to the coffee-house, received a letter for A. B. and in the space of a few months, from being a restless, tyrannized, tormented wretch, I found
myself

myself a husband, a cuckold, and a happy man. I lived ten years in a state of perfect tranquillity; and I can truly say, that I once met with a woman, who, to the day of her death, behaved to me with constant attention and complacency.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

T. Z.

[THE FOLLOWING PAPER WAS NEVER PUBLISHED.]

*Or have we tasted of the insane root.
That takes the reason prisoner.*

SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

I AM a person of unbounded curiosity, but being principally affected by natural history, when I hear of any thing new in that branch of science, I never rest till I have thoroughly satisfied my sight, touch, taste, or whatever sense is most immediately concerned in the inquiry.

I was the first who received the electrical stroke from a thunder cloud: I have been at the bottom of the sea in the diving bell; I have climbed to the top of most of the considerable ruins in England, and descended to the bottom of all the principal mines and coal-pits. I have tasted the pickle of Duke Humphrey, and the embalming of an Egyptian mummy.

mummy. I have been bit by a viper to prove the efficacy of fallad oil; and by a tarantula, to shew the powers of music. I have taken all the nostrums that I have ever seen advertised. I have weighed my silver against ginseng, and my gold against poust. Poust, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is the drug which the Mogul, in his great lenity, makes use of for the security of his throne. Abhorring the sanguinary policy of the Turks, he gives his brothers this medicine; and as it is the constant effect of the genuine poust to give an extravagant and chimerical turn to the imagination, no person that has ever been known to have swallowed it can possibly be admitted to the conduct of affairs in a monarchical government. In democracies, it has been of eminent service, as it both inspires the schemist with new projects for the good of his country, and animates the demagogue with such powers of persuasion as are best suited to a popular assembly. I must confess to you I was, for the first time, disappointed and imposed upon. I felt all the force of the nostrums abovementioned, and was perfectly sensible of the powers of electricity, which stunned me for some hours, and deprived my right eye of its sight for ever, but I have not perceived the least effects of the poust to this moment. Being thoroughly mortified with this imposition, I grew so disgusted with the pursuits of mere curiosity, that I resolved no longer to run all over the town after every hearsay, but to shut myself up and investigate some one particular point, the ascertaining of which might be of universal benefit to mankind.

Reflecting that the food of man was the thing of general concern to the whole species, I betook myself to the thorough consideration of this subject, and recollecting that I had formerly turned over the system of the learned Spanish doctor Huarte in a slight and cursory manner, I now applied myself to the study of it in good earnest. This celebrated author, in his *Examen de Ingenios*, has laid a great stress on the importance of Diet; he asserts, that, in some instances, the effects of it have been apparent in the posterity of such as have kept to any very particular regimen, even at the distance of some thousands of years. But, according to that learned observer, the most common meats have a certain effect on the next generation. The food, says he, which parents should eat in order to have children of great understanding, (which is the most common quality in Spain) is partridge, turkey, and white bread, with a due quantity of salt, for no aliment quickens the intellectual faculties like that mineral.

Pigeons, goats flesh, leeks, garlick, pepper, and vinegar, will produce a child of a lively imagination and great quickness of parts, but wanting both in judgment and memory, and these, he observes, are the most prejudicial members of society, because this native heat inclines them to rash and vicious courses, and at the same time gives them talents and spirits to pursue them.

I have selected these few instances out of the many arguments which that great physician has made use of to recommend a proper diet to parents, but though it may require all
the

the learning he has employed to prove his point, the immediate effects of diet on the present race are easily demonstrated.

Let us consider the beef-eaters, fire-eaters, toad-eaters, &c. &c. How justly are the effects of beef acknowledged by those curious spectators, who, crowding the stairs and outward rooms of St. James's palace, to see what they call great men, are first struck with the majestic bulk, and goodly presence of those who are such in reality; I have myself seen those beef-eaters, on a twelfth night, protect their royal master, by opposing to the invasion of a rude multitude such a bulwark of back and sides, as no other diet could have rendered equal to so important a service.

I cannot pretend to say much of the fire-eater; and you will not wonder that I should decline the friendship of a person who is in so inflammatory a regimen.

As for the toad-eaters; the ill effects of their diet are sufficiently notorious, and I can suppose that nothing but the most raging hunger and necessity could have driven mankind to the first tasting it; yet such is the force of custom and example, that not only the necessitous, but even the greatest men have greedily devoured this pernicious repast. Hudibras says,

The King of Cambay's daily food
Is Asp, and Basilisk, and Toad;
Which makes him have so foul a breath,
Each night he flinks a Queen to death.

The

The truth is, this pestilential diet has so wonderful an effect on the breath, that those who are kept on it are known to poison all they converse with. On the subject of liquors, we cannot hear a better reasoner than Sir John Falstaff, "A good sherris sack," says that philosopher, "ascends me into the brain, and makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes. The cold blood which Prince Harry did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like barren land, manured with good store of fertile sherris, that he is become valiant. There's never any of your demure boys come to any proof, for their thin drink doth so over cool their blood that they fall into a kind of male green sickness; and then when they marry they get wenches."

Champagne has always been reckoned a liquor which infallibly produces wit in the persons who drink largely of it; and from hence it is, that this talent is become so common among us, that it has ceased to be, as it formerly was, a mark of distinction. For this reason we never hear now-a-days of the wits, the wits coffee-house, or Mr. such-a-one the wit, because champagne is drank in most houses in London, both public and private; to this it may be objected, that of the vast quantities of champagne that are supposed to be swallowed, there is but a small portion that is genuine; I answer, that the same may be said of the wit, but it is enough that by the courtesy of the times, they both pass muster. Horace has declared, after Cratinus, that no water drinker can possibly write good verses. This is so true, that whoever will observe,

may tell by the taste of a birth-day ode, whether the laureat takes his sack in kind or money. Prior supposes that a slender meal can only supply force sufficient for a song or an ode.

Salads, and eggs, and lighter fare
Tune the Italian spark's guitar.

This may suffice for occasional raptures, and perhaps inspire the lover with poetry as lasting as his passion; but for the solid epic, which should last for ages, it is necessary that the bard should qualify himself with a due preparation of the substantial. The poets, from Homer downwards, have all been convinced of these truths, but it may not be amiss to hint to the gentlemen and ladies, their patrons, that they would probably find their authors more strong in their panegyrics, if they would but try the effects of a more solid entertainment than a dish of tea or coffee. I remember, upon a complaint of the disorderly behaviour of a wanton young horse, the wife of a great statesman cried out, give him coffee. If coffee be physic for a horse, how totally must it extinguish all the fire in writers of love odes! It certainly damps the ardour of encomium, and doth not excite the passion of dedication; the utmost I can allow is, to suppose it may be of some service to a party-writer, as it may tend to fix his wandering thoughts, and make all his ideas center in politics: but tea, which is productive of no good effect, is the most pernicious of all things to the British constitution, and the true English spirit. Young fellows, in former days, used to be scouring

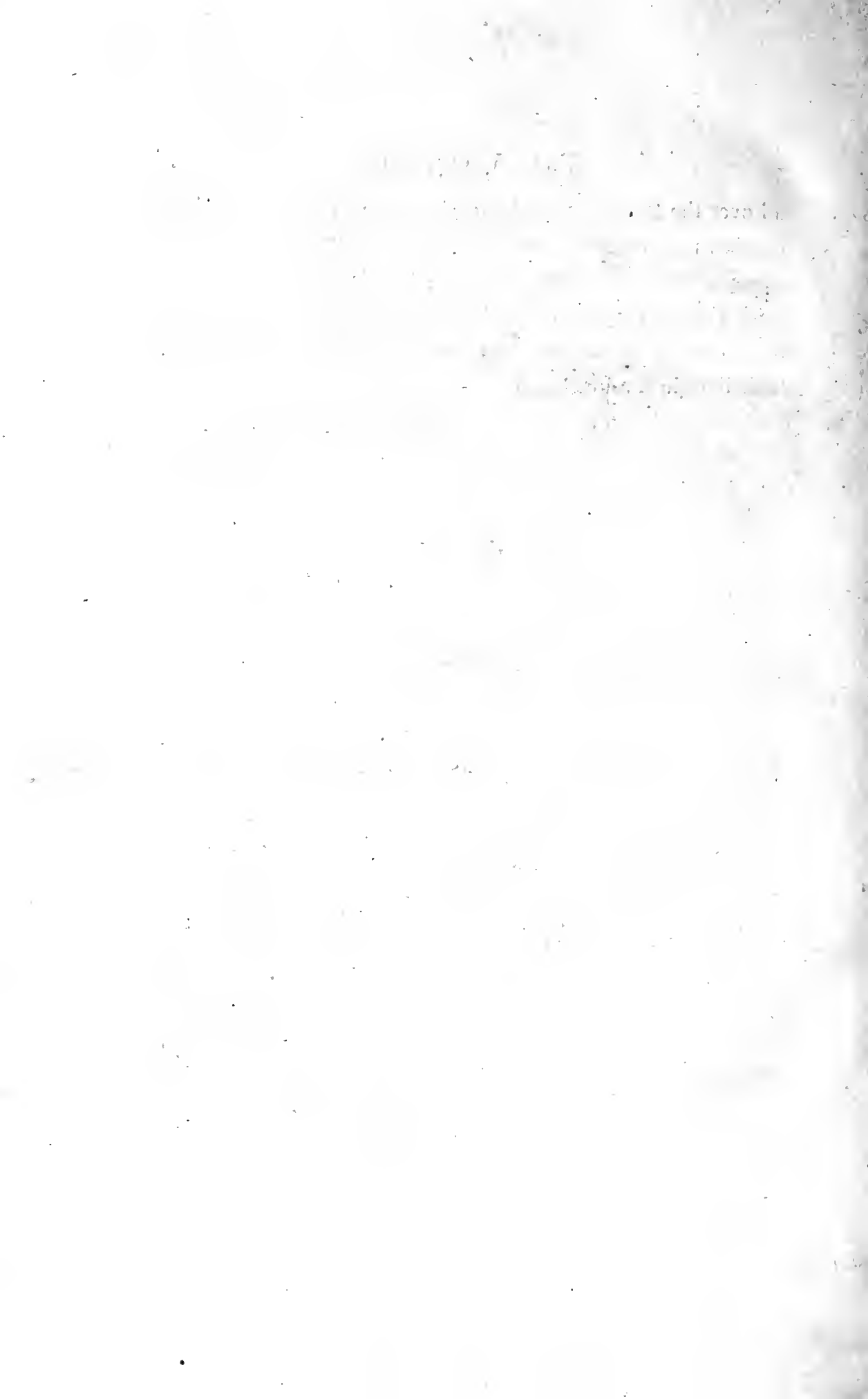
all over the town, nicking fashers, sweating porters, and knocking down watchmen, at hours when our milkfops are playing at cards with the ladies, or fitting like ladies at a concert, from whence they tamely sink into the inglorious effeminacy of a downbed, at an age when they should lie most nights of their lives in a round-house.

Your humble servant,

DELIRUS.



FINIS.



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